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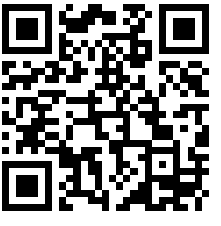

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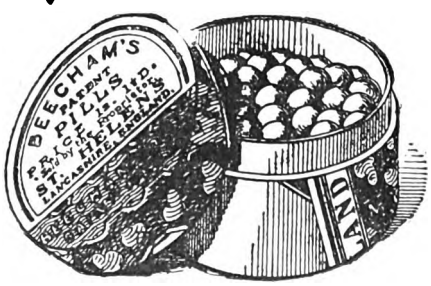

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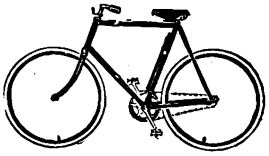

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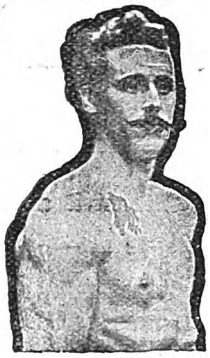

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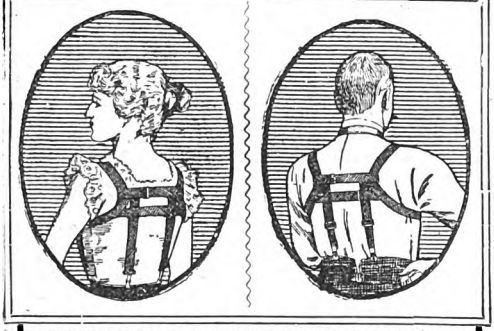

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£1 1s. down, and **10** monthly payments of **£1 1s.**; or **£1 1s.** down, and **21** monthly payments of **10s. 6d.**

Our Special Parlour and Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and 4 small Chairs. **In solid Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany,** luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering please state the wood and Colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at One Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated.

The "Dulverton" BEDROOM SUITE.

CASH, £15 15s.; or **CREDIT—**

£2 2s. down, and **14** monthly payments of **£1 1s.** each; or **29** payments of **10s. 6d.**

Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, over 7ft. high. Both doors contain full-length Reflecting Mirror of British Crystal Bevelled Plate Glass. Two separate hanging compartments, and large size drawer. **Dressing Chest,** 3ft. 6in. wide; Dressing Mirror, 24in. by 16in., and attached are the essentially useful and fashionable Reflex Swing Mirrors. The **Washstand,** also 3ft. 6in. wide, is provided with a double back, and top in St. Anne's Black or Rouge Royal Marble, and eminently useful Shaving Glass. The whole Suite is made **solid throughout** in thoroughly seasoned **Walnut, Oak, Satin Walnut, or Mahogany**—no veneer of any kind being used. Two Chairs are included in the Suite.

THE "MALVERN" SIDEBOARD.

CASH £5 5s. or CREDIT

10s. 6d. down, and **10** monthly payments of **10s. 6d.**; or **21** payments of **5s. 6d.**

3ft. 6in. wide, contains two separate cupboards and two drawers of convenient size and more than usual depth. British Crystal Bevelled Reflecting Mirror, 31in. by 15in. Carved in relief, Doric Spindles, and full length shelf for display of china. Top heavily moulded, and the drawers and doors are also nicely moulded. Soundly made in **Walnut, Oak, or Mahogany,** and lined with **White Poplar, solid throughout**—no veneers or facings used, finished with good quality locks and brass work.

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CASH £14 14s. or CREDIT

£1 1s. cash down, and **14** monthly payments of **£1 1s.** each; or **29** payments of **10s. 6d.**

4ft. wide, height, 7ft. 1in. Upper portion has 2 highly-polished silver bevelled British plates, 3 shaped and moulded shelves, supported by beautifully turned and carved pillars, relieved by handsome fretwork and artistic carving. The under part contains 2 open display shelves, a convenient cupboard, also with shelves, lined with silk plush, and a full-width shelf below, the whole richly carved and mounted on Cabriole supports. This is a soundly-made Cabinet, all **Mahogany,** and finished and polished in the best possible style. Absolutely the best value to be obtained in the United Kingdom.

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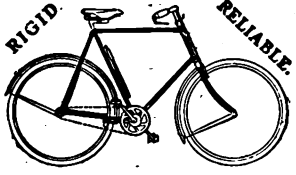

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SINCE a recent discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for anyone to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. This new invention is known as the Murray Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. The Patent rights granted in Great Britain August 14th, 1901 (No. 16,313) is proof of this. It is so small that no one can see it; but, nevertheless, it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

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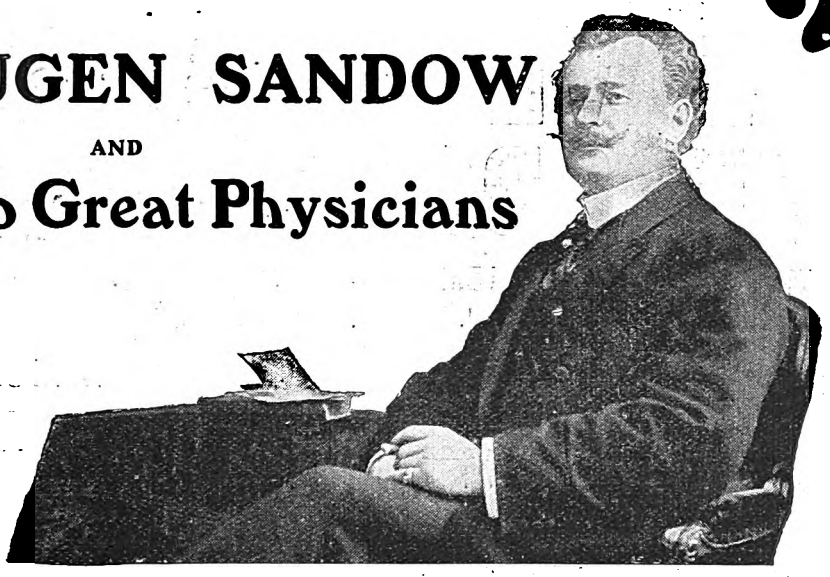
AND

Two Great Physicians



SYDENHAM, the Father of English Medicine, said:—"I die content, for I leave behind me two great physicians—Fresh Air and Exercise." The former Nature provides in abundance. But Exercise, as adapted to the relief of the weakly and the suffering, is a harder matter to come at. To meet this difficulty I have prepared a comprehensive and thoroughly practical treatise setting out how my system can be applied to the cure of a great number of disorders. It consists of a handsome volume of 50 pages, fully explaining the advantages of my system of **CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE**, as it may be practised in your own homes. This, I will send upon application, **WITHOUT CHARGE.** The system is equally beneficial to men, women, and children. I cannot cure all ailments; indeed, I will only undertake such cases where the patients' **OWN MEDICAL MEN WOULD RECOMMEND MY SYSTEM.**

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From a Sedentary Life?

IF SO—WRITE TO ME.

In short, are you feeling in any way dissatisfied with your bodily condition, uneasy about the future, conscious that you no longer feel the joy in mere living that ought to be your birthright? If so, WRITE TO ME AT ONCE, and I will send you, WITHOUT CHARGE, the treatise referred to above. Read carefully what I say therein.

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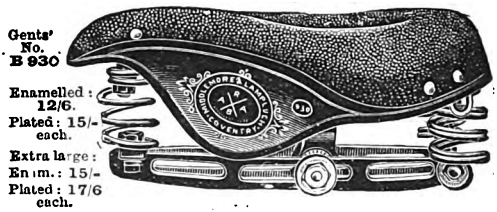

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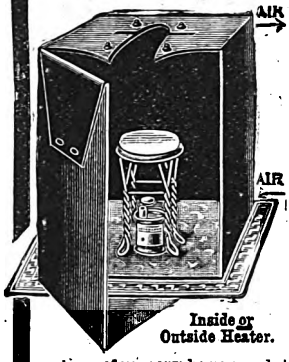

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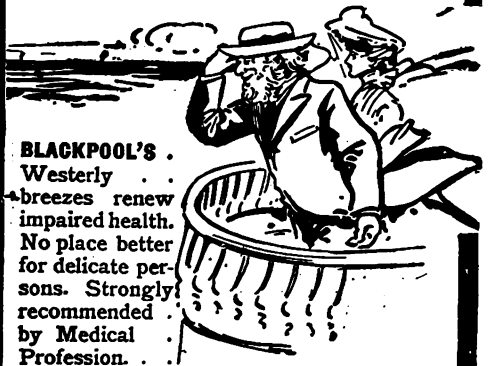

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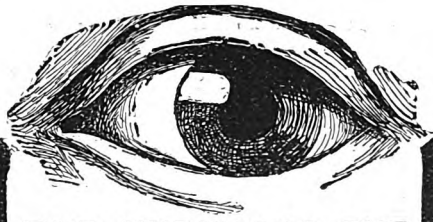

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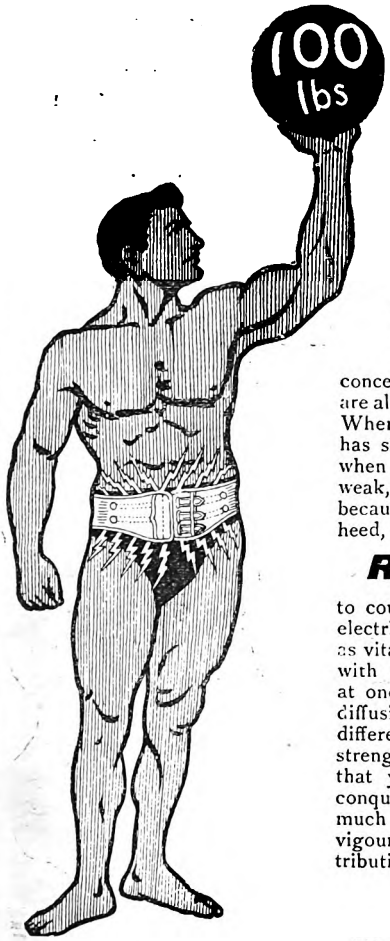

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of The Royal Magazine are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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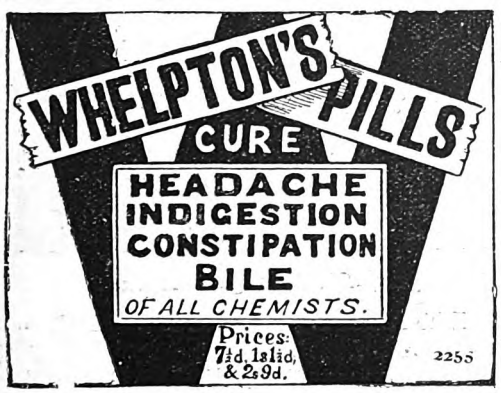

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1903.

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A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

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FROM THE STALLS

THE FOLLIES.

"What delightful people" is the general comment of the audience when the Follies are in full swing. There are six of them—three girls and three men—in the most charming of Pierrot costumes. They sing and they dance, they talk and they act. There is no stiffness about them, no stageyness, no formalities. They seem to be so happy together and so irresponsible in the true sense of the Pierrot word. You should hear them try to sing a glee, as their programme puts it. There is no end of trouble between the leader and one of the singers, the bass. He refuses to sing. The books get mixed so that he has a soprano part, and the soprano has the bass. Then they act all sorts of screamingly funny little plays, burlesqueing everything and anything that is produced at the theatres. The Follies are managed by Mr. Herbert Fordwych and Mr. H. G. Pelissier, the former of whom s responsible for the librettos and the latter for the music of the songs. Says Mr. Fordwych: "We never let any single thing, joke or play or song, go on if it does not go well. We have played the same programme on the same night before the Duchess of Sutherland at a bazaar and at the People's Palace in the Mile End Road with tremendous success."

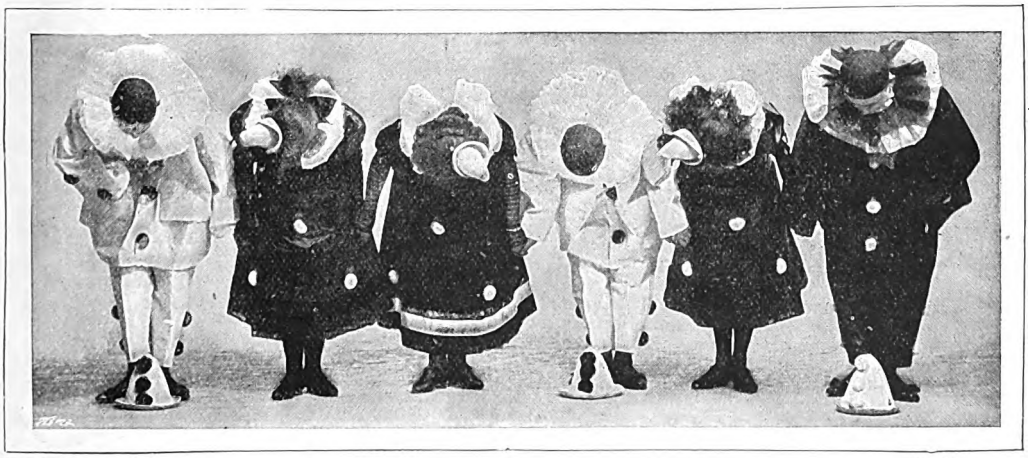

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Photo by Lafayette.

DAISY HOLLY.

A modest little lady is Daisy Holly, though certainly she has all the right in the world to be otherwise, for she is the most graceful of dancers and the prettiest of actresses. You will notice her remarkable likeness to Edna May. She has travelled more than most people, for she has been to India, and to Australia, and South Africa. She is quite an old hand on the stage; she began when quite a child, and never regrets the day she first trod the boards.

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Photo by Schloss.

LAURA BURT.

She is tall and dark and graceful, with large eyes and a brilliant, fascinating smile, which lights up her whole face—in short, she has been excellently equipped by Nature for the profession of which she is so conspicuous an ornament. She is not an American by birth, as some journals have lately accused her of being; she is a Manxwoman, who has been brought up in the States. When Sir Henry Irving secured her services as a member of his company he once more proved his unrivalled insight and ability as an actor-manager.

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Photo by Reutlinger.

ELISE DE VÈRE.

Paris is the gayest city in the world, and is full of beauties. It loves its beauties, and so Paris loves Elise de Vère, for she is a beauty. In fact she won a prize at a beauty competition in Paris, a couple of years ago. It is said that Elise de Vère has a little casket with all the hearts of the men she has conquered. I expect that that casket is pretty full. What do you think?

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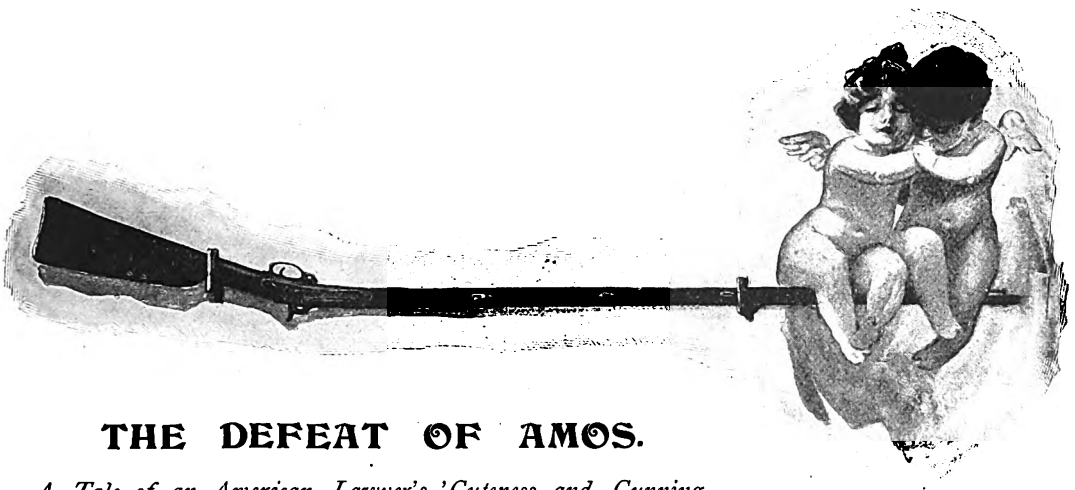

THE DEFEAT OF AMOS.

A Tale of an American Lawyer's 'Cuteness and Cunning.

By Elliott Flower.

Determination was written all over the face of Amos Curley, as he climbed the stairs to the little office of Robert Perriman. He told himself he had grown weary of temporising, and meant to have the matter settled for all time.

He opened the door of the office and stepped inside. Perriman looked up from his desk and saw the tall, angular figure of the farmer with an accusing finger pointing in his direction.

"See here, you!" exclaimed the farmer; "this here has got to stop!"

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Curley," returned the young man pleasantly. "Won't you have a chair?"

"No, I won't have no chair!" retorted the farmer sharply. "I'm broilin' hot, an' I'm here to settle things."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young man, "and you were about to remark?"

"About to remark!" exclaimed the farmer; "I did remark, didn't I? I'm sick of the whole thing, an' it's got to stop."

"Meaning my attention to your daughter?" suggested the young man.

"Certain sure," was the answer. "What d'ye s'pose I was meanin'?"

"Sit down and let's talk it over," urged the young man "What are your objections to me?"

The old man wavered. He had not intended to discuss the affair at all, for he knew he was no match for the young man in argument. Besides, his reasons ought to be apparent to any one. Still, that he should state them plainly was no more than fair, so he compromised by giving the specifications while resolutely refusing the chair.

"You're a good-for-nothin'," he asserted. "You'll never be worth your salt. You ain't makin' enough to feed a wife."

"Oh, is that all?" returned the young man. "Well, frankly, Mr. Curley, the law business is pretty slack in this sleepy town, but I'll be doing better soon, and, if I marry, I hope to go to the city, where I can get a real chance."

"Not on my money," announced the farmer decidedly. "You ain't got the head for it, an' I know it. Why, there wouldn't be no show at all for you with the smart city fellers, if you can't make a livin' here."

"I haven't any chance here," insisted the young man. "I have a good head for business, I assure you, Mr. Curley, and I know the law. I'd like to prove it to you."

"Go ahead."

"Well, let's see," said the young man reflectively, "you're in some trouble now. There's a young man paying attentions to your daughter, which she finds acceptable, and you'd like to get rid of him."

Amos Curley was staggered.

"There's no one but you," he protested.

"I'm the one I mean," asserted the young man calmly. "Now, you don't understand the law, Mr. Curley, and so you are likely to get yourself into trouble. It's a serious matter to threaten any one with physical violence. You ought to leave the matter to me."

The farmer gasped.

"Ought to leave it to you, had I?" he said at last. "By gum! but you are a good one! What might be your advice?"

"Get an injunction," answered the young man promptly. "Ten dollars, please."

"What!!"

"That's my regular charge for an office consultation and advice. If you care to leave the case in my hands, I'll make an application for an injunction."

Amos Curley reached out blindly. His

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hand encountered the back of a chair and he grasped it for support. Then he sank weakly into the chair.

"You—you'll get an injunction!" he said, bewildered.

"I'll apply for one on your behalf," replied the young lawyer, "and then, if I get it, I'll go into the court in my own behalf and see if I can have it set aside. I think I can do that too. I would make the point that to hamper lovers is against public policy as being in restraint of—of—posterity. By George!" with enthusiasm, "it would be a novel and interesting case, and I'd like to try it!"

The old man made no reply. He stared at the youth for a moment, then rose with an effort and went out, holding his hand to his head. He was a temperate man, but before starting for his home he took two large drinks. Something that would brace him up was absolutely necessary.

For the rest of that day he went about the farm like a man in a dream. His wife and his daughter noticed that he did a good deal of muttering to himself, and once his wife asked if he was "ailing," but he only shook his head. That evening, however, he unburdened his mind.

"The confounded feller," he said in conclusion, "was goin' to charge me ten dollars fer tellin' me to git an injunction."

"It seems to me," the girl remarked demurely, "that he's a pretty good business man in spite of what you've always said. You never heard of anything sharper than that, did you?"

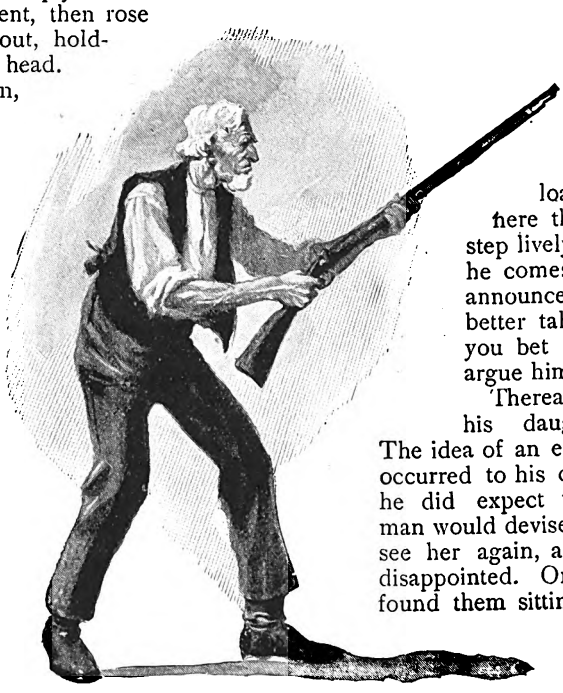
The girl was not particularly worried. She had always had her own way, and in the end she expected it this time.

"Nice kind of a thing," ejaculated Amos, "to be practisin' his sharp tricks on me. If he'd go to practisin' 'em on somebody else mebbe he could pay me the fifty dollars I let him have on account of his father's bein' a good friend of mine when he was livin'."

The fifty dollar debt, incurred when the young man fitted up his office, rankled. The farmer was in comfortable circumstances, being the owner of considerable property in addition to his farm, but the fact that the young man had been unable to repay this loan seemed to him excellent proof that the elements of success were lacking.

"If he paid that, would you feel differently towards him?" she asked.

"If he showed he was able to pay his debts," asserted the farmer, "I'd have some hopes fer him. I ain't got nothin' ag'in him, only that he's shiftless an' ain't never goin' to be anybody. But I got him settled now." He went to the woodshed, and presently returned with an old, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shot-gun. "I got a load of rock-salt here that'll make him step lively the next time he comes this way," he announced. "He's a better talker'n I am, but you bet I know how to argue him off the farm."



He presently returned with an old, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shot-gun.

Thereafter he watched his daughter closely. The idea of an elopement never occurred to his clumsy wit, but he did expect that the young man would devise some plan to see her again, and he was not disappointed. One afternoon he found them sitting on a fallen tree just out of sight of the house.

"Girl," he said, pointing in the direction of the house, "go!" She went, with lagging steps.

"Now, young man," he went on, turning to Perriman, "I'm servin' notice right here an' now that I'm goin' to fill your skin with rock-salt the next time I find you hanging round here."

The young man looked perplexed, but not frightened.

"This is a very hard position for me to be placed in," he said. "As your attorney——"

"You ain't my attorney," expostulated the farmer; whereupon the young man's eyes brightened.

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"You go to thunder!" roared the old man, as he stamped out of the office.

"In that case," he said, "acting solely in my own interests, I must urge you to go ahead and do it."

Amos let his outstretched arm drop weakly to his side.

"You are the consarnedest critter that ever was," he commented. "What good's it goin' to do you?"

"Why, that's very simple, Mr. Curley," answered the young man. "Of course, you understand that I am speaking solely in my own interest and not in yours, and if you fill me up with rock salt it will do me a lot of good. Rock salt applied in this way is painful, but it does no lasting harm, and it would give me a fine case for damages against you. I could get, I think, at least 5000 dollars, which would enable me to marry your daughter and move to the city."

"You ain't advisin' me to do it," prompted Amos.

"Assuredly not."

"What kin I do?" demanded the farmer.

"Get an injunction," said the lawyer. "As I told you before, that would be a beautiful case and I'd like ——"

The farmer interrupted. He was saying things that were not polite, and incidentally he was retreating towards the house. The last thing he heard was a gentle: "Ten dollars, please; or shall I charge it?"

Amos had a warm interview with his daughter that evening, but the result was not satisfactory.

The next morning he saddled the old grey mare to the gig and announced that he was going to drive in to see Perriman.

The young lawyer was trying to be busy at his desk when the old farmer entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Curley," he said pleasantly.

"I've come for that fifty dollars," announced the old man in a business-like way.

"Thirty," corrected the lawyer.

"Fifty," insisted the farmer. "You ain't goin' to deny your own note, I reckon."

"Oh, no," answered the lawyer. "But you forget I have a counter-claim of twenty dollars for professional services—two items of ten dollars each."

"I ain't ever hired you," Amos protested.

"But you asked my advice, and legal advice always costs money," said the young man.

The farmer collapsed. He began to

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wonder whether he should be able to get through without losing the rest of the fifty.

"What about the thirty that is still due?" asked the lawyer. "You were about to say something I believe?"

"I want it," said the farmer doggedly. He wished to hold out for the entire fifty dollars, but he feared the rest of it would slip away from him if he got into an argument.

"Sorry," returned the lawyer, "but I haven't it."

"Then, I'm going to sue," announced the farmer.

The young man lit a cigar and puffed it meditatively.

"I want to do what I can for you, Mr. Curley," he commenced at last, "and I would advise you not to waste any money on a bad claim."

"I don't want no advice," exclaimed the farmer, with a haste that showed he was fearful of another ten-dollar charge.

"As you please, as you please," returned the lawyer pleasantly. "Have you thought what it will cost, Mr. Curley? You'll have to put it in the hands of a lawyer, and he'll charge you five dollars at the least. Then there will be innumerable other costs, you know, so that the total expense of getting judgment will come to nine or ten dollars which you will have to advance. Now, if you could save part of that, it would be worth while, wouldn't it?"

He actually took a pot-shot at the lawyer.

The farmer began to look anxious. He was getting beyond his depth, and he knew it. He could only grope blindly.

"How kin I do it?" he asked.

"Well," said the young man. "credit me with the fee that you would have to pay another lawyer, and I'll confess judgment and save the costs. Is it agreed? Then I only owe you twenty-five dollars now."

"No, it ain't agreed, not by a jugfull!" cried the farmer wrathfully. "No more of them sharp tricks fer me!"

"All right, all right," acquiesced the young man. "Get your own lawyer, and do it your own way, but I'll have to charge you ten dollars for the valuable advice I've given you. That leaves twenty I owe."

"I didn't ask fer no advice," argued the farmer hotly.

"You certainly did. You wanted to know how you could save the costs, and I told you."

"You go to thunder!" roared the old man, as he stamped out of the office, and banged the door behind him.

He had an interesting but unsatisfactory interview with his daughter that evening. He told her plainly that she would have to give up "that blamed lawyer," or he would send her for a protracted visit to an aunt who lived in Chicago.

"Now, be reasonable, father," urged the girl. "Everybody will tell you that Mr. Perriman is a smart young man, and if he gets the chance—"

"If!" interjected the old man scornfully.

"He's almost certain of it now," insisted the girl.

"Like I'm almost certain of my fifty," put in her father.

"Thirty," said the girl. She didn't know about the last ten-dollar charge.

"Been teachin' *you* his law tricks, has he?" he cried. "Well, that settles him!"

Poor Amos became more deeply incensed the more he thought of all that had happened. With everything in his favour at the start, it seemed as if he were being circumvented at every turn by a man who hadn't the ability to achieve financial success. This so hurt his pride that, in a moment of passion, he actually took a pot-shot at the lawyer the next time he saw him coming up the road.

The girl screamed and rushed out to the young man. With her help he limped to the house, and she and her mother did what they could to relieve the smarting pain, for one leg had been peppered with salt.

Amos retired to the barn to think the matter over, and his thoughts were not

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pleasant. He felt that his momentary passion had got him into serious trouble—how serious he did not know. When he returned to the house the young man had gone and his wife and daughter utterly ignored him, except for occasional scornful glances. Later he learned that a passing neighbour had driven the lawyer back.

The next day he was gloomy and distraught. Could the young man, he wondered, really get damages? And, if so, how much?

He had about made up his mind to relieve his anxiety by consulting his friend, Judge Basswood, when a stranger called and asked for him.

"Your lawyer wants to see you," said the stranger. "He says it's important."

"I ain't got a lawyer," asserted Amos.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why young Perriman said you were to come in and see him on important business."

"There goes the other twenty," growled the farmer. "Drat him! I knew he'd get it!"

He feared some legal trick, but he drove in to see the young lawyer, nevertheless. It was better to know the worst than to live in uncertainty.

Perriman had his leg heavily bandaged, and walked with a serious limp, but, if the truth were known this was principally for effect.

"Mr. Curley," he said, in a business-like way, "you are in a very serious predicament. You have salted, assaulted, and injured a man, without cause, on the public highway. You will recall, I think, that he was not even upon your land when you unnecessarily salted him.

"Now, as the attorney for this man, I have advised him to begin suit for damages, and I think he has a good cause. He could barely earn a livelihood when he was good and fresh, so you will readily appreciate that in his salted state he has suffered greater damage than would ordinarily be the case. He ought to get no less than 5000 dollars or 10,000 dollars damages, and, as his lawyer, it was my duty to advise him to sue.

"But, at the same time, I cannot forget that I have acted for you in two or three little matters, and, before taking his case, I feel that I ought to give you my best advice. Do you want it?"

"Yes," said the farmer weakly.

"Clear out," said the lawyer.

"What!" cried the farmer.

"Clear out! Vamoose! Clear out of the country!" said the lawyer, "This man may try to prosecute you criminally. Who can tell? Anyway, it's worth a short trip to save 5000 dollars, isn't it. He's very angry, but I am satisfied he won't follow you, and after a bit he'll cool off. If you can just happen to be missing for a few weeks there will be no trouble."

"But my wife and daughter," urged the farmer.

"My dear Mr. Curley," said the young man generously, "leave them in my charge. I shall esteem it a pleasure to look after them."

To the old farmer this was in the nature of a revivifying shock. He jumped to his feet and bolted for the door.

"You're the 'consarnedest critter on two legs!" he said, as he disappeared.

In desperation he went to see Mr. Basswood, the big lawyer of the town.

"You've got yourself in a pretty bad fix," said the great lawyer, "but I make it a point never to interfere with another lawyer's client. I'll tell you one thing, though."

"What?"

"You'd better follow his advice, whatever it is. Of course, he's false to his other client in advising you, but, as he's his own other client, I guess we can't disbar him for that."

The farmer went slowly back to Perriman's office, completely humbled.

"I'm going to put my case in your hands," he announced. "You're my lawyer."

"I always was, wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"I reckon so," answered the farmer, "but I didn't seem to know it till now."

"I'll give up my other client, and do my very best for you," said the young man, "but there must be no question as to my fee."

"What's the advice?" asked the old man resignedly. "Must I clear out?"

"No. Go back to the farm, and don't worry."

"An' the fee?"

"A bride," said the lawyer.

"She's yourn," said the farmer. "If I'm goin' to have any dealin's with you, I'd a darn sight rather have you in the family than out of it."

"But you know you insisted upon having a smart business man for a son-in-law," suggested the young man apologetically.

"I've got him," returned Amos Curley, with emphasis.

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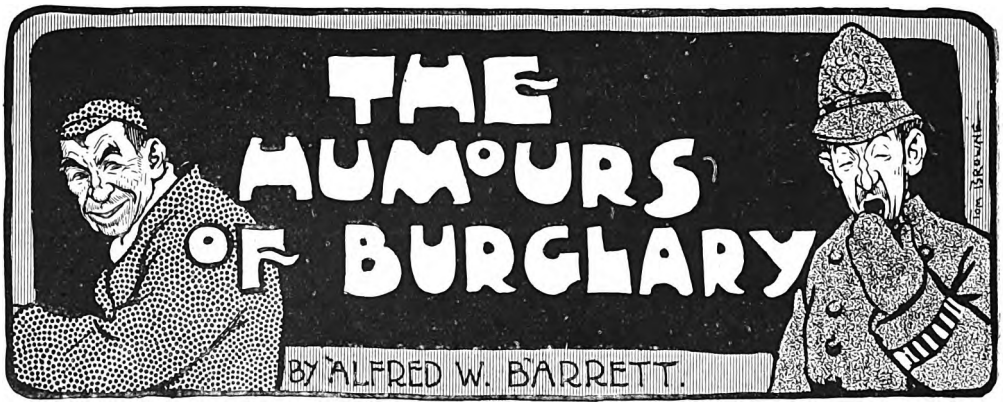

Clever Tricks and Devices by which Burglars have Escaped the Law.

To the ordinary mind it does not seem as though the gentle art of housebreaking could contain any element save the obvious and reprehensible one; but, nevertheless, your burglar is not infrequently a merry rascal with a keen sense of humour which in conjunction with an active mind and ready wit too often makes him more than a match for the more stolid and less imaginative intellect of his arch-enemy, the constable on the beat.

To wit. An enterprising burglar only a few months ago was about to begin operations on the front door of a house in the Northern suburbs of London, when the gate behind him suddenly opened, and in walked the owner, back late from some revel.

It was an awkward position, very awkward, but the knight of the jemmy was equal to it. Without even turning round he grabbed for the knocker. This, I was once confidently informed by a member of the fraternity, is always a safe game to play. It disarms suspicion at once, because burglars are not under any circumstances supposed to herald their presence in that way.

He knocked, not too vigorously, and the man on the path answered him.

"Hallo," said he, "what's up?"

"Nothing breathing in this confounded place," growled the other. "I have been banging away for the last ten minutes."

"You might have done it for ten hours with the same result," was the cold retort. "There's nobody at home until I get in. What do you want?"

"Mr. Smith," said the burglar.

"Smith? There's no Smith here," said the other. "You must have made a mistake. There's a Smith across the road six doors down on the left."

To thank him and retire, and come back two hours later and make fifty pounds by his enterprise, was the burglar's natural method of procedure.

Another nefarious operator was caught below a back window of a big place at Marlow at one in the morning by a policeman. He heard authority, who was somewhat short and wheezy, breathing behind the bushes where he was watching, and commenced cursing the servants right and left. That fixed the policeman, and out he came—civil, but still a bit suspicious—to inquire what the trouble was.

"Lost my latchkey," exclaimed the burglar, "and those confounded girls have gone off to bed. Give me a lift up; there's a good fellow. I didn't want to stand shivering here all night."

The policeman did it with sweet docility, and showed the man a light from the official lantern while he unlatched the window and crawled through. The policeman netted half-a-crown for his trouble, and doubtless it was well worth that, besides giving a realistic touch to the proceedings, which must have completely disarmed suspicion. The quick-witted scamp made close on two hundred pounds on the deal, and got off scot free.

About a couple of years ago a series of burglaries in South Croydon was agitating the minds of the police and populace; but for long no trace of the clever miscreant who perpetrated them could be discovered, until it fell to the lot of a constable we will call Jobbins to encounter, though not capture him.

He had gone on duty at ten one night, and an hour later, coming back along the side of a terrace of houses with areas in front of them, he noticed projecting between the railings a

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couple of blocks of wood that looked suspiciously like the head of a ladder. It *was* a ladder—crude, home-made, and obviously nefarious, since it had not been there the last time he had passed, and no householder in that sedate locality would have ventured out in the middle of the night to climb out of his area surreptitiously by means of a ladder.

The policeman threw a cautious glance down into the area. All was dark and silent, and no sign was there of the place having been tampered with; but there was a projecting wall below, behind which was the entrance to the coal-cellar, and it was possible, even if the miscreant had not already gained entrance to the house, that he had flown for refuge there, being disturbed by the constable before he had had time to remove the means he had adopted of obtaining entrance.

Just then area gates were very assiduously locked, and it had been part of the mystery, with the close watch being kept on doors and windows, just how entrance had been effected so easily and unfailingly.

This area gate was locked too; Jobbins made sure of that; then he pondered awhile on the best course of action. His chief purpose was to catch the man himself, so that all the credit and glory of the exploit might be his. Otherwise he might have fetched a colleague to his assistance, or have brought the inmates of the house out of their bed to aid his purpose.

"Now, my beauty, you'd best come up out of it," said he in a hoarse whisper, throwing the words and a gleam of light into the area on spec. "The game's up and you will only make it worse for yourself."

There was no response to this kindly invitation, and Constable Jobbins realised that "dilly dilly come and be killed" was not going to answer. If he wanted the man he would have to go and get him.

"All right," said he severely. "If you won't come to me, I will come to you."

Slowly and with grave precision he removed his coat and helmet and lantern, and laid them down by the area railings; and then, with even greater precision he scaled the rails with the force and agility of a tame elephant, and descended the ladder.

At the foot he paused for a moment to release his truncheon, and then marched boldly into the shadow of the protecting brickwork. Even as he did so, another shadow emerged from the neighbouring doorway, and Constable

A burglar was once making an attempt on a back window when a policeman suddenly arrived. The cracksman cleverly succeeded in convincing him that he was the owner of the house and had lost his latch-key, eventually being assisted by the arm of the law through the window.

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Jobbins, hearing a slight noise behind him, turned in time to see the ladder being drawn up, and the face of a smug, red-haired individual grinning at him over the railings.

There were no steps, the area gates being merely a convenient means through which the household refuse was drawn up and removed, and the luckless constable did not take long to realise that he was trapped, very much like a bear in a pit, and absolutely helpless. He was more helpless even than he realised, because the house was tenantless, and the time spent in banging away on the unresponsive door that gave admittance to it was simply wasted—from Jobbins's point of view. It was hard on Jobbins—very hard; but the trap was so deft and neat that any policeman in London would have tumbled into it.

A bogus policeman who called up a nervous householder went all over his house with him to see if burglars were about, and then locked his unfortunate victim into the coal-cellar and cleared off with all he could lay hands on.

The sergeant discovered Jobbins about three in the morning, after coming upon that worthy's coat and helmet—which the humorous rascal who had tricked him had draped artistically over the railings—and they had to get a ladder from the fire-station before he could be released. And in the meantime the adroit burglar had made an easy haul two doors down and gone scot free again.

A more daring and even more amusing exploit than this occurred at a small provincial town on the South Coast. A little after midnight the owner of a comfortably-fitted, retired old place on the outskirts was disturbed by a succession of small pebbles cast at his bedroom window, and on going to investigate he made out the form of a man in the regulation helmet standing on the path below.

"Hist!" said the figure in a stage whisper, "don't make a noise, but come down and let me in. Your place is going to be raided."

Full of alarm, the householder hastily donned a few necessary garments and crept cautiously downstairs, shivering with the inclemency of the weather and the uncompromising, dangerous nature of the situation combined. He was not a brave man!

Nothing could he hear or observe that suggested the presence of unwelcome visitors on his premises; but he didn't stay to make anything like a searching exploration, preferring to allow the full honour and glory of that to those to whom it more justly belonged. Cautiously he opened the door, and as cautiously did the figure which had been waiting so patiently outside slip in and close it carefully after him.

"There's only one on the job," it whispered, "and we'll catch him red-handed. Come on, let's try the lower rooms first since we are here. Don't make any noise."

The chattering teeth of the luckless householder made the caution necessary but rather superfluous, since it was obvious that *they* could not be silent. Along the hall they

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crept together, not hand in hand, but very close and chummy-like, and after a brief, almost superficial, scrutiny of one or two rooms, they came to a stone cellar affair which served the house as a coal cellar, wine bin, and lumber room combined.

"What's this?" whispered the stern protector of the public peace and property.

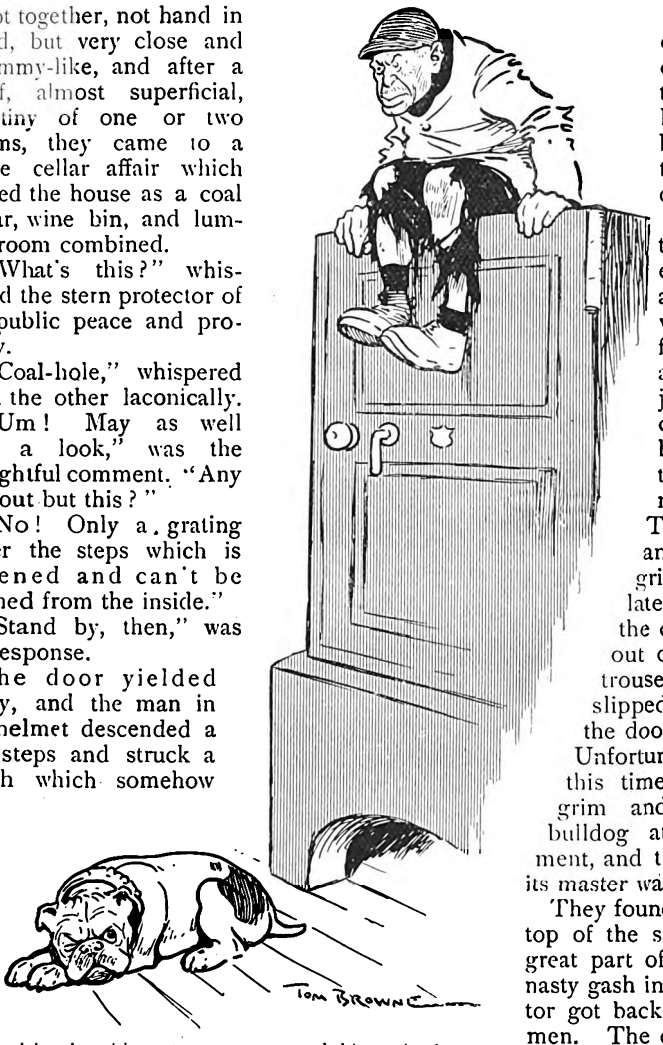
"Coal-hole," whispered back the other laconically.

"Um! May as well have a look," was the thoughtful comment. "Any way out but this?"

"No! Only a grating under the steps which is fastened and can't be reached from the inside."

"Stand by, then," was the response.

The door yielded easily, and the man in the helmet descended a few steps and struck a match which somehow



A burglar with great smartness succeeded in getting into a jeweller's shop, having previously got rid of the watchman. He had, however, reckoned without the bulldog kept on the premises, and was discovered in a sore and unhappy condition on the top of the safe.

glowed and went out immediately. Had he been less shaken the householder might have considered it rather an impossibility to have detected anything in the time that brief gleam lasted. It wasn't even long enough to show that the official helmet was more suggestive of a battered old khaki one, rescued from a rag pile, than the taut and trim official blue head-dress. But he was not suspicious, and he was hardly in a fit frame of mind for reflection or logical deduction.

"Stand at the bottom and wait until I call," commanded the other. "We are bound to catch him."

As the householder descended to comply the other brushed past him on the stairs, and two seconds later the unsuspecting citizen became dimly aware that the door above had been drawn to and bolted.

It was the work of one of the 'cutest hands who had ever graced the profession, and needless to say the victim of the impudent trick found that he had suffered a considerable loss in jewellery and cash, besides contracting a severe cold before he was released by the servant at six the next morning.

This was a favourite dodge of another burglar, who came to grief over it a month or two later. He had actually brought the caretaker of a big jeweller's out on to the pavement in his trousers and shirt, and then slipped in past him and slammed the door in his face.

Unfortunately for his calculations, this time there happened to be a grim and most uncompromising bulldog attached to the establishment, and the dog was inside though its master was out.

They found the burglar squatting on top of the safe in the shop minus a great part of his wardrobe and with a nasty gash in his leg when the proprietor got back with a couple of policemen. The dog was taking a nap with one eye open on the floor below.

Of course these operations were more or less planned out and elaborately schemed, but not so was the affair of the midnight marauder who looked up from a sideboard at which he was working at a sound behind him and found a policeman gazing on his operations through the window.

To hesitate would be fatal; to bolt, folly. In the most casual, unconcerned way he walked over to the window, threw it up, and motioned the constable to enter.

"It seems all right," he whispered. "Have you noticed anything? That plate haunts me. I'll have to send it away to be taken care of—it is too much of a responsibility."

The policeman was staggered and showed it.

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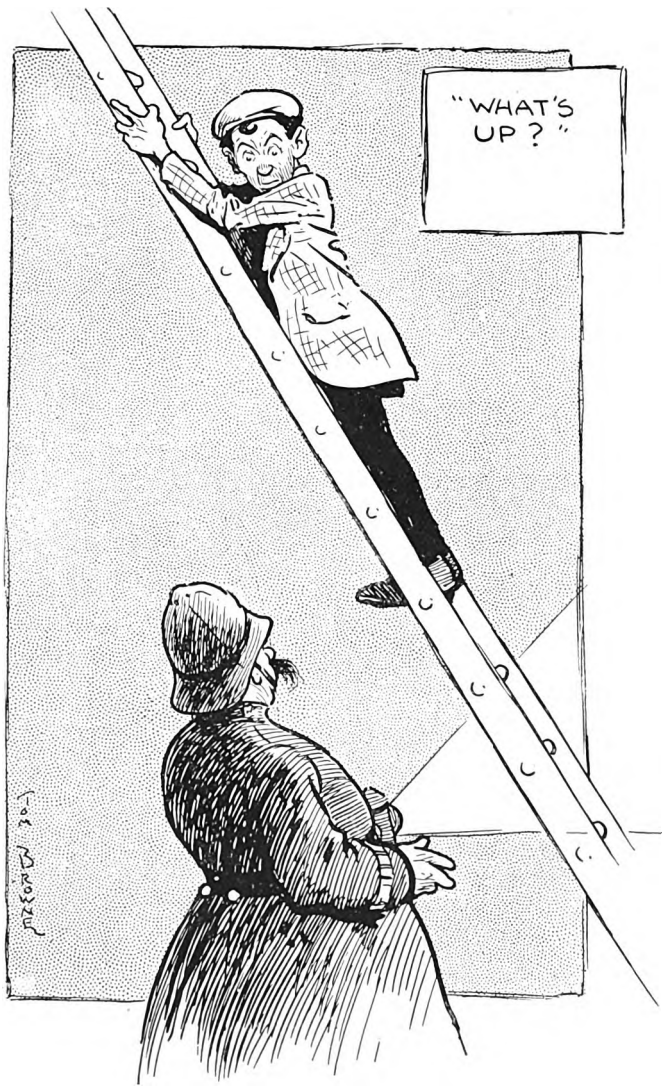

A burglar, discovered in the act of entering a large house by means of a ladder, was smart enough to convince the policeman who found him out that he was a servant "out after hours," and was allowed to enter the house in peace—and to get off with a good haul.

"But," said he. "You are not Mr. N——"

"No such luck," retorted the other curtly. "Brother-in-law. He's going away to-morrow, and I'm to look after the place. Not his plate though, if I know it. I don't mind guarding a man's piano and easy chairs, but when it comes to silverware and fancy goods I'm off. He's upstairs, though, and asleep, I have no doubt; but we can wake him if you have any lingering fears."

The careless laugh and the bearing of the man settled the matter. The policeman took a glass of ale and a shilling instead, and went back to his beat.

The rightful owner of that silver had no further need for anxiety on its account. Neither for that matter, had he a brother-in-law or any intention of taking a journey on the morrow—though he took one, and the simple guileless policeman who had visited his drawing-room the night before was none the happier for it.

Another affair which occurred in suburban Essex a year or two back is amusing enough to be worth recording, though it is safe to say that the humour of it was not of a kind to appeal to one or two of the victims immediately concerned.

There used to be a policeman stationed on the Woodford Road who had great toleration for cyclists, or perhaps it was a tender regard for his pocket that actuated him. Anyway, the story belongs to the wheelmen, and you may be sure that it loses nothing in the telling.

Shortly before midnight on a fine June night Constable Q., we will call him, came on duty, and before he had reached the end of his beat he had the luck to spot a cycle light whirling down on him at a rate which unquestionably far exceeded the legal limit. It was not often that so flagrant a case was granted him, and a minute later the reckless rider was standing on the road looking very sick and sorry for himself.

He was a weak, mild-looking little chap, who protested his innocence in a voice that was choked with tears, or some other sort of emotion.

Perhaps it was his obvious distress; possibly it was a matter of half a sovereign which passed between them. Any way, Constable Q. relented him of his stern purpose, and, pocketing the coin, he gave the law-breaker a few well-chosen words of advice and warning and let him go.

Half-an-hour later he came upon the fellow again. The bicycle was not in sight, but the man was half way up a ladder which

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was reared against the side of a biggish house standing back in its own grounds and bordering on Epping Forest.

"What's up?" demanded Q., flashing his lantern on the man and recognising him at the first scouting.

"Sh! not so loud," the other whispered back. "This is your fault. If you hadn't stopped me I should have been in in time. I'm a servant here, and if the governor catches me I'll want another situation. It's against orders to be out after ten, and to be out riding a bike is chuck without notice. The old boy hates 'em like poison, and we all have to sign an agreement that we don't ride and won't ever try to, just to get taken on. Douse that glim and shift this ladder for us when I get up, there's a good chap, and if you are round in the morning I'll spring you another bob and a wet. You do pretty well if I'm a sample. I almost think I'll chuck my job and join the force."

"I wouldn't," said Q. dryly. "There's other things besides fools who rides bikes in the business. Hurry up now—I've got to get back to my beat."

"All right—steady it a bit for us—that's so. See you in the morning—ta-ta," and the flighty cyclist slipped up the window and disappeared over the sill.

"Good-night," quoth Q. gruffly, as he lifted the ladder down and wandered off to see what more the night would bring him.

It brought him nothing; but the morning did. Released from duty, and thinking of the promised shilling, to say nothing of the drink, Constable Q. turned his steps towards the scene of last night's exploit, and got there in time to find the place in an uproar. The house had been ransacked during the night, and upwards of seven hundred pounds' worth of jewellery stolen.

It was an awkward situation, very awkward; but Q. was a man of tact and discretion, and he held his peace. Even then he didn't quite grasp the full nature of it, and his misgivings chiefly lay in the direction of connecting that servant with the crime without revealing the fact that he had himself been an unconscious accessory to it. Besides, there was the matter of that half-sovereign, and compounding even slight felonies like that is not a good recommendation to policemen who are anxious to get on.

But more was to come. The owner of the house wasn't a rabid anti-cyclist; he had never made any stipulation against his servants riding; he hadn't any man-servants, as a matter of fact, except a doddering old gardener, who, in the matter of cycles, was, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

More than ever did Q. resolve to hold his tongue. He counted the shilling as a bad debt; but there still remained the half sovereign. Thoughtfully he took it out and examined it. It was a common little tin card counter, bright and deceptive enough in the gleam of a bull's-eye under a casual inspection, but not capable of sustaining a close examination in the full light of day.

Constable Q. flung it into an adjacent horse-pond, with an imprecation on the unprincipled cyclist who had so neatly sold him all the way round; and in a moment he became a sour, hardened man.

In truth, he had been shabbily served; but his case was no worse than that of a City policeman who, strolling peacefully along his beat in North London in the small hours of the morning, was hailed from a wholesale merchant's place of business by a sturdy shop assistant. At least, he seemed to be that, and his apron and hatless state gave colour to the impression. He was struggling with a huge case, which he wanted to put on the shop trolley, and run round to the railway station. Would the policeman be so kind? Of course the policeman would—and was.

"But what about the shop?" said the thoughtful man, in dubious tones.

Perhaps the policeman wouldn't mind keeping an eye on it. He wouldn't be gone a jiffy.

No; the policeman didn't mind that either. (Policemen are really the most obliging fellows on the face of the earth. They will do anything for anybody, always, of course, provided their suspicions are not aroused, or their feelings injured by a suggested ignorance of their real dignity and importance. He won't carry the baby over the crossing, for instance; but he'll stop the traffic of the mightiest city in the world for its safe transport, and he'll smile at the nursemaid, particularly if she happens to be young and pretty.)

Well, our policeman did keep an eye on it—in fact, he kept two; and his eyes and the rest of him were still there, when the genuine, *bonâ fide* shop assistant turned up, and expressed considerable surprise at finding his work started for him. The case that the policeman had so obligingly helped to get safely off the premises contained merchandise of a rich and negotiable nature, including the contents of the safe, and neither it nor the clever rascal who had spoofed the luckless constable so neatly was ever seen again.

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Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF . . SMUGGLERS. .

No. II.—A GIRL COMMANDS THE SHIP.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

The Second of an Intensely Interesting and Dramatic Series of Stories Written Especially for the "Royal." The Author Describes the Extraordinary Smuggling Adventures of Sir Nicholas Vyse and Mistress Josephine Willoughby. The Story next month is entitled "The Man Who Chased Himself," another Marvellous Adventure of the King and Queen of Smugglers.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Josephine Willoughby, daughter of a pious merchant-prince of Bloomsbury, did not relish her exile to this house among the marshes. True, her father—too deep in ledgers and the rest to live away from London—had meant it for the best when he sent her, under care of a prim, sleepy dowager, into these wilds that lay so near the marshes and the eastern sea; for London, to the father's mind, was a place of guile and wickedness, where profligacy sought for beauty and would not be content without it.

Mistress Willoughby, however, held another view of the matter, and to-night, as she watched the full moon shining through the windows of Vyse House, she was more than ordinarily restless and dissatisfied. She had, moreover, the memory of a certain Sir Nicholas Vyse with her—Nick Vyse, known to the Preventive as Captain Contraband, who a week ago had come by a secret passage, and had surprised her as she sat at meat, and afterwards had taken her to view the smuggled booty lying in the cellars underneath.

Now, Sir Nicholas, what with his big presence, his big courage, and his big fondness for a frolic, was one to unsettle the fancy of any spirited maid; and he had seen the girl once at least since the first mad escapade; and she knew that to-morrow night, given a fair breeze and a dark sky, he meant to run a second cargo ashore in the little cove, a mile north, called Thyra's Bay.

"Ponto, boy," she said, stooping to the dog that sat attentive by her chair; "Ponto, Captain Contraband is going to run another cargo."

At the word "contraband" Ponto thumped his tail upon the floor, and barked aloud; for, gentle as his way of life was now, he had been smuggler-bred, and never yet had he heard that oft-repeated word "contraband," but some wild escapade had just preceded it, or was about to follow.

Ponto.

Something in the dog's wistful look, something in the way he cocked his head when the wind rattled at the windows, suggested to the girl that, late as it was—eight by the solemn clock in the corner—she must run down to the shore and give Ponto a breath of the salt air on which he thrived. She was sick of inaction, moreover, and the trip savoured of mild lawlessness.

So, catching up a cloak and hood, and fastening them as she went, she opened the great door, and Ponto ran before her into the white, wind-driven moonlight. Not a light showed anywhere, save from the white house up above, where Gauger Ralph, the chief of

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the Preventive, kept ineffectual guard against Captain Contraband and his like.

The girl, wearying of the empty moonlight and the empty sea, glanced up and saw the light; and she laughed carelessly, as one of her devil-may-care, haphazard thoughts came to her.

"Ponto, we'll go visit Gauger Ralph. He is always ready for a gossip," she said.

They climbed up the cliff face again, and battled with the wind as they kept the narrow path above; and Mistress Willoughby, demure as a schoolboy out on holiday, knocked at the door of the Preventive officer. He answered the knock in person—big, and plump, and jolly he looked, and he filled all the doorway.

"Welcome, mistress," he cried, in a tone that showed how well accustomed he was to these freaks of the girl.

"Good evening, Ralph. We've come, Ponto and I, because we are dull, and because we want a gossip."

"Then step in, and welcome. You'll not be minding if I finish my good glass of schnapps?" he added, turning to the tumbler that stood on the right hand of the fireplace.

"Has it paid duty, Ralph?" asked the girl.

"Well, now—well, well—duty! There's a word for you!" roared the Gauger, who recognised an old jest of Josephine's. "Do we spend so little time in collecting king's dues that he looks to us to pay them, too? Oh, it's live and let live, mistress—except, you see, when Captain Contraband keeps flouting us."

"What is amiss with him, Ralph?"

Now, Gauger Ralph, like most plump, easy-going men, was a fool whenever a bonnie woman came between him and the light; and no one in St. Thanes—nor in all England—could have denied that Josephine Willoughby, the cloak half hiding her slim, eager form, the hood scarce concealing her wind-blown russet hair, was the frankest and the fairest lassie in three counties.

"What is amiss with Captain Contraband?" she repeated, as the Gauger took a long pull at his schnapps.

"Well, just this, mistress. He's a deal too well known, from here to London, and he fools us at his pleasure, and the big men of our Service have got wind of it, and they talk of superseding some of us if we cannot catch him. Not but what we have him safe enough this time," he added jauntily.

Josephine turned a pair of artless eyes on him.

"You have him quite safe?" she murmured. "Poor Captain Contraband!"

Again Ponto thumped his tail at the word he liked best to hear.

"Well, it's been 'poor Gauger Ralph' for many a month past," laughed the other, as he filled another measure of schnapps and lit his pipe afresh.

"I suppose—I suppose you could not tell me all about it?" the girl suggested, with an air that Ralph mistook for diffidence. "You have told me so many tales of past adventures; but oh! I should like a tale of an adventure that is really in the making!"

Ralph looked at her. True, it was a rule of his trade that a close mouth was the best trap-door to a secret; but what harm could there be in whiling away a half-hour or so for Mistress Josephine—what harm in showing her, as fat men delight in doing, the depth and width of his own cleverness? It was impossible to think that this laughter-loving, well-bred maid could mar or make an adventure of his own, even if she had the will.

"To be sure, it was never heard of," he murmured by-and-by—"never heard of, to go talking of our plans beforehand. But, then, what harm is there? And the lassie is fain to hear me talk, and, if it pleases her——"

He took another pull at the schnapps, which had already done much to warm his heart at the expense of his better judgment.

"And then you're a lady, mistress," he went on, "and ladies' tongues, they say, are not so long as ordinary women's."

Josephine doubted this, but did not say so. "I can keep a secret, Ralph," she said, with a dazzling upward glance at him.

"I believe you, my bonnie—asking your pardon, Miss Josephine, for calling you what no right-seeing man could help calling you——"

"So you know all his movements?" she said. "Why, Ralph, it will never be the clever folk, like you, that will be superseded."

"Aw—well—aw, well," drawled the Gauger, "some is clever by nature and by habit, too, if you'll let me say as much who shouldn't. Now this Captain Contraband is clever, too, ye'll mind, but it's by habit only, and the deep men, like myself, are bound to get the best of him one day. He is crossing from Dunkirk to-morrow with a cargo; he's going to run it into Thyra's Bay to-morrow night in the dusk of the moon; and he never guesses that old Ralph has got a young lad in his pay, who tells him all. Captain Contraband will

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"Nay, now; you were always one to have your jest," he cried.

run his cargo, and we'll let him—Lord, Lord, what am I saying? You make a man's tongue run too fast, Miss Josephine."

"Not a bit, Ralph! It is all a frolicsome tale to me, and what harm can I do you, even if I wished to? Or perhaps you think I shall head a company," she added in sheer devilry, "and rescue this wonderful captain of the smugglers?"

Gauger Ralph smacked each fat leg delightedly and looked across at her with a wonderful mixture of laughter and great admiration.

"Nay, now; you were always one to have your jest," he cried. "Well, you may as well know all now you've learned the best part of it. We shall let the Captain land; we shall let him and his men roll the kegs up the beach and along the path that leads to their snug little cave——"

"And you will be waiting with your men?" put in the girl. So far the Gauger's plan did not seem a very startling or novel one.

"Ay, we shall be waiting; but there'll be no chance of Captain Contraband laughing at us this time, as he did a month since. He

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had a dozen men with him then, you'll remember, and we had ten, and they just cracked our crowns and trussed us up among the grass—as many as couldn't get away on two legs—and we had to lie there, if you please, while they carried off their cargo and landed it, God knows where, along the coast."

The Gauger, once he had recovered from the first smart of a failure, was willing enough to join in the laugh against himself. He was laughing now, as the absurdity of that night escapade returned to him; indeed, laughter came as easily to Ralph as it did to Captain Contraband himself, and there was not the least malice in the world between the two, though the whole business of their lives was to outwit each other.

"But this time you will have the laugh?" prompted Josephine.

"Ay, that we shall. There's not a Preventive Station ten miles either way along the coast, but what I've sent or taken orders. There'll be, say, thirty of us this time, and we shall carry guns, and we shall wait in that bit of a hollow, where the shrubs creep out of the chalk and the sedgy grasses are ready to cover good Preventive men. Oh, ay, Miss Josephine, we shall wait till they're right on to us, and we shall take 'em bow and stern, so to say, and get the whole gang into our net."

Josephine grew thoughtful on the sudden, and Ponto whined as if he, too, understood the real peril into which at last his old smuggling friends were like to fall.

"And then," went on the Gauger, carried away by joy in his unhatched chickens, "then we shall take 'em straight on the nail to Sir Nicholas Vyse, and he'll give us a warrant that will tie 'em by the heels in St. Thane's gaol. Sir Nicholas doesn't live in his big house now—as you should know, for you live there yourself, Miss Josephine—but he has a bit of a place just overhanging this same Thyra's Bay; and I do say, whenever I think of it, that it's fair like a bit of Providence to put a magistrate so near a bay where smugglers are going to be caught."

Josephine Willoughby pressed two pretty hands to her waist and laughed as Gauger Ralph had never heard a lassie laugh before. He joined in heartily, thinking how easy it was to please a maid with any sort of smuggler's tale.

But Josephine was thinking of the exquisite comedy which Ralph proposed — to capture Captain Contraband, and then to hale him to Sir Nicholas Vyse for judgment. What if Ralph knew, as she did, that Captain Contraband was named Nick Vyse?

"It is a brave plan," she said, wrapping her cloak more closely round her. "Good luck to it, Ralph; I shall think of you to-morrow night. Come, Ponto! We are night-rakes, you and I, to be abroad so late."

"Step round the next morning, missie, and you shall hear all about the capture," was Gauger Ralph's farewell.

"I will," she answered cheerily.

Once out in the night wind, salty and free and stirring, the girl's spirits rose and rose. She could not hold back the reckless mood that was blowing a half gale, so to speak, in her slender body.

Sir Nicholas Vyse—magistrate, smuggler, and devil-may-care, trim gallant—was in grave danger. She knew what the danger was. Surely it should be easy, and vastly diverting, to help him to run his cargo safely?

"Ponto, we'll do it!" she cried, as she and the dog ran lightly up the cliff road.

And, while she laughed — while Ponto barked and frisked with proper understanding of her mood—the plan of rescue formed itself unheeding. Chance had made her an accomplice, not long ago, of Captain Contraband, and he had promised her in return that she should go aboard with him one day and run a cargo. He had told her, moreover, with the odd loss of prudence that affected all men when confronted with Josephine's high spirit and high beauty—had told her that he owned two ships, one a smuggler, the other a clean-built, honest-looking craft with the name of "*Thyra* of St. Thane's" painted clear on her side for any man to read.

This second was a decoy-ship, which showed the Preventive her heels in time of need, and lured them from the sister-ship; and then, after a long chase, surrendered and showed an innocent cargo of salted herrings, all packed neatly in their kegs. Sir Nicholas had told her this, and had added jestingly that she should captain the *Thyra* if she cared to, on her next trip.

"And I *will* captain her—and that to-morrow night," cried the girl. "Ponto, we'll take this giddy contraband at his word—we'll be smugglers, Ponto—we'll be wonderfully desperate characters, you and I."

Together they raced along the cliffs, not towards the great house, but to the village nestling down below. She stopped at the third cottage, went through the bit of moonlit garden, with its seaward, homely flowers, and knocked lightly at the door.

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Then she entered, to find five men seated round the fragrant, crackling wreck-wood on the hearth. It was plain that she was as welcome here as at Gauger Ralph's; it was plain, too, that Ponto was in his element, for he went to each in turn, and sniffed their smugglerhood, and looked at them from the corners of his wicked eyes.

"We're all jolly smugglers here," was plainly what he said.

As for the girl, her face said much the same, as she threw back her head and gave a friendly nod to each of these rough fellows who had started to their feet, and now were standing clumsily, not knowing what to do with their arms and legs.

"Good evening to you, mistress," they said shyly.

They were glad of the girl's coming, but they felt their clumsiness, as seafaring folk do when a dainty, lissome lass comes to touch their rude poetry into life. This particular lass, however, was not so unpractical nor so fragile as she seemed.

"This is good fortune," she said. "I looked to find only Timothy here, but there are four others of the crew as well."

"What crew, missie?" said old Timothy, with that innocent, yet rakish, look that smugglers wear when talking to one admitted to their Free-Masonry.

"The crew of the good ship *Thyra*, Timothy, decoy-boat, herring-boat—all kinds of boat, in fact. Now, Timothy, it is no use looking innocent, for how often have I listened to your tales beside this very hearth?"

"You're welcome to more, missy, welcome to more. There isn't a man from this to London but would trust a face like yours."

"I am glad of that, Timothy; for you see, there is to be a new captain on board the *Thyra* to-morrow night."

"What, now? Aw, you want to laugh at the old man. Haven't I been captain since first she took to the salted herring trade?"

"Yet for one night you are to be superseded, Timothy. *I* shall be in command."

They grinned with pleasant width and honesty. This was one of the young mistress's cantrips; she was always ready to tease or cozen them, just as the humour took her.

"It's no jest," went on the girl, though the sparkle in her eyes belied her. "Timothy shall command the ship so far as steering, setting sails, and such little matters go; but I shall be the real captain."

"Now, what do you mean, missy?" said Timothy bluntly.

"I mean that Captain Contraband will cross to-morrow with a cargo from Dunkirk; that he will anchor in Thyra's Bay with the last of the moonlight; that your decoy-ship will wait for him near the coast as usual, in case some Preventive cutter is in need of being led astray."

"But, by the smell of good schnapps, how d'ye come to know so much?" gasped Timothy.

"Captain Contraband told me as much. I helped him once, you see, to run a cargo, and he honours me with his confidence."

"Well, I'm—yes, I'm——, and I will have to say it, missie, saving your presence or no."

"Oh, I don't mind your being—ahem'd, Timothy, if only you will see that I am in earnest. I can tell you more about to-morrow's trip—something that neither you nor Captain Contraband knows."

"We're listening, missie."

The girl was so assured, so frank, they could not doubt her.

"The Preventive will be there. They have a traitor in their pay, and are going to gather so many men together at Thyra's Bay that Captain Contraband, with his men, will be taken without hope of resistance."

"But you know so much—you know so much—and you a slip of a lassie," muttered Timothy.

"You need not ask how I gained the last information, for I shall not tell you," went on the girl, with a pretty air of wilfulness, "but I *will* tell you how that cargo is to be landed with myself as captain of the *Thyra*."

They pressed close about her in their eagerness. It was a new experience—an oddly pleasant one—to listen to a girl in cloak and hood, who talked straight to the smuggling-mark and showed a tidy wit for planning. And, when she had finished, old Timothy could do nothing but repeat his old truism.

"Well, I—shiver me if I ain't—ahem!" he cried.

"By all means," laughed the girl again, "and, Timothy, say you agree. Should I play a stupid trick on you? Should I put all you good friends into danger wantonly? It is a true tale that I have told you, and if you will follow my plan we can not only warn Captain Contraband, but make sure that he can run his cargo,"

"It's a ticklish job," said Timothy, scratching the six days' bristle on his chin. "You know Captain Contraband? Well, then, you'll know, may be, that he has a fiend of a

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temper when his will is crossed. His orders are short and sharp, to wait for him between St. Thanes and Thyra's Bay, standing a bit out to sea——"

"But, Timothy, I don't ask you to do anything else but wait for him. You can obey orders—and for my share of the work I will answer to Captain Contraband himself. I scarcely think, somehow, that I shall suffer from his temper."

Timothy looked at her with frank, seafaring admiration.

"No, you wouldn't," he said briefly.

"Then you agree?"

"Ay, dang me if I don't! The plan is tight and trim enough, and I'll take the risk of crossing Captain Contraband."

"I'll be here, then, at eight to-morrow night. Lads, salute your captain," she added, stopping half-way towards the door.

They obeyed her laughingly, and Ponto, with another wicked glance of fellowship at his old comrades, followed her out into the garden, and up the cliff, and in at the great door of Vyse House. As she stepped into the hall she was met by the elderly, quiet lady who was supposed to keep watch and ward over Mistress Josephine Willoughby in the absence of that lady's father.

"Josephine, my dear, I was growing so frightened about you. I—," began the dowager.

"Were you, dear? I have only been for a scamper on the cliffs, with Ponto to look after me."

Ponto was certainly a clever beast, however uncertain his ancestry might be. He looked up now into the old lady's face with such innocence, such honesty, as said plainly: "I know my duty; trust me to keep my mistress from all low haunts."

"What a fibber you are, Ponto," laughed the girl later as she stooped to bid him good-night. "Well, old boy, we shall see life to-morrow."

Truth to tell, the next day seemed very long to Mistress Josephine. She wanted to be in the thick of the adventure, and her patience had been ruined three times at least before the big clock pointed to a quarter to eight. The night was still and fair as she and Ponto ran down to the village; and the moon, dipping fast towards the marshes, showed there were two clear hours as yet before they need expect Captain Contraband.

"Ready, lads!" she said, with would-be precision of voice and air, as she reached the beach and found Timothy and a second sailor waiting with their boat.

"Ready, captain!" they answered jocundly. "The crew is all aboard except ourselves."

The girl stepped aboard, and silently they pulled across to the spot where the *Thyra's* sails shone white and fair beneath the moon and above the dark blue of the sea. A little cheer went up from the crew as they saw her climb on deck; for one and all were in gay spirits to think they had so plucky a leader, and one so bonnie.

All along the deck were ranged the kegs which made up the *Thyra's* cargo; and Josephine pointed to these, and gave her orders with a laughable, quick air, as of one who, like Captain Contraband himself, would be obeyed. Ponto, for his part, was sniffing at the kegs, in his usual inquiring way, and he seemed puzzled and disgusted by their odour.

"Four of you man the first boat, and take as many kegs as it will hold," commanded Josephine.

"Ay, ay, captain," they laughed, and made forward with the work as merrily as lads a-holidaying.

Gauger Ralph, meanwhile, was watching from the shore, a few score yards away from the hollow where his men were waiting.

"Lord, but this Captain Contraband grows pretty careless," he growled. "With his sails showing white as noonday, and a moon to light up every ripple made by yon incoming boat—does he think us Preventive folk are fools enough to warrant any cantrip? Dash me, he'll be running a cargo in broad daylight next."

Like a bulky fox he crept and twisted through the grasses until he reached the hollow.

"All ready?" he growled.

"All ready," came in an answering growl from the thirty men who lay under shelter of the bushes.

"The first load is coming in. Likely they'll wait until the whole lot is landed before rolling them up here. We've got 'em tight and snug this time, my boys! And to-night we'll tap one or two of those casks I saw them lowering just now. Sh!" He broke off, looking down the narrow track that gave upon the beach. "Do you hear their boat grounding on the shingle? Ready with your muskets, and, by the Lord Harry, don't let Captain Contraband escape."

But the crew of the first boat did not wait, as Gauger Ralph had hoped, until their friends had landed with the other kegs. Instead, they began to roll their own cargo up the shingle, then up the path, until they

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were close upon the hidden forces of the Preventive. Ponto was with them, for some reason best known to himself. At first, when the boat was being lowered, he had sniffed again at the kegs, had seemed to doubt if a good smuggling dog could allow himself to be mixed up in a matter of dishonest kegs, and then had leaped into the boat.

"Good Ponto!" laughed Captain Josephine, as she watched from the *Thyra's* deck. "He cannot let a chance of frolic go by. Well, I wish I were with him; but Gauger Ralph must not be taught distrust of petticoats."

Slowly the four men of the *Thyra's* crew rolled up their kegs; slowly the Preventive turned their muskets in their hands, waiting for a word from Gauger Ralph. At last the word came.

"Stand, in the King's name!" cried Ralph, jumping to his feet, and levelling his piece at the nearest smuggler's head.

The smugglers, obeying Josephine's instructions, looked up with all the evidence of panic. And first they seemed about to flee; and then they half turned as if to make a fight for it.

"Stand, you lubbers!" thundered Ralph. "Stand, or we'll blow you back to Dunkirk again."

For the foremost of the band was rigged in a great blue coat, and his figure was so like to Captain Contraband's that Gauger Ralph was sure that he had got the great prize in his hands.

The men did nothing, save look scared; they submitted passively while the Preventive bound their hands behind them; only Ponto showed a disposition to fight, as he snarled and snapped about the heels of Gauger Ralph —until he remembered what the scent was of the casks, and then he, too, desisted from attack, as if he understood the jest as well as any of his comrades.

"A tame end to a wild life, Captain Contraband," cried Ralph jocosely, addressing Bill, the well-featured sailor-lad who had been prevailed upon to impersonate his master.

"A tame end to a Preventive attack," retorted Bill.

"Oh, showing fight, young game-cock, eh? Well, it's time you did, for I'd rather see a man fight for his own than let it go without a blow. Let's see your face a bit more closely, Captain," he went on, his gaiety increasing; "we've only seen you in the dark till now, and I want to know you, face as well as figure, when I've next to catch you."

The lad, as it chanced, did not come from these parts, but had been chosen for the *Thyra's* crew when Captain Contraband was last in London; so Gauger Ralph, seeing him comely and less rough of speech and manner than the coastwise sailors, was pleased to make quite sure in his own mind that this was Captain Contraband.

"Pleased to meet you," he grinned, "very pleased to meet you, Captain. You've given me many a dance by sea and land, and now ——"

"You might tell us why we're bound," put in Bill, in a careless way.

The Gauger stared at him.

"Well, that's a good one. Why are we bound, says the bold Captain, when we've caught him rolling up the kegs—caught him as red-handed as man could be."

"Our cargo is not schnapps," went on the other.

Gauger Ralph, in his jolly, fat way, put a finger to his nose and grinned more broadly.

"No, cocky, I dare say it's not. Perhaps the kegs are full of the butter that won't melt in Captain Contraband's mouth—perhaps——"

"The barrels are too big for schnapps; besides, they're roughly put together. D'ye think those would hold any sort of liquor in?"

"Clever lad! Going to fool old Ralph again, eh? Makes his kegs bigger, makes 'em look as if they weren't water-tight, and thinks that sort of tale will go down like his own liquor. See here, Captain, I may be a fool, there's never no telling; but I'm not just young enough to take that sort of chaff."

"Open the kegs, then, and see."

"By-and-by, lad," said Ralph, with great gusto, "wait till we have got you to Sir Nicholas Vyse, and then to gaol, and after that we'll tap your kegs and welcome."

"You'll tap them now," the other answered him coolly. "You'll need proof before you take innocent men into custody, let me tell you, and I shall stir for no man till you've got it."

A vague foreboding seized Gauger Ralph, trained as he was by many a past experience of Captain Contraband. He kicked one of the kegs with his foot, and neither the feel nor the sound of it suggested liquor. Finally, he bade one of his men open it with his cutlass, and the moon, just disappearing behind the grassy edge of cliff, showed a fine lot of herrings, pressed and salted, and dove-tailed head to tail one into the other.

"Open the next!" roared Gauger Ralph.

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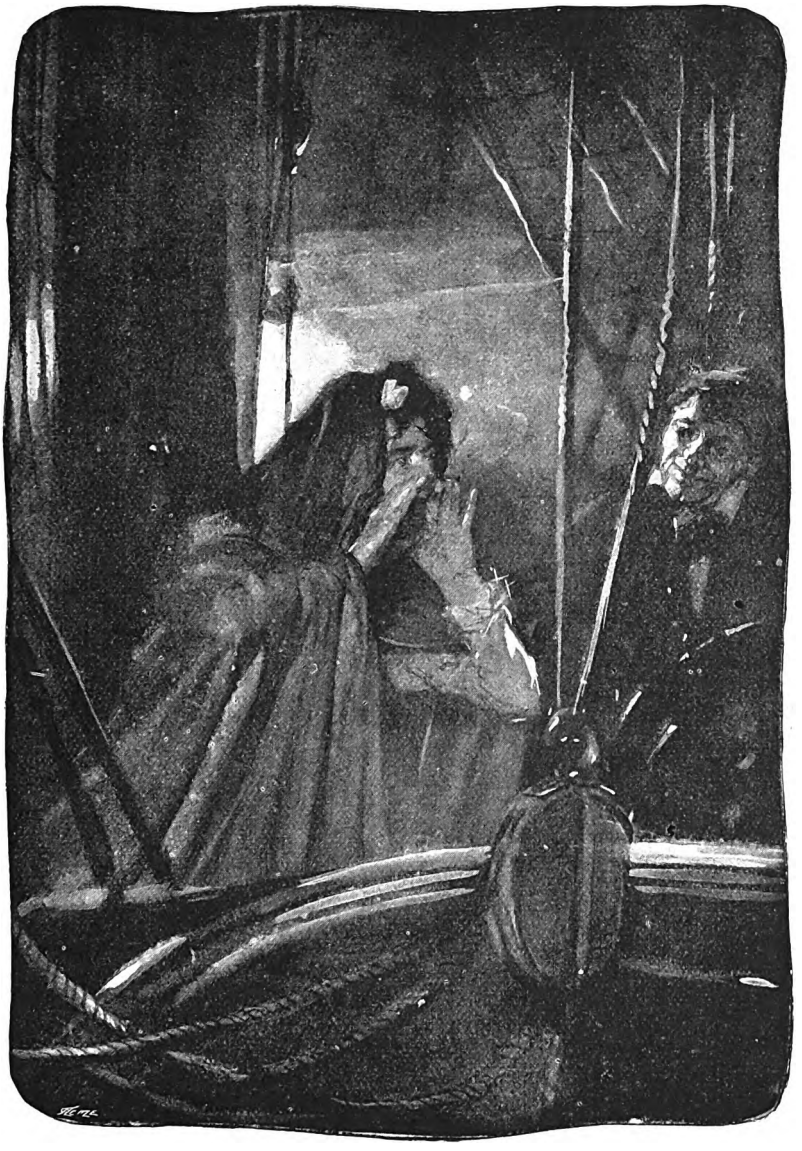
Another kegful of reputable herrings was disclosed, and another, and another.

"You must settle for your share of the business with Sir Nicholas Vyse above yonder," said Bill, pointing carelessly in the direction of the little house upon the cliff. "'Twas he who asked me to bring him a cargo of herring, for he wanted some to send to friends in London. We've wonderful fine herring on this coast, and it seems the great folk in London have taken a fancy to have some. Well, it's your concern, not ours, if you like to spoil the cargo."

Ralph the Gauger groaned aloud. A pretty end to his brave scheme! It seemed to be to the tune of "fooled again" that he was destined constantly to dance.



"Hoy, Captain Contraband!" she called.

"Unbind the rogues!" he growled at last "We're fooled again, lads."

The moon was down by this time, and the *Thyra* was no more than a blurred mass rising from a sea of ink. Josephine Willoughby, after a long glance at the shore, turned to Timothy, the skipper.

"They will have run their herring cargo, Tim?" she laughed.

"Ay, ay; they've had time enough."

"Then crowd all sail on, and we'll go to meet Captain Contraband. The sooner he knows the better; and we're too near the shore."

Timothy obeyed. Superstitious as all sailors are, and mighty yielding, moreover, when a pretty face was in question, he felt that this girl, with her quick schemes and quick orders, was bringing them great luck this trip. So they caught the edge of a stiffish wind, and tacked and scudded, scudded and tacked, until, across the blackness of the waters, they saw a light—a small, dim light, such as would be shown only by a craft that had a friend,

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and many enemies also, on the look-out for her.

"That's Captain Contraband's little craft," muttered Timothy.

"Then hail her."

Soon the two vessels were alongside, and Josephine could distinguish the outlines of a tall, square-shouldered figure on the bridge.

"Hoy, Captain Contraband!" she called, with a gay attempt to make her voice and language as seafaring as possible.

"Hoy! Who the deuce are you?" came back Nick Vyse's bass.

"Captain Josephine of the *Thyra*. We have just run a cargo of salted herrings."

"The blazes you have! Then perhaps you'll explain the meaning of this foolery."

"I will, if you'll lower a boat for me."

Nick Vyse whistled, then laughed angrily. Who was this girl who pretended to command his ship, who calmly ordered him to lower a boat? Then suddenly he remembered Josephine Willoughby, who had helped him loyally out of a recent scrape; he remembered her beauty and her recklessness; and so the boat was lowered, and it was he who helped the girl on deck.

"How d'you do, Captain Contraband?" said she, offering her hand as naturally as if they met, say in her father's drawing-room.

"Indifferently well. But mind you, Captain Josephine, smuggling is a shade too serious a game for whimsies of this sort"

"So serious that, if it were not for me, the Preventive would have had you in a trap to-night. Timothy"—motioning to the old man, who had come aboard with her—"tell Sir Nich—tell Captain Contraband just what we've done to-night."

Nick Vyse listened, and the first sternness of his face mellowed little by little, until at last he broke into a great roar of laugher.

"Gad, I could have done no better!" he cried. "Here, Captain Josephine, you're the luck of this trip. Tell me where I'm to land this cargo, now that the Preventive are busy up the coast."

"Why, at Saint's Bay again, of course—in my father's cellars, which are entirely at your service."

"Good again!" muttered Nick Vyse. "Now, here's a lass to my liking, if I never met one before."

A quick run brought them to Saint's Bay, and by-and-by the cargo—the heaviest that Nick Vyse had ever handled—was beached and rolled into the cave, and hidden under the great trap-door, which, strewn with sand and pebbles afterwards, looked precisely like all the rest of the flooring of the cave.

"You will come in and have a glass of wine?" said Josephine, pointing to the secret passage by which he had once before admitted himself to her presence.

"My thanks, but I am surely indebted sufficiently to you, and the hour is late—"

"Oh, if you choose to treat me as a woman," she answered, with the prettiest disdain. "I fancied I played the man to-night, and as Captain Josephine I ask you to come, smuggler fashion, and pledge our luck."

Nick Vyse found each new aspect of this girl more entertaining than the last. She was so straight, so merry, so utterly proud in her fearlessness. He followed her along the secret way and through the sliding panel that opened on to the hall of Vyse House.

"My dear old dragon is in bed," said Josephine quite easily and naturally. "I feared she would be shocked if I brought a brother-smuggler home, and so I persuaded her, as she was tired, to go to her room just after supper."

And so Nick Vyse drank his wine, and dallied, loath to go, and when at last he said good-bye, there was something wild, and big, and eager, stirring at his heart.

As for Josephine, she slept as an artless babe might have done; and when next morning she went down the cliffs, with Ponto at her heels, to the door of Gauger Ralph, she still looked very like an artless babe.

"Good-morning, Ralph. I've come for the tale you promised me."

"Step in," said Ralph gloomily. "It's an upside-down world, missie."

"Oh, indeed? But I thought it a very good world when I woke this morning."

"May be; but then you've naught to do with Captain Contraband."

"It is not likely, is it, Ralph?"

"*I* have, you see, and that makes all the difference. Well, you'll have the tale from another, if not from me, so here goes."

And Josephine sat there, all sympathy and silent laughter, as Ralph unwound his tale.

"Poor Ralph!" she murmured at the finish. "Better luck next time."

"May be," Ralph assented. Yet there was Ponto, sitting on his haunches, and eyeing Gauger Ralph with a look of contempt.

"Dang me, the dog knows all about it, too," said Ralph.

But Josephine, for her part, was wondering how soon her next adventure would arrive. Very soon, she decided, if she was to have any real joy in life.

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EARS

H.M. THE KING

The Peculiarities, Characteristics, Sizes, Shapes, and other things worth noting about Ears.

By Simon Gregory.

One never hears much about ears. It seems a curious thing that this should be so. For the ear is a very prominent factor in the face, quite as important as the nose, or the mouth, or the eyes. Were the ear to be absent we should miss it quite as much as we should miss the other features, but, in spite of this fact, little or nothing is heard about the ear.

H.M. THE QUEEN

PR. HY. OF PRUSSIA

If a woman has a pretty pair of eyes she makes the most of them. If her mouth is well-formed and her teeth are dazzling in their ivory whiteness, you may be sure that she is always ready with a bright smile on her lips. Again if she has a good nose, she takes care to be photographed in profile. But to be proud of her ears—not a bit of it!

If fashion demands it she willingly covers them with a wavy mass of hair, or at the dictates of the same unrelenting goddess, she weighs it down with jewellery. I myself think ear-rings are ugly ornaments, but then I am a mere man and, my sisters tell me, know nothing about these things. But whatever may be said in favour of ear-rings, it cannot be denied that they serve to show up an ear that is badly shaped, and add no beauty to a delicate shell-like ear, beyond drawing undue attention to what is a doubtful ornament.

CROWN PR OF GERMANY

Scientists have lately turned their attention to ears. I do not mean to say that ears were entirely neglected before. Not at all, for our ear doctors have always been perfectly competent to fight the many troubles that attack our ears without fear of failure. I mean to

PRINCE ED^{D} OF WALES

PR. HENRY OF WALES

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

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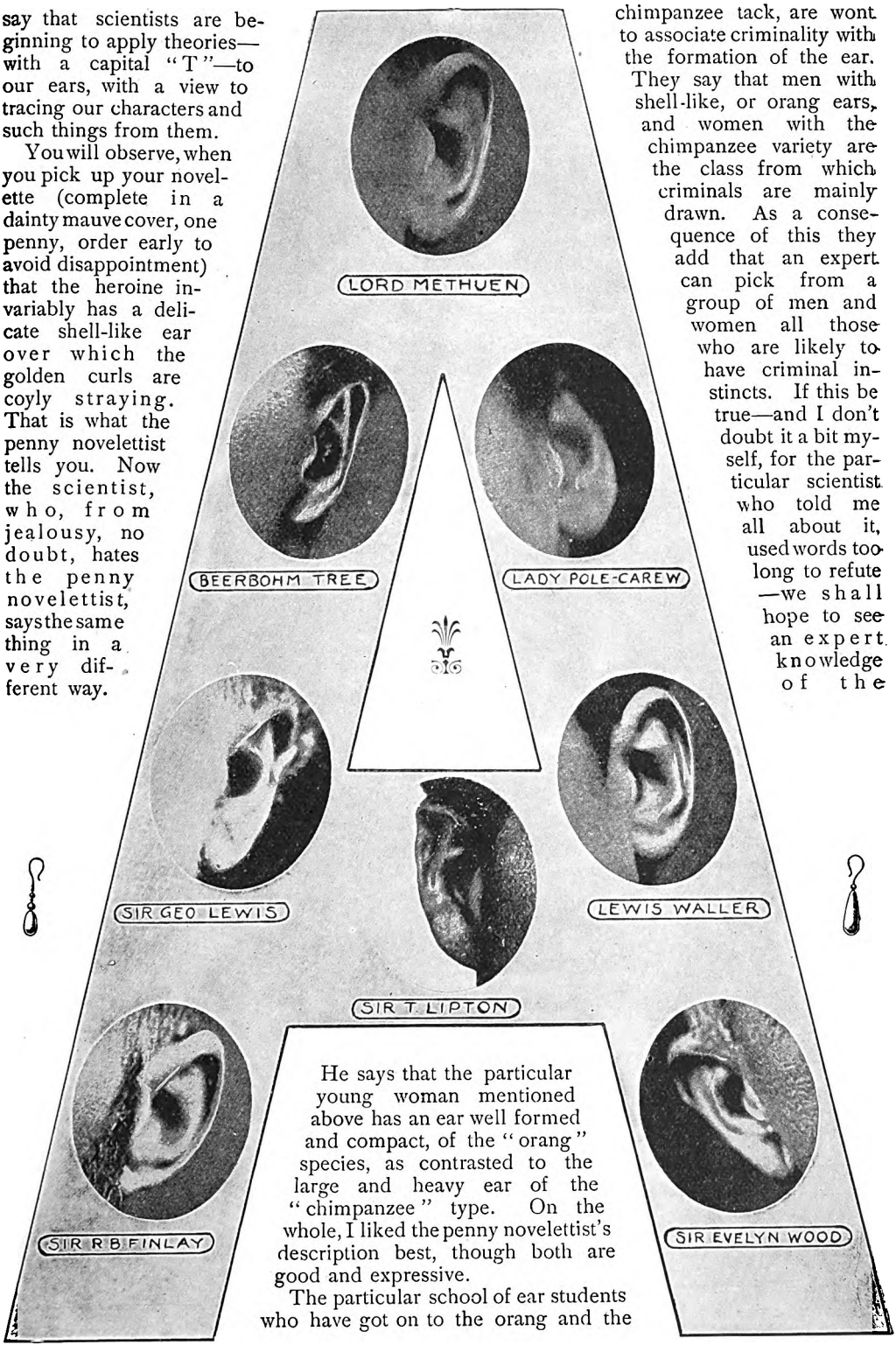
say that scientists are beginning to apply theories—with a capital "T"—to our ears, with a view to tracing our characters and such things from them.

You will observe, when you pick up your novelette (complete in a dainty mauve cover, one penny, order early to avoid disappointment) that the heroine invariably has a delicate shell-like ear over which the golden curls are coyly straying. That is what the penny novelettist tells you. Now the scientist, who, from jealousy, no doubt, hates the penny novelettist, says the same thing in a very different way.



He says that the particular young woman mentioned above has an ear well formed and compact, of the "orang" species, as contrasted to the large and heavy ear of the "chimpanzee" type. On the whole, I liked the penny novelettist's description best, though both are good and expressive.

The particular school of ear students who have got on to the orang and the chimpanzee tack, are wont to associate criminality with the formation of the ear. They say that men with shell-like, or orang ears, and women with the chimpanzee variety are the class from which criminals are mainly drawn. As a consequence of this they add that an expert can pick from a group of men and women all those who are likely to have criminal instincts. If this be true—and I don't doubt it a bit myself, for the particular scientist who told me all about it, used words too long to refute—we shall hope to see an expert knowledge of the

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science of the ear as a necessary qualification for the policeman of the future. When this millennium comes, we shall have all the criminals in England well under the control of the police. As regards lunatics, the same theory is upheld.

There is a very interesting fact about ears that is not generally known. Your ears never stop growing. They start when you are a baby, and continue to increase in size until you die. Hence it is that all old people have large ears, while those of the younger generation are small. Look round the room at any gathering of people, and you may prove the fact for yourself. The expert might even tell your age by the size and shape of your ears.

A pretty woman when her first youth is past, could still keep up appearances in all respects, were it not for the tell-tale ear, which soon loses its delicate curves as the thirties are

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Being a Further Escapade in the Shameless and Good-for-Nothing Existence of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

By Charles James.

The good ship *Camber Castle*, after a brief stay at Funchal, on her way homewards from the Cape, soon left the smiling island of Madeira far astern. Her captain, with the fear of his directors before his eyes, had only taken a hundred tons of coal into the bunkers, and consequently the vessel was hastening towards the dreaded "Bay" in an unpleasantly light and "corky" state.

For those of the *Camber's* passengers who were not proof against "the slings and arrows of outrageous (marine) fortune" the prospect of crossing Biscay's billows in this buoyant condition was sufficiently perturbing.

But Mr. Alfred Dimmock, returning from a brief sojourn in the island, feared none of these things. He cared not for ocean's angry moods: and the worst jump had ever proved insufficient to disturb the even tenor of his way, or to interfere in the remotest degree with his internal economy.

Just at this moment, he was most agreeably engaged chatting to an extremely pretty, fair-haired girl, seated in a cane deck-chair, shading her face from the hot sun, with a red parasol.

Mr. Dimmock had a positive genius for making friends with anybody he fancied—and that at the shortest notice. And something about his solemn, fathomless eyes and gentle, sympathetic demeanour always seemed to invite confidence.

Before the ship had arrived in the Bay of Biscay, Kate Bramston felt as if she had known Mr. Dimmock the whole of her twenty-one years of life. The girl was alone, except for an elderly and somewhat forbidding looking maid. Like Mr. Dimmock Miss Bramston had come on board at Funchal—so, as strangers, they naturally gravitated towards each other.

Mr. Dimmock had a susceptible heart, *i.e.*, he almost invariably fell in love with every pretty girl he met. And while they were together, no one could be more earnest, more devoted, more single-minded, than he. The unfortunate part of it was that the next pretty face he met at once quenched—nay, drowned—the "earnest," "devoted," and "single-minded" love that had hitherto enthralled his being. Before they were twenty-four hours out from Madeira, he seized an opportunity when the deck was clear, to declare his passion for his fair companion.

"I have never really known what it is to love, before," he said with simple pathos. He invariably prefaced all his declarations with these words. "But you, with your sweetness and charm of manner, have inspired me with a fervent love which can only end with life——"

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"Oh, Mr. Dimmock, don't, pray, go on! I—I am engaged!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands and looking appealingly into his eyes.

"Really! that's rather a nuisance, isn't it? Nice fellow?" asked Mr. Dimmock airily, and cured, in a moment, of his love-sickness. Kate Bramston looked at him in mild astonishment. This unquenchable love of his seemed, at all events, to be under most excellent control. Recovering herself she said, in tones of rapt admiration:

"Oh, he is more than nice—he is heavenly!"

"That's very satisfactory!" observed Mr. Dimmock. Then, turning her pretty eyes full upon him, the girl continued, heedless of the interruption:

"*Dear* Mr. Dimmock, I haven't a friend in the world! Everyone is against me. Will *you* be my friend?—oh, say you will!"

"Certainly. I'd say anything——er——" (cough)—"I mean, I'd do anything—anything to serve you, my dear Ka——Miss Bramston, I mean," replied he, settling himself into an attitude of earnest attention.

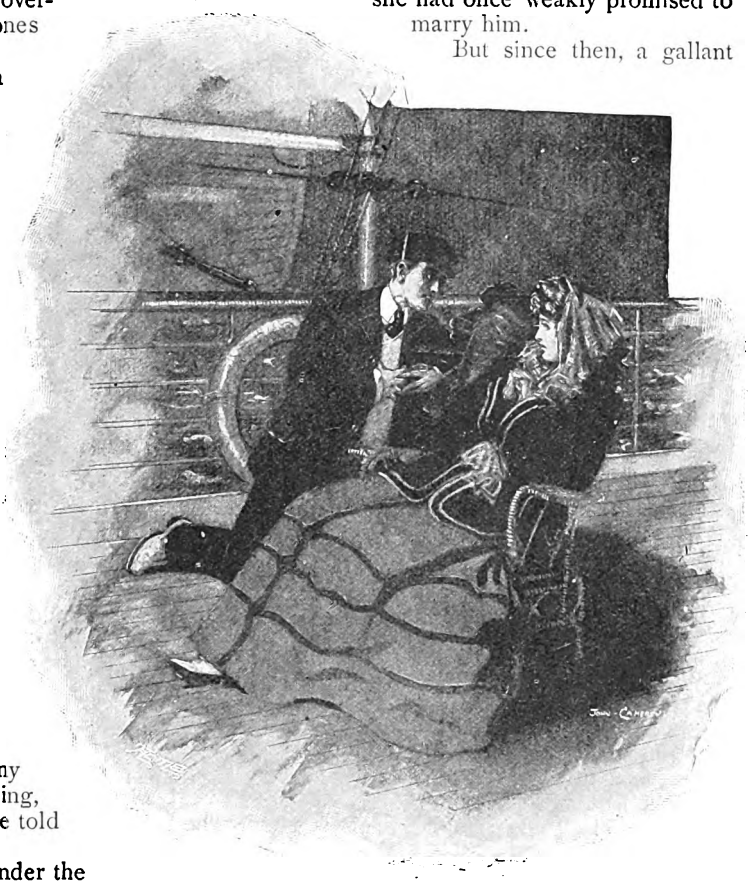
And then, with many repetitions, and shedding, now and again, a tear, she told him her story.

Briefly, it was this: Under the terms of her late father's will she was entitled to about £4000 a year, provided she married with the consent either of her guardian—with whom she lived in England—or of her brother, a young Colonial Bishop.

Her guardian, a certain Mr. Jedadiah Tonks, had quite determined that his ward should marry, not to please herself, but to suit his, Mr. Tonks's, convenience. To this end he was endeavouring by every means known to a perverse ingenuity to force on an alliance between her and his own idle, worthless son, Fred, before the young Bishop—who was then expected in England from his distant See—could arrive.

Miss Bramston was an orphan, and practically had no relatives in England to whom she could appeal. Everyone of her guardian's numerous family continually urged "dear Fred's" claims, and she had also to face the unfortunate fact—of which she was constantly being reminded—that, years back, when she was still a girl at boarding-school, she had once weakly promised to marry him.

But since then, a gallant young sailor had won her heart, a certain Lieutenant Neville, who was serving his country on board H.M.S. *Benbow*, then on the Australian station. The girl was evidently in a very nervous condition at the prospect of going back to her guardian's roof, and again being subjected to the annoying attentions of Fred; and it was quite in vain that Mr. Dimmock assured her that she could not legally be compelled to marry anybody at all.



"I have never really known what it is to love, before," he said with simple pathos.

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She had come out to Madeira in charge of the formidable maid, just for the sea trip, and on the implied understanding that if no word had then been heard from her brother, the Bishop, she should marry Fred within a fortnight of her return.

"And they *can* make me!" sobbed the poor girl. "No, I know they can't, legally—but, oh you don't know—men never *can* understand such things—how *awful* the whole family will make it for me if I still hold out. And Charlie Neville—that's his name," she said, smiling through her tears, "of course, he can't come back from sea to protect me—and George—that's my brother—has gone away to visit some of those remote islands in the Solomon group, or somewhere—" she continued vaguely, "somewhere where there aren't any telegraphs—and so I can't reach him—and, oh, Mr. Dimmock, you're the only friend I have, and please, oh, *please*, what am I to do?"

And a fresh outburst of sobbing effectually aroused our friend's sympathies, and for once in a way, he determined to sink all question of his own amusement and work with all his might and main.

But he saw his way to a practical joke at the same time. There were few situations in life from which he would fail to extract that.

"Do the Tonks family know your brother?"

"No. Only Mr. Jedadiah Tonks has ever seen him, and that was when he was starting for Australia at the age of nine. My brother and I were brought up together in Melbourne, and it was only four years ago that I came over to England."

"Am I anything like him?"

"Not in the least, except for the colour of your eyes."

"Good. And hair?"

"Oh, no! Quite different. His is much fairer."

"That is a detail. Now, this is what I propose. For this occasion only, *I* shall be your brother: *I* shall be Bishop Bramston!"

The girl clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, how *glorious!* how delightful! how ——," and then she suddenly stopped.

"But it would be impossible; my maid—the woman on board—would recognise you."

Mr. Dimmock's eyes twinkled.

"I'll forgive her if she does," he said. "I doubt if *you* would—when I have finished getting myself up in my ecclesiastical disguise."

And then he explained his plan. He had plenty of time and opportunity for doing this, and long before the *Camber Castle* had entered Southampton Water the two conspirators felt thoroughly at home in the respective parts they had to play.

* * * * *

Two days after landing, a dainty little note conveyed the information to Mr. Alfred Dimmock that nothing had been heard from Bishop Bramston, and that the writer was in despair.

"They are always at me to say 'yes' to that horrid Fred, and Fred himself is horrider than ever. Your plan involves an awful risk; but, unless we adopt it or I try to run away, I *know* they'll make me marry Fred. Just send me a line to say what had better be done." And she remained his "most unhappy Kate Bramston."

Mr. Dimmock's answer to her appeal was a visit to Clarkson, the wig-maker, followed by the sending of a wire containing this brief message:

"Arrived to-day, will be with you this afternoon.—Bramston."

He would have signed it with the Bishop's Christian name only he happened to have forgotten it.

The afternoon train conveyed him to Sinden station—and, not finding any carriage to meet him, as he had half expected, he threw his kit-bag into an open fly, and gave the order for Mr. Tonks's house.

Arrayed in full canonicals from the "turn-up brim" and all-rounder collar, down to the tightly buttoned black gaiters, and wearing a fair wig, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, Mr. Dimmock would certainly have been passed in the street by nine out of ten of his acquaintances without recognition. And with "Old man Tonks," as he irreverently designated his unwilling host, who had not seen the real Bishop since he was nine years of age, he felt absolutely safe.

Turning in at the carriage gates, the fly rattled up to the door of a large, square, ugly-looking house with cypress trees growing in a cluster opposite the front door. The "Bishop" alighted, paid the driver, and, before he could reach the bell, the gloomy looking portals were opened and Mr. Jedadiah Tonks himself appeared.

"Ah, welcome, welcome!" cried that gentleman in rather acid tones, and yet with a mighty effort to appear hearty. The fact was that Mr. Tonks greatly dreaded this most inopportune arrival of Kate's brother; though he still hoped to win him over to his own side in the matter of the much-desired marriage of his ward to Fred.

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"Ah, my dear sir, how delighted I am to see you after all these years! And where is my sister? Where is my little—er——" Mr. Dimmock had temporarily forgotten his sister's name, which created a momentary pause. Then, making a bold shot at it, he continued: "My little Blanche?"

"Blanche?" repeated Mr. Tonks blankly. "You mean Kate?"

"Of course I mean Kate. We always used to call her Blanche for short, don't you know. Colonial habit of ours, that's all. Ah! Here she is!" And Kate came rather timidly forward, with outstretched hand but stiffened arm. The genial Bishop, however, would not see this, and at once stooped down and kissed her rather more warmly than their fraternal relationship absolutely required. Kate turned scarlet, and came very near to giving an hysterical laugh.

His Reverence was introduced to the rest of the family—including the hated Fred—an awkward, loutish-looking creature to whom Mr. Dimmock took an immediate dislike. Tea was served, and Jessica, the eldest (and ugliest) daughter, at once made a dead set at "the Bishop." She would have no objection to go to Australia as Mrs. Bishop—especially with this fine-looking young man as husband. She carried his tea to him, and sitting down at his side on the sofa, began at once to bombard him with questions.

"I am so interested in Australia, do you know," she gushed, "and the dear natives. I suppose you're very fond of them?"

"Natives? Oh, immensely. But I have nothing to do with them just now. Danger of typhoid too great, you know," replied Mr. Dimmock promptly.

Jessica looked puzzled for a moment, but went on:

"Now tell me all about the Corroborees."

"Oh, very jolly fellows. Dined with 'em just before leaving Melbourne. Great friends of mine."

Miss Tonks stared. What *did* he mean?

Here Jedadiah struck in:

"I suppose, George, your See is a very extensive one?"

"I should think it was! It is bounded on the north by the extreme limit of the horizon, on the south by the rolling prairie! whilst the east and west—well, *they* really don't count in a country of such astounding magnitude."

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Jedadiah, "you astonish me."

The Bishop smiled in a patronising, but genial manner, and continued:

"Yes. I can stand at my own door at the palace of Wareveritis—pretty place, that—and see out across the flats for fifty miles!"

"Really! but I thought the country in your part was mountainous?"

"That's just the extraordinary part of it," returned the Bishop, not at all abashed at his mistake, "it *is* mountainous, and yet the face of the country is plain—plain as—as—" and here he took a comprehensive look at the faces of the Tonks' family— "as you are here!"

And though neither Jedadiah nor his belongings saw any double meaning in the simile, poor Kate Bramston nearly choked herself with a piece of muffin, and spilt half a cup of tea down her dress.

Jessica here took up the running again.

"Do tell me, is it true that the Solomon Islanders are cannibals?"

Mr. Dimmock hadn't the faintest idea, as a matter of fact, but without a moment's hesitation he replied:

"Yes—and no—to that question." He cleared his throat as though about to make a speech, put the tips of his fingers together and continued:

"As a general rule the inhabitants of this remote group are people of simple tastes; they dress merely in oyster shells threaded on strings, and hung round them in rows—soft rows—and all luxuries—such as electric light, Twopenny Tubes, Bridge, and half-penny Nap—are quite unknown. And the simplicity of their tastes is still further shown in this: that when they *do* eat their enemies, they content themselves with a plain roast or boiled—nothing of the *à la* order. But mostly, cannibalism is merely resorted to for the sweets. They are fond of sweet things. Ah, Miss Tonks," turning to Jessica, with an engaging smile, "you should go out there!"

And Jessica was left in a painful state of doubt as to whether the Bishop had paid her a graceful compliment—or expressed a pious wish that she should be eaten by cannibals.

After dinner that night—and when the ladies had left—Mr. Dimmock lit a cigarette, and, turning to his host, said in a low, impressive voice:

"Tonks, my boy, tell me; have you ever heard the secret of my life?"

Jedadiah looked up sharply.

"I——? No. I—I never knew you had one."

The Bishop sighed regretfully.

"Tonks, I know I can trust you. And the secret of my life is this: I have beneath this calm exterior and canonical waistcoat the—

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the—THE most diabolical and dangerous temper that ever man was afflicted with." Mr. Tonks looked uneasily at his guest. Then he said, "Ha, ha!" But the tone of his voice was not mirthful, and he insensibly shifted his chair six inches farther away.

"Yes," continued the Bishop, "I greatly deplore it—but, alas! there it is. If I am thwarted in anything upon which I have set my mind—well, the fact is, I become oblivious to what I am doing. But everything—EVERYTHING—goes! China, furniture, any human being I can lay my hands on—! Ah, yes, it is all so sad—especially for the inoffensive victims. Let me beg you, though, not to be in any way alarmed. I never suffer from an outbreak unless I first receive a warning that it is coming on—then, if there is a lunatic asylum handy, why I just pop in there until the attack is over—if not—but let us pass from this painful subject, to one very dear to my heart; my sister's marriage."

"Yes. I also wish to speak of that with you," said Mr. Tonks eagerly, "the fact is, my son Fred——"

But here the Bishop put up his hand for silence, and Mr. Tonks incontinently dried up.

"Whatever my sister Kate's wishes may be, I, her brother, have arranged everything. She may wish to marry Fred, but she *will* marry the man I have chosen for her! Yes, dear Tonks, this is just one of those things which it would not be safe even to argue with me!" and here Mr. Dimmock's voice rose ominously and smote on the other's ear with a warning ring.

"She shall marry the man *I* have chosen! By the way——" he broke off in an ordinary tone, "have you a lunatic asylum handy, in case I—er—should get out of hand? No? Ah, well, it doesn't really matter. But if, my dear Tonks, you are seriously thinking of advocating the claims of Fred—why, I will just take the precaution of first drawing the cartridges out of my revolver—there—see—here they are—two, four, six—that's all right!"

And removing the charges from a huge revolver, which he produced from his coat tail pocket, he threw them lightly on to the table.

"Now, my dear Tonks," he resumed, smiling and pulling down his shirt-cuffs, "you have nothing to fear—except, of course, the china and glass and furniture. So, if you have anything to say in favour of Fred—why, get it over as quickly as you can, for you know my secret, and can, I feel sure, sympathise with my unfortunate propensity."

But, strangely enough, the Bishop found that his dear Tonks had positively nothing to say in favour of Fred. Jedadiah trembled violently at sight of the cartridges, and, metaphorically speaking, hauled down his flag. His teeth chattered as he stammered out:

"N—o—n—o—not at all, my dear Bishop. Naturally, I was prepared to assent to—to Kate marrying Fred if——"

"Wh—a—a—t!" came in a kind of growl from the other.

"If—I was going to say—pray don't be hasty, my dear Bishop—my dear George—I merely meant that—that—the deed is here, ready for me to sign my consent to her marriage with Fre——"

"Ha!" snapped out the Bishop.

"With—with anyone you choose, dear George. B-b-but before you decide, I—I should like you to see poor Fred. He—er—he—well, I'll just send him in to you from the drawing-room."

And with a somewhat hurried and undignified scramble, Mr. Jedadiah shot out of the room. He had a lively regard for his own skin, and as Fred was to reap the reward—if any—let Fred bear the brunt of this Australian savage's cyclonic fury.

Fred, as yet unacquainted with the "secret of his life," approached the Bishop with a jaunty air—not to say a considerable allowance of what is vulgarly termed "side." He sat down at the table and cracked a nut to "show his independence" before leering at Kate's guardian and drawling out:

"Father seems to think you won't much like having me for a brother-in-law—'sthat true, eh?"

The Bishop eyed him and gave vent to a somewhat ogre-ish chuckle. Fred sat up straight instead of lounging, and his tone had lost something of its confidence as he went on.

"I'm awf'ly fond of Kate, don't you know—and I should make her an awf'ly good husb——"

But a wolfish growl from the other side of the table, froze any further supply of words in the speaker's throat.

Mastering himself, apparently with a strong effort, the Bishop held up his hand for silence.

"My dear Fred, however much Kate may love you——"

"Oh, she don't!" blurted out the tactless youth ruefully.

"Don't interrupt—her wishes on this all-important subject must—nay, shall!" and

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"I will just take the precaution of first drawing the cartridges out of my revolver."

here he raised his voice to a shout which made Fred fairly jump out of his chair, "give way to mine! I know of a most eligible suitor—Charles Neville, a lieutenant in the Navy. Listen, no one ever thwarts my will, young man—but I like you, Fred, and am willing to so far meet your views that you shall have my permission to marry Kate——"

Fred's face beamed with joy. He rose and extended his hand gleefully.

"——should she survive her first husband, and become a widow," concluded the Bishop, with decision. "You shall have the reversion."

Fred's hand dropped limply to his side again, and he resumed his seat.

"But—but—but you can't expect a man to agree to such terms as——"

"Wha-a-at!" screamed the Bishop, springing to his feet and furiously hurling a dessert plate on to the floor, where it was smashed to atoms. "'But me no buts,' sir! Do not venture to question my decision! Especially," he added, in calmer tones, "when I have accorded you second place on the list of suitors. Ungrateful youth!" he cried, wringing his hands, "leave me! You ought to be only too elated at your unmerited good fortune."

At the sound of the Bishop's raised voice and the smashing of crockery, Mr. Jedadiah, who had been listening outside at the keyhole, sprang to his feet and fled incontinently up the stairs, whilst the unfortunate youth, in his fright, fell over backwards on to the floor, chair and all. He then hurriedly rose and left the room, whilst this exponent of the ways of the church militant, quietly sat down and indulged in a silent, but none the less, hearty laugh.

Then he rang for a servant.

"Desire Miss Bramston to step here," said

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"I congratulate you heartily, Frederick. You occupy a proud position, indeed, holding, as you do, the second place on Kate Bramston's list of husbands."

the Bishop, and a minute later the two conspirators were alone.

"All goes well," whispered Dimmock, with one eye on the door, "I, your brother, will hear of no engagement to Fred. I insist upon you marrying Charles Neville. You had better not appear *too* pleased, you know!"

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough!—but here is a fresh and most horrible complication! I have just received a telegram from my brother who arrived in London yesterday. He is coming here to-morrow!"

Mr. Alfred Dimmock thoughtfully scratched the end of his aristocratic nose. This was rather a poser.

After a few moments he said: "Give me his address and a short note for him, just touching on the heads of our scheme. I will call at his hotel and explain. Wire him to-morrow that he mustn't come down here. And now, good-bye, if I don't have a chance of seeing you again alone."

"Good-bye, and so many, many thanks. But——" and this was said with such a sweet droop of the pretty eyelashes that Mr. Dimmock again fell hopelessly in love with her, "wasn't it rather mean of you to—give me that kiss when you arrived?"

"Fraternal, quite fraternal. And in that same spirit, I'll take another!" And the deed was done before any effectual resistance could be made. Kate fled from the room, laughing and blushing, too. And Mr. Dimmock smiled a satisfied smile.

But Fate had yet a cleft stick in which to catch the speaker; for, ten minutes later, Jedadiah brought in a formidable array of legal documents for "the Bishop's" signature.

Now, Mr. Dimmock, with all his "cool cheek," yet possessed caution and common-sense, and he had certainly no intention of doing anything so foolish as committing forgery. He shook his head in gentle negation, when Jedadiah offered him the pen.

"No, dear Tonks, no. Never do anything of that sort without first reading every word—that will take me at least a week—and legal papers always agitate me. As you know, Tonks, when agitated, I am——" smiling deprecatingly, "rather a lively companion. More of your charming dessert service—and

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other things—might suffer. I will take the papers away with me to-morrow, and return them signed, in due course. Meantime, let us join the ladies and I will show them some parlour tricks. And pray accept my apologies for the broken plate. I will replace it when I go to town."

* * * * *

Next morning at breakfast and just as Mr. Dimmock was attacking his second cup of coffee, a stupid-looking servant entered, and, addressing Mr. Tonks, said:

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir—name of Brimstone—a clergyman, sir."

Mr. Dimmock replaced the coffee cup on the table and exclaimed laughingly:

"Brimstone—and a parson! It sounds almost like a poison and its antidote—a disease and its remedy—Hades and the way to avoid it!"

Kate sat trembling. Well she knew that the name must be "Bramston" and that the caller was her brother, the real Bishop. What, oh, what would happen? But Dimmock went on as coolly as ever:

"Some clerical begging impostor, I expect. Let me interview him for you, Tonks. The sight of one of the cloth will probably choke him off," and, without waiting for Jedadiah's assent, he strolled quietly out of the room.

In the hall, he was confronted by a tall, well set up man, of about his own age, attired in clerical dress. The stranger advanced and held out his hand.

"You don't remember me?" he asked in a pleasant voice. "I suppose you must be Fred?"

Mr. Dimmock coughed. He did not feel exactly flattered.

"I wanted to see if I should be recognised, Fred—so I didn't announce myself as the Bish——"

"George!" suddenly interrupted Mr. Dimmock, drowning the other's voice with his own, as he perceived, out of his eye, Mr. Jedadiah coming round the corner to listen, "George!" he went on, speaking very rapidly, "this is indeed a pleasure. To think that all these years, yes, a very lifetime has passed since you and I were boy and girl togeth—boys together. Ah, yes, it is all too sad to think of the flight of ages, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul! Come with me, my dear George, friend of my youth—I should say of my little Eton-jacketed boyhood. Come into the garden, Mau—George, I mean, and there let us talk of our playful gambols in the stone ages, or whenever it was."

But here Mr. Tonks came forward. "Who is this gentleman?" he asked suspiciously, raising his spectacles as he spoke.

"Ah, Tonks, this is one of my dearest and earliest friends. We shared the same cradle, drove in the identical perambulator, fought for the coral-ring on which to cut our infantile teeth—but there!—I must pause. Come, George, come—get out of the way, Tonks—into the garden, and we will commune together."

And he half dragged, half pushed the astonished Bishop past Jedadiah on to the garden path outside.

To say that Bishop Bramston was staggered by this extraordinary conduct is putting the case mildly. But once out of earshot of Jedadiah Tonks, Mr. Dimmock quickly revealed the true state of affairs.

The young Bishop at first looked shocked—then he grew angry as he heard of Tonks's perfidy in the matter of Kate and the hated Fred—after which he laughed immoderately at Mr. Dimmock's cool audacity, and, finally, an arrangement was come to, by which the Bishop, without disclosing his identity to the Tonks family, would return immediately to town, his sister joining him there later in the day, whilst Mr. Dimmock was left to march out of Mr. Tonks's domain with all the honours of war.

In this way the interests of all parties would be served, and for once in a way, Mr. Dimmock would have the satisfaction of feeling that his mad pranks had really served a useful end.

That morning, the spurious Bishop bade farewell to his host's family—not forgetting a "fraternal" kiss to pretty Kate—and making an impressive pause whilst shaking hands with Fred, he observed in his finest Episcopal manner: "I congratulate you heartily, Frederick. You occupy a proud position, indeed, holding, as you do, the second place on Kate Bramston's list of husbands."

And as Mr. Dimmock stepped airily into a fly and drove off, Fred stood helplessly staring after him with his mouth wide open, Jedadiah retired to his study to swear, whilst Jessica, abandoning all hope of ever again meeting this bright and entertaining man who was actually "a friend of the Corroborees," threw herself on a sofa and relieved her overcharged feelings by a flood of tears.

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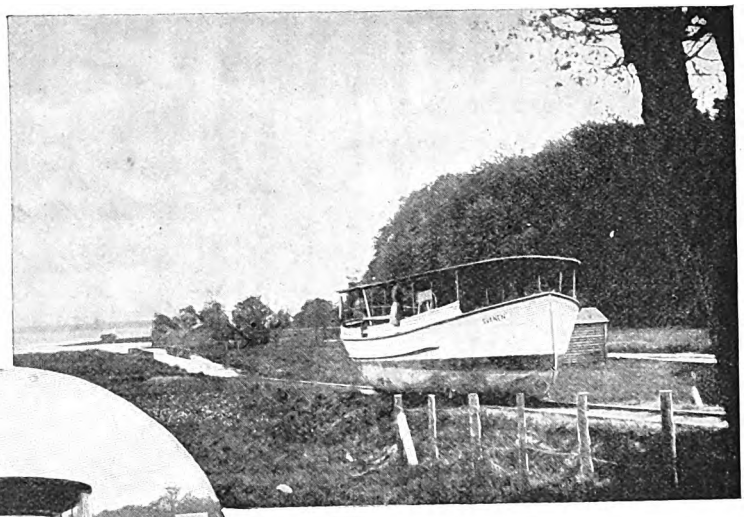
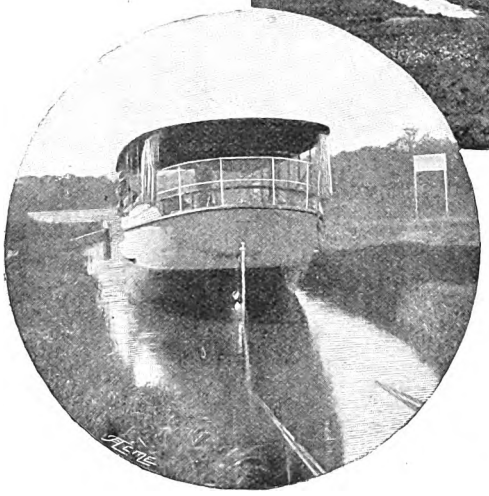


This boat has a regular overland journey of about one thousand yards on each journey, having to cross a strip of land dividing two lakes. To leave the water it has to run into a narrow channel, being then carefully steered on to a pair of rails on which it travels to the other lake.



PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

More Photographs of Things Strange, Quaint or Funny are Still Wanted by the Editor of the ROYAL, *and will be well paid for.*

AN AMPHIBIOUS BOAT.

A FEW miles north of Copenhagen, in Denmark, are a couple of fine lakes separated by a strip of land. In the summer there is a passenger boat that steams about the two lakes, crossing the intervening space of land by means of a short railway a thousand yards or so in length. This railway is reached by a long estuary that gradually narrows until the sides of the vessel are touching the banks. The boat continues her course and, as the water becomes shallower and shallower, she finds herself running on a pair of railway lines.

The boat now moves on little wheels fixed near the keel, and the engines are for the moment turned on to the driving of these wheels. When she reaches the other lake the screw begins to move again as before.

OTHER PEOPLE'S UMBRELLAS.

You see these natives in the accompanying photograph. They are Tamils, that is to say, native dwellers of the city of Madras. The one who is carrying that umbrella of the ordinary shape is a town man, while the others are navvies, or what corresponds to navvies in India. The ordinary umbrella is simply made of plaited palmyra leaves fixed on to a bamboo stick. Those more like inverted sacks (one can hardly call them umbrellas) are of woven rushes. They are very popular with the natives, for they give ample protection from the rain and the hail, and leave the hands free. Such umbrellas would be very popular in this country, and certainly are quite as ornamental as the ordinary black mushroom that we still hold to.

Strange Indian umbrellas.

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A CAMERA COMICALITY.

These three gentlemen are busily engaged in a game of cards. You have probably discovered that they are triplets by now; but if so, you are wrong, for they are one and the same person! The photographer has been up to his tricks here. I will explain his method. First the tables and the chairs were carefully focussed. Then the central figure and the table were taken. These were removed and the side figures were each taken separately, but all on the same plate. There was a very tightly stretched black background. The result is as you see. Amateur photographers are at liberty to imitate—if they can.

Photo by Pickering.

A quiet game of cards in which each player is the same man.

A motor-car that conveys cats and dogs to hospital when ill.

AN AUTOMOBILE ANIMAL AMBULANCE.

I believe that Cleveland in the United States is the only town in the world to boast of an automobile ambulance for animals. A certain Dr. Staniforth of that city has an infirmary for dogs and cats, and he has had a special motor-car built for him which he uses for the ambulance work connected with this infirmary. The front portion of the car contains a couple of large cases, the upper one to hold cats, the lower, which is divided into several partitions, to carry dogs. There are slits in the sides of the cases to admit air, and a dish of water is supplied to satisfy the thirst of each of the sick inmates, for Dr. Staniforth is very careful with his dumb invalids.

The two bull dogs sitting on the front of the car are not sick, as one might imagine. They are pets of the veterinary who always go out with him on his visits and cause no end of amusement to the small boys of the town.

A SHEEP WHO IS A STEEPLE-JACK.

No one is surprised to see a cat walking on the roof, but one never expects to see a sheep doing the same thing. But here is one, and a good fat one at that. He has climbed up on to the roof of a house of four storeys and is apparently thoroughly enjoying the admiration of the crowd who are gathered below. He climbed on to a low wall to begin with and thence on to the roof in its lowest part. Then by a series of jumps and scrambles, he reached the top. He stayed there for over two hours, and was with the greatest difficulty persuaded to come down again.

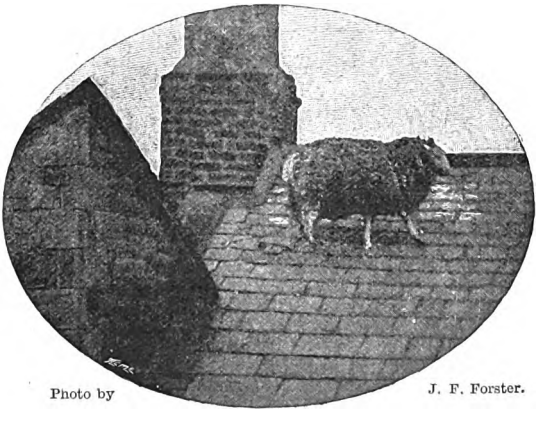

Photo by J. F. Forster.

An original-minded and adventurous sheep.

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TOMMY AT THE TELEPHONE

A Story Illustrating the Importance of the Office Boy.

By Harry Crouch.

I.

Mr. Thomas Budding, aged fifteen, occupied the important—in his own estimation—post of office-boy to the Furnival Iron and Steel Company. For his age he was small in stature, and slenderly built. But his head contained a brain that was developed more than it ought to be in one so young. It (the brain) was chock-full of originality, native humour, and vivacity, and was continually suggesting pranks and tricks that invariably led its owner into trouble.

At the present moment Tommy was, with thrilled heart, devouring a penny "blood-curdler," his big blue eyes dilating with excitement as he negligently reclined in Mr. Furnival's morocco-covered office armchair with one leg carelessly thrown across the other, and a cigarette of extremely doubtful quality delicately held between suspiciously-stained finger-tips.

At that critical part of the story where the brave boy, single-handed, defeats a whole tribe of scalp-hunting Indians, Tommy was disturbed by footsteps that were unmistakably those of his employer.

Imbued with the spirit of the book he was reading, he jumped to his feet, struck a theatrical attitude, placed a hand to his ear to form an ear-trumpet, and exclaimed: "Hist! Methinks I 'eard footsteps!" Having assured himself that his "methinks" had not misled him, he muttered in his deepest tones: "Ha! 'Tis 'e! 'E must never discover me thus. Ha, ha!"

In a second the cigarette was extinguished, the last wreath of smoke was fanned into nothingness by the "blood-curdler," which, in turn, was by some dexterous sleight of hand hidden out of sight, and Tommy was tidying up the office with a vigour that looked like ending in apoplexy.

"Tommy!"

"Yussir," he replied, when he had had time to recover.

"It is with regret that I have to speak to you about a certain matter, which perhaps you can clear up," began Mr. Furnival, looking very grave.

With the painful knowledge that the aroma of his cigarette was still making itself manifest, Tommy turned red and shifted uneasily. This embarrassment did not escape the notice of Mr. Furnival.

"Yesterday afternoon I gave you a packet to deliver at my residence," said Mr. Furnival.

"Yussir," replied Tommy. "Remember it distinkly; addressed to Mrs. Furnival."

"What did you do with it?" asked the manager abruptly.

"Delivered it to Miss Crimmins, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Young lady wot assists the 'ousemaid, sir."

"You mean Jenny."

"Yussir, Miss Crimmins," replied Tommy, not quite liking the familiar way in which his employer spoke of the young lady to whom he paid his youthful attentions.

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"Do you know what that packet contained?" went on Mr. Furnival, with another discomforting glance.

"No, sir. Ain't got th' faintest idea," Tommy answered, as his eyes again studied the pattern of the carpet.

"Well, it contained a valuable brooch. Mrs. Furnival received the packet, but the brooch was missing. Do you truthfully say that you do not know where it is?"

"No, sir—I mean, yussir."

"Tommy, if you know anything about this matter, own up like a man, and I'll say no more about it."

The round eyes of Tommy lit up with resentment.

"Mr. Furnival," he replied, taking a step forward and looking as indignant as his chubby face would permit, "I delivered that there packet as it was give me, and I knows nuthink more about it."

After giving Tommy another soul-searching look, to which Tommy replied with a defiant stare, Mr. Furnival left the room.

Tommy stood for one moment irresolute, then, turning round, he picked up the feather brush, and with one fell blow and a "Ooshter, take that!" swept the managerial photo off the mantelshelf.

II.

Mr. Furnival had left the presence of Tommy unconvinced of his innocence. Jenny, like Tommy, had shown considerable confusion under her master's searching cross-examination. Mr. Furnival had, thereupon, come to the conclusion that they were concerned in a theft. Had he known how terrifying he looked when he was stern he would have found ample excuse for their discomposure.

It was Tommy's shrill voice answering a telephone call that suggested a possible means of discovering the truth. Mr. Furnival knew that Tommy, being the first arrival at the office, took advantage of his loneliness to have a clandestine talk with Jenny over the telephone every morning.

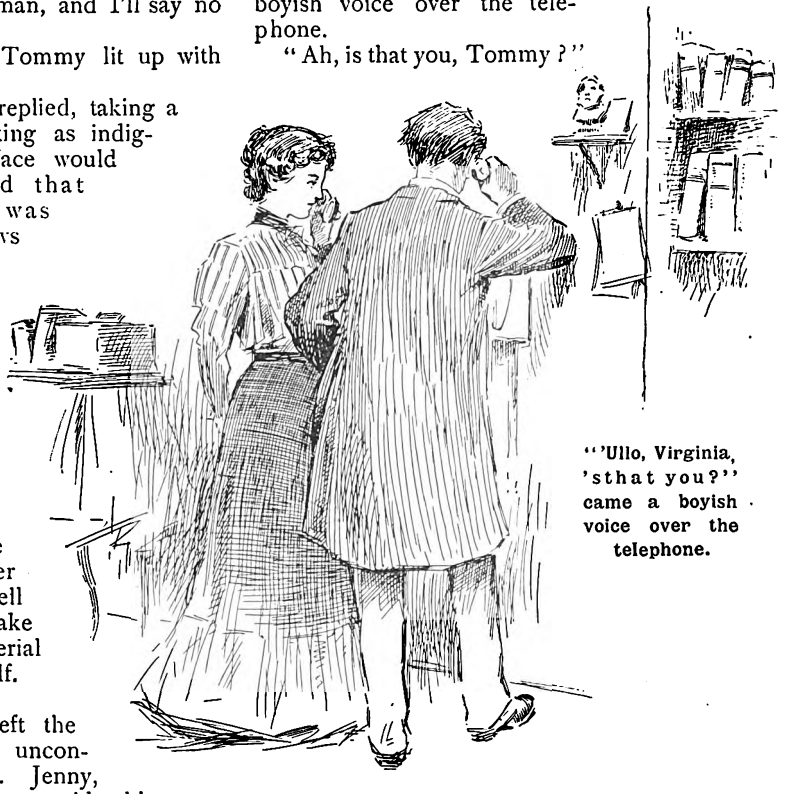
It now occurred to him that by getting Jenny out of the way on the following morning, and by Mrs. Furnival simulating Jenny's voice over the telephone, Tommy might be induced to make some compromising admissions about the brooch.

Early next morning, therefore, Jenny, much to her heart's distress, was sent on an errand, and Mr. and Mrs. Furnival waited in the study for the expected telephone call.

It came at last. Mrs. Furnival took down one ear-piece, and her husband took the other.

"'Ullo, Virginia, 'sthat you?" came a boyish voice over the telephone.

"Ah, is that you, Tommy?"



"'Ullo, Virginia, 'sthat you?" came a boyish voice over the telephone.

replied Mrs. Furnival, avoiding his question and giving a very passable imitation of Jenny's voice.

"I'm that lively cricket, old gal," came back the answer. "Well, me darlin', 'ow's yer appetite?"

"All right, thank you, Tommy," replied Mrs. Furnival, somewhat disconcerted at his question and forgetting to disguise her voice.

"I say, Virginia," said Tommy, "ain't you gittin' clarsy in yer talk. Does th' missis talk out of 'er throat like that? Think I shall talk like old Furnie. How do, old chappie?—aw—aw, doncherknow. Funny cove, old Furnie, ain't 'e?"

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Mrs. Furnival looked at her husband, and they both tittered with amusement.

"'E ain't bad at times," went on Tommy, "but lately 'e's bin so touchy I ain't 'ad patience with 'im. 'E's bin unbearable, 'e 'as."

"What has he done, then?" asked Mrs. Furnival, again glancing at her husband, who smiled encouragingly.

"Done! W'y, yer know that there packet as I give t' you day before larst?"

"What about it?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival listened intently, he nodding excitedly to indicate that something might now be expected to happen.

"Well, it 'ad a brooch inside, and 'e actually thinks I stole it. It 'urt me feelin's, I can tell yer, the stingy old fat'ead. 'E 'as got cheek, that bloke, swelp me if 'e ain't."

Mr. Furnival was by no means thin-skinned, and was not fool enough to expect people to speak about him as they spoke to him. These little back-bitings only appealed to the humorous side of his nature. With twinkling eyes he was gently nudging his wife as each fresh epithet came from Tommy.

"It's disgustin'," continued Tommy, "makin' all this 'ere fuss about a sixpenny-'apenny brooch. I bet 'e's given many a brooch like that away, and never thought no more about 'em. The way 'e used t' carry on afore e' got married was somethink shockin'. Eh! wot's that, Virginia?"

It was an exclamation that Mr. Furnival could not restrain. An awful expression had eclipsed the pleasant smile on his face.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Furnival over the telephone. "Go on. One minute, though."

Mr. Furnival had suggested that, as Tommy's words had fully cleared his character, it was simply wasting time to carry on the conversation any further, to say nothing about the correctness of the thing.

Mrs. Furnival replied with a look so full of meaning that he shuddered.

"Go on, Tommy," she said. "It was *nothing*."

The marked emphasis on the last word sent another thrill through her husband.

"Sounded somethink like old Furnie's jaw," answered Tommy. "Well, as I was a-sayin', afore 'e got married I remember 'im a-sendin' me——"

Brrr—brrrrr—brrrrrr!

Mr. Furnival had surreptitiously put his finger on the telephone hook and pulled it down, thus disconnecting the line. His hopes that his action had escaped notice were soon dispelled. Removing his hand, she remarked in a whisper that his conscience seemed to have become suddenly very active, not on Tommy's account, but his own.

If he wished to prove that it was not so, he would listen calmly to what Tommy had to say. If he again interrupted, she should, she said, take it for granted that Tommy's statements were founded on fact, and she would then for ever be the victim of vague suspicions.

He realised the force of her argument and gave in, fervently wishing that some unforeseen occurrence would either break the telephone line, or, for the time being, deprive Tommy of the power of speech.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo!" cried Tommy's voice. "Ah, 'sthat you, Virginia, me precious? Them Exchange people is a nuisance. Well, as I was a-sayin', ole Furnie once sent me with a package containin' some jool'ry t' some gal of 'is'n. On another occasion wot d'yer think I actually saw? W'y, 'im a-kissin' of a gal in this 'ere very orfice. Th' prettiest gal as ever I seen—'ceptin' you, o' course, me 'oneysuckle. I s'pose 'e's married some ugly ole frump; it's usually th' fate o' sich men as 'im."

Mrs. Furnival was keeping a stern gaze upon her husband, over whose face varying shades of colour were chasing each other in rapid succession. Blank amazement was followed by angry indignation at these charges, which he was prepared to swear, on the Holy Scriptures, were baseless.

"Good-bye, me pet," concluded Tommy. "I've got an awful lot o' correspondence t' attend to. Good-bye."

"I say, Tommy," quickly interposed Mrs. Furnival, "I'm very much interested about old Furnie. Do you know anything more about him?"

Mr. Furnival groaned inwardly.

"Wotto, not 'arf! But I can't stay now. Tell yer more about 'im termorrer mornin' if I ain't too busy."

Mrs. Furnival replaced the ear-piece on the hook, rang off, gave her husband one blighting look of contempt, and left him to ruminate in solitude on the outlook. With seething blood and conflicting emotions, he ruminated for a considerable time. Previous experience had taught him one thing, that an attempt to prove his guiltlessness with his wife in her present frame of mind would be absolutely futile.

III.

"Budding!"

The ominous ring in his master's voice

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made Tommy's heart palpitate as he hastened to answer the call.

"Yussir."

"Go and tell the cashier to pay you a week's wages in lieu of notice, and clear out of this office as soon as your legs can take you."

Tommy stood transfixed.

"Do you hear me?—get out!"

But Tommy stayed. This arbitrary treatment outraged his conception of fair play.

"If you please, sir, I should like t' know th' reason of me dismissal," he demanded dauntlessly. "Ev'ry workman 'as 'is rights and privileges, sir, and I think it only due t' me. And if you think I stole that there brooch, sir, I wishes t' say that you're mistook; that's all, sir."

"Go and tell the cashier to pay you a week's wages in lieu of notice, and clear out of this office."

Mr. Furnival recognised the justice of Tommy's request. If he allowed the lad to go away with the impression that he had been dismissed because he was a suspected thief, it might exercise a bad influence over his future life.

He therefore read Tommy a severe lesson on the pernicious habit of lying, in the course of which he was obliged to disclose the part he and his wife had played over the telephone. He gave a lengthy dissertation on the evils of slanderous untruthfulness, pointing out how easily a few seemingly innocent falsehoods had not only led to family discord (about which he would not speak), but to the disgrace of a boy possessing the brightest of prospects.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself?" he asked in conclusion, mistaking Tommy's silence for remorse.

But Tommy was not moved that way. He was searching for the most polite way of saying something that was troubling him.

"If you please, sir," he said at length, "is it honourable to eavesdrop?—I s'pose it is," he added reflectively.

Mr. Furnival coughed into his handkerchief to hide his feelings. To his relief, Tommy did not wait for a reply.

"And, if you please, sir," he continued, "I don't quite understan' wot you've bin a-talkin' about. Them worn't false'oods as I told, sir."

"Weren't falsehoods, you young rogue? Why, this is worse and worse. Please tell me when and where I sent that piece of jewellery to a young lady?"

"Cert'inly, sir," Tommy readily replied. "'Twas about six months ago, sir; and she lived in Tostevin Square."

"Why, you young scamp, that young lady is now Mrs. Furnival."

"Lor, sir," answered Tommy, suppressing with difficulty a strong inclination to burst into unseemly laughter, "it's the same young lady as I saw you a-kissin' of in this 'ere very room."

Luckily both for Mr. Furnival's spiritual welfare and Tommy's bodily comfort, the sudden entrance of a friend put an end to the situation.

* * * * *

Mr. Furnival, deep in thought, was leaning back in his chair, when a timid knock roused him from his reverie. In answer to his "Come in," the door suddenly opened a few inches, and a boy's anxious face thrust itself into the aperture. Apparently satisfied by his master's aspect, Tommy—for it was he—cautiously entered the room, prepared, however, to fly at the first sign of danger.

Mr. Furnival was disposed to receive him kindly. Tommy's remark about eavesdropping had touched the spot, and, since he had discovered that the boy had literally told the truth, he was forced to acknowledge that the blame of the affair ought only to be

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Jenny was angrily demanding an explanation of his inconsistency.

visited upon himself. When, therefore, Tommy asked that his dismissal might be postponed until the following day, he readily granted the request. He asked for an explanation.

"I wishes t' undo wot I've done," replied Tommy.

"And how do you propose to do that?" asked Mr. Furnival.

"Th' larst thing I told Mrs. Furnival was that I'd 'ave some more t' say about yer termorrer mornin', sir. Well, she'll be there agin, and then's me charnce."

* * * * *

That afternoon Tommy knocked at the door of Mr. Furnival's residence, where he had been sent, at his own request, with a message. This was to give him the opportunity of playing a part before Mrs. Furnival, to whom the note was addressed.

He had a heated and acrimonious wrangle with the servant who opened the door in an attempt to convince her that he must see her mistress personally. He only achieved his end, however, by changing his tone and indulging in a wealth of complimentary language calculated to soften the most austere of females.

Tommy's behaviour before Mrs. Furnival was certainly remarkable. As she entered the room he turned upon her a look of utmost amazement and admiration, and never once changed that expression whilst in her presence. She felt somewhat disconcerted at this obtrusive admiration, but, nevertheless, had vanity enough to be pleased at her power of creating it, even in one so young and lowly. Evidently, she thought, the surprise was due to the discovery that his master had not married the "ugly ole frump" he expected. That was just what Tommy wished her to think.

The last she saw of him was a wonder-struck eye gazing at her through a half-inch of unshut doorway. She did not see him outside, standing, humble and apologetic, before the irate Jenny, who was angrily demanding an explanation of his inconsistency in wantonly flirting with that "carrotty-'eaded good-fer-nuthink" who had admitted him into the house.

IV.

Mr. Furnival, on arriving home that evening, soon became aware that his wife's mood had undergone no change. She received him in the dining-room with studied coldness. He might just as well have implanted a kiss upon the marble statue in the hall for all the impression his customary salutation made upon her.

He made no attempt to open up a conversation, knowing well that it could only end in a discussion of the morning's incident; and he preferred to leave the task of clearing up that matter to Tommy, in whose ability he had the utmost confidence, providing circumstances were favourable.

His silence did not tend to allay the suspicions of his wife, nor did his apparent

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cheerfulness strike her as being in keeping with the deplorable situation.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival were about the house early on the following morning. She seemed to be particularly busy in the vicinity of the study, and he seemed to be just as busy keeping an eye upon her movements.

Presently the telephone bell rang. Mr. Furnival rushed to the study and arrived just in time to catch his wife in the act of taking down the ear-pieces.

She took one ear-piece; he took the other.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo! Ah, 'sthat you, Virginia, me darlin'?" came Tommy's voice in tones which Mr. Furnival thought singularly sweet and angelic. "Ain't it awful, them Exchange people? It's no good a-writin' to 'em about it. I can't stop long, as I'm too busy; but there's one important thing I wornts t' ark yer. 'Ave yer seen ole Furnie this mornin'?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?" replied Mrs. Furnival, again assuming Jenny's voice.

"Thank 'Evins! 'E ain't committed suicide, after all, then. D'yer know, Virginia, 'e was so glum all day yisterdy I shouldn't 'ave bin surprised if 'e 'ad, I wouldn't. 'E was glum; looked like a dyin' duck in a thunderstorm, 'e did. It's my private opinion 'e must 'ave 'ad a tiff with 'is missis. 'E's a funny ole kipper, is Furnie. I can nearly allus tell w'en somethink 'appens to 'im at 'ome, because 'e shows it so on 'is face. It 'ud be quite amusin' t' watch 'im, if it worn't so pitiful. 'E thinks too much of 'is missis, 'e does. Wot d'yer think I copped 'im a-doin' of yisterdy? W'y, a-kissin of 'er photergrarph enough t' wear an 'ole through it. I only discovered as 'ow it was 'er photergrarph yisterdy—— Eh, wot's that?"

Mrs. Furnival's emotions had come into conflict and produced a sound that was half a gulp and half a laugh. Mr. Furnival was very red in the face with suppressed jubilation.

"I was only laughing, Tommy," answered Mrs. Furnival, bestowing upon her husband a melting look, which he affected not to notice.

"Sounded somethink like 'ooping corf," Tommy responded. "Well, as I was a-sayin', I only discovered as 'ow it was 'er photergrarph yisterdy. And wot else d'yer think I found out? W'y, th' gal as ole Furnie sent that there bit o' jool'ry to, an' th' gal as I spotted 'im a-kissin' of in th' orfice are one and the very same person. Fancy me a-findin' that out almos' d'reckly after I bin a-talkin' about ole Furnie. O' course, that bein' as 'ow th' land lays, them things as I sed aginst 'im don't count."

Mrs. Furnival's disengaged hand had sought that of her husband, but he appeared unconscious of the affectionate pressure. Tommy's words had recalled two of the happiest moments of her life. And to think that she had entirely forgotten them!

"But ain't she 'andsome, eh?" continued Tommy. "She reminds me o' you, she does. Ole Furnie 'imself ain't a bad sort o' bloke, yer know. Yer could almos' call 'im 'andsome, too—that is, accordin' t' th' ole sayin' that 'andsome is as 'andsome does, for 'is face ain't much t' boast about. Takin' 'im all round, though, 'e ain't a bad feller, and if 'e ain't worth Mrs. Furnival, no one is. But I must away, Virginia, for if ole Furnie copped me a-wastin' o' me valu'ble time in this 'ere fashion me charnces of a rise, *which is consid'rably overdue*, would go up th' spout. Good-bye, me own precious. 'Ere's a kiss."

There was a sound like the hiss of a locomotive, followed by a chuckle, which was distinctly audible to Mr. Furnival, and Tommy was gone.

V.

Mr. Furnival was late at the office that morning. The farewell had been protracted. Mrs. Furnival had, with loving hands, helped him on with his overcoat, and a loving voice had insisted upon it being buttoned up to the chin in case he might catch cold. She had even suggested that a woollen comforter would not be amiss on such an awfully damp morning.

His footsteps along the office corridor were so springy that for once his clerks mistook them, and he caught them at an impromptu game of cricket with a round black ruler and a pen-wiper. But he only smiled pleasantly, being too self-absorbed to notice their disregard for work.

The note among the batch of correspondence that lay on his desk occupied his special attention. It was from Messrs. Walton & Sons, the jewellers, expressing regret that, owing to gross carelessness on the part of an assistant, the brooch which he had purchased from them had not been inclosed in the box delivered to him. A box containing the missing piece of jewellery accompanied the note.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later Tommy received a note from the cashier; it read: "Dear Budding,—I am directed by the manager to inform you that on and after Saturday next your wages will be fifteen shillings per week, instead of ten shillings as heretofore. The manager regrets that this recognition of your services should be so considerably overdue."

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Mr. X is sad. He realises acutely the disappointment so many of his friends will feel that they have not so far won any of the prizes offered in his pages. Mr. X wishes there was a prize for everybody. But that is impossible; the bank would not stand the strain! Mr. X has only one consoling hope—that, prize or no prize, readers will think his puzzles and his competitions sufficiently entertaining to justify the time they have devoted to them. By the way, Mr. X asks that every reader who wishes for an answer to any letter he may send, will inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

(Letters must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of Royal Magazine, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

A Match Catch.

Young: "Will you bet me two shillings you will say 'Matches' to three questions I ask you?"

Grey: "Done, old man. Fire away."

Young: "Well, put down the two bob and a box of matches. Now, where have you been to-day?"

Grey: "Matches."

Young: "How do you like this cold weather?"

Grey: "Matches."

Young: "Which will you have, old chap, if you win this bet, the two bob *or* the matches?"

Grey: "Matches."

Tableau.

A Dilemma.

Smith: "Have you given up swearing?"

Jones: "Yes."

Smith: "Oh, you used to swear then, did you?"

But if Jones says "No," Smith replies: "Ah, what a wicked person you are."

Rough on Jones.

Smith: "Oh, you've never found any difficulty in saying catchy sentences without getting muddled. I'll give you a teazer."

Jones: "I bet I can say it; try me."

Smith: "Repeat, 'What am I doing? very quickly a dozen times, and see if you can get through all right."

Jones (very quickly): "What am I doing? What am I doing? What am I doing?"

Smith (interrupting): "Making a fool of yourself, my dear fellow."

A Coin Problem.

Ask your friends how many threepenny-pieces can be placed on a half-crown so that none of the smaller coins project over the edge of the half-crown (of course, without piling). You will be surprised at the variety of the answers. In my experience they have ranged from three to fourteen, although five is perhaps the most popular. It is amusing to see the look of incredulity when you offer your victim a half-crown for each threepenny-piece there is room for *after the first.*

A Sensible Alphabet.

The following sentences comprise all the letters of the alphabet:

"*Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.*" (Thirty-two letters.)

"*The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.*" (Thirty-five letters.)

Does anyone know of a shorter or better sentence than these?

A prize of 5s. is offered for the best sentence of this kind which reaches Mr. X not later than May 20.

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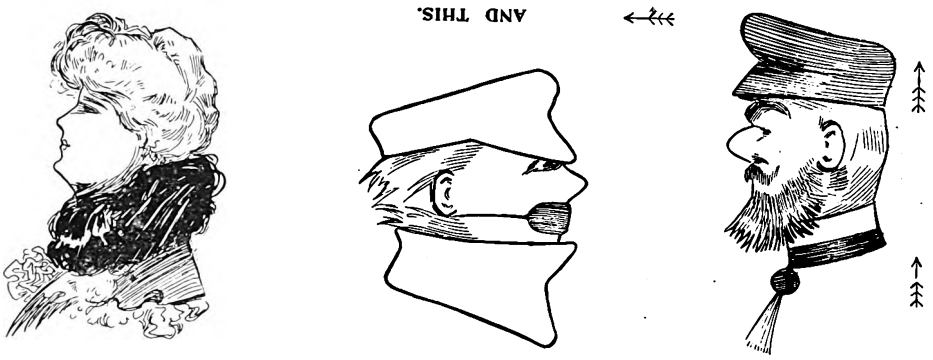

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES THIS WAY UP.

A prize of 5s. is offered for the cleverest illustration—not necessarily of a face—which also represents an object of some kind when held upside down. Sketches to reach Mr. X in envelopes, or on a postcard, marked "Reverse," by May 20.

Ask the Cashier.

A man cashed a cheque at the bank, and on his way home spent *2s. 6d.* out of the money he received. On arriving home he found that he had exactly twice as much as the amount of the cheque, the cashier having given him the number of pounds that he ought to have given him shillings, and *vice versâ*.

What was the amount of the cheque?

A Railway Puzzle.

There is a single railway track running north and south, and a siding running northwards off it; on the siding are seven trucks, but the engine which is attached to them is on the main line, there being no room for it on the siding. Then on the main line comes an engine and seven waggons from the north. How does this train run past the engine that is standing across the main line?

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS.

ALPHABETICAL SENTENCES (page 390).

Mr. X apologises for having given his readers such a puzzling task, and at the same time congratulates them on the way they have tackled it. To make a sentence of twenty-six words, the words beginning with the letters of the alphabet in their proper order, is no light matter. Nearly all the sentences sent in start splendidly, but become rather shaky when they reach the middle of the alphabet, and fizzle out with X Y Z in a most disappointing fashion. As a tip to those who are sufficiently interested to try again, Mr. X recommends that a sensible end to the sentence should be first obtained!

The winner of the Five Shilling prize is:

Miss L. Foster, The Grove, Haroingham, Attleborough.

Here are some of the best attempts which were sent in:

(1) "A Bibulous Character, Dining Extra Freely, Got Hurried Into Jail, Kicking Lustily! Meanwhile, Nine Officious Policemen Quietly Removing Shoes, Their Unfortunate Victim Was X-rayed, Yelling Zealously."

To Mr. X:

(2) "A Bright Companion Delights Every Fireside Gathering. His Innocent Jokes Keep Laughter Moving. Never Omit Purchasing Quickly ROYAL, Since Therein Undoubtedly Very Witty X Yields Zest."

(3) "A Brandy Consuming Drunken Engraver, Forever Getting Hopelessly Intoxicated, Jocularly Kissed Lovelorn Maidens Numberless. Observant Policeman Quite Rightly Seized This Unmitigated Vagabond, Whereupon Xylographer Yelled Zounds!"

MAGIC SQUARES (page 391).

A wonderful amount of ingenuity has been displayed in the two Word Square Competitions commenced in the February ROYAL. With so many splendid "squares" sent in, the awarding of the prizes was very difficult, but eventually the following were judged the winners:

The prize of Five Shillings goes to:

W. T. Irvine, 56, Corporation Street, Belfast.

The Prize of Ten Shillings for the biggest Magic Square goes to:

Wm. Fenwick, 22, Sanderson Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Here are some good squares with ROYAL as the centre word:

HAREM	MERIT	RARER	WORLD	GIRTS
ADORE	EBONY	ADORE	OBOLE	IVORY
ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL
ERASE	INANE	ERASE	LLAMA	TRAMP
MELEE	TYLER	RELET	DELAY	SYLPH

One competitor forwarded no fewer than seventy-four different squares of this kind!

Larger squares are much more difficult to construct—in fact, only two or three Seven-lettered Words are forthcoming, and none of Eight Letters. A Prize of One Pound (£1) is offered to the sender of the best Eight-lettered Square, to reach Mr. X before June 1st, 1903. No squares will be allowed unless all eight words are to be found in a recognised English Dictionary. We give some Six-lettered Squares:

YEOMAN EFFACE OFFICE MAILED ACCEDE NEEDED	(Very neat. Note the use of the double letter.)
CIRCLE ICARUS RAREST CREATE LUSTRE ESTEEM	"How to square the Circle."

AMENDS	WASHES	MEAGRE	SOLVER	BEACON
MINION	ARTERY	EAGLES	ORIOLE	EUCHRE
ENABLE	STORMS	AGHAST	LINTEL	ACCENT
NIBBLE	HERMIT	GLANCE	VOTIVE	CHETAH
DOLLAR	ERMINE	RESCUE	ELEVEN	ORNATE
SNEERS	SYSTEM	ESTEEM	RELENT	NETHER

Here are two Seven-lettered Squares:

TARGETS	PALATED
AVERNAL	ANEMONE
REGATTA	LEVANTS
GRAVITY	AMASSES
ENTITLE	TONSURE
TATTLER	ENTERER
SLAYERS	DESSERT

As a curiosity we give an imperfect Eight-lettered Square. Every word is genuine with the exception of the sixth—Inchural.

PSALMIST
STRAINER
ARBUSCLE
LAUNCHES
MISCOUNT
INCHURAL
SELENATE
TRESTLES

We also give two other curiosities: A Three-lettered Square using only the three letters T E A, and a Four-lettered Square in which the letters of one set of diagonals are the same.

(1)	(2)
TEA	HOME
EAT	OMEN
ATE	MEND
	ENDS

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION (page 491).

The traveller knew where he *came from* and he could therefore set up the signpost in its proper position.

TWO CONUNDRUMS (page 544).

(1) A Watch. (2) A Thorn.

TWO WORDS THAT PUZZLED QUEEN VICTORIA (page 544).

(1) Bayonet. (2) Betrayal.

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INA AND THE BROTHERS

A Story of Love, Jealousy, and the Final Tragedy.

By Ward Muir.

The Blauenstock funicular railway connects the village of Blauen, on the bank of Lake Lucerne, with the summit of the Blauenstock: an alp not great in size but nevertheless commanding a most magnificent view. The funicular is worked in the usual simple plan, by means of a rope. When one car descends, the other ascends. Consequently the cars can never be at the same terminus at once.

When the Blauenstock line was opened for traffic early one spring, two brothers, called respectively Kurt and Ludwig, were engaged as conductors. Their duties were light. Each had to stand on the platform in front of his car and control the brakes.

The car was scheduled to run every half-hour, and the journey occupied ten minutes; so Kurt and Ludwig had twenty minutes' respite at the end of each trip. Every time they passed *en route* (at the place where the rails were doubled) they exchanged a nod of greeting. In the evenings they were wont to go together to the inn at Blauen for a glass of beer, and whenever they obtained a holiday they made chamois-hunting expeditions in each other's company. Kurt and Ludwig were typical Swiss mountain giants, and the best of friends.

The tourist season began, and the two cars nearly always travelled full of people, one party being hoisted up from the lakeside steamer pier and the other party being lowered down to it. The tourists were—or were supposed to be—rich, and they were also supposed to be fond of purchasing bunches of flowers. This (purely imaginary) demand was supplied. Little Ina, with eyes of china-blue and two yellow pigtails hanging down her back, was sent from Lucerne town by her enterprising parents to sell edelweiss at the summit of the funicular.

Kurt and Ludwig, whose thoughts seemed almost wholly centred in their funicular and its workings, were much interested in the doings of Ina. She always took up her post close to the platform of the Blauenstock, where the car drew up, so that the conductor could enjoy a twenty minutes' chat with her at the close of each upward journey.

On the very first day of her arrival both the men discovered this fact. As time passed, it loomed larger and larger on their mental horizon.

The up-journey of the car became a thing to look forward to; the return journey a dreaded ordeal. For he who was travelling downwards from Ina's company had to endure the annoyance of seeing his rival inexorably drawn upwards towards that pleasure.

Every half-hour this cruel see-saw was enacted, and (though neither of the honest fellows could have explained this), the only time when both Ludwig and Kurt were really at ease was during the ten minutes when the cars were in motion; for then neither of them might be with Ina.

The brothers' evenings at the inn became more and more strained and silent. Neither dared to meet the other's gaze; each felt the weight of a guilty secret. They sat over

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their glasses of beer without speaking. Their hearts were full of smouldering hatred. It was not unmingled with grief for the days which were no more. Ina, with her basket of edelweiss, filled the mind of each. Love had dethroned Love.

Perhaps Ina was a flirt. At any rate, those china-blue eyes and red lips smiled impartially on both Kurt and Ludwig when one or other brought his car to a standstill at the top of the line. And as soon as the tourists had made their purchases and rushed off to inspect the view with the aid of the guide-book's sketch map, Ina came and talked till it was time for the car to make its descent, and for the other car to climb up once more.

Late in the autumn the tourist season began to slacken. Fewer and fewer were the passengers for Blauenstock. The mountain was often infolded in mist, behind which the view over the lake was completely hidden. The two cars crawled like phantoms up and down the gleaming rails. When they passed each other, Kurt and Ludwig stood with averted eyes. They had abandoned their friendly greeting long before the summer was over.

At last the end came. Sitting at their accustomed table in the inn, Ludwig suddenly said: "Which of us is to have her?" His voice vibrated with passion.

"Her? Whom do you mean?" asked Kurt, feigning surprise.

Ludwig leant forward with his elbows on the table. "You know quite well whom I mean," he growled.

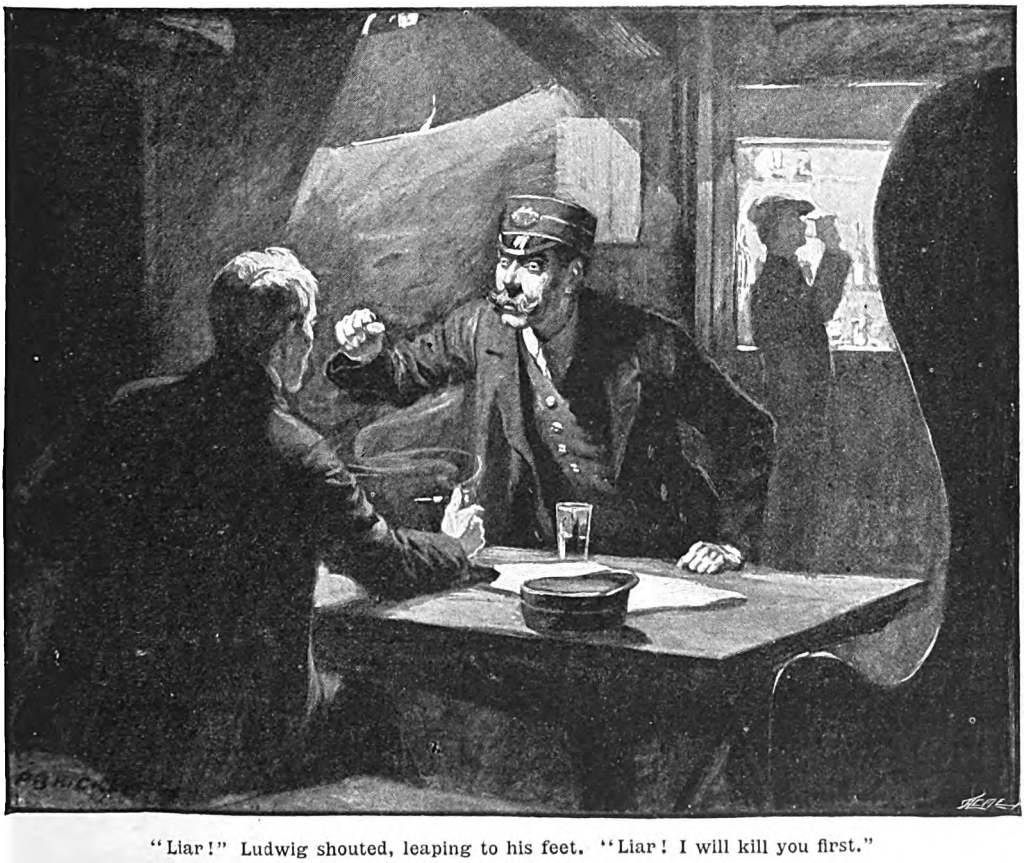
Kurt laughed. "Perhaps I do," he mocked.

"There's no 'perhaps' about it. I mean Ina."

"Oh, Ina? Ina is going to become my wife."

"Liar!" Ludwig shouted, leaping to his feet. "Liar! I will kill you first." He rushed from the house.

For a while he hurried away, he knew not whither. But presently his thoughts



"Liar!" Ludwig shouted, leaping to his feet. "Liar! I will kill you first."

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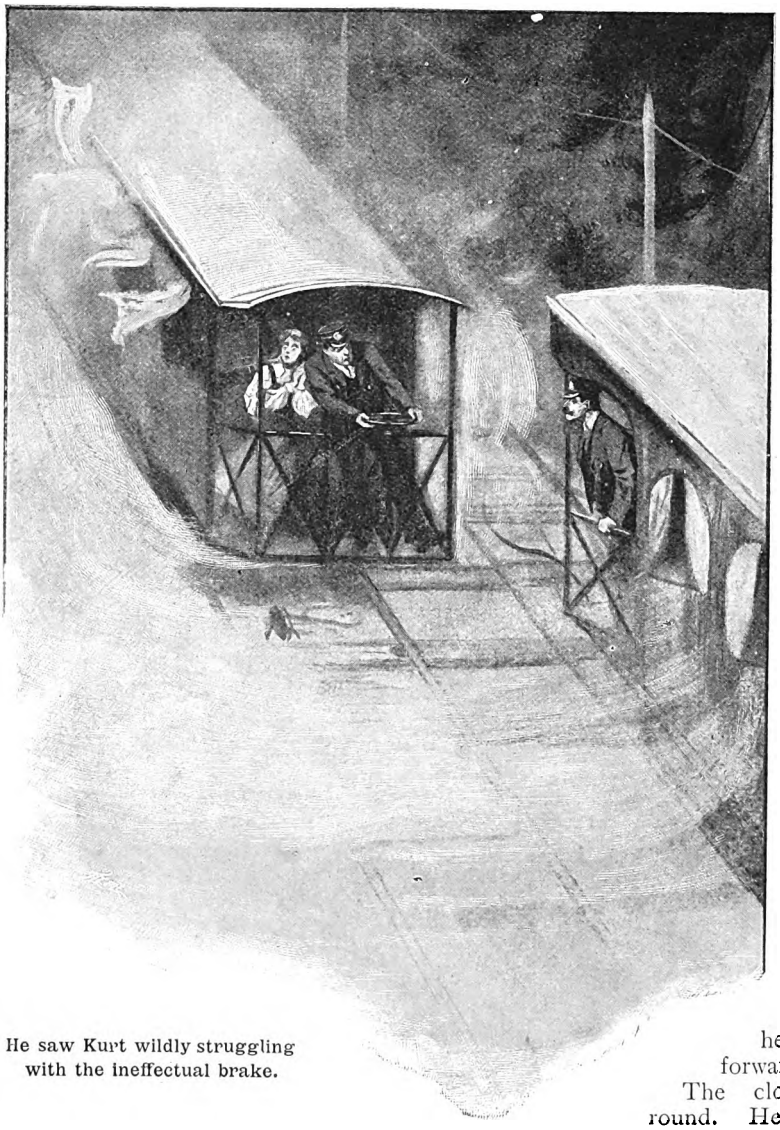

He saw Kurt wildly struggling with the ineffectual brake.

crystallised. He turned, and furtively took the road to the funicular terminus. All that night he worked—hammering and loosening and unscrewing—at something on Kurt's car. It was early dawn when he crept guiltily home.

Next day was again cloudy. The steamers brought no tourists, but the funicular ran punctually all the same. The brothers did not speak to each other. Ludwig had been the first at the top of the line, and found Ina there as usual. Her manner towards him appeared unchanged. He cunningly tried to make her speak of Kurt, but she gave no sign of interest. Ludwig's hopes rose high. It was agony to him to leave her and descend to Blauen, knowing that his brother was ascending at the same moment. Still, he started precisely to the minute.

The mist was thicker than ever, and Ludwig as he stood on his slowly-sliding platform felt as though he were sinking through a sea of white smoke. Half-way down, his brother's car suddenly swam into view. And as it passed, Kurt gaily waved his hand and laughed.

For an instant Ludwig's fingers clutched the brake-wheel. He was seized with an overpowering desire to stop the car and leap at his rival's throat. But the habit of mechanical obedience to the company's rules conquered him, and he glided steadlily forward.

The clouds wrapped him round. He did not see them now. His brother's laughing face rose before his eyes and blotted out all else. The thought that in a few minutes Kurt would reach Blauenstock and speak to Ina—perhaps even caress her—lashed him into madness.

When he arrived at the terminus at the bottom of the mountain, Ludwig, instead of waiting in the station as was his general custom, ran home and fetched his chamois-hunting rifle. He loaded it deliberately, and bringing it back placed it on the platform of his car. The light of murder smouldered in his eyes.

The clock pointed to the half-hour. It

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was time to start on the upward journey. Ludwig rang the electric signal-bell.

There was no response from the top. Ludwig rang again. Still no reply. He gnashed his teeth in helpless rage. He pictured Kurt at the Blauenstock dallying with Ina. His slow Swiss blood began to boil with fury.

It was five minutes past the half-hour. He rang once more. This time the wire responded. The rope quivered and the car started.

"At last," Ludwig muttered into his big moustache; "he has bade her good-bye—at last. Yes, Kurt is ready."

The car steadily climbed upward through the banks of fog. One—two—three—four minutes passed. The wheels clicked on the points at the entrance to the double line where the two cars passed. So dense grew the clouds that nothing was visible of Kurt.

"Now," Ludwig said, "now is the time."

Swiftly he caught up his rifle. He raised it to his shoulder and aimed at the funiculaire rope. Ludwig was champion shot of the Canton, and the rope lay not six feet distant. There was no chance of a miss. Even as he looked along the barrel he smiled.

He pulled the trigger. There was a flash in the fog. The rope quivered violently. The bullet had passed straight through it.

The penetrating power of a sporting rifle ball travelling at full velocity is enormous. A clean hole had been drilled in the wire strands of the rope, though this still remained unsevered.

Ludwig dropped his gun. "And now for Kurt," he cried exultingly.

He seized the brake-wheel and whirled it round. The brake-clamps gripped the rails. The car stopped dead.

For an instant the rope became as taut as a piano wire, and groaned under the strain.

Then it snapped, at the bullet-hole. There was a report like a pistol shot, and the frayed end jerked up the mountain out of sight into the mist.

At the same instant a roar rose on the air. It was the descending car, which, of course, was cast loose. Ludwig had foreseen that Kurt would be unprepared for the catastrophe, and unable to apply the brakes in time. As for the automatic brake—he had tampered with its mechanism last night. It was useless.

Kurt was even more unprepared than Ludwig expected; for he had persuaded Ina to come down with him, and his hand, instead of being ready on the brake-wheel, was round her waist.

Like a tornado the car swept down the incline. For a fraction of a second Ludwig caught a glimpse of it as it whirled past. He saw Kurt wildly struggling with the ineffective brake. He saw, too, an agonised pair of china-blue eyes opened wide in horror.

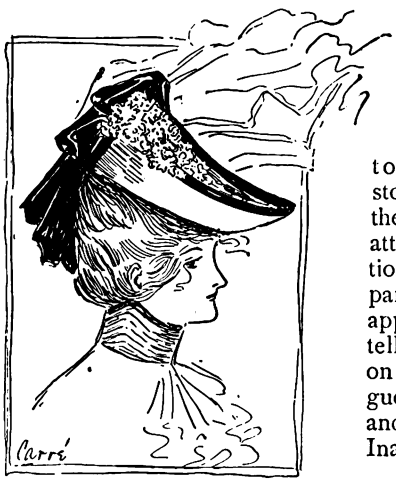
Ludwig stood petrified on his little platform. Far in the invisible depths beneath him he heard the dreadful crash of the other car's impact with the station terminus at the bottom. Still he stood motionless.

Presently he spoke, in a curiously low, even voice:

"She was on the car. She was on the car. I have killed Ina."

Quite mechanically and calmly he turned to his brake wheel and unchecked it. The grips came off the rails.

And Ludwig's car, loosened from its hold, flashed down the line and broke itself to atoms on the wreck of the one which had preceded it.



* * *

Had there been any tourists on the Blauenstock railway at the time, the disaster would have attracted world-wide attention. As it was, a few short paragraphs were all that appeared in the papers to tell of the tragic accident on the funiculaire. Nobody guessed the story of Kurt and Ludwig and blue-eyed Ina.

FASHION AND FICTION

Appeal to every woman, and they are the leading features of the

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

which, commencing with the May Number, will contain in each issue nine or ten Short Stories, a Serial, and many Interesting Articles on the Latest Fashions.

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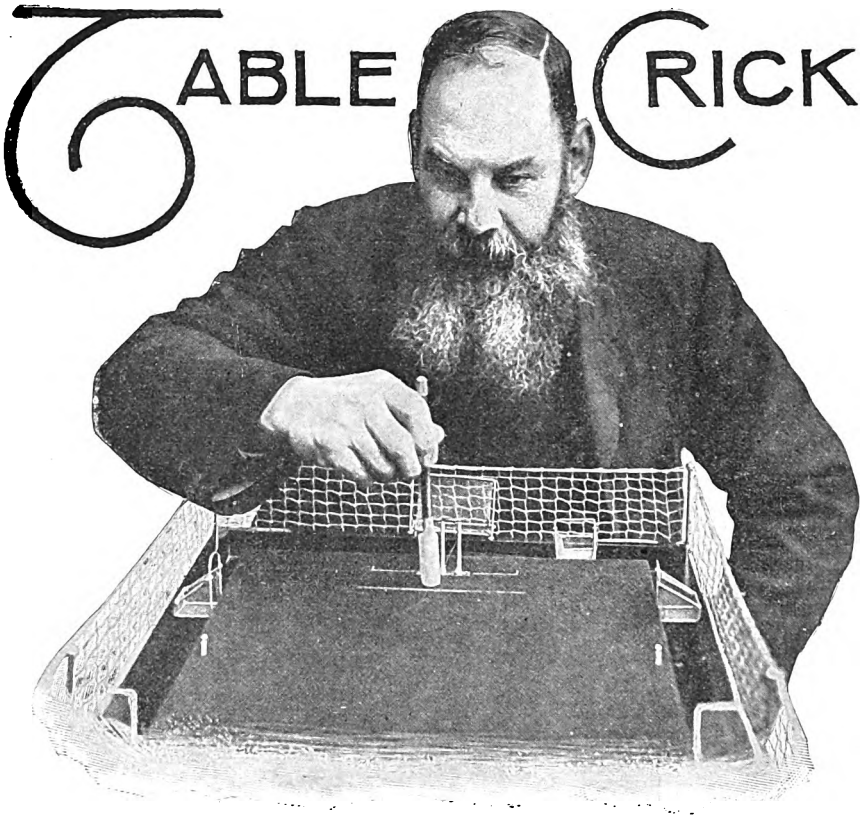
TABLE CRICKET



Dr. W. G. Grace, the most famous cricketer the world has seen, is a great authority on table cricket; he is here seen wielding the bat.

A Game that Bids Fair to Become as Popular as Ping-Pong.

By Stanley White.

Table Cricket has, at last, found an inventor.

People were saying that much was to be expected of this new game, when the matter was definitely set at rest on its becoming known that no less an authority than Dr. Grace had seen, handled, and played it, and, finding that it was good, made it still better by numerous ingenious additions and improvements of his own.

Knowing from personal experience how coy the Doctor is with interviewers, I thought the best form an interview could take would be a game of Table Cricket. Mr. A. Weintraud, the inventor, having brought the Doctor to see the idea in the same light, in due course I found myself in a private room of a city warehouse.

Seated at the head of a medium-sized table was the Doctor, in front of him an oblong board covered with green cloth, some four feet in length by three wide. At each end three small stumps were set into the board, and dotted round the field were some eight or nine odd little fielders of gauze and wire.

I took careful note of my great opponent's position as he took centre. The bat was eight inches long, of peculiar shape, about two-thirds handle to one-third bat. It is used in a back-handed fashion, as if one were playing the left-handed game. The Doctor held it quite perpendicularly, between the thumb and fore-finger with some little support from the second finger; in fact, except for the angle, pretty much in the same way as the average person handles a pen.

At the bowling end I found myself in sole charge of an elaborate machinery consisting of a two-inch powerful coil spring mounted

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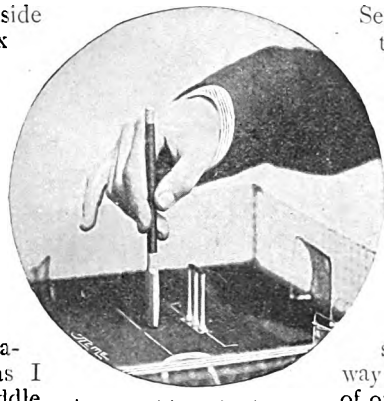
on a wooden block. Outside the board was a slide six inches in length over which the block ran easily, thus allowing the spring catapult to be shifted three inches from the centre, to right or left, thus enabling the bowler to bowl over or round the wicket at his end of the board.

On the top of the wire coil was a little ring into which I placed a small gutta-percha ball and let fly, as I thought, dead on the middle stump. This ball did not go far, but collided violently with the stumps set at the bowler's end, partly for ornament's sake, and partly, no doubt, to exact an extra amount of skill on the part of the bowler when delivering from behind the wicket.



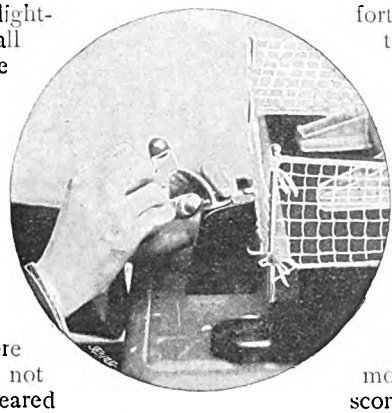
At table cricket, when batting keep a straight bat; this is the golden rule and will get you runs.

Having learnt that this loss-shot meant a run for the Doctor I reserved centre balls till a more convenient season, and took up a position a couple of inches to the right of the wicket.

I was soon to find that the little catapult required handling with considerable skill, for the next ball was a full pitch and went clean over the batsman's head. Mr. Weintraud obligingly recovered it from a remote corner of the room, for which service the Doctor claimed four runs. This forfeit, I was told, would be inflicted as often as I repeated the offence of bowling off the table.

The next ball cost me another run, though, happily, it was nearer the mark. It flew up the green like lightning, just missing a small screen placed behind the wicket to act as a wicket-keeper. Striking the net it gently rebounded into a gutter or channel which ran below the green course between it and the netting.

I was surprised to see the ball I had just delivered trickle out through a hole into a little cup placed there to receive it, which I had not previously noticed. It appeared that this channel was so skilfully graded that every ball infallibly finds its way back to the sender, of its own accord.



Bowling is achieved by means of a spring so arranged that the bowler can bowl over or round the wicket. First attempts generally send the ball flying off the table.

Several more balls went past the wicket-keeper costing me as many runs, the Doctor thereby accumulating quite a nice little total in wides counted as runs. The tenth ball was dead on the wicket and was driven over the net for four.

Down went another ball, a rather tricky short-pitched one, which the Doctor just managed to snick into the slips. On its way to the net it grazed the top of one of those odd cage-looking fielders. "Rather a near thing, Doctor!" ejaculated Mr. Weintraud.

"What was a near thing?" said I.

"Why, you nearly had the Doctor caught at slip."

"Caught at slip!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that that thing can catch a ball?"

"Oh, won't it? Wait and see!" was the reply.

A succession of all kinds of balls followed, Yorkers, good length, and long hops. Some were driven back to the bowling end for four, others scored one, two, or three, according as the ball fell into the channel before the first, second, or third steel marker.

Then a slow ball dropping temptingly on the offside was sent for two, but it fell into the lap of the mid-fielder, who retained it like a vice, and the Doctor was not only out, but by rule 7 was not entitled to any runs for the fatal stroke. Exultingly I reached forth my hand for the bat, thinking that at last my turn had come. But I was to learn that the game was only beginning. The Doctor had still nine wickets to fall—it being usual, when only two are playing, for the batsman to stay at the wicket until out ten times.

The remaining wickets fell much more rapidly, for the ball kept near the mark most of the time. The Doctor scored fast, but was caught out often. The two fielders at the bowler's end were very deadly, and more than once took a wicket and, of course, at the same time

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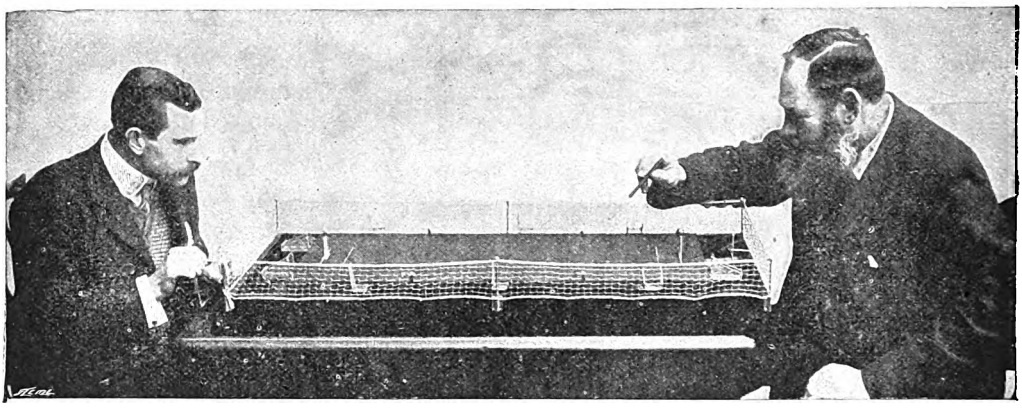


This curious incident happened to Dr. Grace the other day. In playing forward, he missed the ball, which bounced on to his wicket and lodged in the top!

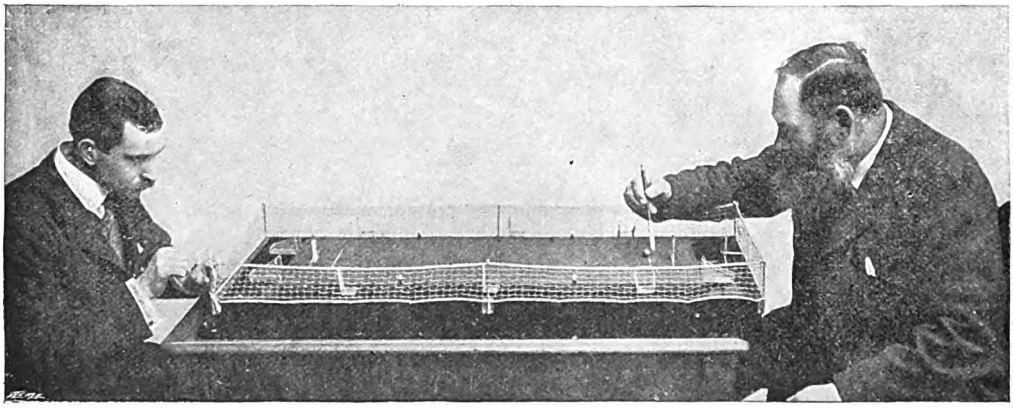
nipped in the bud a boundary stroke for four. The innings closed for one hundred and forty-five.

Over my own batting performance I will draw a veil. I averaged just three runs per wicket—about a third of the score of a fairly good player. I got out in every conceivable way—was caught at slip and at mid wicket, twice I knocked the bails off with my cuff, and was once detected in wilfully striking the ball a second time for a purpose other than that of defending my wicket; in fact, with the furtive intent to add a pair of badly needed runs to my meagre total.

Certainly, it was shameful to be found out in so shady a transaction, but the mere fact of being beaten was an honour, for who would not rather be vanquished by Grace than be victorious over a lesser man?

In bowling it has been found possible to put a very formidable break on the ball. This is done by giving the spring catapult a half turn in the socket. Then, instead of pulling straight back as in ordinary bowling, the spring should be bent sideways. Thus the ball is made to strike at the side of the wicket instead of immediately in front of it, and if the shot is properly judged, the ball takes a sharp angle in the direction of the stumps, in a very disconcerting manner for the batsman. The spring catapult can, of course, be turned to right or left, the breaks being made at either side of the wicket accordingly. Considerable practice is necessary to make a good break bowler, and there is much room for individual cleverness. A good man is able to put on breaks at almost every conceivable angle, and the standard of batting is naturally proportionately raised.

The Doctor takes quite a boyish delight in the new game, and his sons and other well-known cricketers are no less enthusiastic.



"W. G." at the wicket with Mr. G. W. Beldam, the Middlesex Amateur, bowling. The Doctor has just stopped a curly one.

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THE WONDERFUL WOOING OF WO.

(*From the Chinese.*)

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Wo—Lo Wo—was an artist in bronze; such a clever young fellow that, if you gave him a lump of clay, he would make a likeness of you in two minutes that would be more natural than your own reflection in a mirror. And a fine-looking young fellow he was, too!—quite the handsomest man in all Tong-Tang.

There was only one thing against him—one thing to prevent him marrying any girl in Tong-Tang that he had set his heart upon. He was poorer than a church mouse. So pity Lo Wo, for he lost his heart nearly every day of his life, and nearly every parent in the town had refused to have him as a son-in-law. But ask the girls' opinions, and they would tell you that Lo Wo was the most adorable fellow within a thousand miles; not a girl in Tong-Tang but was in love with the poor artist in bronze.

And no girl loved him more truly than Bu Tee, who was the daughter of a very great man, Hang Ho, who was a sort of magistrate, and very fond of having people's heads cut off. On this account Lo Wo had never approached her father to ask for her hand.

Now one fine day the great Hang Ho commissioned the poor artist in bronze to make statues of himself and of his crusty old father, Fo To. "For," said he, "as I wish my little girl Bu Tee to make a very grand marriage, it is well to let the world know that she can trace her ancestry back at least two generations on her father's side."

Lo Wo was delighted to receive the commission. His instructions were very simple—to bring out all the best features of Hang Ho and his father, and to leave out all the worst features. Especially was he to give their faces the most benign and beatific expressions within his power.

"Undoubtedly, this is a very good thing for me," said Lo Wo. "It will certainly bring me many future orders, and it may give me a chance to see the beautiful Bu Tee."

Punctually at the appointed time—twelve o'clock the next morning—Lo Wo presented himself at Hang Ho's house, for the first sitting. As he passed up the avenue of cherry trees, who should he see but Bu Tee herself, sitting beside a pond, busily engaged in spearing gold-fish with a hair pin a foot in length—a favourite way of passing the time with Bu Tee.

"May the morning dew-drops become diamonds for your wearing," exclaimed Lo Wo most politely. "Oh, beautiful Bu Tee, I love you better than any girl in Tong-Tang."

"If that indeed be so," said Bu Tee, pouting, "why is it that you never ask my father for my hand?" And she speared vigorously at a wriggling gold fish.

At this question Lo Wo made a grimace, and passed his finger round his neck.

"Oh, Bu Tee, if I were so to presume, son of a dog that I am, your venerable father would soon find an excuse to cut off my head. But though I dare not ask for your hand, Bu Tee, I ask you to believe that I love you very dearly," and the bold fellow stooped and kissed Bu Tee on her cherry-ripe lips, and went on his way to the house.

Ushered into the study of Hang Ho, he found the magistrate and his old father eagerly waiting to begin sitting for their

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Hang Ho's dagger-looking expression.

His father's expression of jeering mirth.

statues. After bowing to the ground before their venerable figures, Lo Wo begged them to take up positions where the light would fall upon them to the best advantage, and began to set out on a little table the instruments of his craft, consisting chiefly of a great lump of clay, from which he intended to model the first designs for the statue, and a goodly supply of glass eyes and tufts of false hair, which he carefully arranged before him.

And whilst he was thus making all things ready he was thinking of Bu Tee, for Bu Tee's kiss had made a very deep impression upon his amorous heart. He knew that he was more madly in love than ever before. He determined, then and there, to screw up his courage to ask Hang Ho for his daughter's hand in marriage (he had asked so many fathers for their daughter's hands that he was quite used to this kind of thing). But this time he did not mean to be refused.

"But I must be careful," he thought to himself as he began to knead two lumps of clay into the shape of the two heads before him, "or Hang Ho will soon find an excuse to cut my head off. If only I was as rich as I am clever, if only I could turn my skill as a sculptor into a weapon, then indeed I should have the upper hand. Kindly turn your head a little more to the light, reverend Hang Ho," and musing thus he set to work. Then suddenly a great inspiration came to him.

He worked on in silence for a while. When he had made the two lumps of clay quite ready to have expressions put in—when Hang Ho and his father had reduced their faces to the most benign and beatific appearance possible (under the circumstances)—Lo Wo calmly remarked:

"I chanced to see your adorable daughter, reverend Hang Ho, as I passed up your avenue of cherry trees. On my word! she made a lovely picture as she sat fishing. It has made a deep impression on my heart."

At these bold words instantly the benign expressions on the faces of Hang Ho and his father underwent a great change. Hang Ho looked daggers at the impudent bronze-worker, while his father burst out into a loud mocking laugh.

Immediately, with half-a-dozen deft touches of his hands, Lo Wo recorded their new expressions on the two blank lumps of clay—Hang Ho's dagger-looking expression, his father's expression of jeering mirth. It was but the work of a moment to fasten in place a few tufts of hair and to slip into their places two

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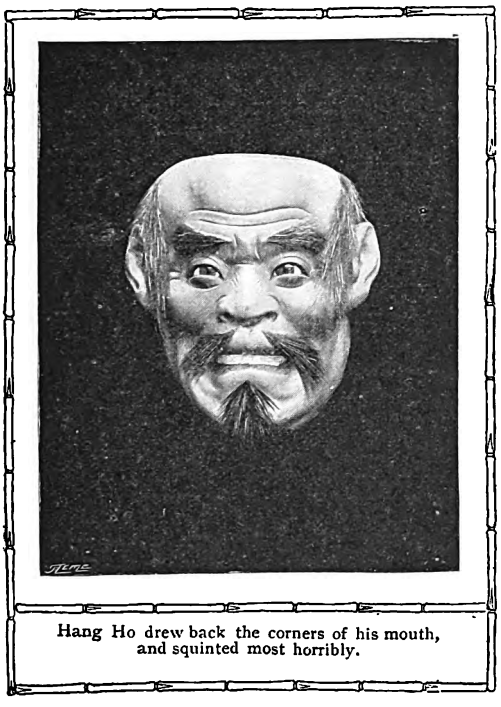

Hang Ho drew back the corners of his mouth, and squinted most horribly.

Fo To vainly trying to preserve his benign expression.

pairs of glass eyes, and the expressionless lumps of clay were transformed into speaking portraits of Hang Ho and his father, as they appeared at the moment when Lo Wo had made his impudent remark.

"Penniless son of a jackass!" roared Hang Ho, when he recovered his voice, "how dare you so much as look at my little girl, Bu Tee? She is not for such as you to admire, Lo Wo—for let me tell you, impudent fellow, she is destined for a very great marriage indeed."

"Ha, ha, ha," roared Fo To, the grandfather, "you think yourself good enough for Bu Tee, you miserable hair-brained rabbit!" and he laughed loud and long.

But Lo Wo paid no attention to these words. Having completed his likeness of the two old gentlemen in their wrath, he quietly slipped the two clay faces on the floor, hid them beneath a dust-sheet, and pounded two fresh lumps of clay into shape.

"Reverend gentlemen," he said calmly, "you have completely ruined my first attempts by so suddenly changing your expressions. If you will kindly cause your delightful features to resume again a benign and beatific expression, I will make a second attempt."

With difficulty the two old gentlemen, not wishing to have their statues ruined, swallowed their wrath, and calmed their faces. Lo Wo resumed work on the new lumps of clay. After a while he said:

"I feel it my duty, venerable Hang Ho, to respectfully inform you that I love your adorable daughter, Bu Tee."

Again, as suddenly as before, the benign expressions fled from the two old gentlemen's faces. Hang Ho drew back the corners of his mouth, wrinkled his brow, squinted most horribly, his countenance expressing intense annoyance, while it was ludicrous to see old Fo To, the grandfather, vainly trying to preserve his benign expression, lest he should spoil his statue, while he struggled with overpowering mirth.

And immediately, as before, Lo Wo recorded their new expressions on the two blank lumps of clay—Hang Ho's expression of annoyance, his father's expression of mirth suppressed. In a moment he had fastened tufts of hair in the right places, had fixed the glass eyes—and there were two fresh portraits of Hang Ho and his father, in their wrath and their mirth, to be placed alongside the others beneath the dust-sheet.

"Thou brick-brained son of a camel," roared Hang Ho, "I will give thee a million kicks if thou mentionest my daughter's name

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"You shall hang for this," roared Hang Ho.

"You shall be tortured," screamed To Fo.

again with thy profane breath. She is not for thee, I tell thee," and he swore horribly.

"Did'st think she was, thou brother of a wild goat?" exclaimed Fo To, the grandfather.

But Lo Wo was calmly pounding two fresh lumps of clay into shape. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, be calm, I pray you," he said, soothingly. "You have ruined my second attempt by changing your expressions, and I beg you to restore your features to their usually delightful tranquility and benignity whilst I make a third attempt."

Remembering again the importance of looking their best whilst Lo Wo made their statues, the old gentlemen swallowed hard, and sat quite calmly, though inwardly they seethed like volcanoes about to erupt, whilst Lo Wo set to work again. When the new lumps of clay were all ready to have the expressions put in, he said:

"Reverend Hang Ho, I most earnestly beg you to give me your lovely daughter's hand in marriage."

Then the volcanoes erupted in earnest! The most horrible looks imaginable came over the faces of Hang Ho and his father, and Lo Wo lost no time in recording their expressions on the clay.

"You shall die for this," roared Hang Ho.

"You shall be tortured, you silly grasshopper," screamed old Fo To, too much in earnest even to laugh derisively.

But Lo Wo said, "At least let me finish my work before you kill me," and calmly put away the third pair of heads beneath the dust sheet, and began to knead fresh lumps of clay into shape. "Gentlemen," went on Lo Wo, "I implore you to keep calm and to renew your benign expressions whilst I make my fourth attempt."

Yet again Hang Ho and his old father did their best to bottle up their wrath whilst Lo Wo set to work. Their faces were quite calm and pleasant when Lo Wo said:

"And now, oh venerable Hang Ho, now that we have settled the matter of my marriage with your daughter Bu Tee so satisfactorily, all that remains is for Bu Tee's rich and honourable grandfather to state what *dot* he is prepared to settle upon her."

This was altogether too much for Hang Ho and Fo To. Their benign expressions gave way to looks of the most demoniacal fury; they opened their mouths but no words came from them; they could only stare, speechless, at the insolent sculptor, *who instantly recorded their expressions on the fourth pair of clay heads.* He had just put the last tuft of white hair on the clay head

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of Fo To and some unnecessary hair to his chin which he added in his haste, when the two infuriated fathers sprang at him like tigers, shrieking: "Son of a wolf, we will slay thee on the spot!"

Now Lo Wo was as strong as he was brave, and drove them before him back to their seats.

"Now pray calm yourselves, gentlemen, and listen to what I have to say," he said. "Not a word until I have finished speaking. And look here."

He stooped to the floor and picked up the pairs of clay heads that he had placed beneath the dust-sheet. He set the eight heads out in a long row before the old gentlemen. "Look," he said, "and see what beautiful, what calm, what benign expressions were upon your faces when I made these models."

When Hang Ho and Fo To saw what expressions Lo Wo had given them their eyes almost dropped from their heads. Lo Wo bade them keep calm, say not a word, and listen attentively.

"Venerable sirs," he went on, "mark and attend to this: Unless you, Hang Ho, promise now to give me the beautiful Bu Tee in marriage, and unless you, Fo To, promise now to give us a house to live in and a sufficiency of house-keeping money to last us all our lives, this is what will befall: These clay heads shall be cast in bronze, five hundred copies shall be made of them, they shall be circulated far and wide through the town of Tong-Tang, and this legend shall be inscribed in large letters beneath each head:

"STUDIES OF THE EXPRESSIONS OF THE FACES OF THE HONOURABLE HANG HO AND HIS HONOURABLE FATHER FO TO, WHILST THEY WATCH THEIR GUESTS DEVOUR A FEAST.

"Now venerable Hang Ho," Lo Wo's voice was as stern as a judge's, "will or will you not give me your beautiful daughter Bu Tee in marriage? and will you venerable Fo To, or will you not, provide, from your wealth, the beautiful Bu Tee with a house and a *dot*?

Hang Ho and To Fo looked each other in the eyes; they looked at the stern face of Lo Wo; they looked at the row of horrible heads, and do you wonder that they said: "Yea, yea, take Bu Tee, she is yours, with a house and a big *dot*, only destroy those awful heads!"

"Summon Bu Tee," said Lo Wo. Bu Tee was summoned, and came on the instant.

"Beauteous Bu Tee," quoth Lo Wo, "thy venerable father and grandfather have given me thy hand in marriage—wilt thou take me?"

Very shy and charming looked Bu Tee as she said: "Yes."

Their benign expressions gave way to looks——

——of the most demoniacal fury.

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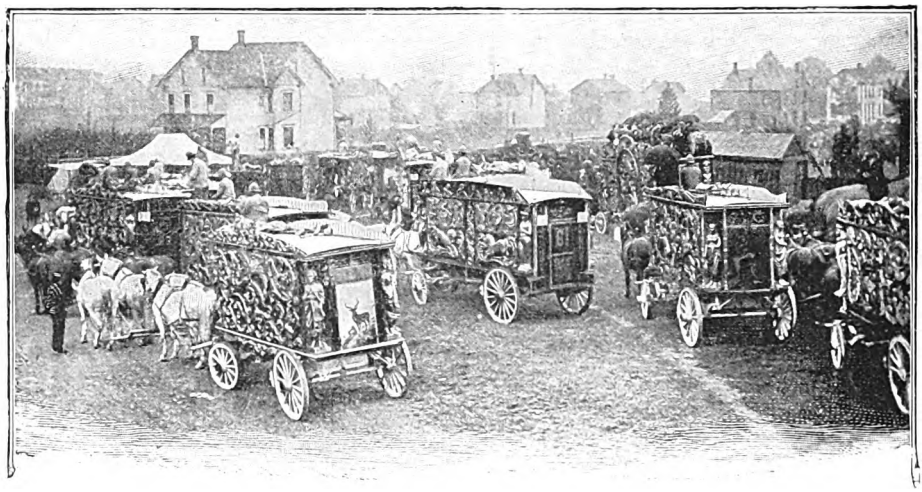

The start of the circus parade: this goes round the town before the performance, and is considered the best possible advertisement of the show.

HOW A CIRCUS IS RUN.

The Romance, the Everyday Life, the Work, the Play, and the Picturesqueness of a Big Circus.

By George Western.

Outside the little village is a big field of many acres. Here are a few cows scattered, and a few horses lazily browsing on the short grass. Here, too, there may be a donkey, munching the thistles, or a goat tethered by a long cord. A pond is in the corner of the field, with a duck and her bevy of ducklings. One sees such a field, or rather, let us say, a hundred such fields everywhere, in every village and small town. They are the symbol of country life, far from cities and the broils of man.

But one day all is changed. The peaceful cows are driven away to another pasture; the horses change their quarters, the donkey and the goat follow their example, and, perhaps, the duck and her young flee from the spot. There is a bustle and noise. Men ride up on horses, and men drive up in carts. Big vans jolt across the grass, and are brought to a standstill in the middle, where they "outspan," as the South Africans say. Soon there rises a little town of canvas. A great central tent springs into being, with a crowd of small tents all round it.

In the village, too, everything is changed. The quiet villagers are standing about in groups in the main street, gazing at big gaudily-coloured posters stuck up on every wall. The children run to the big field to see what is going on. The quiet of the country is rudely awakened by the roaring of lions, the shrill trumpeting of huge elephants, the cries of chattering monkeys and strange foreign birds, the cracking of whips, the shouting of men—in fact, the thousand and one noises that are part and parcel of the life of a great circus.

Training a horse to carry an acrobatic rider.

It is not contradictory to say of the circus that no institution in the world is so well known and so little understood. We all know the outward and visible signs of the circus, the caravans, the performing animals, the acrobats, clown, and the indispensable band. We have known them from childhood, when we clung to our chairs and screamed with terror at the giant, and

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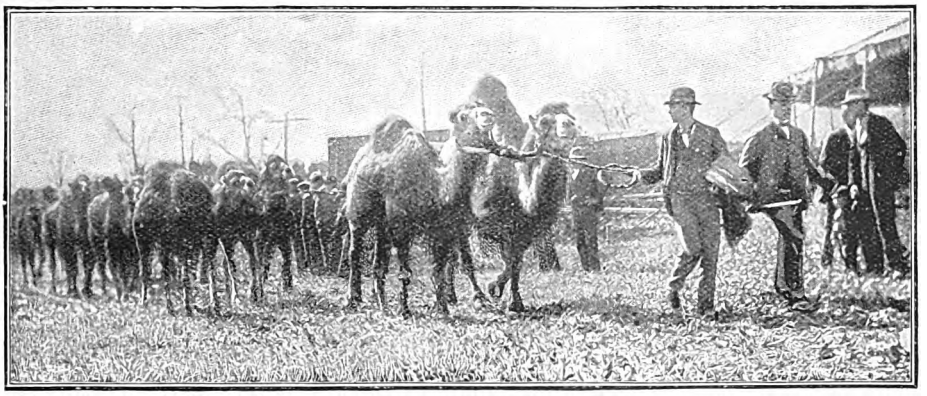

Hump-backed artistes of a great circus—dromedaries, in other words.

again screamed with joy at the fun of the clown.

All this we know well. But it is of the other side of the circus that we know nothing, the inner side, the working side. This is where the manager comes in. For the immense organisation that enables the circus to run smoothly on well-oiled wheels, that admits of no unforeseen catastrophes, and no hitches, is, if one comes to think of it, far more wonderful than all the acrobats, the performing animals, and the uncanny curiosities rolled into one.

"But this is merely the work of the business manager of any ordinary theatre on a larger scale," you may say. It is that, and a great deal more, for you must remember that I am speaking of a travelling circus, not a stationary one, where the work is comparatively simple. In a travelling circus the work is doubled—more, it is trebled—and the proprietor, if he would make his circus pay, must needs be a man with his wits about him, and ready for use, so that he may bring them into action at a moment's notice.

The proprietor notes the various towns and villages to be visited, and decides how many days shall be spent at each. There are a host of advance agents to be sent out, who will make the necessary arrangements for accommodation, who will engage the field for the show, and make arrangements to supply the needs of the circus.

The agents will report to the manager on the population, their habits and customs, so that a suitable programme may be arranged. You must understand that in a stationary circus the audiences are always the same—drawn from the same neighbourhood, that is to say. Hence the performances may be run, roughly, on the same lines. But on tour, when the towns to be visited are anything from two to two hundred miles apart, and the inhabitants of one town may be miners or cotton-spinners, their tastes will be considerably different from those of a village of farmers and agriculturists. The agents, too, will report to the manager on the financial state of the towns, whether in their opinion the circus will draw good houses, and for

An important business—cooking for the entire body of performers and workmen of a circus.

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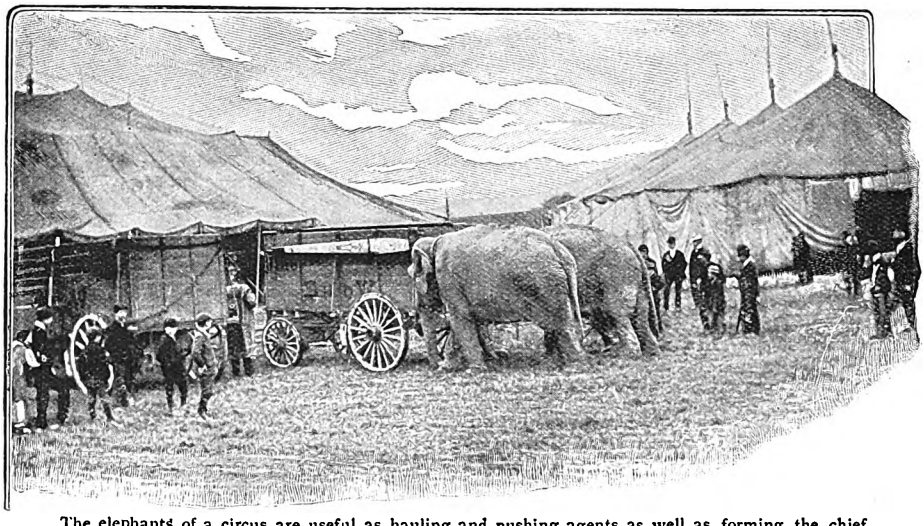


The elephants of a circus are useful as hauling and pushing agents as well as forming the chief attraction of the performance.

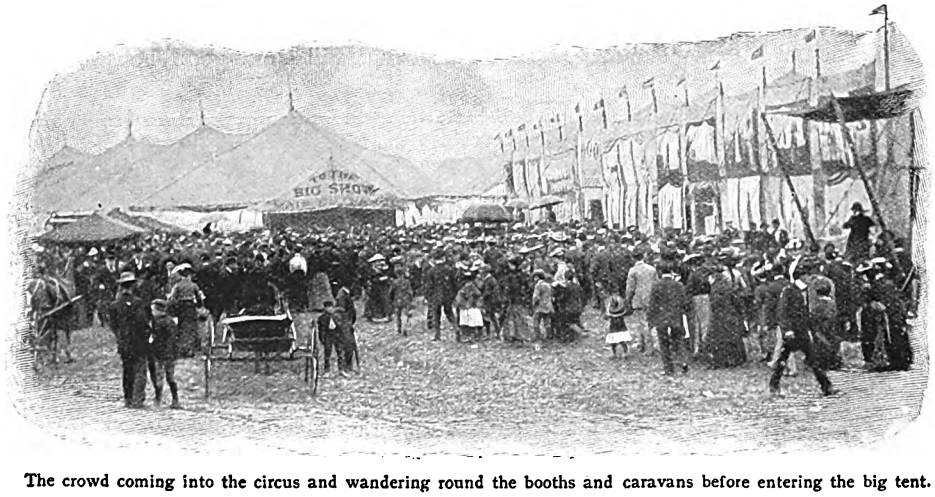
how many nights it will be advisable to stay.

So much for the advance agents. Let us think of the duties of some of the other officials. There is the press agent. He is also the advertisement manager. It is his duty to insert advertisements in the papers, to arrange for the coloured posters, the joy of the farm hands, and keep the name of the circus well before the public eye.

The amount of his work may be gauged when one hears that a big circus has as many as seventy different posters in use at a time. A good deal of his work is done in the winter, when it is too cold and wet to perform in an airy tent. In the winter, by the way, a great many travelling circuses have a permanent hall in some town, so that their show may be kept going all the year round.

There is a railway contracting agent, whose duties are defined by his name. Then the treasurer, the financial secretary of the circus, with his host of book-keepers, is no inconsiderable officer. An army of clerks, typists and such, make up the clerical staff who are hard at work in the slack season, the winter, getting ready for the summer tour. All these officials are under the general business manager, and are quite separate from the performing staff of the circus.

The work of choosing the route is entirely undertaken by the proprietor, and is in the hands of no one else. The towns to be visited are carefully considered and discussed.



The crowd coming into the circus and wandering round the booths and caravans before entering the big tent.

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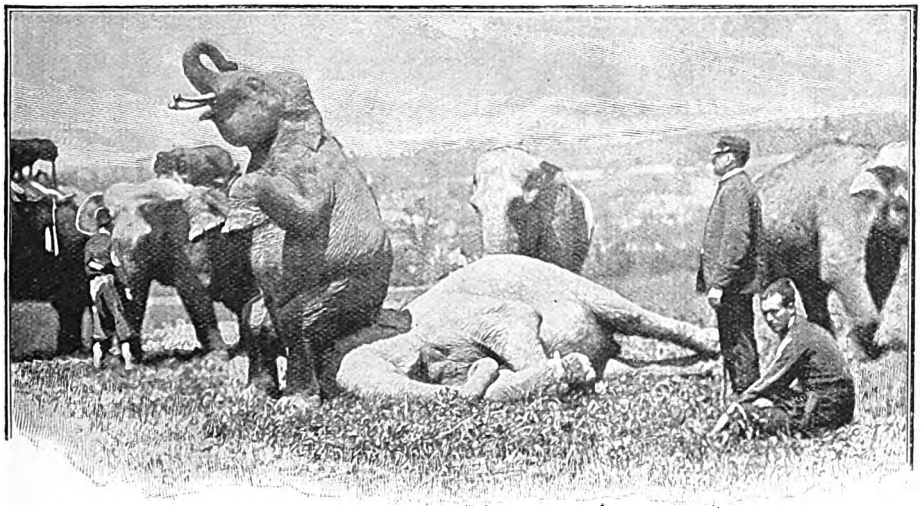


The elephants performing—they, as a rule, enjoy their antics as much as the spectators.

Then the agents are sent out, to keep six or seven weeks in advance of the show throughout the season.

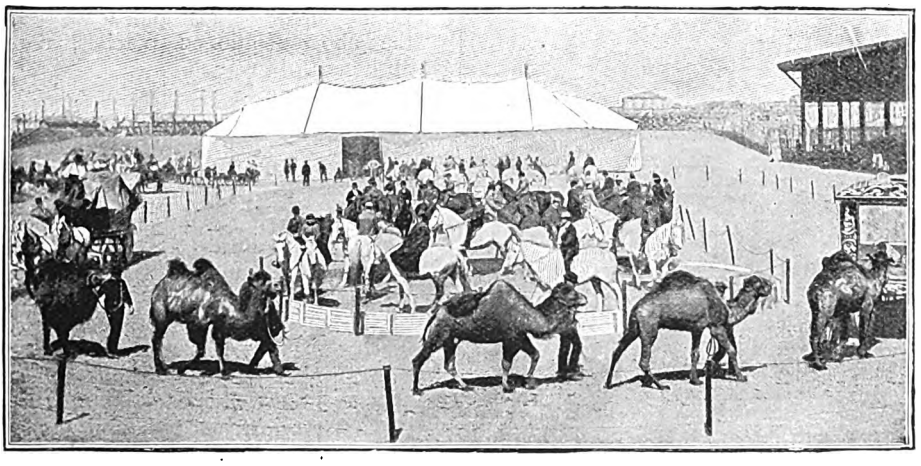
It is now that the winter toils of the advertisement and press manager bear fruit. About three weeks before the show is timed to appear the town is electrified by a huge waggon drawn by many horses, which scatters posters galore over every wall and hoarding that can be found for miles around.

The railway stations are smothered in bills and posters, and small pamphlets are left at every house, supplying thrilling literature for the younger members of the families for some time to come. These huge posters of gaudy colours are the immense delight of the country people, who think the circus quite the most delightful of entertainments.

Next week comes another advertising waggon. This one carries a new store of posters, to replace those damaged by the wind and the rain. More boards are covered, and more pamphlets are distributed to more admiring young people, telling of more wonders and glories that will be in their midst in a fortnight.

Another week comes, and with it a third waggon, bearing a collection of posters of different design to the last ones. Old weather-beaten bills are replaced by new ones, and fresh pamphlets delivered to be read as eagerly as the last.

Next week comes the agent, final



A few artistes of the circus staff of performers.

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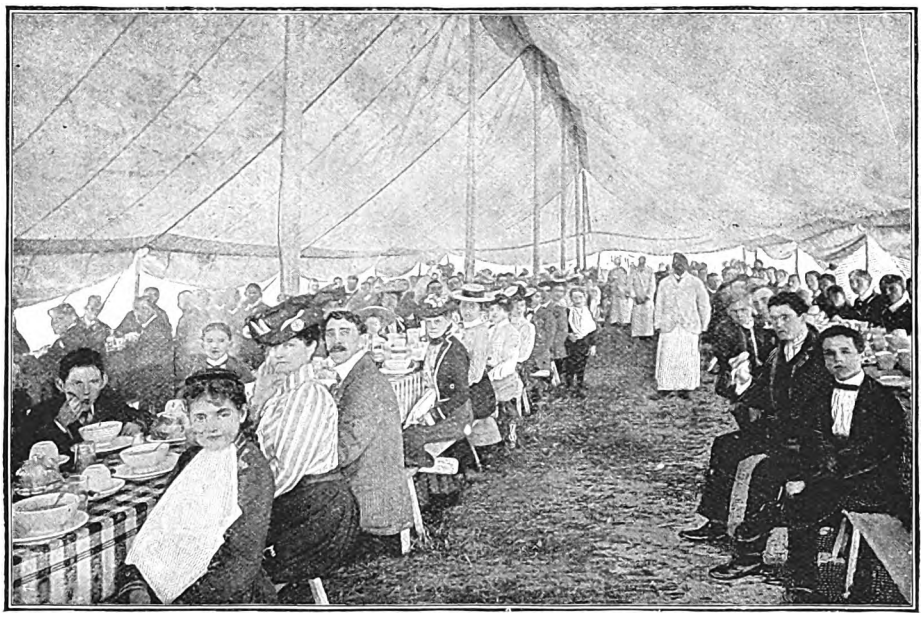


The circus staff dining together in the big tent.

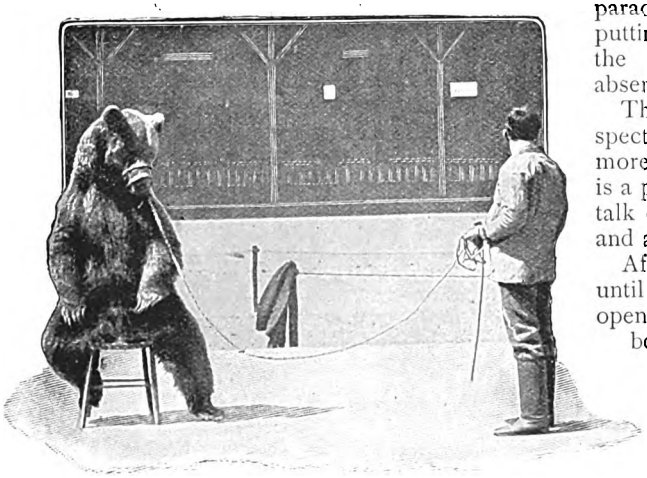
arrangements are made, and on the following day, at about five in the morning, comes the circus itself, with its three trains of long vans. First to arrive are the working staff, men and horses, with tents and all necessary apparatus. The ground is reached, and soon there springs up a huge tent, held secure by hundreds of strong ropes fixed on to hundreds of stakes, driven in by a horde of workmen as fast as they can wield their mallets.

Meanwhile the cooking waggons have been unloaded, fires and stoves have been lit, and by eight o'clock a substantial breakfast of good fresh food is ready for the whole company, who have, by this time, arrived at the field where the tents are being got up. Breakfast over, preparations are made for the parade.

This is the most important function of the day, barring the performance itself, and is worth as much from an advertising point of view as all the posters put together. Everyone, excepting the officials and perhaps a very great star, must turn up on the parade; in fact, the men who are at work putting up the seats and tents are, with the above-mentioned officials, the only absentees.

The parade does not last long, though the spectators would like to have a good deal more of it, and certainly to the little ones it is a paradise of bliss, and one that they can talk of all their lives as a vision of wonder and amazement.

After the parade, there is rest for all until dinner time, and then the doors are open, the money is taken, and the circus begins. Of the performance it is quite unnecessary to speak—we all know it so well. The machine-like regularity with which the various turns are carried out, and the perfect smoothness, tell of the Spartan discipline that obtains behind.



The grizzly bear and his keeper.

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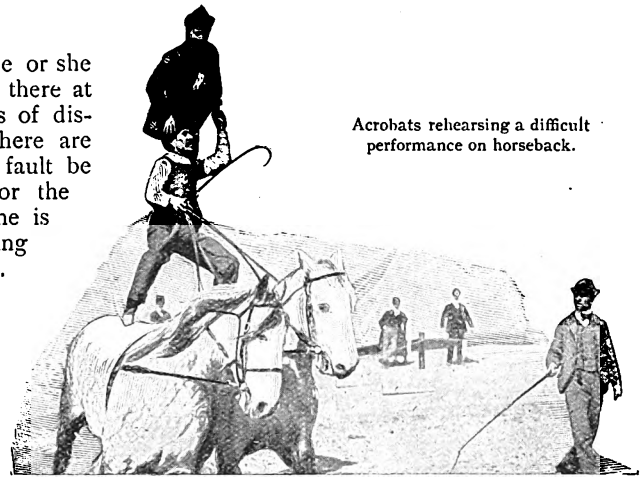


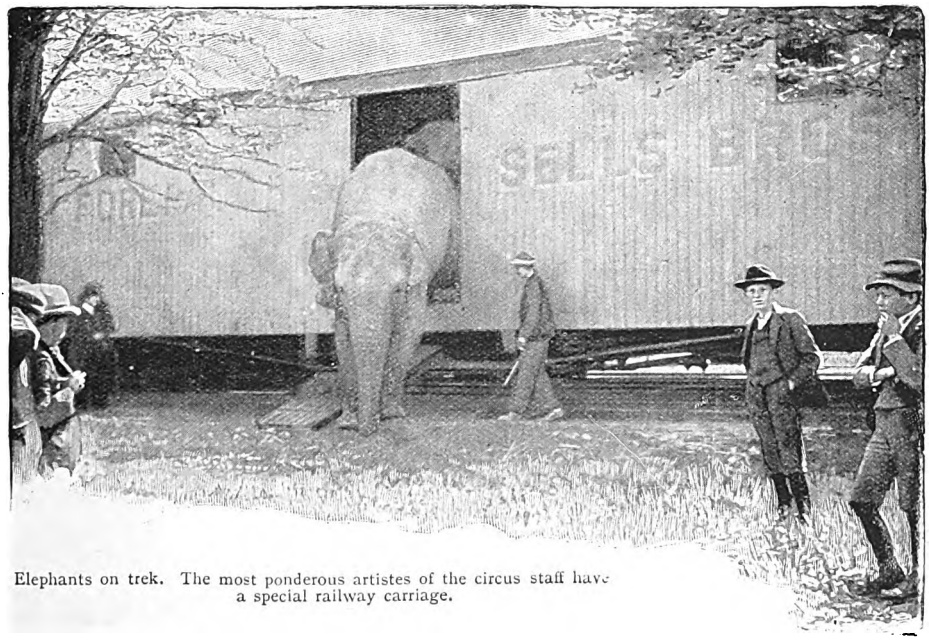
Acrobats rehearsing a difficult performance on horseback.

Everyone knows the time that he or she is due in the arena, and everyone is there at the appointed time. For breaches of discipline, lateness, or other faults, there are punishments of fines, and, if the fault be serious, there will be dismissal for the culprit. This strictness of discipline is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the circus and of the inmates. Everything is done for the good of all, and the staff cannot grumble at their treatment at the hands of the kindly proprietor.

When the afternoon performance is concluded, there is a rest for the performers, with the exception of those who run the side shows, which are still a popular feature. An early dinner or supper is very welcome after the hard labours. Then follow the preparations for the evening show.

The work of demolishing the booths, and the transportation of them to the trains, is generally begun as soon as the evening performance begins. The smaller tents are taken down, then the menagerie is emptied, and its big inhabitants are carted off to the station. By the time the performance is finished, everything is packed up, save the "big top," as the great central tent is called, which is soon cleared away. A general move of all the artistes and officials is made to the train, and away they steam to the next stopping-place, where the agent is waiting for them with all preparations made for another successful show.

At the beginning of the tour each of the members of the staff is assigned to a berth in one of the big Pulman cars, and to this berth he or she sticks throughout. These carriages are the property of the circus, and so the railways have merely to provide the means of locomotion. At midnight the doors of the carriages are locked and everyone must be in bed, save, of course, those whose duty it is to look after the train. For each carriage there is a porter, and washing and such



Elephants on trek. The most ponderous artistes of the circus staff have a special railway carriage.

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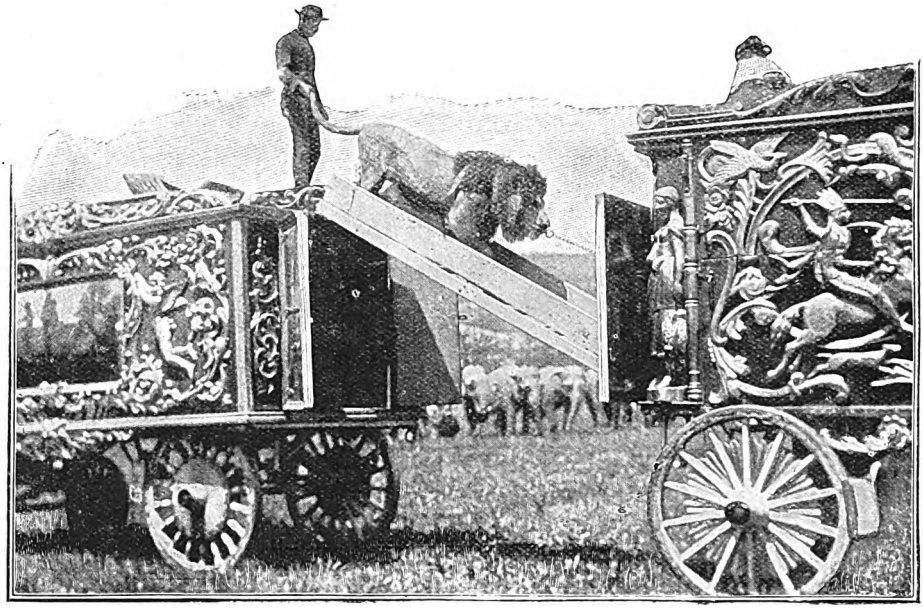


The mighty lion is an important person in every circus. He has to be treated with respect, and is moved from one place to another by means of a ring in his nose.

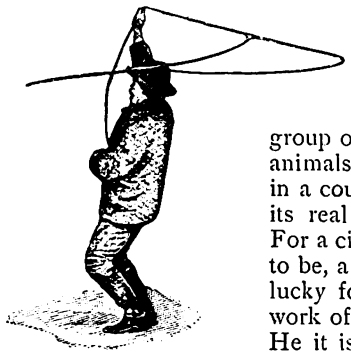
things are his business. He is naturally responsible to the proprietor for the cleanliness and general order of the carriage.

There is very little change in the company of a big circus from year to year. The workmen generally stay on indefinitely and most of the artistes, who have been with the proprietors from the beginning, seem loth to desert the company.

And it is herein that the strength of a circus lies, the conservatism and loyalty of the company. A caste of strangers would not succeed. The longer the company have been together, the more smoothly will the show run, the freer will it be from unfortunate catastrophes and objectionable hitches. The circus is an institution that has to be raised, brick upon brick, stone upon stone. Like Rome, it is not built in a day.

Here is an illustration of the acknowledged effectiveness of the modern circus. During one of the earliest of its tours in England the great Barnum and Bailey circus was well noticed in one of our leading dailies in a full column article which urged on the War Office to send officers of high rank to study the advanced methods of transportation in use in that circus, and those employed in the building of the great tents and the moving of heavy materials. We are glad to say that the War Office followed this good advice, and several officers were dispatched to learn all that there was to learn from them.

When the same circus went abroad one of the greatest monarchs in Europe personally visited it and watched the entire taking down and loading up of the show. That august personage expressed in the warmest terms how pleased he was with the ingenious means employed for the hoisting of heavy vans on to trucks by running them up inclined planes, and confessed that in his great army the heavy artillery was always hoisted by means of cranes over the side of the trucks, thus using much more time and labour than was necessary.



A lasso thrower.

Here, again, it is only a seeming contradiction to say that though from a crowd of people, a group of caravans, and a horde of animals a huge circus is erected in a couple of hours, the time of its real building is many years. For a circus is not what it appears to be, a merry show of happy-go-lucky folk. It is the elaborate work of one man—the proprietor. He it is who has built it up from the very beginning. His is the

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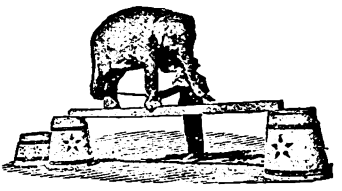


Teaching a baby elephant.

success that is bought by the experience—hard indeed at times—in early struggles, when he scoured the country with a couple of freaks, a performing dog, a single dancer, and for a band, the drum and the pan-pipes. For it was from this minute show that he built his huge circus, with his hundreds of employés.

The proprietor is the man who knows. He knows everything; for although he has a host of assistants who are all thoroughly well up in their work, yet he is at the head of all, and all depend on him. A proprietor who is incompetent had better sell the circus to someone who has a head on his shoulders, or rather two or three heads, for one alone is no good. He must not merely be ready with the solution to every problem the moment it crops up: he must have the solution ready some time before. Nothing must escape his eye or his memory.

The proprietor must know thoroughly the country he is touring. He must know his audiences and their likes and dislikes, also their means, which is most important from the financial point of view.

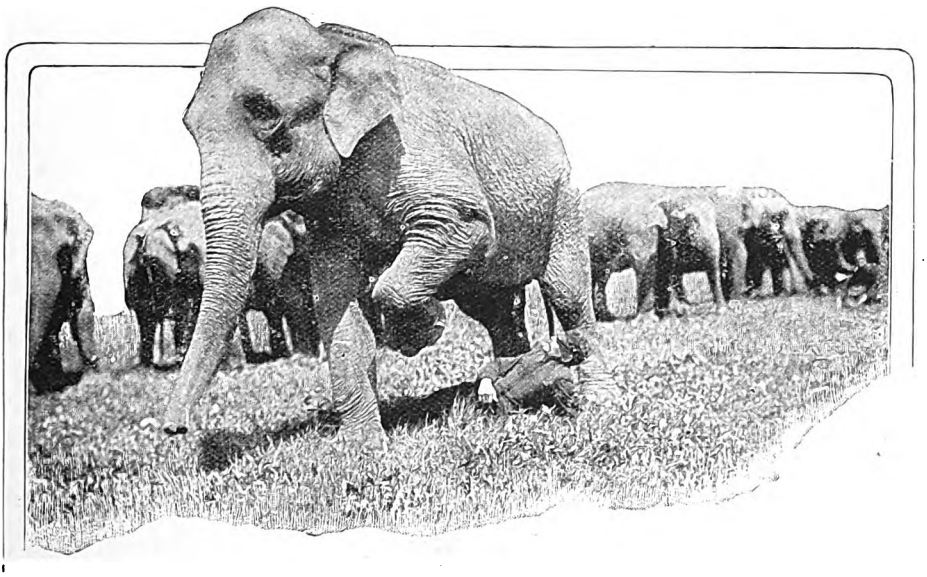
The proprietor's knowledge of horseflesh must be by no means small; for his steeds have great hardships before them. It is not every horse that can get a decent sleep while standing up in a railway truck; he must, therefore, sacrifice grace of form for toughness, and instead of the beautiful Arab steed he must purchase the useful if less ornamental country nag.

Then as regards the animals in the menagerie. He should know the principal ailments that they are likely to suffer from, and their treatment. Their habits and their food should also be made a study of—and such important points as the fact that all carnivorous beasts must fast one day in every seven. The Sunday is usually made fast day for these animals.

In one county the hay is poor; in another it is good and rich; in another there is little or no grass to be found. He must know all this and be ready prepared against all emergencies. He must also be a practical doctor, as well as a veterinary surgeon, for men as well as animals are apt to fall sick at times.

He must know the roads for miles round every town, the bridges, whether they will bear the weight of the caravans, and, if the hills are steep, where there are railways about. In short he must be everything, know everything, and be everywhere at the same time. Also, if possible, he should buy a dozen or so more eyes and ears.

They will be a good investment.



Elephants at rehearsal: this part of the show—as when the lion-tamer puts his head into the brute's mouth—is always popular with circus-goers.

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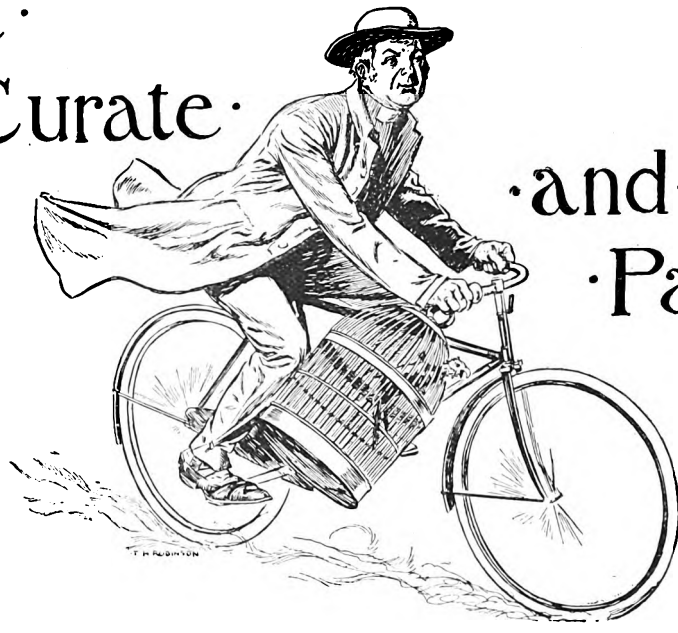
The Curate and the Parrot



The Reason why the blameless young Curate was found seated, minus *his Coat, on the top of a Telegraph Pole.*

By R. Andom.

"Confound you, you brute; keep quiet!"

The curate's tone was irritable and impatient; the curate was hot and anxious. In truth it is not an easy or a pleasant task to manage a bicycle and a big unwieldy cage containing a lively and rather spiteful parrot, to say nothing of the floppy hat and long tailed coat without which no self-respecting curate could be seen among his parishioners. So it is small wonder that the curate should have begun to think things that were not clerical as he rode from Puddlecombe the Great into Little Puddlecombe that soft spring morning.

It was the rector's business that the curate was upon; it was the rector's parrot that he had in charge, and the bicycle that he was riding was also the rector's. All the rest belonged to the curate, including the fret and the discomfort and a deep, rankling, abiding sense of injustice and folly.

A couple of hundred yards further down the road the curate came to grass. He didn't intend to get off—didn't know he was going to get off, in fact, until he got off. He did it in a hurry, and so disconnectedly, so to speak, that he and the bicycle sat down together on one side of the road and the cage alighted on the other.

Vulgar people who ride about the world on bicycles call that sort of thing "a cropper," which is an expressive and self-illuminating description, though the dictionaries have it not, at least in connection with curates and bicycles and bird-cages. The parrot effected the catastrophe all on its own. You can't, unless you are very expert, grab your coat tails with one hand and stuff a parrot-chewed finger of the other into your mouth, and ride ten miles an hour on a bicycle against time. The curate tried to, with the result I have indicated.

About the time that he sorted himself from his machine and stood up, the parrot, the rector's pet, had discovered that wire bars do not a prison make—when the door has been jerked open. Being fond of a flutter and seeing its chance, the bird perched for one moment on the outside of the cage, and then with a joyous squawk ascended before the eyes of the horrified curate and came to roost on the top of the nearest telegraph post.

Curates are sadly handicapped in situations such as these. Their calling forbids them to swear, and they are too old to cry; but it was vexing, very vexing. To add to the fun of the thing, the telegraph post was new and tarry. The curate discovered this when he leant one hand against it in maiden meditation—

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I mean, to consider the affair generally; and though a tarry hand may be the accompaniment of an honest, open heart in seafaring men, it does not go at all well with a curate's outfit. Neither for that matter does a rent trouser leg and a heavy coating of dust.

"Hello, guv'nor, had a spill?"

The tone was sympathetic if a trifle free and easy, and the curate looked up from his speculation and recognised a possible Samaritan in the shabby figure before him. He explained the situation briefly and was repaid with some more sympathy.

"Beastly nasty things to tackle though, them parrots," concluded the new arrival; "but if she knows you, may be you could shin up and cop her without getting more than a nip or two."

"I don't know her," said the curate testily, "and I am not an adept at scaling telegraph posts like that. Besides, this one is all wet tar. I'll give you half-a-crown if you can catch her for me."

The wandering one looked furtively at the curate, the cage, and the bicycle, and shook his head sadly. Half-a-crown was useful, certainly, but——

"I dussen't," he said hopelessly. "It's me 'eart. If I went up that pole like as not I'd come down 'eadlong with the heffort, a dead corpse. But there's a ladder down the road a bit, and I dare say if we gets it up and I held it you could manage."

The curate looked hopeful! The parrot perched lazily on the lower cross tree whistled an invocation to liberty and waited for developments, while its late custodian and his assistant retired down the road and presently returned bearing a short, stout ladder, which the linesmen had evidently been using in their operations.

"Hold it quite steady, won't you," admonished the curate, with some trepidation, as he prepared to ascend in his quest.

"As firm as a hanchor, sir," said the other with conviction and heartiness. "Best take off your coat; you may get it tangled in the wires."

The curate accepted the suggestion, though

"May be you could shin up and cop her without getting more than a nip or two."

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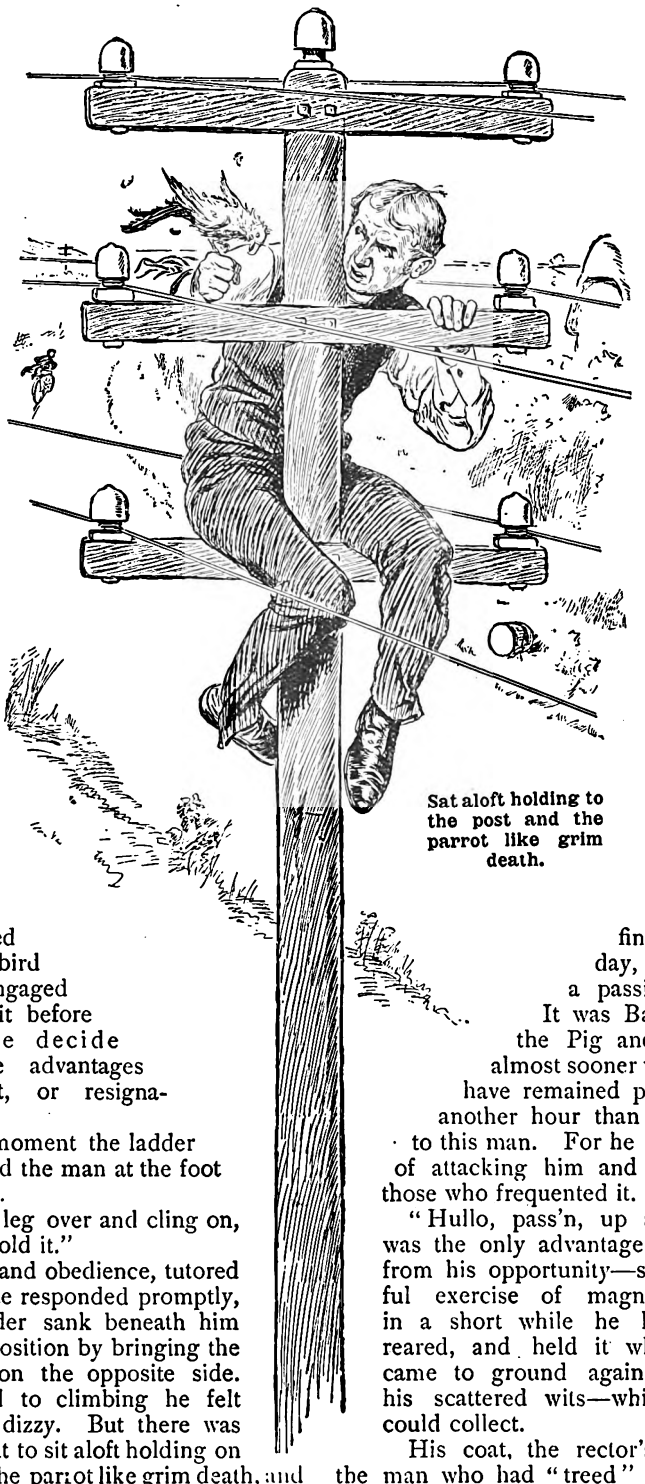
without enthusiasm, and, laying the garment neatly folded on the grass beside the ladder, he mounted steadily and with determination, speaking kindly to the parrot to hold it passive. The bird cocked its head on one side and waited with an amused smile until the hand got within a few inches, and then it hopped back and went a step higher. Still beguiling, the curate followed, and at the last stage, with one foot on the topmost rung, his knee resting on the lower cross tree, and the upper part of his body threaded through the wires, he managed to reach the bird with his disengaged hand and grab it before it could quite decide on the relative advantages of fight, flight, or resignation.



Sat aloft holding to the post and the parrot like grim death.

At the same moment the ladder gave a shiver, and the man at the foot yelled a warning.

"Throw your leg over and cling on, guvn'r; I can't 'old it."

With alacrity and obedience, tutored by fear, the curate responded promptly, and as the ladder sank beneath him he secured his position by bringing the other leg over on the opposite side. Not accustomed to climbing he felt rather sick and dizzy. But there was nothing to do but to sit aloft holding on to the post and the parrot like grim death, and await the rescue that, had he but known it, was to be long a-coming.

The man below seemed to be amused about something. He smiled a comfortable, satisfied sort of smile as he carefully and quietly laid the ladder at length on the ground, and he smiled some more as he gathered up the curate's garment, "cocked a snook" at the back of the patient, pathetic figure up aloft, and, mounting the curate's bicycle, glided noiselessly down the road.

The curate was found on a telegraph post, minus the parrot—Why did he let it go? Because it bit his finger so!—at midday, and rescued by a passing parishioner. It was Bates, landlord of the Pig and Whistle, and almost sooner would the curate have remained perched aloft for another hour than owe his rescue to this man. For he was never tired of attacking him and his house and those who frequented it.

"Hullo, pass'n, up a pole again?" was the only advantage Bates extracted from his opportunity—surely a wonderful exercise of magnaminity!—and in a short while he had the ladder reared, and held it while the curate came to ground again and collected his scattered wits—which was all he could collect.

His coat, the rector's machine, and the man who had "treed" him were never found.

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How To Become Graceful

A Few Suggestions to Girls, Showing them how they may Improve their Figure and Bearing.

By Margaret Noel.

A punching ball is a capital thing for the arms and shoulders. You should have a round or two with it every morning as soon as you get up.

"In the early days of the Victorian era," as the history books say, it was not considered necessary for girls to be strong and healthy. On the contrary, fainting and hysterics were signs of good breeding. But sixty years have wrought no inconsiderable change in the manners and the customs of the fair sex.

Nowadays fainting is much discouraged by mothers, and hysterics exist only in girls' schools, where such things are happily not frequent.

Do not spare the punching ball's feelings. Hit it hard with both fists.

Let the punching ball know how strong your arms are by hitting it with your elbows. This will straighten out your shoulders and improve your general bearing.

In the old days, when the crinoline was seen in the streets and railways were in their infancy, no exercise was taken by a young girl save a stiff walk in the park, twenty or so walking in pairs, with Miss Smithers (Seminary for Young Ladies) bringing up the rear. The natural consequence was that girls of the time were poorly developed; they were short and slight. Far be it from me to disparage the "slight girlish figure" so much beloved by people who write short stories. It is very charming indeed, but, somehow or other, it is unsatisfactory; it lacks stamina and strength. There is no backbone to it.

Now, my dear young ladies who are still at school, let me very solemnly warn you that you are soon to be launched into the great world of "grown-ups." You will have to support your sex with dignity and grace, a dignity and grace that cannot be supported by any number of hairpins, even if they be of the finest tortoise-shell, with little silver knobs at the end.

You must be graceful; graceful in all your

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If your neck is too short you can get a friend to pull it out! You need not be frightened. Your head won't come off, unless your friend pulls too hard.

movements, graceful in your manners, and graceful in your conversation. Then your younger sisters will look up to you, not merely as a delicious little fashion-plate designed by Pacquin or Worth, but as a woman to be admired for her own merits.

The very best exercise in the world for giving grace is riding; then come swimming and rowing. But these are hard to attain. We cannot all afford to ride, and swimming and rowing mean rivers and baths, to which some of us have not got access.

In the morning your body is warm and supple. This is the time to exercise it. Two of you should catch hold of each other's hands, standing back to back, and then circle round and round as fast as you can. You will become wonderfully graceful and dignified if you practise this every day.

However, you need not despair of having quite as good a figure as your more fortunate sister who rides every day. Follow up the directions that I am going to give you here, and you will soon be able to hold your own against the prettiest figure in town.

When you get up in the morning take a cold bath, as cold as your doctor will allow you. Dry yourself with rough towels, and get to work to exercise your muscles. It is a good plan for two of you to work together. You can help each other greatly, watch one another's weaknesses, and report progress.

Seize hold of the handles of your exerciser and swing your arms over your head to your feet without touching your knees. This will improve your waist and figure.

If your neck and shoulders are thin and undeveloped, get a punching ball and have a round or so with it every morning. It will probably hit you back, for you never know what a punching ball is going to do next; but never mind that. Hit it with your fists and your elbows, and if your neck is weak you can hit it with your head. This will fill out the hollows in your neck and make your arms beautifully rounded. It will, moreover, help to circulate the blood and give a warm glow to the skin.

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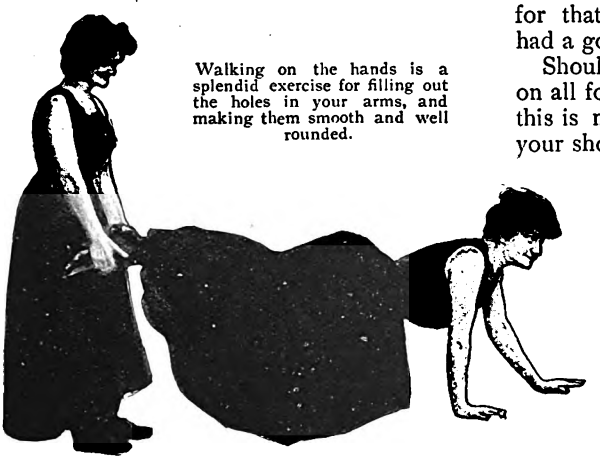


Walking on the hands is a splendid exercise for filling out the holes in your arms, and making them smooth and well rounded.

Is your neck too short? And do you want to have a lovely, swan-like neck that is always so much admired? There are no great difficulties in your way. All you have to do is to *pull it out!* It sounds absurd, doesn't it; but nevertheless it is true. Get your sister to catch hold of your head and drag you round the room. Then your neck will lose its hard, scraggy lines, or its short stumpiness, and will become a "swan's neck" indeed.

Your shoulders, too, must be exercised. A good way to do this is for two of you to stand back to back and hold each other's hands. Then twist round, circling your arms round your heads. This will make your shoulders and arms supple; you will no more stoop or have a round back, but will be upright and straight as an arrow. A girl with rounded shoulders ought never to be seen.

Your back muscles must be well exercised. An exerciser, or some apparatus of the kind, is a good thing for this. Catch hold of the dum bells or handles, hold your arms above your head, and swing them round to your toes. Do not bend your knees if you can help it. This may be hard at first, but in a few weeks you will do it easily. Do not think that because you feel as "stiff as a rush" during the first three or four days you mustn't go on with your exercises. This stiffness is bound to occur. But you will not feel it at all in a week or so. The stiffer you are to begin with the better, for that will show that your muscles have had a good dose of work.

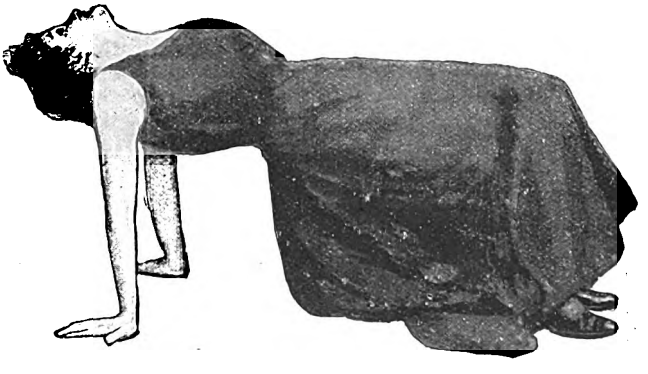
Should your arms be thin, you can walk on all fours. With your back to the ground this is not easy. Another good exercise for your shoulders and arms is a wheel-barrow race. You walk on your hands while your sister holds your feet and pushes you along.

The native girls of South Africa are most wonderfully graceful. Their carriage is superb. This is due to the fact that they wear nothing on their feet, and are in the habit of carrying bundles on their heads. Thus they gain an upright bearing. I should recommend you to walk about the room in the morning with a couple of books on your head. Never mind if they tumble down; try again. You will improve the poise of your head wonderfully after a few weeks of this practice.

Dancing and skipping are excellent for the figure, while running should be encouraged.

You must try to do some of these exercises every day, in the morning, when your body is warm and supple and none of the muscles are strained. But do not begin energetically and then give it up for a week or so. That will not do you any good at all. You must be regular in your exercises, or leave them alone.

A beautiful body begets a beautiful mind; the one is dependant on the other. If you are healthy and strong your mind will follow the example of your body and be healthy and strong, too. If you have a grace and a dignity surpassing that of the majority of your sex, your thoughts and your actions will have the same grace and the same dignity.



Walk on all fours with your back to the ground. This is very difficult, but you will soon be able to manage it. Such an exercise will strengthen your arms and legs, fill out your figure, and straighten your back.

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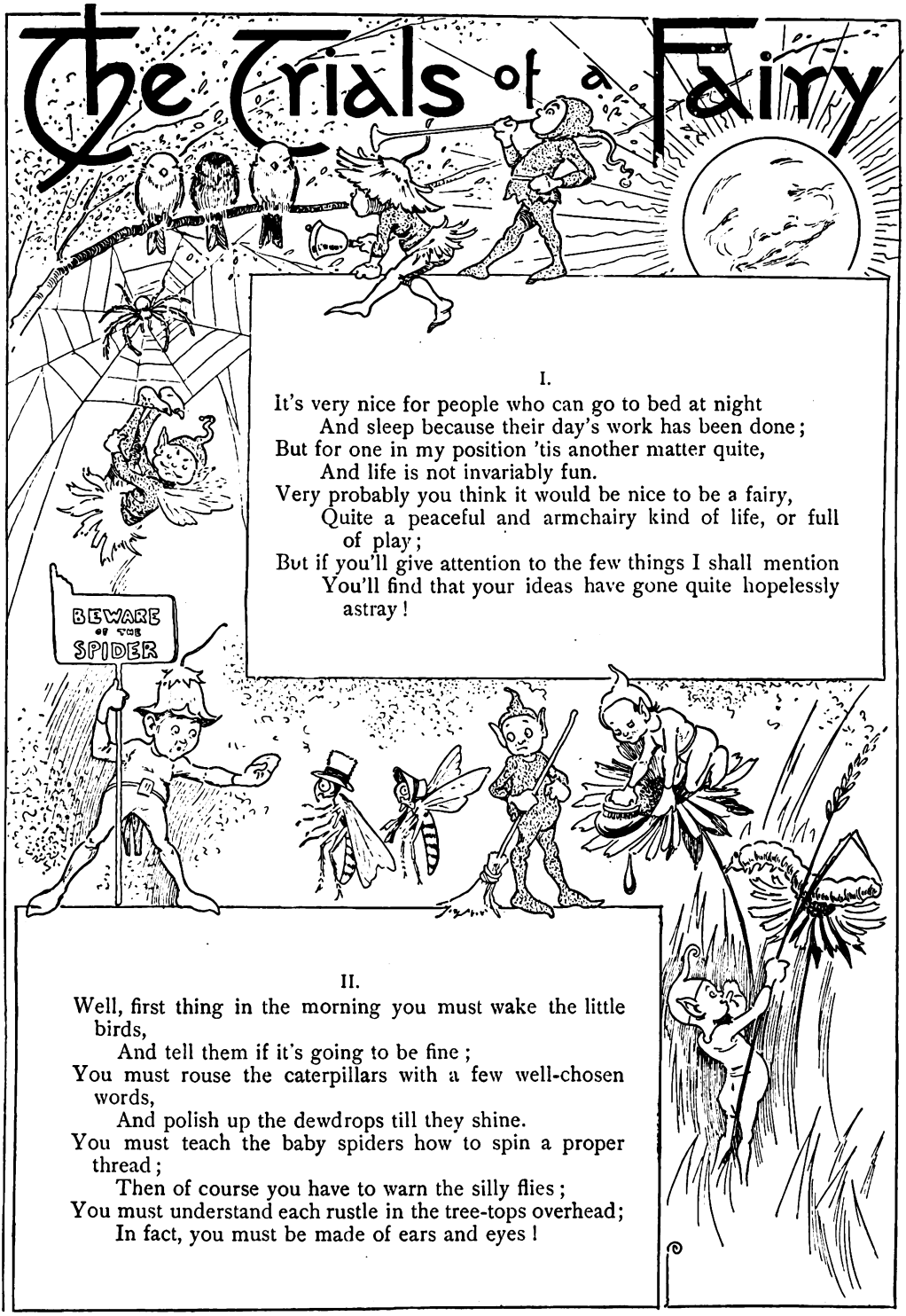
The Trials of a Fairy



I.

It's very nice for people who can go to bed at night
And sleep because their day's work has been done;
But for one in my position 'tis another matter quite,
And life is not invariably fun.
Very probably you think it would be nice to be a fairy,
Quite a peaceful and armchairy kind of life, or full of play;
But if you'll give attention to the few things I shall mention
You'll find that your ideas have gone quite hopelessly astray!

II.

Well, first thing in the morning you must wake the little birds,
And tell them if it's going to be fine;
You must rouse the caterpillars with a few well-chosen words,
And polish up the dewdrops till they shine.
You must teach the baby spiders how to spin a proper thread;
Then of course you have to warn the silly flies;
You must understand each rustle in the tree-tops overhead;
In fact, you must be made of ears and eyes!

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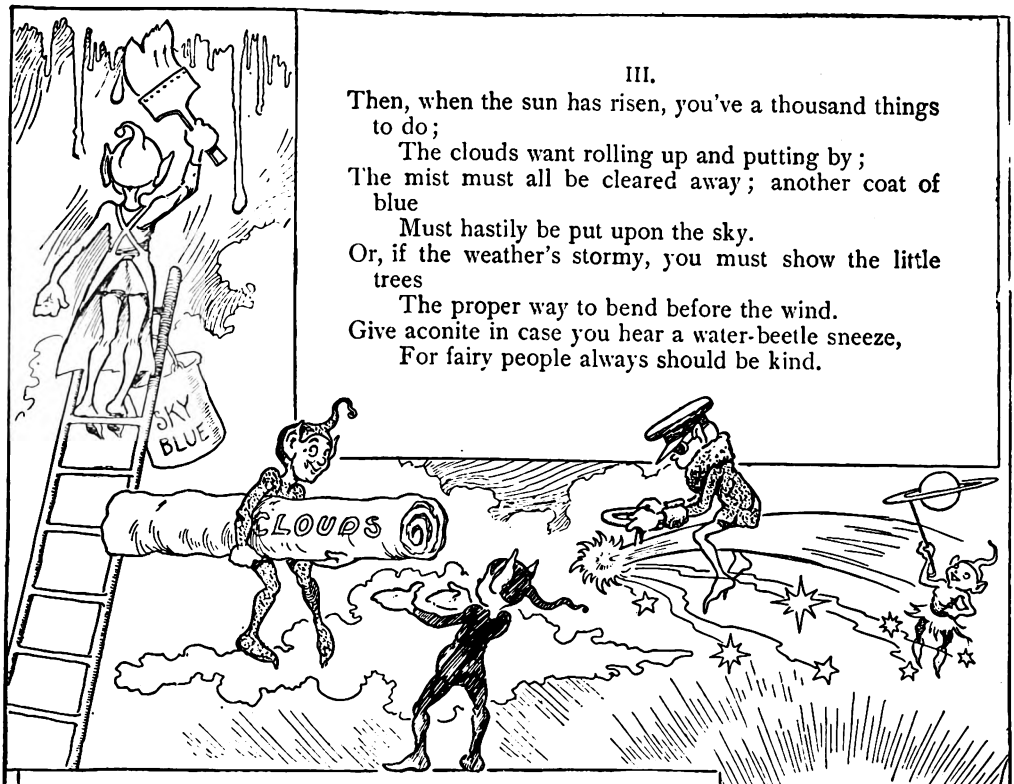
III.

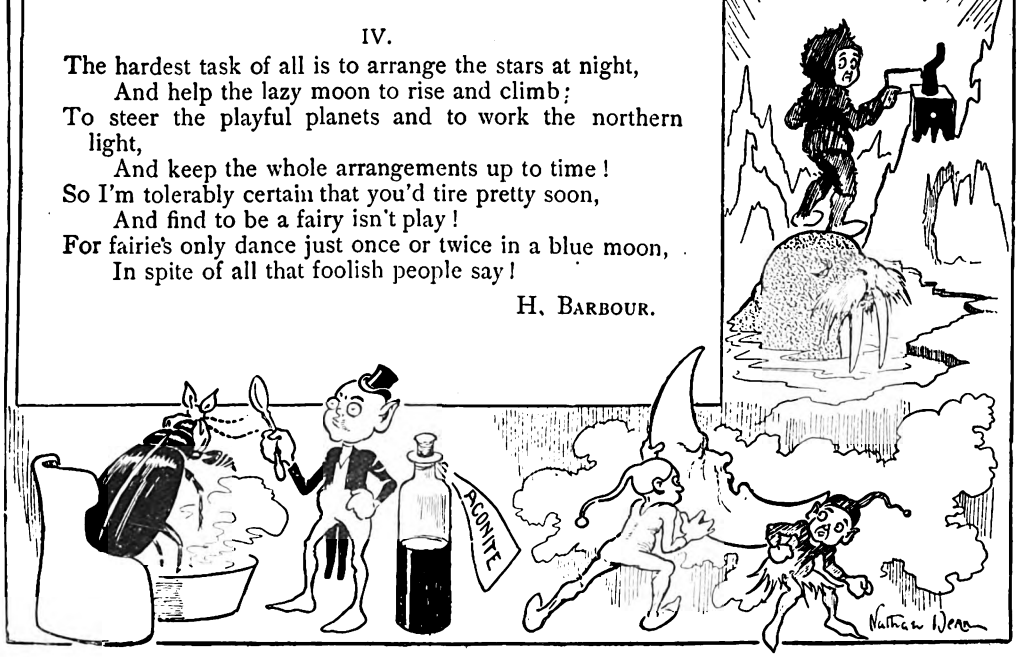
Then, when the sun has risen, you've a thousand things to do;
The clouds want rolling up and putting by;
The mist must all be cleared away; another coat of blue
Must hastily be put upon the sky.
Or, if the weather's stormy, you must show the little trees
The proper way to bend before the wind.
Give aconite in case you hear a water-beetle sneeze,
For fairy people always should be kind.



IV.

The hardest task of all is to arrange the stars at night,
And help the lazy moon to rise and climb;
To steer the playful planets and to work the northern light,
And keep the whole arrangements up to time!
So I'm tolerably certain that you'd tire pretty soon,
And find to be a fairy isn't play!
For fairies only dance just once or twice in a blue moon,
In spite of all that foolish people say!

H. Barbour.



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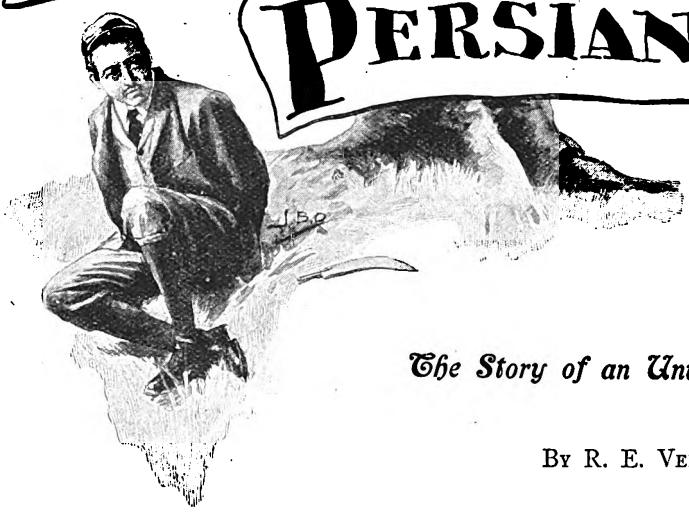
The Adventure of the Persian Prince



The Story of an Unusual Schoolboy.

By R. E. Vernède.

It was at the end of the Easter term that old Topsy, our Head (his real name being the Rev. Adolphus Turvey, M.A.), announced in Hall that after the holidays we should have among us the representative of an ancient and memorable kingdom, whose glories were before Athens, or something of that sort, and that he hoped young Yusuf would find to the full at Ripley House that spirit of frankness and comradeship which was the distinguishing feature of English schoolboys, and carry away many happy memories. We cheered a little at the time, though we hadn't a notion who Yusuf was or what sort of a kingdom he hung out in.

When the holidays came to an end, I and Wharncliffe, with whom I had been staying, returned to Ripley together, and had a cab up from the station. We had two grass snakes and three hedgehogs, which I got through while the Matron was sniffing some flowers that Mrs. Wharncliffe sent her.

"How kind of your mother," she said. "They do smell nice."

"Ripping!" said Wharncliffe, winking to me to cut, as the grass-snakes smelt a good deal stronger than the roses. "Anyone new?"

"There are six new boys—besides the Persian Prince."

"By Jove, the representative! I'd forgotten about him," said Wharncliffe.

We went off then to be kind, as the Matron asked us; and, after we had stacked our beasts, we found him, feeling pretty dull from his appearance. His name was Akbar Yusuf-ud-Keen, and he was a sort of grand-nephew many times removed of the Shah, so that his rank was pretty high in his own country.

We couldn't find out from him what exactly his country was, but Barham, who takes the fifth form, thought it was Arabia Felix, so called from the scarcity of dates. He was darkish, with a small moustache, though a good deal bigger than Barham's, but he had the thinnest shins I ever saw.

Wharncliffe and I rather took to the P.P., as he interested us and was beastly grateful, though fierce when provoked. We taught him a good deal in the short time he stayed, all things considered.

He turned up at Soccer the first time in a pair of scarlet patent leather bath slippers, which he thought would do to play in; but Barham, who was reffing, wouldn't have it, and sent him to change.

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I fancy Barham took rather a spite against the P.P., being jealous of his moustache; and the P.P. hated Barham, and once called him a "dom cheat" when he gave off-side against the school-house. And Barham couldn't set him lines or anything, because he didn't understand any language much except his own.

The P.P. picked up footer pretty fast, though he hated having his shins kicked. These natives don't seem to have much endurance—even the princes—and many of their ideas are strange. And it is because of this that the adventure I have to relate occurred, and I am telling a good many things about Yusuf beforehand, as allowance must be made.

He had been sent over, he said, to learn the English diplomatic, which I suppose he thought had something to do with pot-hooks and spelling; and he was as uppish as an old cock when he got a sum right, which was seldom.

It was after he had been at the school some time that the adventure to which I have referred took place. You never know what small things lead to. Wharncliffe wanted some fresh air after stuffing Virgil, naturally enough; and, as it was a half-holiday, I proposed birds-nesting.

"We'd better have a third, then," said Wharncliffe. "Who shall we take?"

"Why not the P.P.?" said I. "He's never been out of bounds yet, so it would be new fun for him."

Wharncliffe agreed, and the P.P. was awfully pleased when we broached the subject to him.

"Me? To obtain the bird's nest?"

"Yes; we've got our eye on several," I said. "Ever tried for a rook's nest?"

"Roc?" asked Yusuf, perplexed.

"He's thinking of Sinbad the Sailor," explained Wharncliffe. "Come along, old chap, we'll show you what it's like out of bounds."

Wharncliffe had had some cash sent by his mother the day before, so we laid in some ginger-beer and puffs and started off pretty early. It was a hot sort of day, with a good many bees buzzing about, and dusty on the roads, so that we finished the ginger-beer before we started, which saved a good deal of trouble in carrying the bottles.

"It's all the better," Wharncliffe said, "if we're going on into Squire Hardy's place—might have to run."

"Is it an enemy—so?" asked Yusuf, showing his teeth. He was jolly excited, whether because he really thought we were going after roc's eggs (which must be hot work), or because the ginger-beer had gone to his head, we didn't know.

"Rather," I said. "If the keeper spots us, he's an enemy right enough. Mind you cut."

"Of course," said Yusuf. "I will cut."

And he tapped his chest with pride in his native manner.

Wharncliffe led the way over a gate into

Yusuf came down on his pocket, trying to vault after us.

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the fields. Yusuf came down on his pocket trying to vault after us and squashed the puffs. He was nearly weeping with excitement when we got into the woods. Wharncliffe told me afterwards that the P.P. seemed to have thought that out of bounds was some dangerous place where tigers abounded, and there were elephant-pits which you might fall into. I noticed at the time that his large cat's eyes kept blinking from one side to the other as he walked.

However, we were too keen on nests to wonder what the P.P. was thinking about, and I don't think anyone could really blame Wharncliffe and me. Of course we were out of bounds, but we were doing the P.P. a kindness, we thought. "Showing him the spirit of comradeship," as Wharncliffe said, and Topsy might have considered that afterwards, if he hadn't been in such a bilious fury.

We'd got five eggs by that time (one starling, one partridge, two hedge-sparrow, one blue, spotted with brown, name unknown to Wharncliffe or me. Then I fancied I saw a woodpecker scuttle into a hole in an oak.

Wharncliffe gave me a leg up, and then I helped him, and we told the P.P., who was awfully bad at climbing, to stick below and keep *cave*, in case a keeper came along. We got up the first part easily enough, but then the oak got twisty, and we went on the wrong tack. The old bird was fluttering round right enough; but it turned out that her hole was to the right when we'd got to the left. And Wharncliffe, who was below me, was just standing up to swing across when a nasty call came up.

"Naow, me lad, down yo' come, an' we'll see what the Squire'll say!"

Wharncliffe popped into the leafiest part like a weasel, and I sat still. It was impossible to know which of us the keeper had seen, and we both thought it was the other, and lay low. From where I was I could see pretty plainly, and was rather annoyed to find that the speaker was a thick-haired keeper we'd met before and cheeked pretty well. He wasn't the oldest of them either and could sprint, as we knew. He'd put his gun down at the foot of the tree and was pulling a switch, which looked nasty.

"Are yo' comen daown smart, or are yo comen daown to smart?" he called up again with a chuckle. It is beastly having that sort of a man making low jokes at you when you can't see a way out.

"Keep your hair on, Towsy-head!" I sung out.

"Ho, there be two on you, be there?" he growled, looking in my direction, and I saw that I'd made a mistake, as he must have spotted young Wharncliffe before. But it was no good repenting now, and Wharny realised it and began cheeking too.

"Catch, Towsy," he called, and got him in the face with the jammy part of a puff. "You don't get jam every day, do you, Towsy?"

"Awright!" said the keeper angrily; "Ah'll mak' you smart when ah've gotten you."

Wharncliffe had come on to my bough again, as it was no good trying to hide; and he whispered:

"The P.P. ought to be kicked for this. *Cave*, indeed!"

I'd quite forgotten for the moment that we'd left the P.P. standing below, where there was certainly no sign of him now.

"Where do you s'pose he is?" I asked.

"Bolted," said Wharncliffe. "He might have whistled."

It certainly did seem mean of the P.P. to have slipped off without a word like that, even if he was a barbarian and had no *esprit de corps*. You would have thought an Ojibbaway even would know better, and Persians are supposed to be a good deal more civilised than Red Indians, not going in for scalps and tomahawks.

Only, as it happened, we were mistaken about the P.P., worse luck. If only he had slunk off—which he hadn't done at all, except to conceal himself for a jiffy or two and brood gorily—we might have come to terms or made a dash for it. Not that Towsy showed any signs of going off to sleep, or of losing his prey as well as his hair. He sat tight at the bottom of the tree-trunk, and got rather strategic in the way he took cover from the more jammy pieces of the puff that we still had left; so that we had begun to reserve our ammunition and were naturally feeling a bit sick of the whole thing. Young Wharncliffe even went so far as to suggest a parley.

"I say," he called down, "why shouldn't we try and settle it?"

"Ah'm gwoan to try and settle it," said the gamekeeper.

The beast began chuckling harder than ever, having got out of his sulks by scoring over young Wharncliffe.

"It's no go," I said. "Shut up kow-towing. We'll make him wait, anyhow. Hullo!"

From our branch we could only see down

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on to a sort of small square patch of earth, as the leaves on both sides hid the rest of it. Towsy had squatted down at one end of it and begun smoking a pipe; we could only see his back. And just a yard or so from his back, creeping along towards it like a blooming tiger on the trail of a crocodile, came the P.P. He was sort of on all-fours, and on all his toes at once; and I never saw anything more like a nasty cat.

"Look!" I whispered to young Wharncliffe. "What's the P.P. up to?"

For half a mo' we just stared, and then we both yelled:

"Look ahead, Towsy!" for the P.P. had a scimitar in his hand, and I howled to the P.P. to cut or he'd get a licking. Such was his hopeless and barbarous *esprit de corps*, however, that with a combined wriggle and dive he leaped on to the gamekeeper's shoulders.

Luckily I got a clutch of his legs just as I fell.

Next instant Wharncliffe and I were tumbling down that oak tree in a heap. We arrived on our backs together as if we'd been doing a kind of three-legged race, and——

"Collar him low!" said Wharncliffe.

Luckily I got a clutch of his legs just as I fell, and we brought him down before he'd time to run amuck.

"Got a handkerchief?" asked Wharncliffe; and we tied him up with my handkerchief in grim silence.

"What did you do it for?" I asked him.

"I cut—the enemy—was it not?" said the P.P. in tones of high dudgeon.

You can't do anything with a person who mixes the simplest idiom of the British tongue in this manner. Whether he had mixed up cutting—in the sense of hooking it—with jabbing or not, I don't know.

Meanwhile we brought Towsy round with some water young Wharncliffe fetched in the P.P.'s cap. Towsy wasn't as dead as we thought, and seemed more surprised than anything when he opened his eyes. Uncommonly sulky, too, and ungrateful, for though we offered him two bob (in weekly instalments) and young Wharncliffe's belt as a sling, he preserved a hostile demeanour and said he should let our headmaster hear of it, which he did, the Squire coming round next day, and the whole school being assembled and Topsy in his frowsiest temper.

That is really the whole story. The P.P. was removed shortly after, "In the hope" as Topsy said, "that in some sterner sphere he would learn the lesson of self-control and the civilised arts of peace, which alone would enable him, in the dim future, to benefit and ameliorate the condition of his own ancient and memorable country;" while "those who, instead of exemplifying the virtues of obedience and loyalty (being young Wharncliffe and I) to one who was a stranger within our gates" (the P.P.), got it jolly hot, in a manner that I will not describe. It is useless to expect gratitude from headmasters.

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The Squire's Ride

The Weird Story of an Actual Event.

By E. D. Ross.

SQUIRE CREIGHTON tossed restlessly in bed; he had fidgeted uneasily all night. He could not understand his wakefulness. He was, as a rule, the soundest of sleepers.

Finally, at four o'clock in the morning, he got up and dressed. He roused the old butler and ordered some food, and his horse to be saddled.

The man looked at him in amazement.

"I beg pardon, sir, are you going far?" asked the faithful old servant.

"I don't know, John. I feel that I am not my own master exactly in this matter. I am obeying an instinct. It is imperative that I ride out at once."

Old John stared. This was beyond him.

Putting some cold chicken and bread before his master, he went to the stables to wake a groom and order a horse to be got ready.

He came back considerably quicker than he went.

"The horse is all ready, sir," he gasped.

"Ready, is it? Ah!" There was no astonishment in the Squire's voice.

"Hilary says as how he was woke up by hearing you call to him out of your window some time ago, sir. You told him to saddle Black Prince."

"Strange," murmured the Squire—"I don't recollect anything of it, but it is all in keeping."

With these half-muttered words he left the mystified John, went out, and mounted his horse.

The morning was exhilarating, and Black Prince was in great form.

The Squire had taken the turning to the distant county town, avoiding that to the nearest village. Was it the Squire or was it the horse that took the turning?

It was a long ride, but the morning was yet early and Black Prince was going splendidly.

"We shall be delayed at the toll-bar," said the Squire to himself. "No one will be astir yet."

He felt the need for speed.

Nearer and nearer he rode to the toll-gate. It was open—a most unusual thing at that hour. The Squire rode through, throwing a coin to the man in charge, who seemed half asleep.

"I heard you," he shouted, as the Squire rode on, not waiting for an explanation.

Across a heath where Black Prince could enjoy a gallop they cantered at top speed.

Three miles further on they would come to a river. It was wide, and the ferry and the ferryman stayed at the far side. Usually it was a lengthy business to get across, for the man's attention had first of all to be roused, and

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then he had to bring the ferry over. The Squire was disturbed. He urged on Black Prince as if to make up now for the time which he feared must be lost.

They rode those miles in a wonderfully short time, and when they reached the river the ferry was waiting for them.

"How is this, my man?" the Squire asked as they were crossing.

"What, sir?" said the ferryman in surprise.

"How is it that you are at this side of the river—so early in the morning, too?"

"I ain't deaf, sir," answered the astonished man, "I heard you shouting half-an-hour agone."

"Ah, that was fortunate," the Squire contented himself with remarking.

The river was crossed, and on rider and horse sped. Both were beginning to feel the strain of their rapid and long journey when at last the chimneys of the town became visible.

The morning was well advanced by this time, and there was some considerable amount of traffic to navigate, but Black Prince was allowed to pass without trouble. Market carts and other vehicles and passengers on foot or on horseback all made way for him. It was as if the Squire shouted as he rode: "In the King's name!"

Tired and worn out with hunger the Squire was at a loss for the first time on reaching the heart of the town. But Black Prince turned into the ancient hostelry. He wanted rest and food, too.

Giving him into the charge of the ostler, the Squire went indoors to seek breakfast for himself. He had had a long journey and for what purpose he had not the least idea. He had come in obedience to a call stronger than his own will, stronger than his reason, and here he was.

He made a hearty meal, and, as he was finishing, the landlord entered the room.

He noticed the stranger and, imagining he knew his business, spoke:

"You've come for the assizes, I suppose, sir."

"The assizes! Are they being held now?" questioned the Squire, all interest. The fact had quite escaped his memory.

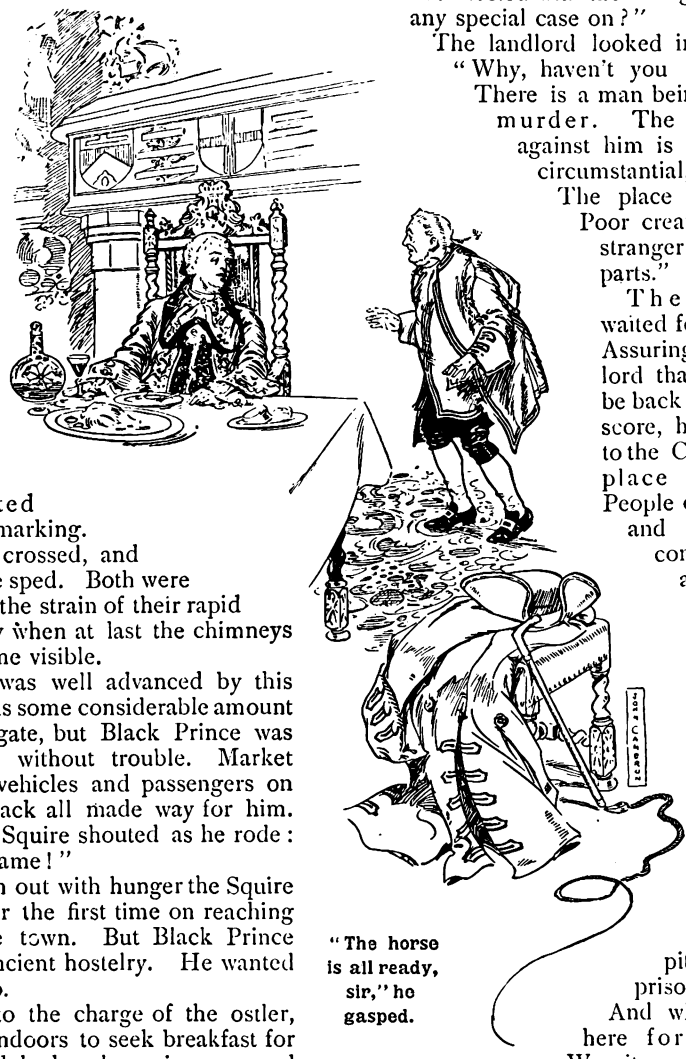
"To be sure, I thought you had something to do with them. Aren't you a lawyer?"

"I'm a magistrate, and my business may be connected with the sitting. Is there any special case on?"

The landlord looked incredulous.

"Why, haven't you heard, sir? There is a man being tried for murder. The evidence against him is strong, but circumstantial, so they say. The place is packed. Poor creature, he's a stranger in these parts."

The Squire waited for no more. Assuring the landlord that he would be back to settle his score, he hastened to the Court. The place was full. People of all ranks and ages had come to hear a fellow man condemned to death. The Squire had a feeling of revulsion against them all, and a feeling of overwhelming pity for the prisoner.



"The horse is all ready, sir," he gasped.

And what was he here for himself? Was it curiosity, too?

He pushed his way into the Court. He could hear the question to the prisoner—"Is there any reason why sentence of death should not be passed on you?" There was a pause. The Squire pushed forward again, but still he could not see the prisoner.

"Yes," answered a voice, "I have said I

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"There he is!" The prisoner pointed full at the Squire.

was not there. I spent the whole of that evening with a man. He was a stranger to me. It was in a place whose exact locality I can't remember. Would to God I knew that man's name, but—— *There he is!"*

The prisoner pointed full at the Squire, who had just then managed to elbow his way through the crowd.

All eyes were turned on Squire Creighton, but he was gazing only at the prisoner.

"I was with that man on the evening of April 20th"—the Squire spoke in a clear, assured voice, audible to all—"on Barstow Heath. He was riding to this very place, and owing to an accident to his horse was delayed at a small inn seven miles from Butling Hall, my home. I was riding on the Heath that evening, and seeing a stranger, I stopped and talked to him. I did not leave him till nine o'clock. I am sure of my dates and of the time."

There was dead silence in the Court.

The prisoner was being tried for the murder of a man some ten miles in the opposite direction to Barstow Heath, between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of April 20th. He was more or less a wanderer on the face of the earth, and while the circumstantial evidence had been strong against him, he had failed to prove an alibi. Only one man in the world could have saved him, and by a miracle that man appeared.

The prisoner was acquitted.

This happened many, many years ago. The story was told to me as true. The account of the trial and the incidents of the Squire's ride are in the records of some city or town in England. Can any one tell me where?

IF.

"If I were you, and you were me——"
"What grammar, sir!" she cried;
"Oh, were you never taught at school
About the verb 'to be' a rule
That's published far and wide?"

"If I were you," he answered her,
"I think I should not care
Whether the man I loved said 'me'
Or 'I'; his faults might others see;
I'd love him still, I swear."

"But if you never loved him well?"
She queried, very low;
"If he were only extra dull,
And you—too cruel-merciful—
Forbore to bid him go?"

"If that were so," he slowly said,
And turned towards the door,
"If that were really so indeed,
I'd say good bye to him with speed,
And never see him more."

"Ah, but"—she said—"don't go! because—
Because I have not told
What I in such a case would do,
If I in very truth were you,
And very, very bold."

"And what is that?" he coldly asked,
And coldly turned his head;
"If I were you," she said, "I'd see
That she was only teasing me—
I really would," she said.

V. H. F.

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The Woman Who Can't

The Correct Solution of the Great Question Who not to Marry.

By E. Almaz Stout.

Of late years we have all heard a good deal of the "Woman Who Did" and of the "Woman Who Didn't," and very trying and uncomfortable young women they must have been for their friends. But for average mankind there is another kind of Woman who has far more influence and effect on his every-day life and who is infinitely more trying to his temper and patience—when he has to live with her—and that is the "Woman Who Can't!"

I say advisedly "when he lives with her," for it is remarkable that though a man gets indignant and impatient with the "Woman Who Can't" when she happens to be his wife, his mother or his sister, he seems to find a strange charm and attraction in the woman who constantly appeals to his strength and protection, saying—or looking—pathetically: "Will you do this or that for me, for—I can't!"—that is, when she does not chance to be one of his own women-kind.

There is the Woman who *can't* live without her mother.

A friend of mine once asked the maiden of his choice to become his wife. She gladly consented, and they proceeded to plan out their new life and new home together. "Yes, yes! And then a dear little sitting-room for mamma!"

"For mamma?" said my friend, with rapidly falling face. "But she won't be there, except for visits—long, *long* visits, of course!" he added hastily.

"O-h! I certainly thought you meant mamma to come too. If you don't I couldn't possibly marry you. I have always said I should live with her, and I can't do without her, I really can't."

Naturally, my friend being in love and very young, gave way, and took mamma-in-law to his hearth and home. But where was the happy life and perfect felicity he had contemplated? Life was a burden. If ever he were a shade irritable or suggested that he should like this or that done, tears or storms were his portion, "Mamma" vigorously asserting that "her darling's life should never be spoiled by a mere, vile man while she could prevent it—never!"

One day, in a stronger and firmer mood than usual he insisted that "Mamma" should go and stay with some friends who had invited her, as he "wanted his little wife to himself for a while."

For a whole week his home was a chaos—a wilderness. The servants gave notice; the rooms were in perpetual disorder and a mass of dust and dirt; meals were late and disgracefully cooked. When he gently hinted to his wife that

The Woman who Can't do little things for herself and is constantly calling in the nearest man to help her, is all very well till the freshness wears off; but after that she makes people tired.

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she should see to things herself a little if the servants behaved so badly and left her at a moment's notice, he was met with the usual floods of tears and the bitter reproach: "You shouldn't have made dear mamma go away. I always told you I didn't know how to manage. I don't know anything about a house, and I *can't* manage servants and do things!"

"Mamma" was telegraphed for to return next day.

First cousin to this Woman is the one who "can't do little things for herself." "Yes," she will say pathetically, "dear Mary can always look nice and well-dressed on very little. But then she is so clever with her fingers. She makes so many things for herself. She buys cheap remnants at the sales and makes the sweetest blouses. I only wish I could, but I can't! I am perfectly helpless with my fingers." And she glances contentedly at those long, slim, white members.

Mouse!! There are many Women who Can't bear mice, and if one appears they will take up a graceful attitude on the nearest piece of furniture, and refuse to move.

Meanwhile, the poor husband, who is finding it horribly hard to make two ends meet, has to do without many a sorely-needed thing in order to pay for the best of smartly-made clothes, because his wife "can't do things for herself" and yet "can't possibly be expected to wear a gown that does not look as smart as Mrs. A.'s or a hat that does not bear the Parisian impress!"

Who doesn't know the Woman who can't face an imaginary danger or small inconvenience? Such women as these should always be left at home when journeys or expeditions are planned—for how many a picnic or pleasure party is spoiled by a woman who cannot or will not try to mount a rather stiff hill or clamber over some rough-looking rocks or soil her boots by crossing a dirty field.

Women who want to be wrapped in cotton-wool, and insist on this stuffy covering, ought to be content to be put in a cardboard box or a glass case and just looked at. They may be very pretty — but, like many pretty things, they don't wear well!

I well remember a picnic-party nearly coming to a most disastrous conclusion because the hostess — pretty, dainty, long-skirted, high-heeled Dolly—refused to cross a narrow bridge. She and her husband—a great, devoted, but sometimes rather impatient giant, had invited a large party of friends to a picnic luncheon in the Cray Woods. They drove to within half a mile of the place and then dismissed the carriages.

A case of a Man who Can't. This is a much rarer animal, and he can't understand a woman being sea-sick on a perfectly calm day—unsympathetic beast.

A shallow stream separated the last field from the woods. Nearly all the party crossed over the single-plank bridge in safety, with many screams and much laughter. When Dolly saw it she shuddered and vowed —"I *can't* cross that thing. I should turn giddy and tumble in—I know I should."

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "If I hold your hand this side, and Dick there stretches out his from the other, you will only have one step alone."

"I can't! It's no use."

"But you *must*! See, everyone else is over. You are the hostess, you can't leave your guests alone. Now Dolly, courage. One—two—three—over you go!"

"I can't—I *can't*!" was all that that small woman would say.

"Well, if you can't, I *will*," said Harry, and seizing her in his great strong arms, proceeded to carry her over.

But alas, the combined weight on the

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slender bridge caused it to go cra-ack, crack, and before Harry, hampered with his struggling burden, could spring forward, down the two had gone, plump into the gurgling stream, with its soft and oozy bottom.

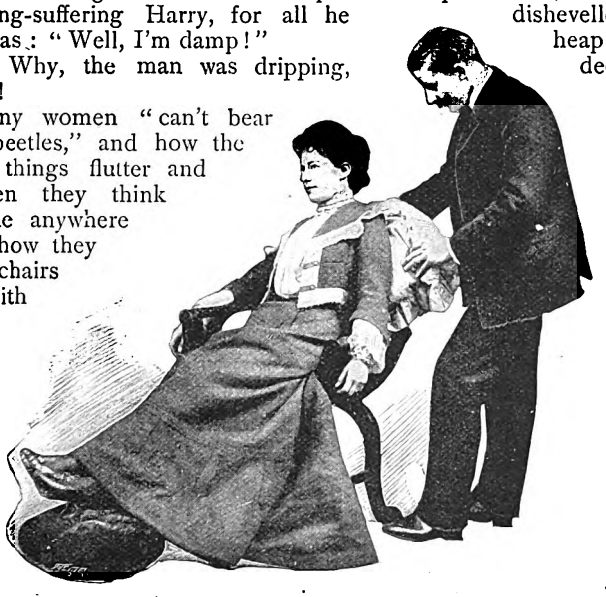
When the bedraggled, dripping pair were safely extricated, if you will believe it, that misguided little woman, instead of taking it as a just and merited punishment for her obstinacy, turned and roundly, if tearfully, abused her better half, declaring that "it was all his fault, and that if he had only let her alone, *this* would not have happened, and that she was just going to cross when he roughly dragged her into the stream!"

I gasped, and thought what a noble temper had the long-suffering Harry, for all he ejaculated was: "Well, I'm damp!"

Damp? Why, the man was dripping, soaking wet!

How many women "can't bear mice and beetles," and how the poor little things flutter and scream when they think there is one anywhere about, and how they jump on to chairs and tables with their skirts held well aloft.

When you implore them to get down and assure them "it has gone quite away," and whack the floor and furniture with a poker in a way sufficient to scare any ordinarily balanced mouse into cerebral aberration for the rest of its life, they absolutely decline to believe your hitherto-never-doubted word and cry: "No, I know it's still there. I daren't get down. No, I really *can't!*" And they gather those pretty frills a shade higher and you get a still more extended glimpse of openwork stocking.



The Woman who Can't do anything is very charming—so long as she be pretty. The Mere Man who Can finds quite a pleasure in propping her up with cushions, fetching smelling-salts, and wielding her fan to keep her cool.

Now I ask, in all innocent spirit of inquiry, has it ever struck you that you have never seen a woman who has not dainty billows of frills under her dress skirt and pretty little feet, jump on to tables and chairs with that same dress skirt gathered up high? It has often struck me as curious that I have never seen this sort of gymnastic display given by a woman in a lindsay petticoat and broad, flat-heeled shoes. But then I am only a man!

Of course, men sometimes "can't," and then I doubt not they are just as maddening to women, as women can be to men.

My wife always waxes furious over the recollection of a man who "couldn't understand." I don't see much in it myself, but then I was never sea-sick.

On one occasion she was travelling alone from Dieppe to Newhaven. She admits that the sea was perfectly smooth, but she was hopelessly, helplessly sick. When nearing England, after three hours absolute misery and prostration, she was sitting, a white, dishevelled, starchless, crumpled heap under the shelter of the deck cabin. Presently an officer of the ship wandered by and seeing the helpless heap paused, and said wonderingly: "Why, surely, you've never been sick?"

"Yes, I have," gurgled out my wife, opening one eye feebly and praying hard for him to go away.

"But the sea's like a mill-pond," said that bewildered officer, now thoroughly interested.

My wife vouchsafed no reply.

"But the sea's like *glass!* Well, madam, upon my word, I *can't* think how you have done it."

"*Can't* you?" burst out my wife, the small remnant of strength she possessed roused into feeble indignation. "If you have once been sea-sick, you would never again wonder how it was *done!*"

And that officer, wondering and puzzled, walked thoughtfully away, muttering: "Well, how she's done it, I *can't* see."

But this is a digression.

How we all love the dear little pretty thing who appeals to our superior strength and intellect. How we love to have innocent, puzzled eyes raised to ours, and to hear rosy, babyish lips say: "Do tell me how I ought to do that. I am so afraid of making mistakes. You are so clever and know just how to do

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things. I am so stupid and *can't* understand business and figures and horrid things of that sort."

How we will sacrifice our hardly-earned leisure, our rest, our wife's convenience, to smooth a crumpled page, or perhaps merely a crumpled rose-leaf, in the path of a dainty little fragile piece of egg-shell-china-femininity who can't smooth those rough, clumsy things for herself—but who can give tender, bewitching glances out of half-veiled, dewy eyes.

And how we love to hold her fan and flowers, and to get the softest cushions for the little back that can't hold itself upright, and to get the velvet stool for the little feet that can't reach the ground.

But other women somehow don't like these little helpless women. I wonder why?

There is one "I can't" that always rejoices a man's heart to hear. When he asks the girl he adores to be his, and silence and downcast eyes are his sole reply, anxiety begins to work havoc amongst his high and certain hopes.

"Look up, beloved," he will whisper. "Look up and say 'Yes.' What, no answer? You don't mean you are going to refuse me? Beloved, you are not going to answer 'No'?"

The Woman who Can't add up two and two without making the sum come wrong; who can't spell without being told every letter; who can't understand business, housekeeping, or anything of importance. She is, we are glad to say, dying out.

Then two small fluttering hands will creep up his coat lapels, two adorable eyes will shyly be raised to his, and two sweet lips will falter: "Dear, I can't!"

Then the music in those two small words will set the joy bells ringing in any true man's heart:

A woman's "No," a woman's "Yes,"
A woman's "Well, I sha'n't!"
Can make or mar man's happiness,
But not like "Oh, I can't."

How often we hear the phrase, "I will forgive, but I cannot forget!" And, though I fear it sounds unchivalrous to say so, it is seldom heard on other than a woman's lips. Of course, it is impossible to forget in their entirety any but the most trivial events of our lives, but a forgiveness should surely imply a forgetfulness of the offence, otherwise where is the value of forgiveness if the occasion of it is to be stored up against you and never forgotten?

What a woman cannot forgive is generally some small and petty slight. She will forgive unto seventy times seven a husband who is a brute to her and even physically ill-treats her, and she can pardon and take back to her welcoming arms a faithless and possibly worthless lover; but what she cannot forgive either lover, husband, or friend, is a slight—no matter how small—offered her for the sake of another woman. And as for a snub given by another woman, before she forgives that the world will be a different place.

"Did you notice," will hold forth the injured one, "that at Mrs. A.'s dinner the other night Lady B. was sent in before me, though her husband is only a beggarly knight. *That* is a slight I will not and cannot forgive!"

And, to her credit, she seldom does.

But there is another side of the picture. There are some "I can'ts" which a woman should be proud to utter and which a man in his heart should be glad to hear. For not always are the help and assistance on the man's side. Sometimes it is he who tries to weaken a woman's bulwarks of strength and who pleads that the woman may be foolish—or worse—and then the woman who can reply "I can't simply because I *can't*," should be proud that there is no other reason that she need see.

For, though there are occasionally to be found men who laugh at goodness, yet it is an indisputable fact that it is the woman who cannot be anything but sweet and honourable and good who holds the honour and the happiness of the men about her in her hands.

All honour to those women who *can't* be false to the ideals of truth and honour!

Well, so much for "The Woman Who Can't." As a general rule she is a fascinating little person whom you soon tire of; occasionally she is among the noblest of her sex.

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Cap and Bells

A MORNING CALL.

MRS. JONES: "The Sunday school picnic yesterday was *such* a success."

MRS. SMITH: "Yes, everybody had a perfectly lovely time. And there was such an abundance of everything!"

MRS. JONES: "But wasn't it scandalous the way that Miss Waltzer tried to flirt with the minister?"

MRS. SMITH: "She always was a hateful minx. Did you notice Mrs. Moire gathering up eatables to take home? They say that she skims the family table to put new dresses on her back, but, of course, I don't know about that. Please don't say so as coming from me."

MRS. JONES: "Oh, not for the world. Did you get hold of any of Mrs. Brown-Jones's cake? I got a piece of it for Jack. It will make a perfectly lovely paper weight."

MRS. SMITH: "Did you *ever* hear anybody gossip like Mrs. Organdine? That woman never draws a breath that she doesn't gossip."

MRS. JONES: "And Mrs. Brocade isn't far behind her. I do detest gossiping, don't you?"

MRS. SMITH: "I do indeed. I do not believe that the gossiper will escape the wrath hereafter."

MRS. JONES: "I don't think so, either. Well, I must be going. I'm glad that the picnic *was* a success—just because that old sinner, Mrs. Gellatyn, said she wished it would rain all day. I thought it was perfectly lovely."

MRS. SMITH: "So did I. I had a p-e-r-f-e-c-t-l-y- l-o-v-e-l-y time."

MRS. JONES: "I *must* go now. I suspect that my yeast has risen. Good-bye. Come over to see me. Good-bye."

MRS. SMITH: "Good-bye. I will. Good-bye. You come back!"

MRS. JONES (to herself): "She is a nice one to be condemning a gossiper!"

MRS. SMITH (to herself): "The *idea* of *her* roasting a gossip!"

* * * * *

HE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

TOMMY: "I say, pa, are there mermaids in the sea?"

PA: "Of course, there's always a woman at the bottom."

* * *

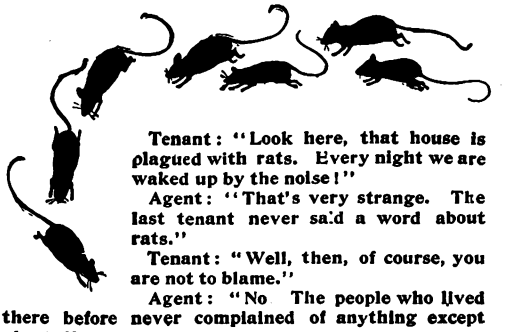
"Dear me! I suppose I ought to help him, but it might turn out to be somebody I've never met!"

* * * * *

THE LENGTH OF HIS VACATION.

"I've proposed to the dear Summer Girl, and she's mine!"
Cried the youth—here his rapture increased.
"She is mine!—She is mine!"—Here he came down to earth.
"She is mine for a fortnight at least!"

* * * * *



Tenant: "Look here, that house is plagued with rats. Every night we are waked up by the noise!"

Agent: "That's very strange. The last tenant never said a word about rats."

Tenant: "Well, then, of course, you are not to blame."

Agent: "No The people who lived there before never complained of anything except ghosts."

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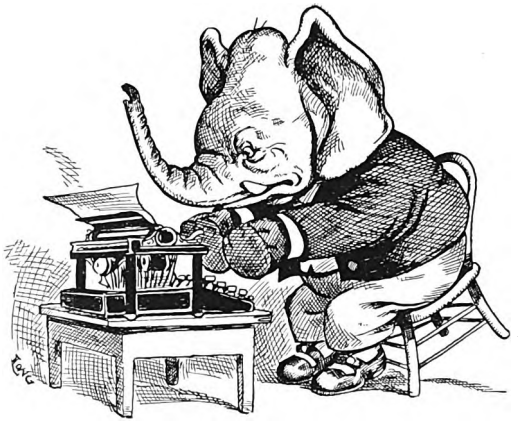
"I WISH you could have broken the news more gently," sighed the editor, as the office boy pied the first page by dropping the forme down a flight of steps.

* *

One of the worst things about falling into a hole is the number of people who gather on the brink to point out the routes you should have taken to avoid falling in.



"Confound this machine! I don't seem to be able to finger it properly!"

"Human nature's a queer thing, especially female human nature."

"What are you thinking about now?"

"For instance, if a young man tells a girl that she's altogether different from her sisters, she always takes it as a compliment."

* *

LAWYER: "Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

CLIENT: "Except, of course, a lawyer."

* * * * * * * * * *

SHE HAD THE ART, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT.

"Tell me," pleaded the artless maid, "wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?"

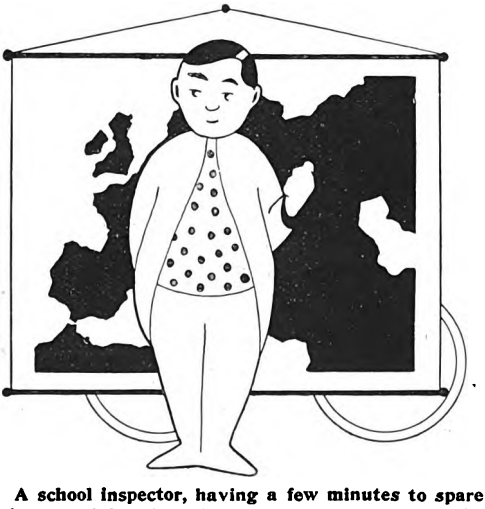
The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom and said:

"My child, listen."

"I am listening," breathlessly she said.

"Well, my child," he rejoined, "that is all there is in the art of conversing agreeably."

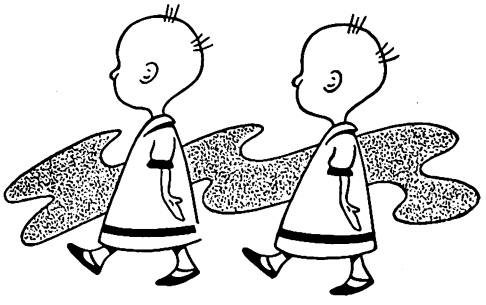
* * * * *



A school inspector, having a few minutes to spare after examining the school, put some questions to the lower form boys on the common objects in the schoolroom.

"What is the use of that map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room, and half a dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulation:

"Please, sir, it's to hide the master's bicycle!"



A famous lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A doctor came to him in great distress. Two sisters living in the same house had children of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together.

Now it happened that, by the carelessness of the nurses, the children had become mixed; and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the doctor.

"Are you sure of it?'

''Perfectly."

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

* * * * *

AGAIN THE GIFT CIGAR.

"How comes it you give me such a cigar as this?"

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing."

* * *

IOUX.

There once was a frolicsome Sioux,
Whioux didn't know just what tioux
So he went for a walk [dioux,
With his gay tomahawk,
And proceeded tioux turn the air bioux.

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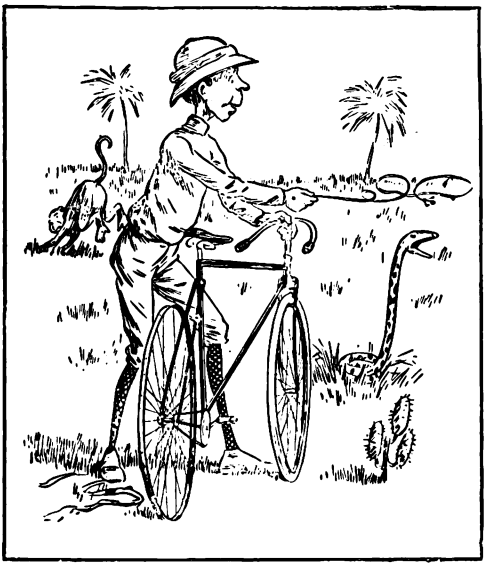
MR. GLOBEWHEELER'S GREAT IDEA.

1. "Tyre hopelessly ruined! What shall I do?"



2. A happy idea.

3. "Now to fix him tight."

4. "Never had a better tyre in my life!"

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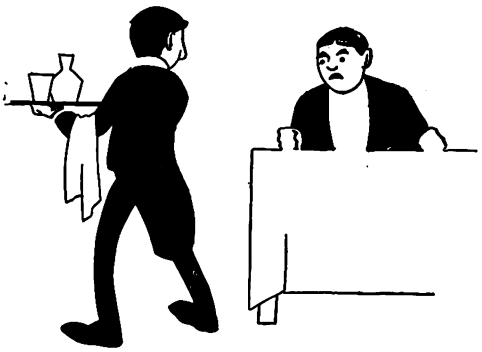


Angry Customer: "Hullo! you waiter, where is that oxtail soup?"
Waiter: "Coming, sir—half a minute."
Customer: "Confound you! How slow you are!"
Waiter: "Fault of the order, sir. Oxtail is always behind."

* * * * *

"I don't see why Shoddyman is kicking so about the way the firemen deluge his factory with water. They got the fire out all right before it did much damage."

"Yes, but the water ruined his stock."

"What does he manufacture?"

"Umbrellas."

* *

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

"You assured the Editor that the jokes you submitted had never been in print?"

"I did."

"And he said?"

"He said it was probable they never would."

* * * * *

A USE FOR HIM.

"I wish I were a glove upon that hand!"
The callow youth exclaims. The lady fair
Responds: "I wish you were, I love kids—and
You're almost big enough to make a pair.'

* * * * *

A RARE OCCASION.

"I hope you'll join us in a little anniversary celebration to-morrow at our home?"

"Delighted to do so. Wedding anniversary or birthday?"

"No. The cook's been with us just a year!"

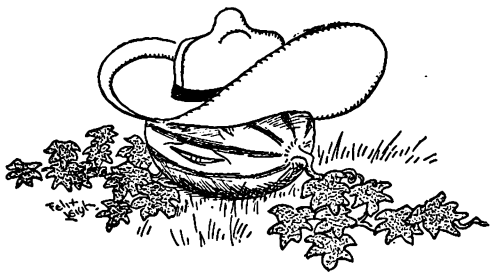
* * * * *

HE KNEW.

THE WIDOW: "I want a man to run errands, do what he's told, and never answer back—one who is always ready to do my bidding."

APPLICANT: "You're looking for a husband, ma'am."

* *



"These wide-brimmed Panama hats are certainly a great boon to people who have to be much out in the sunshine!"

THE REFORMATION.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine;"
So warbles a damsel with zest quite divine.
Then retorted the man with wickedest glee
"The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss me."

* *

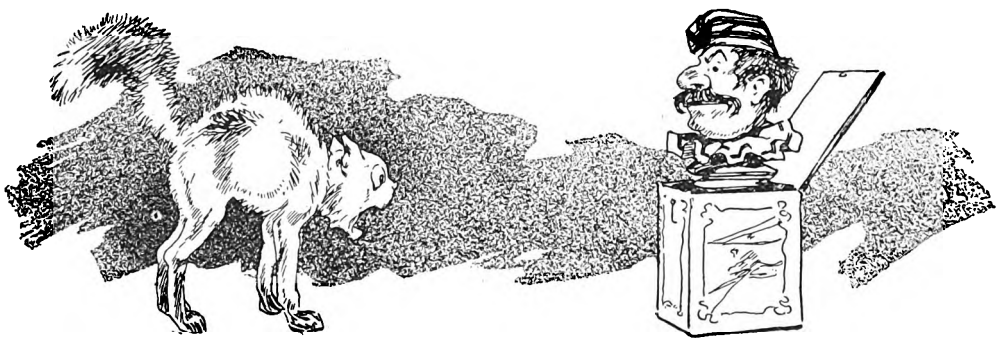
DREADFUL!

BACHELOR: "What makes your baby so bad-tempered?"

YOUNG WIFE: "He's been cutting his teeth."

BACHELOR: "Really! What did you let him play with a knife for?"

* * * * * * * * * *



The Cat: "What's this? and I haven't touched anything stronger than milk for a month!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

As we go to press with this number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some time before the last date for receiving attempts in the 5*s.* a Day for Life Competition, we are unable to make any statement regarding the progress of the competition. The time taken to print the ROYAL MAGAZINE is so great that some weeks must necessarily elapse from the time the pages are passed by us until the complete copy leaves the hands of the printer. The result is that any announcement which we may have to make of immediate interest is delayed for a great time.

We have, therefore, as a convenience to our readers, made arrangements with the *Daily Express* (London and South of England generally), *Midland Express* (Birmingham and Midlands), and the *North Mail* (Newcastle and Northern England), to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. The morning newspapers in question may be obtained for a halfpenny at any newsvendors in the districts throughout which they circulate.

Competitors who are anxious to know how matters are going should order a copy of one of these papers to be supplied every morning.

In next month's ROYAL MAGAZINE we hope to be able to make some further statements of importance.

The final result will appear in the ROYAL, and nowhere else.

SPOOKS *AD LIB.*

Really, one lives and learns! I had no idea that ghosts were such everyday occurrences until I published the Duke of Argyll's interesting article. Since its appearance I have been simply inundated with true ghost stories. Ghosts seem to haunt every nook and cranny of the British Isles. Seriously, I begin to think that you and I—who have never set eyes on a ghost—are in the minority. It's a very mysterious world I told the Duke what had happened; but he, as a student of spirit lore, was no wise astonished. "Sow a single ghost story, and you are certain to raise a crop," he replied. So it seems.

But the difficulty remains. What's to be done with all these weird experiences? Would you like me to make a selection of the best, and publish them in a second ghost article? Let me know, as I do not want these spook records in my desk longer than necessary. You can never tell what might happen!

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

The result of the second competition in connection with "The School Under the Sky" articles has both pleased and disappointed me — pleased me because the attempts were, in many ways, far better than those connected with the January competition; disappointed me—for reasons I shall state hereafter.

Yes, indeed, the attempts were far better, and showed that the competitors had used their eyes and made their deductions carefully and intelligently. The vague and obvious generalities which the former attempts were so full of (I was informed oftener than I should like to say that January took its name from Janus, was the first month of the year, had thirty-one days, and was usually accounted cold) — these generalities have given place to plain and interesting facts in the present attempts, so that Mr. Webb and myself found some difficulty in deciding on the winners. Our final selection, is, however, as follows, and to each competitor I have forwarded a guinea:

CLASS I. (those under the age of 10).

Christabel M. de C. Brownson, The Rectory, Compton Greenfield, Bristol.

Florence Ethel Wakefield, 7, Montpelier Terrace, Swansea. Terrace Road Board School, Swansea.

Alice Edwards, Westneston, Hassocks, Sussex. Westneston School.

CLASS II. (those from 10 to 15).

Edward Copeland Snelgrove, Crookesmore Board School, Sheffield.

H. Standing, Ackworth School, near Pontefract.

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Joan Grubb, Castle Grace, Clogheen, co. Tipperary, Ireland.

CLASS III. (those from 15 to 20).

T. H. Graveley, care of A. Rowntree, B.A., 51, Bootham, York. Bootham School.

Florence Powell, Sunny Mill Road, Sheatham. Sheatham High School.

Margery Self, Arlington, Private Road, Newmarket Road, Norwich. Norwich High School.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Grammar School, Aberdeen, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

And now, would you like to know why I was disappointed? I will tell you. Not one of all you children who entered the competition thought of sending me some of the mustard and cress you reared—not one!

EDITORS AND POETS.

"I hope you will pardon me," wrote a contributor the other day, "for troubling you with verses at this time of the year. I fear you must be inundated with them." He was quite right; I am inundated with them, but his apology was superfluous. I do not mind rhymed inundations in the least—in fact, I like them.

For the truth of the matter is this: poetry is *not* a drug on the literary market, and poets are *not* the bane of the Editor's life, as the ribald comic papers have led you to believe. We—and I speak in the name of all editors—we like poets, and we like their efforts, which we are ready to pay for in hard cash. So far from keeping a special "chucker-out" for the poet and all manner of implements to attack him with, and a capacious wastepaper basket for his effusions we treat both him and his effusions with the utmost respect.

So don't you believe what you read in the comic papers! And you who write verses prosecute your efforts with unabated zeal and send them in to me in bushels if you like. I can't promise to accept them all. Odes to the Setting Sun or the Rising Moon are not much in my line—but I will read even these with interest, and send them back with promptitude if stamps are inclosed for their return journey.

Here I am reminded of one particularly malicious suggestion for editors in their dealings with poets, which I came across lately in an American journal—American, of course! What a nation! Without respect for anything under the sun—not even the poet! Well, the suggestion—which I mention with no idea of raising a laugh at the poet's expense, but merely in order to prove to you what a wicked and unkind world it is—took the form of two pictures. The first showed the entrance to the editorial buildings. There were two doors—one for the general public; the other was labelled in large letters—"Poets' Entrance." The second picture showed where each door led to—the public door directly to the editorial sanctum; the poets' door along a passage *straight back into the street.*

MESSRS. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE AND CYRUS CUNEO.

You may like to hear a word about the author of "The King and Queen of Smugglers" and the artist who is engaged in illustrating the series. Both these gentlemen are young in years, dark in appearance, and eminently successful in their respective arts. But here the resemblance ends. Mr. Sutcliffe is an Englishman hailing from Yorkshire; Mr. Cuneo is a "mixture" (to quote his own expression)—half American, half Italian—hailing from San Francisco.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mr. Sutcliffe lives in his native county and is a countryman to the backbone, only coming up to London once in a blue moon. Mr. Cuneo has made London his headquarters, and seems to like it better than New York. For when I asked him his opinion of our noble selves generally, our ways and our manners, his enthusiasm was most gratifying. Well, I suppose this is only to be expected in one who belongs to the two nations whom we know to be our friends! By the way, he too is delighted with the stories he is illustrating. "And yet they irritate me," he complained; "I find them so hard to illustrate!"

"Hard?" I queried, puzzled.

"Yes, because every line contains a picture, and each picture is equally attractive. You do not know which to choose. I should like to do them **all**!"

I WANT YOU TO WRITE TO ME!

Yes, I want you to write to me and tell me what you think of my budget of entertainment. I do not expect, nor do I deserve, to be patted on the back every time. Criticise me—I like criticism; abuse me—I don't mind at all. If I think your abuse justified I will take it in a becoming spirit; if I think it otherwise, why, then, I can always abuse in return.

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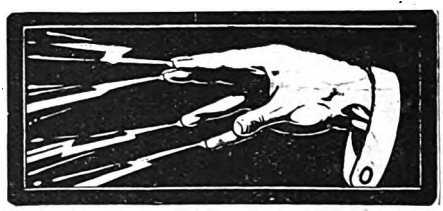

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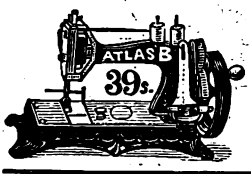

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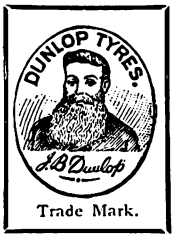

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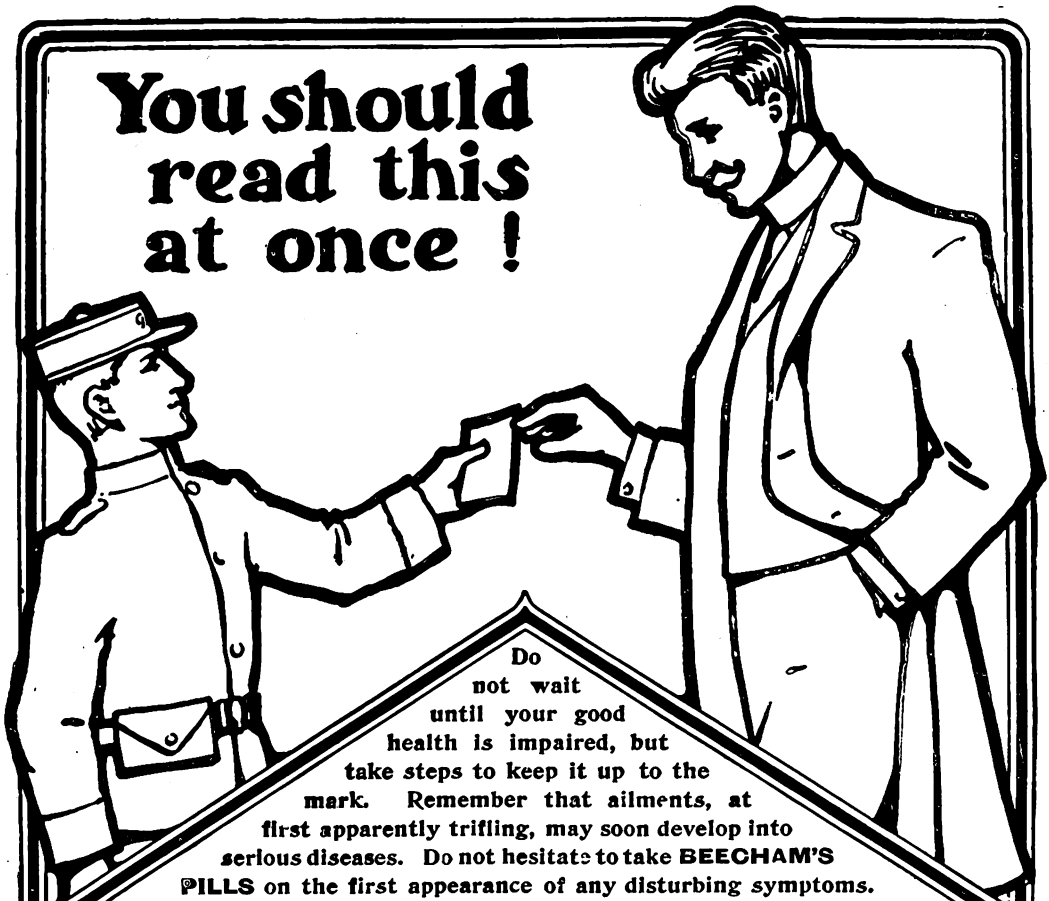

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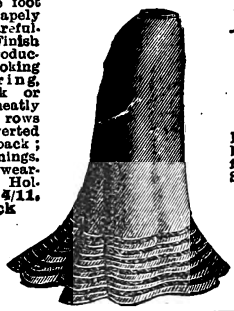

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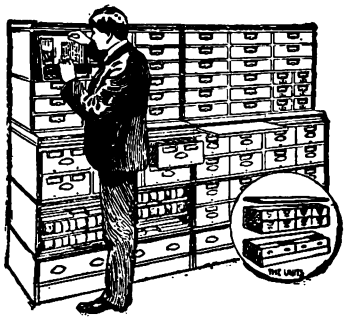

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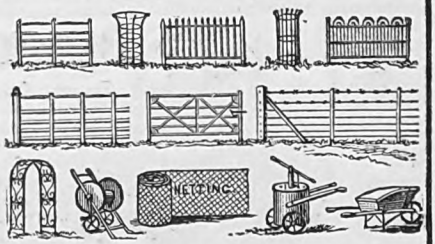

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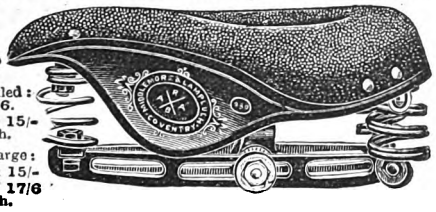

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Plated: 15/- each.

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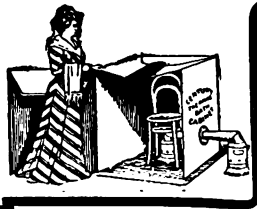

An air-tight rubber-walled room, comfortably seats any person on a chair with the head outside breathing pure air, enjoying at home for 1/d. all the **cleansing, curative, invigorating, and purifying effects** of the famous Turkish Hot Air, Hot Vapour Baths, perfumed or medicated if desired. Better and cheaper than any treatment at Turkish Bath Rooms and Hydros. It is handsomely finished, has every improvement, heavy steel frame, galvanised, best antiseptic covering, rubber lined, plenty of room for hot foot-bath and to sponge and towel the body while inside. Folds flat in 2-inch space.

PRICE 25/- to £6 15s.

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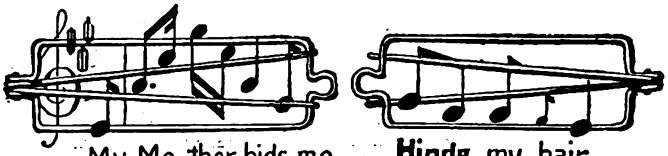

My Mo-ther bids me **Hinde** my hair.

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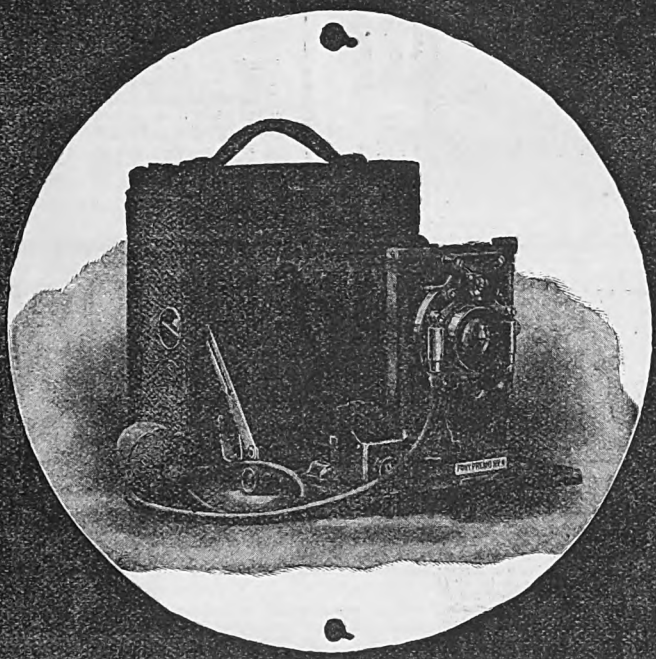

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DOG SOAP

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Destroys all irritating Insects, Removes Doggy Smell, Improves the Coat, and leaves the Animal a Refreshed and Happy Dog.

"NALDIRE'S Soap is Harmless to Dogs, but Fatal to Fleas."—**FRANK BUCKLAND.**

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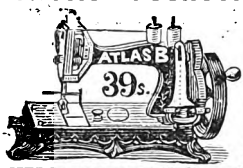

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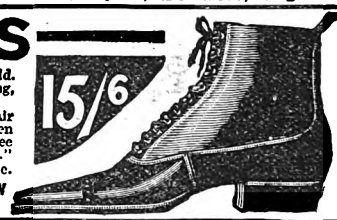

are the best fitting, most stylish, and absolutely the finest all-round value in the world. In Glacé Kid, Box Calf, or Horse Skin. For Ladies or Gentlemen. When ordering, state size usually worn, or send shape of foot on paper, or an old boot.

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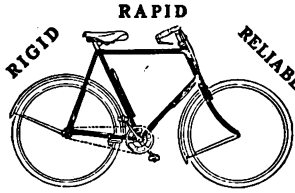

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A REVELATION IN EASY RUNNING."

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which are universally acknowledged to be the

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Contractors to H.M. War Office, India Office, etc. Hundreds of Testimonials. It is important that all letters be addressed in full either

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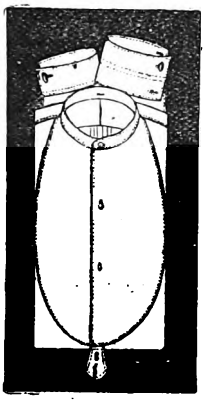

Wear Twice as Long as Ordinary Shirts.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirt to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the world.

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(Guaranteed equal when dressed to the Shirt of the ordinary Trade.) **6/6**

Style A. With Reversible Cuffs.
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Style D. Narrow Wristbands for attaching Cuffs.
Style E. Short "Business" Fronts, Square Cuffs.
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SIX SHIRTS FOR **21/6**, POST FREE.

When ordering mention style chosen, size of COLLAR worn, and whether to open at back or front.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,
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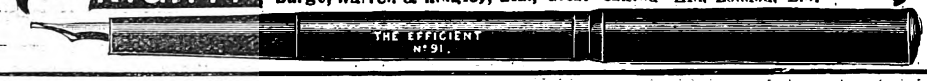
"EFFICIENT" in Name. **EFFICIENT** in Use.
As reliable a Fountain Pen as ever produced at the price. Rapidly increasing in popularity. *Send for our Catalogue.*
TRY IT I—YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT.
14 carat gold nib, fine, medium, or broad point. In 3 sizes, 5/-, 7/6 10/6,
Of all Stationers or send P.O. to manufacturers 91 92 93 post free.
Burge, Warren & Ridgley, Ltd., Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.



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El Destino Cigars are manufactured in Mexico, on the spot where the tobacco is grown.

El Destino Cigars are the same tobacco throughout, mild and sweet in flavour.

El Destino Cigars are carefully selected before being shipped.

El Destino Cigars are the best value of any cigars sold in the United Kingdom.

El Destino Cigars have the largest sale of any cigar in the world.

IF you cannot obtain the **EL DESTINO CIGAR** from your cigar merchant send **1s.** to **R Dept., SPIERS & POND, Ltd., 38, New Bridge Street, E.C.,** with whom we have arranged to forward you four sample cigars, post free.

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to accept my statements. I invite you to make a critical inspection of my goods in your own home. Take for example my well-known "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL of Table Cutlery—made in my own Works in Sheffield—**51** pieces for **25/-**. I say distinctly that it is the finest Cutlery value ever produced. You may, of course, think I am prejudiced, and doubt my word, but to show that my own confidence is real I offer to send the parcel to your address for *full examination* on receipt of your letter enclosing **5/-** as deposit. If you are thoroughly pleased with the goods you may complete payment in five other monthly instalments of 4/- each; or, if you prefer to pay in one sum you will be invited to select a useful present (as free bonus) from the list sent with the goods.

Now for the point of this offer.

If you dislike the goods when you see them, or if you have changed your mind about wanting such things, simply replace the lid on the box and send it back. I will refund the deposit and no remarks will be made.

All my departments deal on the same straightforward and simple plan. Any of the undermentioned Catalogues will be sent post free. (*Mention Number.*)

1. Watches and Jewellery, Cutlery and Plate, and Fancy Goods. 2. Tools. 3. Furniture. 4. Drapery and Costumes. 5. Clothing. 6. Boots. 7. Books.

The Spoons and Forks in the Parcel are of "COLUMBIAN" SILVER, a hard material, and as a substitute for Sterling Silver cannot be surpassed. I guarantee "Columbian" Silver to wear white throughout, and to be unaffected by acids or exposure. Old English or Fiddle pattern as desired. The Table and Dessert Knives are of reliable Sheffield Steel, fitted with secure "IVORETTE" HANDLES, the most perfect substitute for African Ivory.

My Agencies are a very easy way of making spare time profitable. Agency particulars are sent on application.

Descriptive List of Contents.

6 Table Knives, Best Ivorette Handles.
6 Table Forks of Columbian Silver.
6 Dessert Knives, Best Ivorette Handles.
6 Columbian Silver Dessert Forks.
6 Columbian Silver Dessert Spoons.
6 Columbian Silver Tea Spoons.
6 Columbian Silver Egg Spoons.
2 Columbian Silver Table Spoons.
2 Columbian Silver Salt Spoons.
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Deaf persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described, free to all.

The Murray Company are in sole possession of a marvellous home method that does what all other devices and treatments have been trying to do. This method has completely revolutionised the treatment for deafness, on account of bearing directly on the three causes producing deafness which were heretofore ignored by phys cians. This new invention is the simplest, safest, and the surest means to a complete cure. It is a home treatment that anyone can easily follow. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from all others; they do not claim this treatment will cure those who are so unfortunate as to have been born deaf, but o those who have once heard and lost their hearing through illness or disease, they offer a remedy which they believe has not and will not be equalled.

FREE

In order that no one may be in ignorance of this wonderful discovery, an authoritative book has been prepared which fully describes the nature of this invention, and contains the most convincing testimonials from those who have proved its value. By sending your name and address to **The MURRAY COMPANY, 11, Century House, Regent Street, W.**, you will receive this book free. It will tell you how you can restore your hearing at a very slight expense; you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

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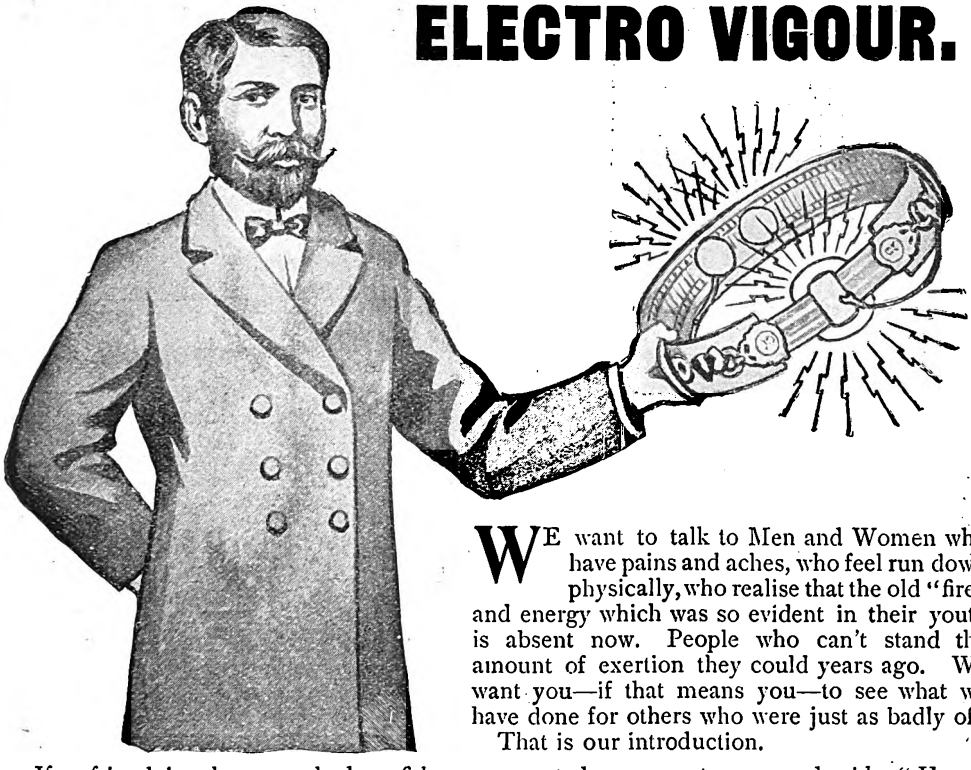
WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT ELECTRO VIGOUR.



WE want to talk to Men and Women who have pains and aches, who feel run down physically, who realise that the old "fire" and energy which was so evident in their youth is absent now. People who can't stand the amount of exertion they could years ago. We want you—if that means you—to see what we have done for others who were just as badly off. That is our introduction.

If a friend in whom you had confidence presented someone to you, and said: "Here's Brown; he has made good with me, and I trust him," wouldn't you trust him, too?

Now, if you don't feel right, we can cure you with our Electro Vigour. If you are full of pains, we can knock them out, we can pour oil into your joints and limber them up. We have often said that pain and electricity cannot live in the same house, and we prove it every day.

Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, Cross Keys, Penrhynside, Nr. Llandudno, writes:—
"I was troubled with Biliousness and Nervousness, but after wearing Electro Vigour for five weeks I feel a new man."

If it were not for the prejudice due to the great number of fakes in the land we should not be able to handle the business that would come to us. The "Free Belt" fraud, and the "Free Drug" scheme, which are not free at all, have made everyone sceptical; but we know that we have a good thing, and we'll hammer away until you know it.

One thing every man ought to know is this: Your body is a machine; it is run by the steam in your blood and nerves. When you begin to break down in any way, you are out of steam; that's just what we want to give you back.

Mr. W. TRAVIS, 5, Charlton Street, Askew Road, Gateshead, writes:—
"After two months' use of Electro Vigour, my bowels are regular, my nerves are stronger, my appetite is good, and I feel better and stronger in every way."

Tell us your trouble, and we will tell you honestly whether we can cure you or not. We have been in this business twenty-two years, and are the biggest people in it to-day by long odds. We are growing yet, because we give every man and woman all they pay for. Now, wouldn't you rather wear our Life-giving Appliance every night, and feel its glowing warmth pouring into you, and feel yourself taking on a new lease of life with each application, than to clog your intestines up with a lot of nauseous drugs? Surely! Try us.

If you will come and see us, we will explain it to you. If you cannot call, let us send you our beautifully illustrated 64-page book, which is full of the things a man or woman finds inspiring to strength and courage. **IT IS FREE.**

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HAIR CURLING FLUID

curls the hair *naturally* in a few days. No tongs, no curlers, no pins needed. 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle; postage, 3d. extra. Used by Royalty, Madame Patti, Vesta Tilley, and other well-known ladies. Ask your chemist to get the above preparations for you. Have no others, or you will be disappointed.

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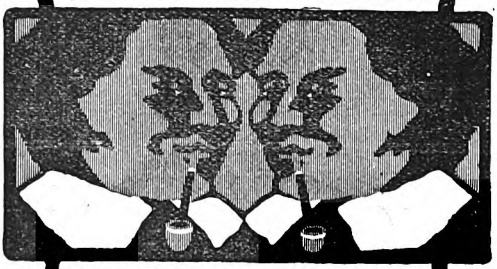
ARE YOU LITTLE?

Or Flat Footed? If so, try our Elevators, which will increase your height from ½ to 4 inches without detection. Comfortable to wear. Prices from 5/6, Lady's; 6/6, Gent's, per pair. Send stamps for further particulars. **Peralia Coy.** (Dept. No. 17), **73, Camden Street, North Shields.**

LUNTIN



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Sold only in 2-oz. packets at 1/-, and 4-oz. tins at 2/-, at leading Tobacconists. If you cannot get it locally, send 1/1 for sample packet or 2/2 for sample tin to the Sole Manufacturers:

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MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

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DON'T FAIL to get our big illustrated catalogue before deciding on your 1903 machine. We can save you money. Address Dept. C4 C

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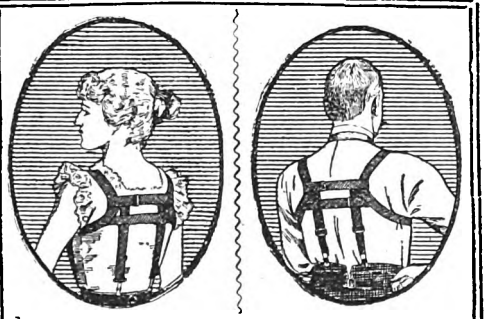

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Can be given in Tea, Coffee, or Food, thus absolutely and secretly Curing he Patient in a Short Time without his knowledge.

There is a cure for drunkenness which has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate firesides. It does the work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The Company who have this grand remedy will send a sample free to all who will write for it. Enough of this remedy is posted in this way to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently.

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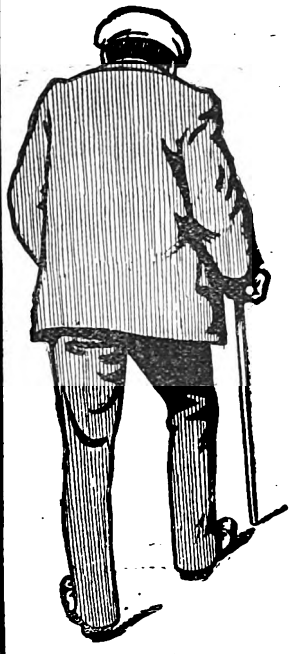

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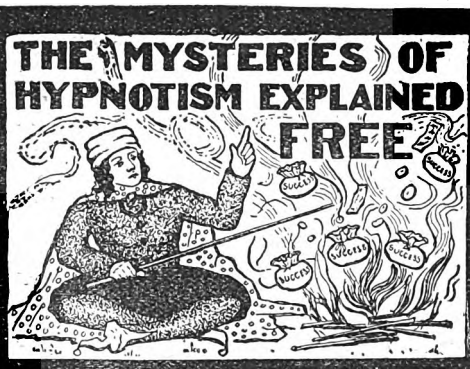

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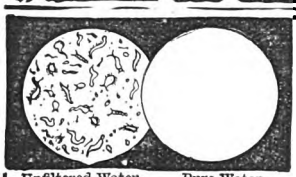

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Can be CURED by taking

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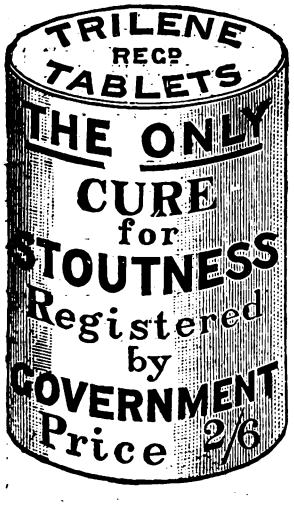
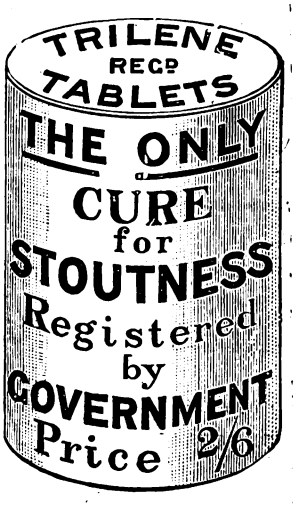


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Llatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION. 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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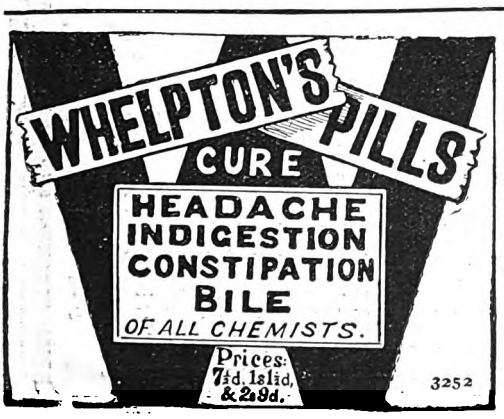

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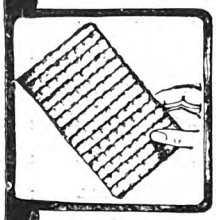

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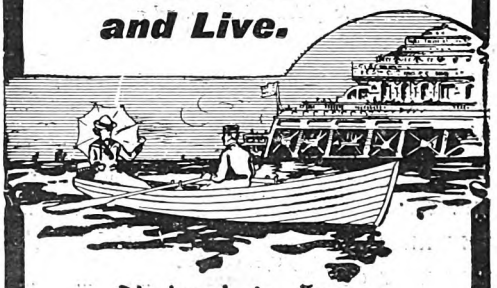

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Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

The face is yours with all its subtle grace,
Yours with the sweet lips and the eyes divine;
But the proud heart that holds that little face—
The heart that holds that face of yours is mine.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

EDNA MAY AND HER PUG.

Fat and sweet, isn't he? and very lucky as well, don't you think? to be clasped in the beautiful hands of "The Belle of New York." He is a great favourite of his mistress, who, like most actresses, loves animals, and especially dogs. I am afraid he is a very much spoilt little fellow—anyhow, he needed no little coaxing before he consented to sit for his portrait. Those white arms were not thrown about him in affection merely; they were to keep him from jumping down and making for the photographer.

←‹‹‹

SHE HATES . . BULLDOGS! . .

Yes, a great lover of most animals, Miss Lily Hanbury hates bulldogs. Not because she has ever been bitten by one, but because one of the breed slew her darling "Wobbles." And "Wobbles," as you see in the picture, was such a perfect angel—a little terrier in other words. This is not the only tragedy that has occurred among Miss Hanbury's pets. She once possessed a kitten, who, for some reason best known to itself, committed suicide by falling from a second floor window. There are, however, other pets—a green parrot, for instance, who gives three cheers for the King and swears in odd moments. Some while ago an interviewer, calling on Miss Hanbury, found a very hideous black cat comfortably seated in her drawing-room. "I never asked it to come," said Miss Hanbury; "it came of its own accord, and seemed so pleased with its reception that it has remained here ever since."

Photo by R. Thomas.

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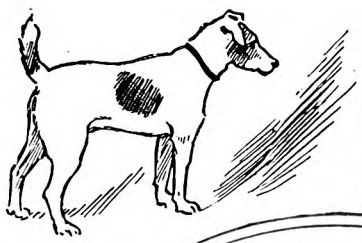
PRINCE: AN ODE.

Concerning her fox-terrier, Prince, Miss Eva Kelly writes as follows:

"When he was young he played at slipper-biting;
Now he's grown up his spare time's given to fighting.
He tackles dogs of every weight and size—
He's thoroughbred and winner of a prize.
Such men as tramps—he hates them like the dickens,
He chases sheep, and has a taste for chickens.
Never a dog more lively, game, or merrier
Than Prince, my representative fox-terrier!"



Photos by R. Thomas.

JULIA NEILSON and KING CHARLIE

Did you see Miss Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"? If so, you must have seen the little King Charlie, who sits in the accompanying picture so primly on the table beside her. He contributed his share to the marvellous success of that play, merry, intelligent little fellow that he is. The privileged few who have the honour of his acquaintance in private life declare that he is a living refutation of the belief that King Charlies are snappish and unfriendly.

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Photo by Lallie Charles.

MIRIAM CLEMENTS' YORKSHIRE TERRIER

When "Mr. Royal Magazine" went to see Miss Clements he was at once introduced to the apple of her eye—a Yorkshire terrier. Dear little animal! He spent most of the time flying about the room and trying to tear everything to pieces, including "Mr. Royal Magazine's" trousers. But in Miss Clements' hands he is as kind and gentle as a lamb. Little wonder, you say. So do I.

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MARIE TEMPEST'S HOBBY.

She takes dogs very seriously, loves them with the love of a warm heart, and is keen about securing prizes at the Ladies' Kennel Association and other shows. Nellie, her beautiful collie, won the second prize at an important show not very long since. Dogs are her special hobby; but all animals find a place in her heart, especially birds and cats. The member of the former species perched on her hand in the photo is a parrakeet, a love-bird, and a prime favourite with its brilliant mistress.

Photos by R. Thomas.

MAIDÉE WRIGHT AND BOY.

His name is Boy. He is a well-bred dog—well-bred, that is to say, in one sense. From the pedigree point of view he is somewhat lacking. Miss Wright calls him a retriever, but her friends always laugh at her, so she never speaks about his pedigree. Boy had a nice little collection of brothers and sisters once, but they were all consigned to a better land the day after they were born. But Boy had a blue ribbon tied round his chubby neck and was saved. He is devoted to his mistress, who is his devoted slave in turn. They are a very happy pair.

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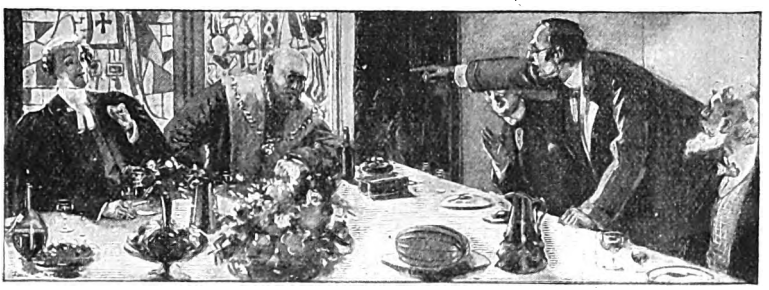
The Deputy Recorder



Being the Story of Mr. Alfred Dimmock's Wild Escapade in a Court of Law.

By Charles James.

Early rising was no hardship to Mr. Alfred Dimmock, and so when duty called him to spend the week-end with a maiden aunt who lived some thirty miles out of town, he elected to start by early train on the Saturday, rather than go down over night.

Whilst waiting on the platform, which held, at that hour, but few passengers, he saw a dreamy-looking, middle-aged man shamble along in search of a carriage. He was clutching a blue bag, which obviously held a wig and gown, and proclaimed his profession to all men.

As this gentleman arrived opposite Mr. Dimmock, he turned a somewhat helpless look upon him and, removing his gold rimmed spectacles, said:

"Could you tell me—I am so short-sighted and this train is so confusing—which part of it is for Mudbury? The fact is—ahem—I am going down there to-day to sit as Deputy Recorder, for the first time, and I don't know the place, or anything about it, and, of course, I must not be late."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Dimmock, "a great honour, that. I think I can put you into the right way. Let me see—Mudbury, Mudbury? Yes, here we are—you haven't any too much time."

Then, his quick eye having noted a small board over the carriage opposite them, indicating that it travelled direct to Rugby without stopping, he suddenly cried·

"Here, in you jump! I'll hold your bag—quick, the train's moving!" and assisting his new acquaintance, with a vigorous shove behind, he banged the door to, and made as though he would pitch the blue bag into the rear-guard's van as it passed.

The learned gentleman waved his hand in thanks, and then subsided contentedly into his seat—leaving Mr. Dimmock with ample material for one of the biggest practical jokes he had ever yet embarked upon.

Armed with the blue bag, he quietly stepped into one of the rear carriages, labelled "Mudbury," and when, a few minutes later, the train started, he produced from the bag's recesses a horsehair wig, white bands and a stuff gown.

He then proceeded to try on the wig, and found that, although rather small, it yet fitted him fairly well. With the gown and bands, there was, of course, no question of fit.

Mr. Dimmock had been called to the Bar, some six years previously, and although his ignorance of the law could only be described as stately, he did know that a five years' standing qualified a barrister to sit as Recorder.

To this extent, therefore, all was right; of course, he had no written authorisation—but this document, as a matter of fact, is rarely, if ever, asked for, and so he considered himself fairly safe from premature discovery. He was hardly likely ever to experience legitimately the joys of "the Bench"; this, he thought, was the opportunity of a lifetime, for illegitimately doing so.

Alighting at Mudbury, he left his kit-bag at the station, drove to the court-house and made his way to the robing-room, which he found in the occupation of about a dozen members of the Bar—mostly local practitioners—and whilst he was assuming his forensic dress, the Mayor, in all the glory of scarlet gown and chain of office, fluttered in.

"Good morning, Mr. Recorder, good

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morning!" he cried. "The constable outside told me a gentleman he did not know by sight had just passed in, so I guessed it must be our new Deputy. Heartily glad to welcome you to our ancient borough, sir."

"Delighted, Mr. Mayor, delighted," purred Mr. Dimmock in reply, whilst all the local Bar smiled blandly as though to curry favour with their new Judge.

Mr. Mayor fussed about importantly, as did the two old serving men, decked out in blue liveries and white worsted stockings, for the great occasion of holding the sessions. As the hour of ten struck, Mr. Mayor, giving a final hitch to his red gown, turned to Dimmock and asked:

"Are you ready, Mr. Recorder? Shall we go on to the Bench, now?"

And, Mr. Dimmock graciously acquiescing, the Mayor, preceded by one of the white worsted stockinged servants, and looking like a robin-redbreast walking ahead of a crow, led "Mr. Recorder" in a solemn stalk, to the court-house door. This was thrown open by Worsted Stockings, and Mr. Mayor and Mr. Dimmock entered, and took their seats on the Bench, Mr. Recorder, of course, occupying the judgment seat beneath the heavy oaken canopy. Mr. Mayor, who on these occasions merely played a "thinking part," sat on his right hand, whilst two or three of the borough magistrates occupied places on his left.

Then, amidst much shuffling of feet the gentlemen of the grand jury were duly ushered in to their seats, and the Clerk of the Peace—a pompous old gentleman with a bald head, a red face, and a very roomy waistcoat, rose to read that weird document, "The King's proclamation against Vice (with a capital V) and Immorality." It would be safe to say that of the numerous spectators seated in the body of the court, not a single soul had the most elementary idea as to what it all meant.

The concluding words "God Save the King" had hardly been spoken when Mr. Dimmock, from his stately judgment seat, commenced his "charge" to the grand jury.

"Gentlemen of the grand jury. Most of you are probably indulging in a not unnatural wonder as to why you have been dragged from your peaceful homes to serve your country here to-day. I share that wonderment with you, to the fullest extent. You possibly know the duties of a grand jury? I will merely say that your safest course is to find a True Bill in every case, and then the prisoner will come into this court for trial and the charge can be more fully investigated.

"As to the petty details concerning which of the witnesses you will have called before you, and which you will not, I leave all those to be explained to you by the learned old gentleman with the bald head, now seated before me."

Here the pompous Clerk of the Peace sat bolt upright, and removed his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses in astonishment.

Mr. Dimmock paused, and then, with an airy sweep of his hand, resumed:

"You can now retire to your deliberations, gentlemen—I trust your subsequent luncheons will prove less tough than the consideration of knotty points of law."

The gentlemen of the grand jury looked at each other in a mystified manner, and then up at the Recorder. They couldn't make it out at all.

Blandly, and without the suspicion of a smile on his immobile face, Mr. Dimmock resumed:

"I will only add that, should you have undisputed evidence that a prisoner was seen, for instance, to take a loaf out of a baker's shop and run off with it, there would be at least a *primâ facie* case that he stole it. That being so, pray do not worry yourselves about motive, but find a True Bill. To use a homely colloquialism: 'You press the button, we do the rest.'"

In a state of bemused wonderment, the grand jury filed slowly out to their retiring room, and Mr. Recorder amused himself by looking over the depositions and gleaning some slight idea as to what offences he would have to adjudicate upon.

The Clerk of the Peace—whose few remaining hairs had been slowly rising on end as he listened to this astounding "charge"—conferred with the Chief Constable; the borough magistrates whispered behind their hands to each other, whilst furtively glancing in the direction of the Judge; and presently the "Bar" came into court, prepared for action.

The "Bar" on taking their places, bowed to Mr. Recorder: Mr. Recorder bowed to the "Bar," and then they settled down to the real business of the day.

The grand jury soon returned with a "True Bill" against Thomas Slimkins for larceny—the said awful offence being the stealing of two mutton chops from a butcher's shop. Thomas Slimkins, a wretched looking boy of fourteen, was then hustled into the dock.

After he had pleaded "Not Guilty" Mr. Pumpcourt, as counsel for the prosecution,

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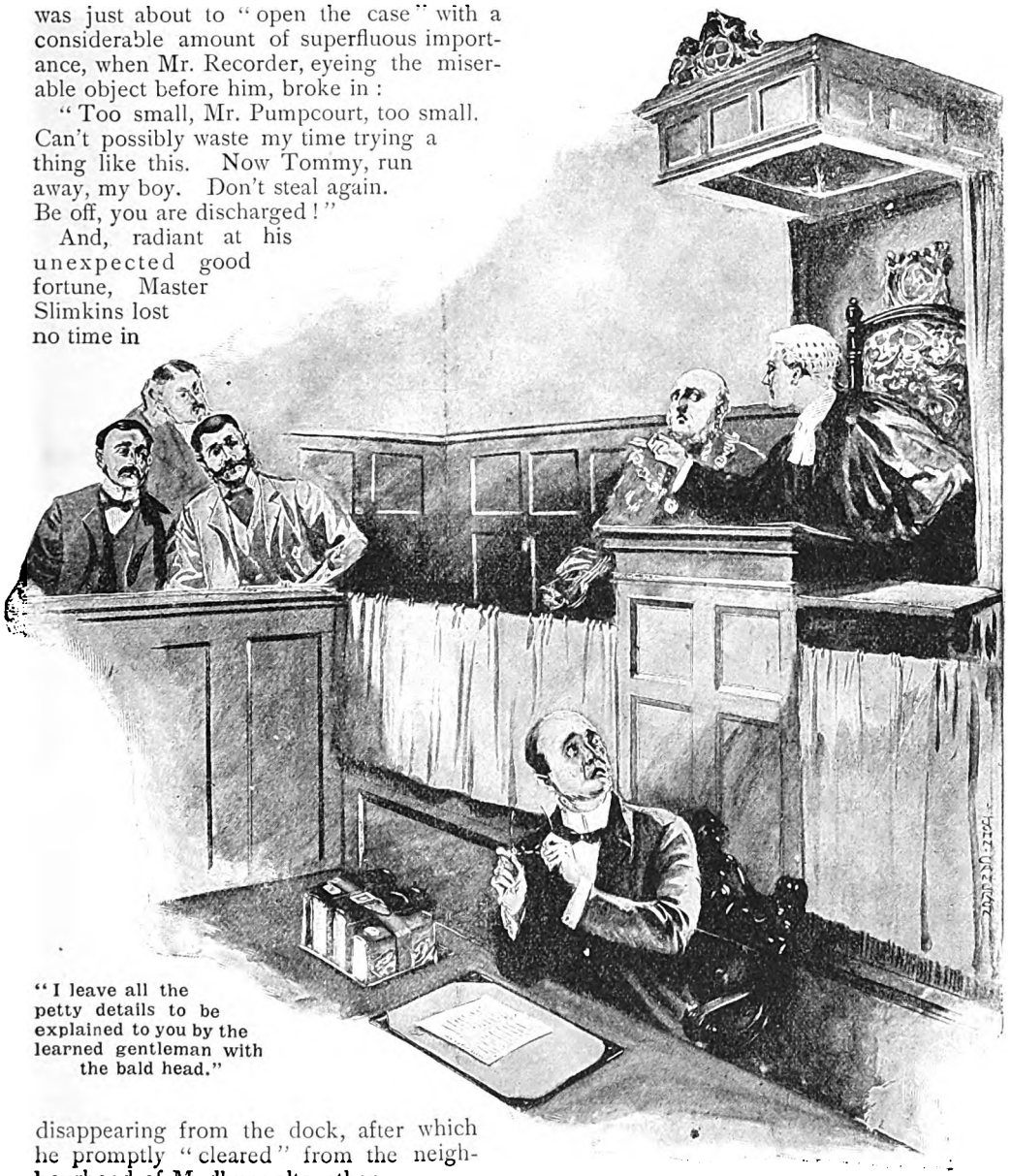
was just about to "open the case" with a considerable amount of superfluous importance, when Mr. Recorder, eyeing the miserable object before him, broke in :

"Too small, Mr. Pumpcourt, too small. Can't possibly waste my time trying a thing like this. Now Tommy, run away, my boy. Don't steal again. Be off, you are discharged!"

And, radiant at his unexpected good fortune, Master Slimkins lost no time in



"I leave all the petty details to be explained to you by the learned gentleman with the bald head."

disappearing from the dock, after which he promptly "cleared" from the neighbourhood of Mudbury altogether.

Counsel for the Crown and the Clerk of the Peace both attempted a remonstrance, but Mr. Recorder peremptorily ordered them to "sit down"—and they sat!

By this time, two more "True Bills" had been found, and a lady of the Hooligan type, was put up to be tried for a violent assault on a policeman, who appeared in the witness box with a very colourable imitation of a broken head.

The lady in question, Mrs. Polly Slapcabbage, having looked upon the wine when it was red—or to descend to the hard, unpoetic language of daily life—having imbibed more "goes" of gin than she could conveniently carry, had taken umbrage, when requested by Constable XX 2006 to "move on," and had struck the said constable, knocked off his helmet and followed this up by dealing him a terrific blow on the bare head with the handle of her umbrella, thereby causing the cuts and contusions

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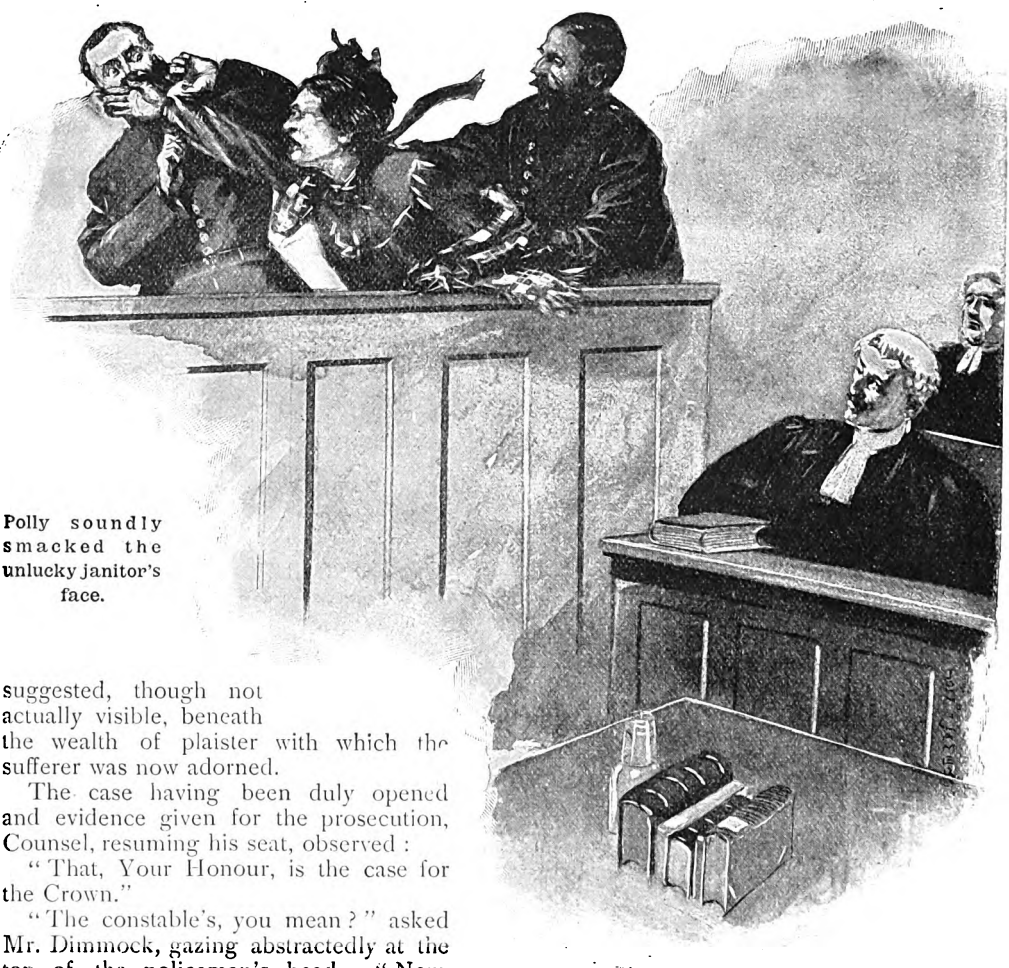

Polly soundly smacked the unlucky janitor's face.

suggested, though not actually visible, beneath the wealth of plaister with which the sufferer was now adorned.

The case having been duly opened and evidence given for the prosecution, Counsel, resuming his seat, observed:

"That, Your Honour, is the case for the Crown."

"The constable's, you mean?" asked Mr. Dimmock, gazing abstractedly at the top of the policeman's head. "Now, madam," turning to the prisoner, "any questions to ask the constable, or will you address the jury at once?"

The lady called no witnesses but elected to take the latter course, and made a long, rambling speech which had nothing to do with the case. The gaoler behind her having ventured on a gentle giggle, Polly promptly closed the flood-gates of her eloquence and soundly smacked the unlucky janitor's face.

"I presume that incident closes the case for the defence," observed Mr. Recorder sententiously. Then, in summing up, he said:

"Gentlemen of the common or garden jury. You have heard the evidence for the prosecution and also the statement of the prisoner in defence. If you believe the one, you certainly can't think much of the other. Now, the first and most important witness called was the injured man himself, the constable. To have to call the constable as their first witness, came rather hard upon the crown—so did Polly's umbrella handle. The constable evidently had his skull cracked, which must have annoyed him very much. Even I should have felt quite vexed had it happened to myself. You must now consider your verdict, gentlemen, and remember that you have to decide all questions of law, whilst it is for me to deal with the facts"—here the Clerk of the Peace turned an agonised glance upon Mr. Dimmock, who immediately glossed over his slip by adding—"that is, I mean, of course, that *you* are to deal with facts, whilst *I* attend to all matters of law."

The jury stared at the Judge, and then at each other. They put their heads together, and in a feeble, uncertain manner, the foreman rose and began:

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"We should like to know, your Honour——"

"Certainly—most proud, I'm sure—the Clerk of the Peace shall introduce us directly after the court rises," responded Mr. Dimmock with cheerful alacrity.

The foreman passed his fingers wearily through his hair.

"I—I don't quite follow Your Honour's meaning—I daresay it is very stupid of me—but I was about to say that we should like to know what value we ought to attach to the evidence given by the witness Jones, and the witness Watson?"

"Oh, I had forgotten them!" returned Mr. Dimmock airily, "they both appeared to me to be economical of the truth. Watson, in fact, never opened his mouth without telling a lie. Disregard their evidence entirely."

The jury consulted together for a few minutes, and then found the prisoner "Guilty."

At this announcement, Mr. Dimmock desisted from his occupation of dropping small pellets of blotting-paper (apparently by accident) on the bald head of the Clerk of the Peace, and assuming a judicial aspect, said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of assaulting this unfortunate constable. As I understand it, your defence is that you merely expostulated with him for moving you on—but the law of England says that you must not expostulate with the handle of an umbrella, or any other deadly weapon. Six months' imprisonment will give you ample time for reflection, and as the prison authorities hold strong teetotal views, the probability is that your general health, physical and moral, will be vastly improved by your temporary withdrawal from a society which I doubt not you now so greatly adorn."

Mr. Dimmock made a most polite inclination of the head and Mrs. Slapcabbage was led below.

"And now we'll adjourn for luncheon," said the Recorder cheerfully, as he rose and left the Bench, the Mayor waddling out closely after him.

Followed by the "Bar," and a few favoured solicitors and their clerks, the Mayor struggled past Mr. Dimmock and led the way into a long room wherein was a table spread with a substantial luncheon. Mr. Mayor took the presidential seat, whilst Mr. Recorder occupied the place of honour on his right.

The meal nearly over, a message was sent round to Mr. Dimmock requesting him, as Recorder, to propose the health of the Mayor. As he rose to do so, a telegram was brought in for the great civic dignitary.

"From the Recorder, I expect," thought Mr. Dimmock to himself. The Mayor glanced over the telegram and then prepared to listen to the usual post-prandial adulation of himself.

"Gentlemen, I ask you to charge your glasses—a thing which I have never yet known men shy of doing—and drink with me to the health of our excellent friend, the Mayor. (great applause) The Mayor of this highly unimportant borough, should be a man of integrity, of high and lofty aims—especially if he shoots pheasants—he should be a man of hospitality and a man of business. (Applause.)

"All these requirements are fulfilled by your present representative—the gentleman now fastened up here by his chain of office. (Loud cheers.) He is a merchant prince. ('No, no,' from the Mayor.) Well, then, he is a highly respectable grocer, if you like that better. In grocery, gentlemen, of late years, a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream. The day of sanding the sugar has passed, the day of chicory—I mean chicanery—is no more, the day of——"

But here the man seated next to him pulled his sleeve and whispered: "He's *not* a grocer, he's a saddler!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Dimmock, not in the least abashed at his mistake, "'nothing like leather.' Gentlemen, you couldn't have a better man or a better Mayor. He can always make a saddle to fit the mare—and it's money makes the mayor to go (cheers) not that we want him to go—long may he remain to occupy the chair (cheers). Judging by the size of the chair and the size of the Mayor I should say that you've made the chair to fit the Mayor! (laughter) and the toast I give you all, is 'The Chair for the Mayor and the Mayor for the Chair!' Three chairs—I mean cheers—for the Mayor!"

Amidst great applause and rapping of knife-handles on the table, the toast was drunk, and Mr. Dimmock resumed his seat.

And just at that precise moment, the real Deputy-Recorder rushed into the room.

Mr. Dimmock hummed softly under his breath. He had hardly expected the *dénouement* so soon as this.

The Mayor half rose to meet the new comer, as the latter breathlessly exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Mr. Mayor, pray accept my deepest apologies for keeping you all waiting

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The fact is I was put into the wrong train at Euston. I telegraphed as soon as I could, asking you to adjourn the sitting of the court till I could arrive."

The Mayor positively swelled with importance.

"My good sir," he said pompously, "I have only just received your telegram, but the business of the session can *not* be adjourned because one learned Counsel is late. I never heard of such a thing!"

"Most ridiculous!" corroborated Dimmock, "monstrous suggestion."

The Deputy-Recorder stared at the speakers blankly. He did not recognise Dimmock, so great a change had the wig made to his face.

"But—but—but how could you proceed without me? I am the Deputy-Recorder!"

A burst of laughter met the unfortunate gentleman's assertion, making him more bewildered than ever.

"Oh come, my boy," exclaimed Dimmock, "that won't do, you know. *I* am the Deputy Recorder!"

"You—you are the Dep——" here speech failed him for the moment, and he dropped into a chair. "Well I'm ——." Fortunately, however, for the best traditions of the Bar, the Mayoral sleeve, at this particular moment, swept a glass off the table, and it fell with a crash, opportunely drowning the new-comer's last word.

Then the Real Recorder rose to his feet again, and faced them all.

"Gentlemen, this is all a fraud. This man here, who pretends to be your Deputy-Recorder, is a humbug, a—why, hang it! he's actually got *my* wig on!"

"Oh really, I say, this is too much!" exclaimed Mr. Dimmock, rising also. "This poor fellow is under some hallucination. First he thinks I've taken his seat, and now he says I've got his wig! Constable—you at the door there—just remove this gentleman—do it quietly, but be quite firm—and conduct him into the street. Now, my poor fellow, take my advice and go straight home."

"Wha-at!" screamed the now infuriated man, "how dare you, you impudent impostor, have me put into the street? You villain with your mock-solemn looking eyes, that are laughing at us all the time! You will all live to rue this day—yes, you, Mr. Mayor, and all the rest of you!"

But Mr. Dimmock had been whispering to the Mayor, and as the result of their short conference "Mr. Recorder" called for silence, and then, in gentle, impressive tones, said:

"My dear sir, pray calm yourself. It is quite possible that there may be some mistake here——."

"Some mistake!" shouted the victim, "there's no *mistake!* Here's my delegation," and he produced from his pocket the document in question.

"Well, I've forgotten to bring mine," said Mr. Dimmock coolly, "but it's just possible that the two of us have been, by some mischance, delegated to the same sessions. So you go on the Bench now, my good sir, and I will sit in the body of the court, and watch how you acquit yourself. I'll lend you my wig——"

"*Your* wig! *My* wig!"

"Well, well, put it which way you like," returned Mr. Dimmock soothingly, "now, robe, and follow the Mayor, and don't——"

"Thank you, sir. I want none of your instructions!" snorted the new arrival. "All these prisoners, having been illegally tried, must be tried again by me," he continued addressing the Clerk of the Peace, in loud tones.

"What price the youthful Slimkins!" murmured Mr. Dimmock. "First catch your hare!"

"And," resumed the real Recorder severely, "I shall keep an eye on you, sir, and, before the day is out, you may find yourself in custody."

Mr. Dimmock slowly deflected his left eyelid in the direction of the Mayor, as though to ask his indulgence for the new Judge's doubtful sanity. Then, doffing wig and gown, he took his hat and strolled into the body of the court.

And when, about the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Deputy Recorder, after many times conferring with the Clerk of the Peace and the Chief Constable, finally decided to take the important step of arresting Mr. Dimmock in court, curiously enough, the arrest could not be effected, the principal actor in the play—Mr. Alfred Dimmock himself—having opportunely disappeared.

Next Month Mr. Charles James describes one of the maddest of Mr. Alfred Dimmock's mad escapades. He impersonates an Officer at Parade with wildly funny results.

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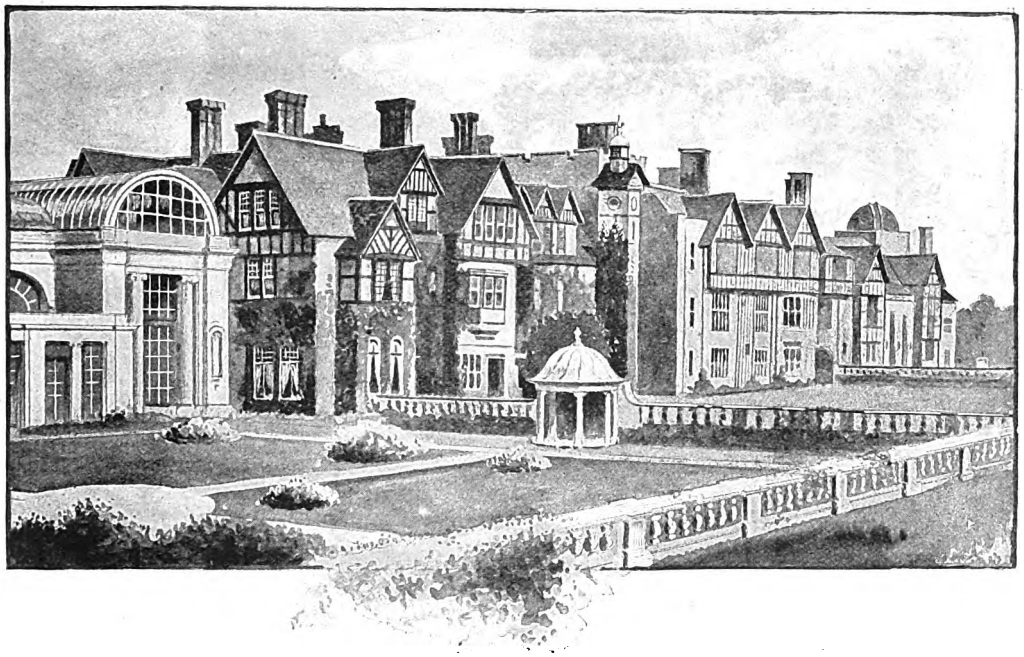

The wonderful mansion at Lea Park, owned, re-built, and built on to by Mr. Whitaker Wright.

Mr. Whitaker Wright,

AND HIS WONDERFUL PALACE AND PLEASURE PARK.

The only Authentic Account that has ever been Published of the Wonderful Way in which Mr. Whitaker Wright "Improved Nature" at his Home, Lea Park, in Surrey. Full and True Details are given for the First Time of the Marvellous Palace, with its Theatre and Observatory; of the Gorgeous Stables; of the Hills that were Removed and Built up again by Hand; of the Construction of the Grottoes and the Great Artificial Lakes, with their Fairy-like Houses under the Water; and of the other Wonderful Surprises that were Prepared for Visitors, which are said to have Cost, in all, £1,250,000.

Some years ago, in the early nineties, one of the many beautiful old country seats in Surrey came into the market, priced at about £150,000. Lea Park, near Godalming, boasted a lovely Elizabethan half-timbered manor house, standing on a hill, whence one looked out over fair, green, undulating grounds to the blue line of the Haslemere hills in the distance. A typical English home—green, restful, utterly peaceful.

To this haven of rest came, from the City of London, a great financier, a man who had sprung from none knew where, who had floated companies, amassed a great fortune.

He was a big man, this financier, standing almost six foot, of great bulk, of weight quite eighteen stone—a man of domineering force, somewhat Jewish in appearance, clean shaven save for a heavy moustache, dressed always in sober black, unrelieved by any sign of jewellery whatever, but sometimes by a bright tie. His name was Whitaker Wright.

Apparently, as he walked over his new property day by day, he did not find the rest that was there. His brain must have been working always, conceiving great plans. It soon became known in the neighbourhood that great works of improvement were to be carried out at Lea Park.

Wages at this time were at the rate of 14*s.* a week. It was not long before they rose to 21*s.* a week—before four hundred men were engaged on the great works that were being carried out by the sombre, silent man in black from the City of London.

He strode about his park, carrying a great

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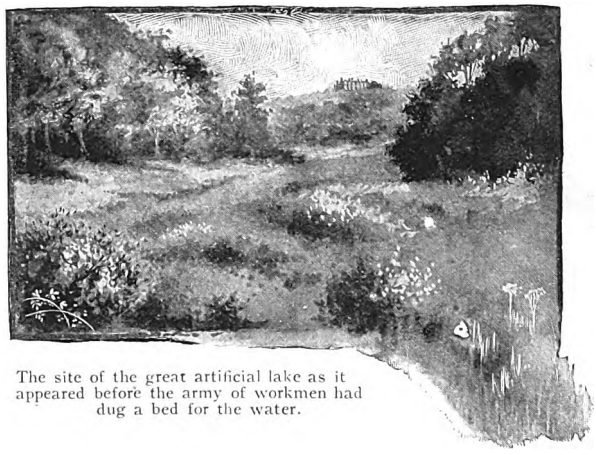
oak stick, planning, superintending. Everywhere he saw chances of improvement. "We will have a great lake here," he said in effect, with a wave of his oak staff; "this hill blocks the view—take it away. Cut down this wood. Here we will have a grotto. An Italian fountain would look well here. But first have a wall built, ten feet high, all around," and he waved his stick with an all-embracing sweep. It was a standing joke of the workmen to say, every time they saw that oak stick waving: "There goes another hundred pounds!"



The site of the great artificial lake as it appeared before the army of workmen had dug a bed for the water.

It is impossible to give a straight-forward account of how the transformation scenes at Lea Park were carried out. The master-mind often changed. But the four or five hundred workmen were kept busy, day by day, year by year. And the big dark man moved among them, encouraging, directing—now and again taking a pick and shovel himself. For he could dig.

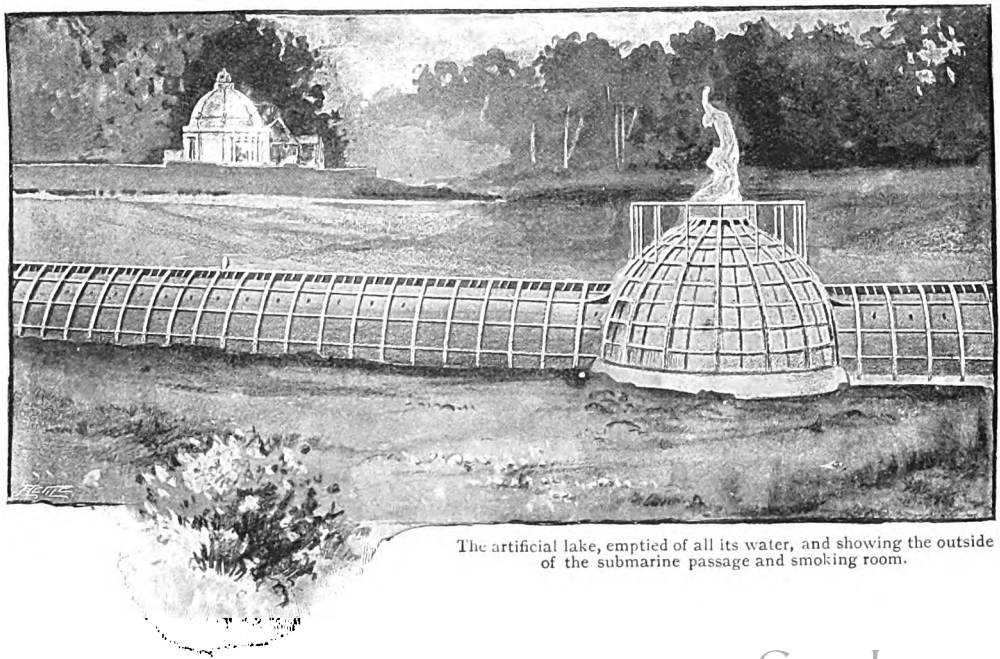
"Why don't you put more energy into your work, my man?" he said one day to a giant navvy, who took things rather easily. "When *I* used to dig, I worked three times as hard as you do."

The navvy turned slowly, and looked his master in the eyes. "Maybe," he answered, "*but you were digging for diamonds!*"—which may or may not have been true, but which went unanswered save for a hearty laugh.

The hundreds of workmen, in the course of six or seven years' hard labour, utterly changed the face of Lea Park. Whatever may have been left undone, it is easy to say what was accomplished. It is estimated that Mr. Whitaker Wright must have spent fully £1,250,000 whilst at Lea Park.

The big lake, in front of the house, covering some fifty acres, was the greatest of all the works. It was Mr. Whitaker Wright's idea to make it a Lake of Surprises—the most wonderful lake in the world. This it surely is.

There are now three artificial, hand-made



The artificial lake, emptied of all its water, and showing the outside of the submarine passage and smoking room.

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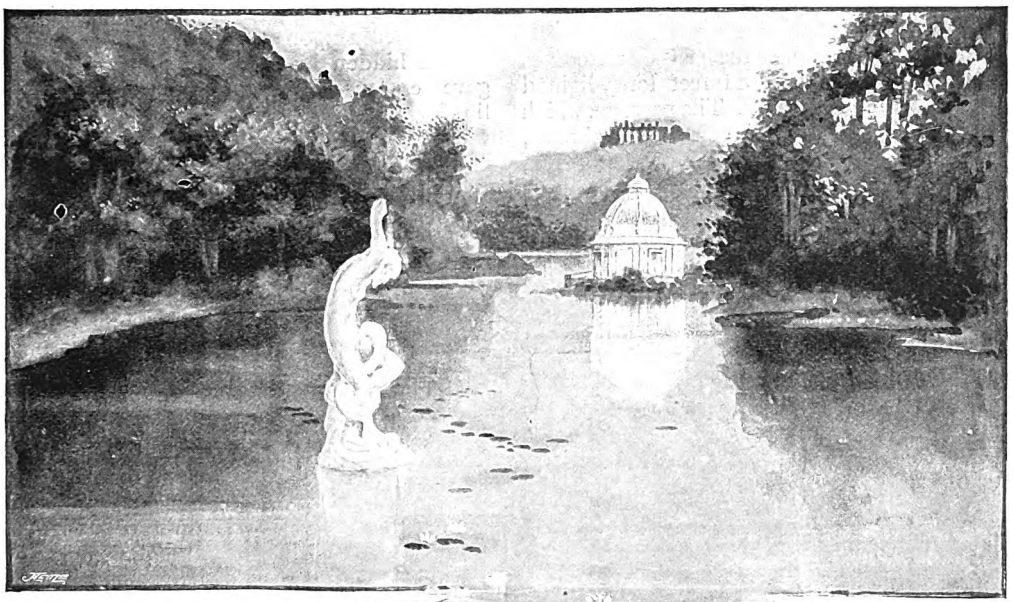

The wonderful artificial lake at Lea Park. There is a passage underneath the lake leading to a crystal smoking room under the statue in the foreground.

lakes in the park. The first is a square lake at the top of a hill, whence the water is carried by pipes to the bathing lake, entering by a cascade, some thirty feet high. From the bathing lake the water is carried to the big lake, through a great dolphin's head, which is fed by a natural stream, taking its name, Brook, from a neighbouring village. There is a turbine house at one end of this lake, which, when necessary, will pump water up to the first lake.

The big lake to-day is in full view of the house, at the foot of a sloping stretch of greensward, profusely dotted with Italian statuary. But it was not always so, for a natural hill shut out the view of the lake, though one could see over the top of it to the blue Haslemere hills. It was this hill that Mr. Whitaker Wright ordered to be taken away. The vast work was carried out by hand, by hundreds of navvies, who cut the hill down in slices, and carted it away in barrows. When the hill had been laid low, so that the ground sloped gently down from the house to the lake, turf was laid, and the many statues and fountains were put in place.

One fountain from Italy, representing a grotesque and gigantic dolphin's head, is so enormous, that when it was landed at Southampton, the railway company refused to carry it to Lea Park because it was too big to pass through their tunnels! Mr. Wright therefore dispatched one of his traction-engines to Southampton, to haul the dolphin home by road, on a truck that had been specially built for it. All went well, until the traction-engine came to a place where an arch spanned the road. There was no room to pass under. Mr. Wright sent down word that the road was to be sunk until the dolphin *could* pass. So the road was cut away, and in due time the dolphin reached home in safety.

The dolphin was carved from a solid block of marble, weighing eighty tons.

But one must go beneath the surface of the big lake to see the wonder of wonders at Lea Park—the houses under the water, the retreats, built of iron and glass, where the Master loved to think of seclusion from the cares of the world, to smoke his cigars in peace.

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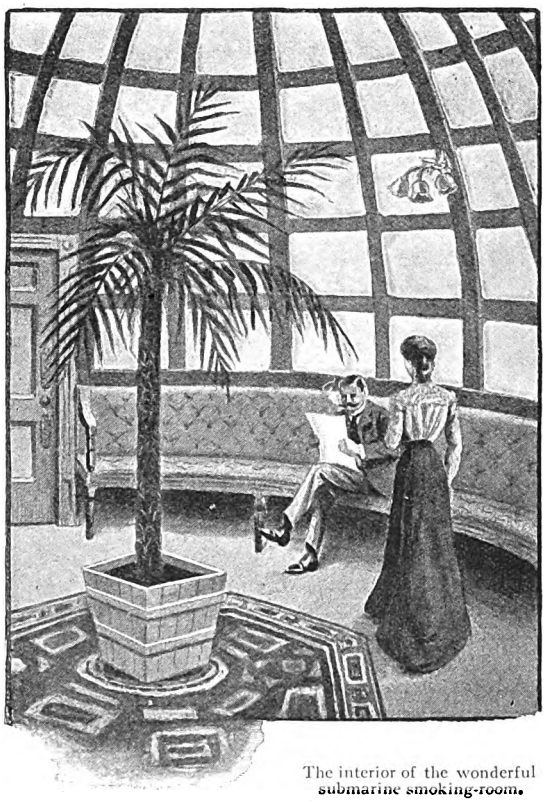
On the lawn, by the lake side, is to be seen a little erection sheltering the head of a spiral staircase. Descending the stairs one comes to a subway, four hundred feet long, lighted by rows of electric lamps. The passage, which is wide enough for four people to walk abreast, leads into a great chamber of glass thirty feet in height—a beautiful conservatory with a wondrous mosaic floor, settees and chairs, palms, and little tables.

It is a wonderful place—a fairy palace. In summer it is delightfully cool — in winter, delightfully warm, for the temperature is always fairly even. Outside the clear crystal glass is a curtain of green water — deep, beautiful green at the bottom, fading away to the palest, faintest green at the top, where little white wavelets ripple. Gold fish come and press their faces against the glass, peering at you with strangely magnified eyes. On summer nights one looks through the green water at the stars and the moon, which appear extraordinarily bright and large, for they are magnified quite ten times by the curved glass and the water.



The interior of the wonderful submarine smoking-room.

This submerged fairy-room with appendages cost fully £20,000. It was built, of course, with the utmost care—for if one of the square panes of three-inch glass should break, the place would be filled with water within five minutes.

But these submerged houses do not exhaust the wonders of the Lake of Surprises. Mr. Wright built a beautiful boat-house of stone by the lake side, wherein were kept a number of boats—electric launches, sailing craft, row boats—for he is fond of boating, and has achieved some notable triumphs with his racing yachts.

Sailing round the lake, one would come unexpectedly upon an opening in the bank, almost hidden by shrubs and trees. This gave entrance to a subterranean passage, lined with white tiles, covered in places with creepers, deep water rippling at the bottom. Proceeding cautiously up this strange channel running underground, one was reassured by the sight of daylight at the end; and, pushing on, came at length to a wondrous grotto, a fairy-like cavern, with trees, high above, forming a roof with their branches. Leaving the boat, one stepped on to a path carved out of the solid rock, which led, by steps, into an extraordinary labyrinth of galleries and hidden chambers, some of which were beautifully fitted with Oriental decorations.

Whilst one army of workmen was engaged upon these transformation scenes and fairy effects in the Park, another army was engaged in converting the old red-brick house into something akin to a palace. Right and left of the old house two new wings were thrown out, and at one end a domed observatory with a revolving copper roof was put up—Mr. Wright had a taste for astronomy. A little theatre was built in the house, costing about £20,000, and decorated with tapestries, worth about as much, and a wonderful drop curtain.

When, a little while ago, the order went forth that all work at Lea Park was to be stopped, the labourers, the country people in the neighbourhood, were genuinely sorry.

The news of the financier's downfall, and of his arrest came to many near Lea Park as a personal sorrow.

"He never robbed the poor," they said.

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

THE MAN WHO CHASED HIMSELF.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

A further smuggling Escapade of Sir Nicholas Vyse, known to his Associates as Captain Contraband, and Josephine Willoughby, his Lady Confederate. This Yarn describes how they both fool Gauger Ralph, the Preventive Officer, and succeed in landing a vast Prize under his very Nose.

Sir Nicholas Vyse, though strangers held his home, was wonderfully partial, so it seemed, to the neighbourhood; for he had settled in a snug place, half house, half cottage, that topped the cliff above St. Thyra's Bay. In front of the cottage, on the landward side, was a great pool, with landing-steps that led from the front door to the water; and this pool, far as the eye could see between the alders and pollard-willows that hugged its banks, narrowed into one of those lanes of water which drain the salt marshes.

Nick Vyse had been duck-shooting to-day, and now, on the last edge of gloaming, he punted to the landing-stage, threw out two brace of birds, and shouted for his manservant.

"Jago!" he called. "Pest take you, Jago!"

A little figure of a man came out of the cottage. He held a candle in one hand, and the light of it revealed a shrunken body, a face as wizened as an apple too long stored, a wonderfully bright and eager pair of eyes.

"Coming, master, coming!" answered Jago.

"Take these birds, man, and then set out a meal of some sort; and be quick about it, for this air has touched my hunger."

"There's a lady here to see you, Sir Nicholas," went on the manservant diffidently. "I am not sure, sir, whether I did right, but she would wait your coming, so she said."

"A lady? Who?" asked Nick Vyse sharply.

Memories of his wild days in town returned to him, and he was disposed to shy at mention of obscure ladies, each one of whom might come to nurse a grievance.

"It is Miss Josephine Willoughby, sir, I think—from the great house, sir—though, to be sure, I am no judge of faces and I only saw the lady once before."

The master's face cleared. "Oh, I will see her now," he said, and strode indoors.

A lamp was burning in the right-hand room, and Josephine stood facing the light—stood, a lissome figure, insolent almost in its bright young beauty. They smiled one at the other, as old friends do.

"Well, Captain Josephine?" cried Sir Nicholas gaily, as he closed the door.

"I earned the title, did I not?" she said, throwing back her head with a mischievous, proud air. "I captained your decoy-ship, and saved a cargo?"

"You did, and I could ill have afforded to lose that special cargo."

"Since then I have been much in the company of Gauger Ralph and others of the Preventive. It is sad company for a lady of fortune to keep, is it not, Sir Nicholas? Yet what can I do, with my father always making

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more money there in London, and only a sleepy dowager for company?"

"True, true," murmured Sir Nicholas, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. The more he saw of this girl with her daring and her ready wit, the more he welcomed comradeship with her.

"I like to hear Preventive tales. I like to listen while Gauger Ralph grows big with talk of caves, and Schnapps, and cutters armed with guns; and Ralph will tell me anything. But I forgot. You shouted to your servant just now that you were hungry. Let him spread the board, and I will tell you one of the Gauger's tales to while away the time."

"You will join me in the meal, then?"

"How could I?" she said with a sudden, odd return to dignity.

Josephine was a woman, after all; and, though this visit to Sir Nicholas had seemed a usual procedure, it became at once an outrage that he should ask her to sit down to meat with him.

"Very well," went on Nick Vyse, still with the same sly twinkle. "I have shared your hospitality. Do you remember when I came along the secret way, and broke in upon you? And yet, it seems, you will have none of mine. Is it fair? Moreover, you blamed me once for not treating you as a man. You wished to rank as Captain Josephine."

Her dignity was forgotten, and she laughed her old, frank laugh.

"Yes, I want to be a man! Just that, with freedom to go in and out, and see brave cargoes run. Captain Contraband, I will dine with you," she broke off with a sweeping curtsey.

"Hush, hush!" said he, in mock dismay. "Sir Nicholas Vyse, if you please, and a good magistrate. Jago," he called, opening the door, "lay covers for two, and, as you love me, hasten."

Jago, lean, noiseless, unsurprised, soon set the board, and Josephine was conducted with much ceremony to her chair.

"They are going to make another big attempt to capture Captain Contraband," said the girl presently.

"They have made so many," answered Nick Vyse lightly, "yet still I am on the Commission of the Peace."

"You have heard of the pitcher that went once too often to the well?"

"Or the keg of Schnapps that went once too often to the cave? You mean, I may think too little of the Preventive?"

"I think so. Gauger Ralph, each time he is outwitted, seems to seek more eagerly for a fresh plan. He is fat and rather foolish, but he is dogged, Sir Nicholas."

"And this time what plan has he?"

"In the first place, he has sent word all up and down the coast, to have the Preventive men in readiness."

Sir Nicholas nodded. "So much he did before; and, thanks to you, he captured a cargo of salt herrings."

They laughed together at the reminiscence, then Josephine grew grave again.

"But there is more," she said. "Three cutters are in readiness, too, and they mean, between them, to sink both your own boat and the decoy-ship when next you make a run."

The other whistled gently. "This is more serious," he muttered. "Three cutters—and their guns are heavy—yes, they might sink us. But they won't?" he broke off merrily. "We'll find a way out, Captain Josephine, as we have done before."

As if in answer to his words, there came a loud double-knock at the outer door, and presently old Jago entered softly.

"Gauger Ralph would have a word with you, Sir Nicholas," he said.

Nick Vyse exchanged glances with the girl. "Show him in!" he cried merrily. "That is unless——" He glanced at Josephine again, to ask if she had doubts as to the propriety of being discovered here at meat with him.

The girl, too, looked doubtful for a moment; then she laughed, and, "It's foolish, I suppose," she said, "but Gauger Ralph is sure to give us some good jests—and—and—you may tell him, if he is shocked, that for to-night I'm Captain Josephine."

Gauger Ralph stood there on the threshold, pulling his forelock nervously, yet grinning as he caught the girl's last words. Josephine's description of him seemed a true one, as he stood there, fat and a little foolish, with the lamplight on his wind-red face.

"Give you good-even, Ralph," cried Sir Nicholas, who seemed in high spirits. "Take a glass of Schnapps for your stomach's sake. Miss Willoughby here was intrusted with a message to me from—from her father—and I persuaded her to help me through a lonely meal. You are an old friend of Ralph's, eh, Miss Willoughby?"

"Indeed I am. You haven't a secret that I don't know, have you, Ralph?"

Ralph shifted his feet uneasily, and glanced with apprehension at Sir Nicholas. "My

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tongue does run away with me now and then,' he admitted, "when a bonny maid asks me to tell her all my foolish tales."

"And why not?" went on Nick Vyse. "Miss Willoughby and I were talking, the moment you came in, of the urgent need there is to capture this Captain Contraband. She is as eager as we are, Ralph, to save the credit of the county."

"Now that's queer," muttered Ralph, taking a deep draught of his Schnapps; "it was on that very business of Captain Contraband I came to you to-night. Could I talk with you by-and-by, Sir Nicholas, when you are alone?"

Another glance, full of devil-may-care high spirits, passed between Nick Vyse and Josephine.

"You can talk now, man," he said. "This lady is scarcely a conspirator, I think—besides, you are accustomed, as you say, to tell her all, so you may as well do it now as later."

"He's merry to-night," thought Ralph, with a chuckle. "When the wine's in, it's wonderful what a lass can do to a man."

Yet Nick Vyse was grave on a sudden, and he wore his coldest magisterial air.

"I am glad you are here, Ralph," he said. "The fact is, I should have sent for you in a day or two, whether you had come or not. This shameless running of cargoes, under the very nose of the Preventive, must be suppressed. The authorities at head-quarters are growing more angry every day; they say that Captain Contraband will soon command the Channel if this work goes on."

"True, Sir Nicholas, true. Yet there's something, as you might say, uncanny about the man. He's a sort of a ghost, to my thinking, and we never even saw his face till t'other night."

"Oh, you have seen him once, then?" went on Sir Nicholas, in the tone of one who is examining a witness. "What is he like, in case I come across him?"

"Well, now, sir, if I may make bold, he's just your height and breadth—the very figure of you."

"You pay me a high compliment," said Nick Vyse ironically. "Have I the honour, too, to resemble him in face?"

"Lord save you, no, sir! There was no breed in his face, no breed at all; and he was light-haired, and you're dark."

"Would you know him again, if you saw him?"

"Wouldn't I! A man who can land a cargo of herrings under my nose, and make me believe they're Schnapps—ay, I'll know him again."

"Good. Now, what do you propose, Ralph? I am willing to help you in any way I can—both as a man and as a magistrate."

"Well, Sir Nicholas, I was thinking that nobody knows how many men Captain Contraband has on board his boats, and there are none too many of us Preventive chaps. Could you, now, call out your yeomanry, and——?"

A grave smile from Nick Vyse.

"I am afraid it would be exceeding my powers as officer in command," he said. "No, Ralph. We must catch these rascals at sea. We'll have no more skulking in caves."

Ralph's face fell.

"Then—then I'm not to be in at the taking of him?" he muttered. "It seems hard after all the time and trouble I've taken, Sir Nicholas."

"Tut, tut, man! You're a brave man, I know, on sea or land; and you shall bring your men on board with you. Now, what information have you?"

"None to go on just yet, sir. To tell truth, we had a very useful spy; but Captain Contraband has given him a rope's end, and a good-bye."

For one fleeting moment a smile crossed Nick Vyse's face. It was he himself who had administered both the rope's end and the dismissal to the culprit. Gauger Ralph, however, was deep in his second measure of Schnapps, and did not notice the smile, nor see how merrily the glances of his two companions crossed.

"I am in better case," went on Sir Nicholas. "As it happens I have taken great interest lately in this Captain Contraband, and I have means of knowing at least half his plans for the next trip."

"Dare you trust them to me, sir?"

"I wish to do so. In a week from now, if the wind is good, he means to run a cargo from Dunkirk. His ship will anchor close to Dead Man's Buoy, which lies, as you'll remember, north by nor'-east of St. Thanes."

"And which boat will hold the cargo, sir? What with a ghost for a captain, and a decoy-ship that sometimes holds the kegs, and sometimes just holds nothing at all but fish—well, plain men get bothered in their wits, Sir Nicholas."

"It is Captain Contraband who will be bothered this time, Ralph. How many cutters can you secure for patrol service?"

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"Three are ready at any moment, sir."

"Too few, too few," murmured Nick Vyse.

The girl looked at him, as if to guess what new prank was this; but Sir Nicholas went on. "I am a poor man as you know, Ralph, but I have the interests of justice at heart. With help from friends, and some personal sacrifice, I can promise two additional ships, well manned and armed, to be ready in a week's time at furthest. You shall know my plans for the attack when the time draws nearer. I shall, of course, command."

"You mean to do it this time, Sir Nicholas!" cried Gauger Ralph admiringly.

"I do," answered Sir Nicholas grimly. "Good-night to you, Ralph, and be careful of your tongue; a word in the wind is enough to scare this Captain Contraband, and spoil our purpose."

"Trust me, sir, trust me."

"Come here, Ponto," said Josephine. "Let me look at your face."

As Gauger Ralph went out, a nondescript dog, keen-eyed and wicked-looking, slipped past him, and into the house, and began scratching at the door of the supper room.

"Why, 'tis Ponto!" cried the girl. "I meant to bring him with me when I came, but could not find him."

Nick Vyse opened the door, and Ponto greeted him with warm affection.

"Come here, Ponto," said Josephine. "Let me look at your face. Ah, I thought so! You've been amongst your friends the smugglers, listening to their tales; you look so gay and reckless, Ponto, after these visits to the cottages."

Ponto, one hairy ear cocked up in triumph, the other lowered in apology, practically admitted his guilt; then he sat and looked at Sir Nicholas Vyse, and seemed to wink. Nick Vyse lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"I could swear he knows this latest jest," he cried. And then he broke into a fresh peal of laughter. "Gauger Ralph will be the death of me one day," he gasped. "Could any man be fatter or more simple?

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Could any man but Ralph have set such a bit of comedy a-going? Tell me, Captain Josephine, do I play the magistrate becomingly?"

Good-fellowship was gaining ground between these two. Their glances met so often, they laughed together so often, the same mood so often held them both. Josephine, just now, was shaking with that sort of inner merriment that hurts one's body.

"It could not have been better done," she said, finding voice at last. "Sir Nicholas Vyse is asked to help in the capture of Captain Contraband—it is just like a cat chasing its own tail! Tell me, did you invent this story of the cargo to be run next week from Dunkirk?"

"To be sure I did, once I had mastered the reason of Ralph's visit. But the information will so far be true. I am crossing to-morrow to Dunkirk, and we shall run such a cargo as no man—from St. Thanes up to Hull—has handled since smuggling first begun."

"Ponto knows you will do it," said Josephine, stroking the beast's shaggy hide. "He can scent luck, the sailors say, and never yet has he been on a losing venture. You'll take him with you? See! He asks for it."

Sir Nicholas looked musingly at her.

"The sailors, ever since you commanded the decoy-ship on a certain night, say that *you* are the luck of any crew you join. It seems too much to ask, but I have my superstitions, too. Will you join us in the coming trip?"

"Ah, that is kind of you!" she cried. "I could not have borne to sit at home, and know that this mad adventure was going forward."

She stopped, and glanced at Nick Vyse with a queer mixture of dismay and eagerness.

"I had forgotten," she went on. "Outwardly, at least, Sir Nicholas, I am a victim to propriety. The adventure would mean crossing to Dunkirk with you—which I should delight in doing—but it would mean being absent for——"

Sir Nicholas filled in the pause.

"You need not cross to Dunkirk," he said. "I want you so much that I will bring my own ship closer in to shore than I had meant to, and you can join us, say from Thyra's Bay. The dark comes early nowadays, and all will be finished before your dowager has missed you from the supper-board."

Josephine laughed. The colour glowed in her proud, eager face. Her eyes looked wicked as the eyes of Ponto, who was listening to every word that passed.

"I will come!" she said. "My hand on it, Captain Contraband!"

Then, with a wonderful return from comradeship to womanly decorum, she rose from the table, bowed serenely and with grace, and bade him a fair good-evening.

"How Fate plays the deuce with a man," mused Sir Nicholas, after Ponto had followed the girl into the misty darkness of the night. "Here was I tired for awhile of cargo-running, prepared to enjoy a week of duck-shooting, and of sitting on the Bench; and, hey presto! enter fat Gauger Ralph, with such a jest as no man could refuse! Josephine, too. I think of her at nights too much—the longest lashes that ever hid grey eyes. Heigho!"

He was thinking more of Josephine than of his trade when at last he went to bed; but, for all that, he was up betimes on the morrow, his mind alert to grasp all opportunities. The wind was veering steadily towards a favourable direction, and, while he waited for it to freshen, he took the cliff road down to Gauger Ralph's, and gave his last instructions.

"Understand me clearly, Ralph," he said at parting, in his stateliest manner. "There must be no bungling this time. Captain Contraband's smaller craft will be anchored close to Dead Man's Buoy, seven nights hence, as soon as the dark has fallen. The three revenue cutters will surround her from three points and sink her if they cannot board her; I shall be on the watch for the decoy-ship with my two boats, and I promise you we'll not let her show the clean pair of heels she generally does. Above all keep everything in readiness, and if the wind is unfavourable and they do not run their cargo on the seventh night, expect them on the eighth, the ninth, the tenth. Is all this clear to you?"

"It is, Sir Nicholas. I always said the Quality had better heads than us rough seafaring folk."

"This needs no special gift of brains, at any rate," laughed Nick Vyse to himself, as he went to prepare himself for his cross-Channel journey.

Sir Nicholas was vastly busy during the week which followed, though at Dunkirk they seemed to know him only by the name of Captain Contraband. He had crossed in one of his own ships, the other following close

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in the wake. But two ships were not enough, so it seemed, for he chartered a third craft, and a fourth—slim, greyhound boats, these latter, yet with more room in their holds than appearances warranted. He bought a fifth boat outright, after careful inquiries as to whether she could stand a trip across the Channel.

Old Aaron, who was Captain Contraband's right hand, grumbled openly when he inspected the last purchase of his master's.

"She'll scarcely weather an hour of sea," he growled. "Have you a spite against some of your crew, Captain, that you want to drown 'em by sending 'em aboard?"

"She was cheap, Aaron, and she'll serve her purpose," laughed Nick Vyse. "I'll cross on board of her myself, man, and that should bring a few men to help me man her."

"That's as you please, Captain, but she's an unchancy craft to look at."

"Ay, and she'll come to an unchancy end, if luck is with us," answered the other, turning on his heel.

Aaron suspected that Captain Contraband had been imbibing too much of the wine of the country, but he knew that it was idle to run counter to the Captain's whims. He had little leisure, moreover, for speculation, since the work of loading cargo was going forward briskly all the day and every day.

Never had one man shipped such a cargo from Dunkirk. It was the town's talk for the week. And Nick Vyse, meanwhile, went to and fro, as busy as any of his crew, with a laugh on his lips and a rollicking sense of luck at his heart.

On the seventh day, the wind blowing fair from the south-east, the little fleet set sail. It was a cumbersome journey, to be sure, for the ship which had earned Aaron's displeasure went staggering like a drunkard all the way, and creaked in all her timbers, and seemed to cry aloud that she was over-old for such rough journeys. The greyhound craft, eager to get forward, strained and fidgeted like hounds in leash; for the Captain's orders were strict that all should keep together until the English coast was neared.

They came at last—an hour after the sun had dipped into an early gloaming—within sight of the Bell Hope Light, and Sir Nicholas from the bridge of the rotten craft in which, according to promise, he had sailed, gave orders that the rest of his small fleet should heave to. He gave, too, rapid orders to his own crew that they should sail at once for Dead Man's Buoy, and anchor there. Then he went aboard one of the greyhound ships, and with them followed in the old tub's wake.

Old Aaron was left in charge of the two smuggling ships, with orders to drop anchor for awhile, then to tack slowly up the coast, and afterwards to scud before the wind as soon as Captain Contraband was ready to give chase.

All went merry as a sea wind blowing fair, for Nick Vyse had left no detail of his venture to the sport of chance. Silently the old tub made her way up to Dead Man's Buoy, and anchored there. Silently Nick Vyse crept up alongside, and took the crew on board his own good ship. Silently he crept up the coast to Thyra's Bay, and put off a boat; and welcomed Josephine and Ponto as they were brought aboard.

"Lads," said he to his crew, "here is Captain Josephine. She has come to bring us luck, and Ponto, too."

A subdued cheer went up. Sails were set afresh. They were scudding down the Channel now. As they neared Dead Man's Buoy they hailed a cutter that showed one light upon the larboard side.

"Ahoy!" called the outlook.

"Sir Nicholas Vyse, with the two ships, promised. Are you ready, lads?" answered Sir Nicholas.

"Ready, sir!" came Gauger Ralph's fat voice.

"Then you know your orders. Sink her on board her, and I will look to the decoy-ship."

The greyhound ships rode gaily on before the wind, and passed the anchored tub—who showed one light halfway up her mast—and slipped down Channel. And then the frolic began in earnest.

"She seems careless-like," said Gauger Ralph, pointing to the mast-light on the smuggling craft. "Give her a shot across the bows, lads, and wake her up."

The anchored smuggler neither answered the volley nor the loud call to surrender. She still rode placidly at anchor, and showed the impudent light upon her mast.

"Give it her hot in the belly this time!" roared the Gauger.

The gunners, misled by the darkness of the boat, and thinking the light to be swinging from the gunwale, not from the mast, aimed high. The shot went screaming over the smuggler's deck, and hit one of the other two Preventive boats that was waiting to close in. The second cutter responded, for all the craft were in so close a circle that they

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thought the shot had come from the smuggler.

Again the ball went high, and struck the mast of Gauger Ralph's boat, and missed that liquor-loving officer by some three inches. The third cutter joined in now, and, what with bad gunnery, panic, and a mad fury that was gaining among the braver men with each shot that told, the Revenue crews just lost their heads and took to firing at each other.

Captain Contraband was gliding down the Channel now, in mock pursuit of his own ships; which was a pity, for his plot was working better than he had foreseen. Flash after flash came from the Preventive boats; most were wide, but now one would strike the smuggler craft, and now another would sing among the rigging or plunge into the side of a friendly vessel. The smuggler staggered now and again when she was hit, but otherwise she showed no signs of life; dead as the night about her, she seemed a phantom-ship.

It was Gauger Ralph at last who stopped the fight. Snatching up a speaking-trumpet, he bellowed out an order between the volleys.

"Cease firing! We'll board her, lads," he yelled.

His own cutter was brought up alongside; the grappling-irons were fixed; and Gauger Ralph—no coward at any time—leaped down on deck, waving his sword high above his head and cheering on his fellows.

"Take Captain Contraband—dead or alive, lads, take him!" he shouted.

Yet, oddly, no resistance met them. The smuggling craft was dumb, save for the creaking of her timbers. An empty deck showed dim beneath the light of the swinging lamp.

"It's a plot," growled Ralph. "They're lying in wait somewhere, thinking to take us off our guard. Look to your weapons, lads."

Yet still the silence was unbroken, and presently Gauger Ralph approached the hold, and one of the crew lit a lantern, and together they went down. The ship was empty of all but the salt water gathering through a gun-shot wound in her side. And then at last the meaning of all this was clear to Gauger Ralph; and he swore at large into the windy night.

"Captain Contraband has notched another score against us, lads," he cried. "Captain Contraband be ——."

Sullenly, shamefacedly, they returned to their own boat, unfastened the grappling-irons, and stood off a little. And all the solace they could find for their wounded feelings was a broadside, delivered at short range that all but blew the old tub out of the water. She settled quickly, groaning still; she had made her last trip, and at length her tired bones were at rest. But the Preventive crews of the three cutters swore softly as they sailed for home.

Captain Contraband, meanwhile, had pursued his own ships for a matter of five miles or so down the coast, and only when they neared the snug little cove called Riverks Bay did he give the order to heave to. Pursuers and pursued alike obeyed the call, and Josephine, close beside Captain Contraband upon the deck, laughed merrily as she peered into the dusky greyness of the night, and saw the three other ships heave slowly to and make ready to lower all their boats.

"Tell me something," she said suddenly. "Why did you charter *two* instead of one, Sir Nicholas? Surely one ship would have been enough to make your plan secure."

"I will tell you," chuckled Nick Vyse. "As Gauger Ralph was so ready to help me in this matter, and as I saw that we need fear no interruption, once the old tub was sunk—why, I took a fancy to run four cargoes instead of one. These innocent, slim ships hold more than you would guess—and they are crammed with Schnapps and tobacco, just as my other boats are. We can beach our cargo here at leisure, for every one of the Preventive is with Gauger Ralph upon the cutters."

Very low, very pleasant the girl's laugh was. "You take Fortune by the forelock, Captain Contraband," she said.

"Well, yes, for they say that Fortune is bald on the back of her head, and if you let her once slip past you, there's nothing left to grasp!"

All was gaiety on the ships. The crews were whistling softly; Sir Nicholas himself was humming a gay air. Nick did not wait to superintend the hiding of the kegs, however, but, soon as his own ship was cleared (except for half-a-dozen kegs which he ordered to be left in the hold) he left old Aaron to assume command, took with him half-a-dozen men, and made up the coast until at last—the wind had veered again, and helped them slightly—they came to anchor just outside Saint's Bay.

"A boat shall take you to the beach, and you'll be home in a few moments," said Nick Vyse, taking the girl's hand in farewell and holding it longer than needful. "My thanks for the luck you've brought us, Captain Josephine, and I trust your dowager will not have missed you."

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"I would not have missed this trip for all the dowagers in England," cried Josephine. "Nor would Ponto—see what a droll look is in his face."

"You shall know when next I make a run," said Nick Vyse, stooping to pat Ponto's head.

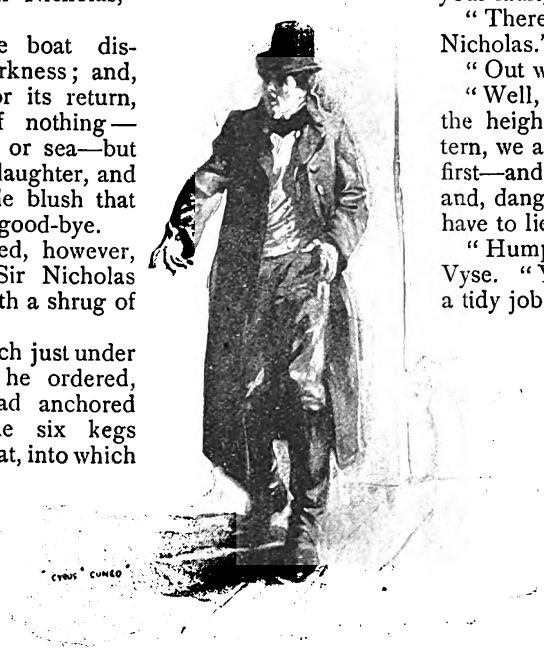
This dare-devil Captain Contraband seemed strangely infirm of purpose just now; he could not let the girl go, and yet he could think of no excuse for detaining her. Perhaps she understood his mood; perhaps something of the same mood was touching her; at any rate, a wonderful, deep colour came into her cheeks, and she turned her head aside.

"Good-night, Sir Nicholas," she said.

He watched the boat disappear into the darkness; and, while he waited for its return, he could think of nothing—nothing upon land or sea—but Josephine's quick laughter, and the quicker, tell-tale blush that had come with her good-bye.

The boat returned, however, very soon; and Sir Nicholas came to himself with a shrug of his wide shoulders.

"Sail for the beach just under Gauger Ralph's," he ordered, and, when they had anchored there, he had the six kegs lowered into the boat, into which he stepped himself, with two stout seamen for his oarsmen. The seamen hailed from Dunkirk, and their picturesque garb, their foreign tongue, gave colour to the final jest which Nick Vyse meant to play upon Gauger Ralph.



"Fooled again!" roared Nick.

A light was burning from Ralph's cottage when Sir Nicholas stepped on shore, and he strode up, and gave a quick, imperious knock. Gauger Ralph opened to him, and his face fell as he saw who this late visitor was.

"We're fooled again, Sir Nicholas," he muttered. "What luck had you?"

"Fooled again!" roared Nick, stepping inside. There were three others of the Preventive there. "Must the gentry do *all* the work, fool Ralph? Does the king pay you lubberly rascals just to let your enemy slip by you with his fingers to his nose?"

The four men looked sheepish. Sir Nicholas in calm moments was a man to be wary of; but in his rages he swept all before him.

"We obeyed orders, sir," said Ralph at last. "We fired on her, boarded her—and, dang me! if there was so much as a rat on board. She was the rottenest old craft that ever saw this coast. Captain Contraband, I reckon, knew that his plans had leaked out, and put the boat there just to keep us out of harm's way."

Sir Nicholas seemed lost in amazement.

"He's devilish clever," he said.

"Well, Ralph, it seems not to be your fault, after all."

"There's more to tell, Sir Nicholas."

"Out with it then."

"Well, what with the dark, and the height she carried her lantern, we aimed clean over her at first—and hit each other—and—and, dang me! if we sha'n't all have to lie by for repairs."

"Humph!" growled Nick Vyse. "You seem to have made a tidy job of it between you."

"And how did you fare, sir?" repeated one of the four men.

Nick laughed. "Well, to tell truth, I let one ship escape—devilish fast she was—but the other we boarded."

"Did you take the Captain?" gasped Ralph, his eyes standing out of his head with excitement.

"Well, no, you see, for they slipped off in boats before we got on board, and we lost them in the darkness. But we captured all her cargo. The ship was settling, though; we had hit her below the water-line, and all the cargo we could save lies on the beach here, Ralph—six kegs of good Schnapps."

"And all t'other kegs lost?" groaned Ralph. "'Tis a waste, a sad waste of liquor."

"The sea has them, at any rate, instead of the smugglers. Now, Ralph, as to these kegs. They are the King's, I take it, and I intrust them to you as the King's officer. Go down,

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men, and roll them up; you will find two of the crew I brought with me from Dunkirk, and they have orders to deliver them to you."

For the first time a smile began to play about the face of Gauger Ralph. He had a little cellar of his own, just underneath the floor on which they were standing at that moment; and he kept such good care of the King's kegs in this same cellar that somehow he did not need at any time to purchase liquor.

"There's something at the end of it all, anyway," muttered Ralph. Then, aloud, "You'll be needing a glass of Schnapps, Sir Nicholas? It has been a hard night for you."

Sir Nicholas accepted, in the stately way that made a favour of acceptance. He tossed off his measure, and then went to the door and turned for a last word.

"I shall spare no efforts in the future, lads, to bring this Captain Contraband to justice. Mark my words, we shall catch him yet."

They stood shiftlessly for awhile, after Sir Nicholas had gone, and at last Gauger Ralph found voice.

"Let's go and shift the kegs," he said. "But hearken to me, mates! Sir Nicholas is nimble, and his wits are sharp, and he's done his best. Where's Captain Contraband, then? *Gone*. You've heard of the Flying Dutchman—ghost of a ship, ghost for captain, ghosts for crew? Well, that's about the size of Captain Contraband. He ain't flesh and blood."

"That's true," growled the others; "but why a ghost should take to smuggling—shiver me if I can tell."

So Captain Contraband had strengthened his position and his pocket by this night's work; and it was odd that, as he walked along the cliff and sniffed the wind, he could think only of a pair of grey eyes, hidden by long lashes.

"If I could run *that* cargo safely home," he sighed.

The Last Cook.

I.

Exactly how, and where and when
Amelia Susan May
Contrived to get engaged at all
Is more than I can say;
And yet she has, because, you know,
She's warned us that she's got to go.

II.

Amelia Susan as a cook
Is mighty hard to beat;
We calculate that there is not
Her equal in the street—
She cannot cook a single dish,
Soup, joint, game, entree, sweet or fish.

III.

But 'twas not for us to grumble
At the cruelty of Fate;
Take the case of Mrs. Muffles,
Who resides at twenty-eight.
Her cook smokes cigarettes all day
And has a taste for Epernay.

IV.

Our dear Amelia never had
Outlandish tastes like these;
Her wildest fancy was no more
Than port and Stilton cheese.
This drawback with a cook is small,
Against not having one at all.

V.

So at last Amelia's going,
And we've advertised a lot
In all the weekly papers, till
We're certain that there's not
A cook remaining, young or old,
That can be got for love or gold.

VI.

It almost seems as if the world
Is coming to an end;
A house without a cook is like
The world without a friend.
Life will be quite ridiculous
After Amelia's gone from us.

VII.

I've made my will, am winding up
My business and affairs;
We've warehoused all the furniture,
And put off worldly cares.
We're going soon, my wife and I,
Into the workhouse—till we die.

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

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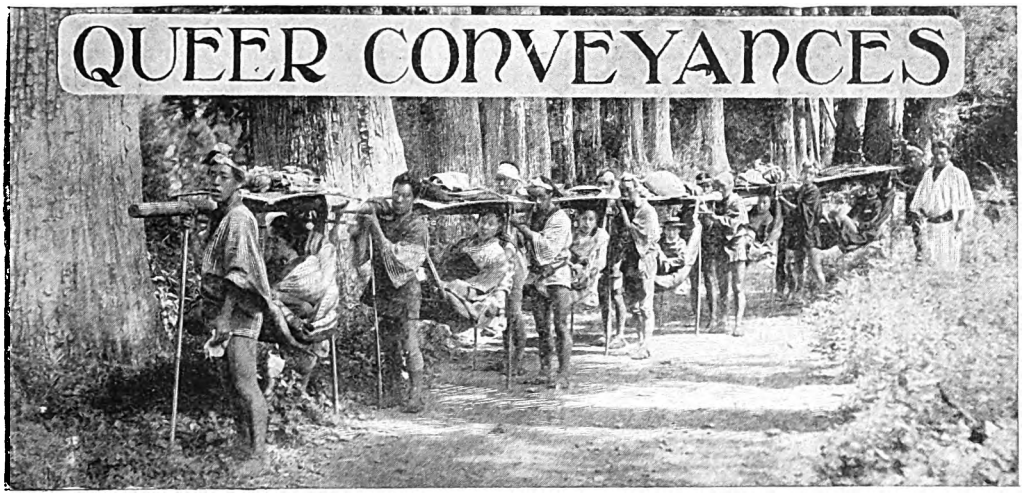
QUEER CONVEYANCES



A procession of sedan chairs, joined together, is used as a sort of Pullman car by natives in the tropics.

Strange Methods of Travel at the Ends of the Earth.

By William Rufus.

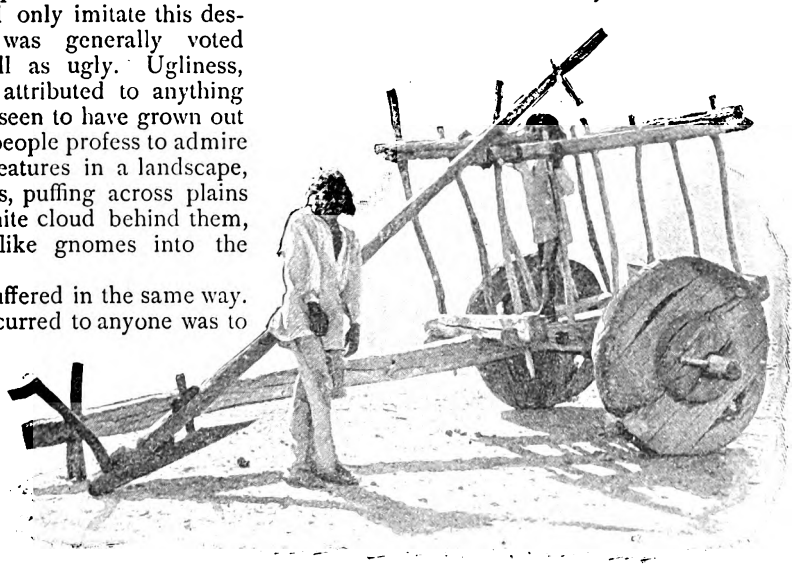
Frequent complaints are heard about the lack of originality in conveyances in this country. Take railways. When they were invented the only model that occurred to anybody was the stage-coach. Now the most charming position on a coach has always been reckoned to be the box-seat or, failing that, at least some place on the roof; the inside was reserved for the poor and the sick and the luncheon-hampers.

But the train could only imitate this despised feature and was generally voted uncomfortable as well as ugly. Ugliness, however, is generally attributed to anything unfamiliar, and trains seen to have grown out of it. Indeed, many people profess to admire them, at any rate as features in a landscape, gliding through valleys, puffing across plains with tails of fleecy white cloud behind them, and then vanishing like gnomes into the heart of a mountain.

Motors have also suffered in the same way. The only idea that occurred to anyone was to make them like carriages of some kind—a waggonette or a landau, or even a brougham—and people jeered at the comical result.

A carriage had been designed to look well and symmetrical behind a horse and shafts. Without these it looked like a legless man or a bald woman, or something equally uncanny. The coachman on the box with nothing in front of him to drive came in for a lion's share of ridicule.

This prejudice is now wearing off, and I am not going to make myself unpopular by offering gratuitous suggestions to motor builders. But the controversy has reminded



A Mexican stage-coach—apparently of date about B.C. 200.

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me that after all their choice was not so terribly limited.

Think of all the sorts and conditions of conveyances—some clumsy, some dainty, some fantastic, some useful, and others utterly hopeless — which travellers encounter in various parts of the world. Perhaps the rudest of any are to be found in Mexico.

The cart in use there must go back almost to the days of prehistoric man. Pharoah's chariots are as good as rubber-tyred beside this. Imagine what a sensation it would make in the Row, particularly if the wheels were picked out with red paint, and a liveried coachman drove a team of hippopotami.

I have often wondered why wheels should need spokes. Solid wheels are much more attractive and primæval, and their solidity need not impede progress if they be made of some light material, say cork or aluminium. No doubt the cart in question would be somewhat incongruous away from the mud-castles and other evidences of primitive instincts which accompany it, but it is full of suggestions to an artistic mind.

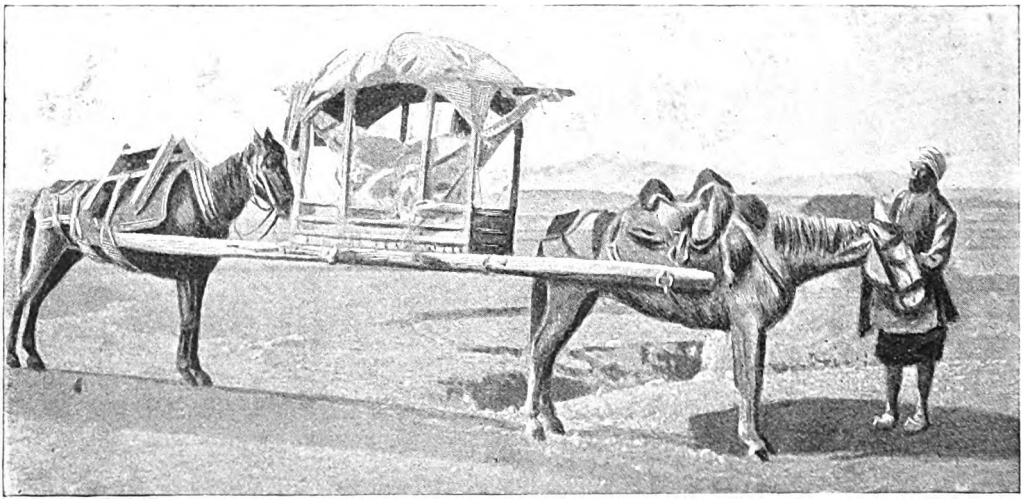
Failing this we might easily find inspiration in the old Sedan chair, which had no rival for distinction and grace. I often wonder why it was ever allowed to go out of fashion. The nearest approach to it that I have known was when I took the waters at Aix-les-Bains.

At about cock-crow two men burst into my bedroom, picked me up in my blankets before I was half awake and stowed me away in a sort of hutch, provided with poles fore and aft. Various outlandish words of command were uttered and I was borne away, wondering in the remains of my slumbers whether I was to be tied up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus, or its local equivalent.

Going downstairs was worse than crossing the Channel, for the lurches were so unexpected that it was impossible to prepare for them. However, the ordeal did not last very long, and I was dumped down in a cell of the bath-room before I had time to become really miserable.

Moreover, it was not so bad on the flat, and I could imagine a certain languid enjoyment in travelling thus across country.

If the sedan-chair were not agreeable, it would certainly not be so generally popular as it is in the Far East. There you will find a kind of sentry-box, where you sit bolt upright, and can be carried about at a great pace. The position is tiring, but you feel securer than in the more luxurious equipages, where you have a hammock or arm-chair, and snooze through a journey. Some of these are drawn by two horses, one behind and the other in front, but you are rather at their mercy in case of a stumble.



A luxurious litter—consisting of a hammock hung under an awning—used on the road between Cabul and Peshawar.

For towns and smooth roads there is nothing to beat the jinrikshas and various little wheeled go-carts drawn by running men. The pace is often that of a fast trotter and the motion is very agreeable.

The most picturesque kind of litter, as might be expected, is to be found in Japan, where everything is arranged prettily. When

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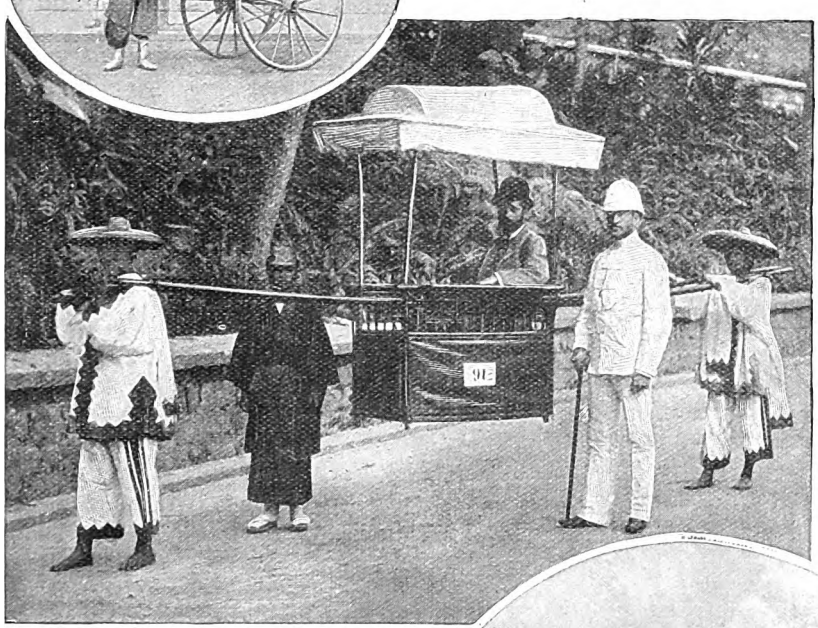
you travel through the forests of the interior you may meet whole families being conveyed in travelling chairs. As many as six or seven hammocks are suspended to one long pole borne by at least a dozen little men, and

A speedy human horse and his jinriksha.



A sedan chair in use in the Far East.

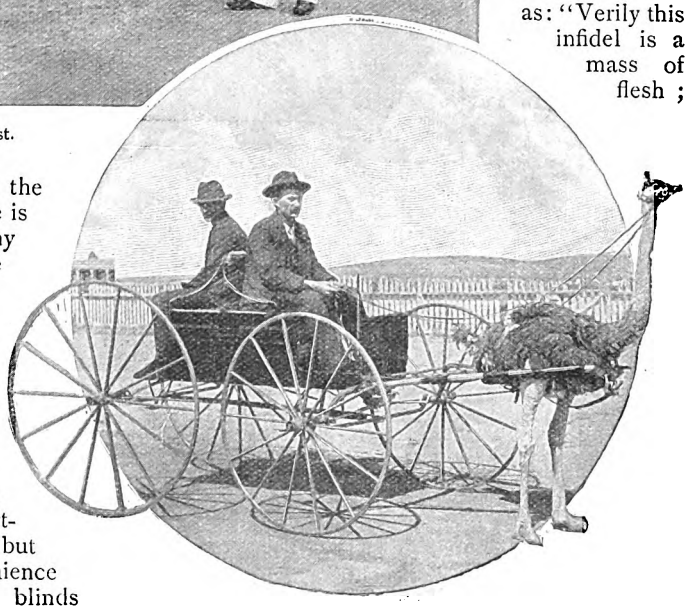
there is room for baggage on the top of the awnings. The pace is by no means fast and many rests are necessary, but the travellers make themselves very comfortable and the time passes quickly with gossip and refreshments.

French colonial personages are particularly fond of being carried about in a reclining position. The ordinary carrying chair in a remote settlement is not very comfortable for a long-legged fare, but that need not often inconvenience a Frenchman, and when the blinds are let down it is delightfully shady.

In Abyssinia the French Minister always travels to and from the coast on a regular couch, where he can lie at full length. It is supported in front and behind by mules, and looks very magnificent with all sorts of brilliant draperies. But the natives cannot understand it at all, and wonder why he "travels like a woman."

In parts of India, however, where the English are by no means considered effeminate, it is quite the recognised thing for officers to travel about in chairs carried by natives. An old Mutiny-hero, whom I met on a P. & O. steamer, related many amusing stories of his experiences on such journeys.

Once, when he was in a district where the natives were rumoured to be disaffected, he heard his bearers grumbling a good deal amongst themselves. Occasionally they chanted rude things about him, such as: "Verily this infidel is a mass of flesh;



A trotting ostrich makes a speedy if not very docile hauling agent.

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A team of dogs taking country produce to a Flemish market.

indeed, he is as heavy as a mou—ou—ountain." However, it was very hot, and he felt too sleepy to make a fuss.

Suddenly he was rudely awakened by his litter being thrown down upon the road. He looked up, and saw evil faces scowling at him. One of his bearers was actually pointing a revolver, and asking for his valuables.

"What do you mean, you black ruffian?" he roared.

"It is no use making a fuss, sahib," was the reply, "we are eight and you are one. We are tired of carrying your ugly carcase, so we mean to take what you have got and leave you here. The next station is only five hours distant."

My friend saw he was in a fix, but it would have set a very bad precedent for him to give in. Besides, five hours' walk in the blistering sun and choking dust was not to be thought of. Unfortunately his guns were stowed away, so that he could not reach them.

However, with a quick movement he snatched the native's revolver and pointed it at his head.

"Now," he exclaimed, in a calm, judicial voice, "you will go on carrying me at double speed, and the first one who shows a sign of stopping receives a bullet in his gizzard!"

They hesitated for a moment, but the white man's nerve triumphed.

He was awake enough now, and he beguiled the journey by abusing the rascals unceasingly. In little more than three hours they were within sight of the station. Just before reaching it, he ordered a halt and took out a shot-gun, which he had just loaded.

"Now," he said, "I am going to give you a chance. You see that rice-field over there. You have got to run for it, and when I count five I shall fire at you. One!"

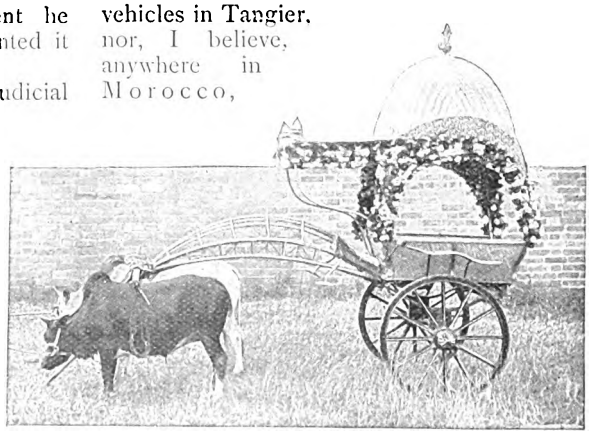
They ran as though they were possessed and presently he fired (but over their heads) so that they might not get off without a fright.

At the station he found other bearers and completed his journey without further incident.

Quite as interesting as queer conveyances are the queer creatures that have been employed to draw them. We have grown so accustomed to the horse as the noble animal whom all must prefer if they can possibly afford him, that it is somewhat surprising to hear of countries where he takes the second place.

In Abyssinia a mule costs as much as two or three horses and is always preferred by persons of distinction. Travellers who go to pay their respects to the Emperor Menelik find it difficult to realise that they are doing the right thing in riding mules while their servants bestride horses with fine long tails.

The little donkeys of North Africa also enjoy a certain consideration. Perhaps the queerest use they were ever put to was at Tangier, when the British Minister imported a billiard-table. There are no wheeled vehicles in Tangier, nor, I believe, anywhere in Morocco,



This team of fat kine, harnessed to a flower-decorated cart, took a prize at a carnival at Leicester.

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A Flemish milk cart.

unless we except the Sultan's cycles. So the only way to bring the table up the steep, tortuous streets from the landing-stage to the Legation was on donkey-back. Sixteen donkeys groaned beneath it, completely hidden from view, and it seemed to be crawling about of its own accord. The Moors declared that it was a new kind of Afrit—evil spirit—and were almost moved to insurrection.

Everyone has a lurking desire to be drawn by an unusual team. This accounts for the popularity of goat-carriages by the seaside, as they cannot be amusing of themselves, seeing that they go at a snail's pace, and you are not allowed to drive. The same thing may be said of elephant-rides at the Zoo.

A friend of mine imported a pair of zebras, and succeeded in breaking them in for driving in Surrey, but they were always a source of anxiety.

I have here a photograph from California. It represents "the first trained ostrich in the United States." In this respect the United States do not appear to be so go-ahead as they are in the multiplication of insignificant inventions, for everyone who has been to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris within the last ten years will remember the little ostrich-cars, which are let out at 5*d.* a drive. There are also zebra-carriages there at the same price.

Ostriches are certainly not easy creatures to break in to harness, for, as everyone who has been to South Africa knows very well, they have a decided will of their own. If I had to employ a bird to take me about I think I should prefer to train an eagle to draw my balloon.

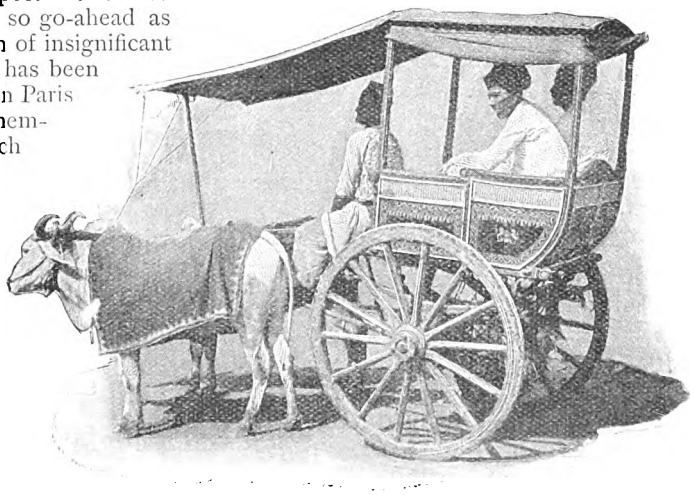
We are accustomed to talk of horses as "cattle," but the average Englishman is nearly always amazed when he goes abroad and descries oxen ploughing or treading out the corn, though he is probably aware that such practices were common in Bible times.

In Bombay, however, you may see plenty of native carts drawn by them, and an enterprising gentleman at Leicester utilised the idea for a carnival and won a prize for a very pretty little chariot decorated with flowers and drawn by a pair of fat kine.

I confess I have too many dog-friends to approve of their drudgery. A dog is a sportsman and a gentleman, and he ought to be treated as such. So when I see two poor fellows panting in the shafts, while a Flemish pedlar or milkwoman sits or lounges behind them, I long to interfere.

But it is only fair to add that they generally seem to be kindly treated, and in good condition.

I suppose there is no reason why every animal should not learn to make himself useful, but we must be allowed to retain our insular prejudices. After all, if the seals or any other animal had obtained the supremacy (I understand it was once touch and go between the seals and our Simian ancestors) we humans should not have been spared. As it is, some of us have to work very hard to support our horses, and dogs, and pheasants.



A smart turn-out of Bombay, drawn by a yoke of oxen.

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CLICKS

By John A. Connell.

How a Water Pipe—used as a Telegraph—Saved my Life, and Something More.

SEVERAL years ago I was a night operator for the Western Telegraph Company. Our office was on the ground floor of an old-fashioned brick building, and the water and gas pipes were fastened to the walls and ceiling without any attempt at concealment.

Directly above our office was a suite occupied by a Dr. Buller and his daughter Mary, a pretty girl of seventeen. The front room of the suite was the doctor's office; the others their home.

Being young and unequipped with armour to turn the shafts of Cupid, I fell head over heels in love with the Doctor's daughter. A glance, a smile, a swish of her dainty skirts, made my heart flutter like a young canary in a strange cage. The boys in the office said it was the jungle of auburn hair which had caught me, but the chief said it was the covey of freckles which seemed to flit over the bridge of her saucy nose as the lights and shadows fell across her face.

She took a fancy to learn the Morse alphabet under my teaching. The water pipe which ran from her father's office down through ours, near my table, was an excellent conductor of a sharp sound, and she would often tap little messages on it, which I would answer in the same way. My dreams were to tap my message of love as soon as I should get another promotion.

Dr. Buller had been a surgeon in the army of the Maharajah of some place or other in India. Though a man of liberal education, he had acquired some strange ideas from the natives of that region. He believed in astrology, to some extent in witchcraft, and was thoroughly convinced that blood was the essence of life. He wrote no prescriptions, but prepared his own remedies from various roots and barks, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Physically he was a tall man, and, perhaps, for that reason seemed to take a fancy to me, a slender stripling, and often when I was not on duty would ask me to take a walk with him. More than once, on these occasions, he had spoken to me of the mysteries of the Orient, and had often said:

"Blood is life. If plenty of good red blood could be injected into the veins of a dying man he would live."

The Doctor was passionately attached to his daughter. He said to me in one of his strange bursts of confidence:

"I have been father and mother and teacher to her. Her mother died in India when Mary was a baby. To lose her would be to lose everything that binds me to earth."

Our office was open all night, and I was on duty from early in the evening until midnight. Often we could hear the Doctor walking about and talking to himself all night in his office.

"He's crazy." "Ought to be locked up." "Will do some mischief some day," were the comments of my fellow workers at such times.

I was a frequent visitor in the small drawing-room upstairs. I called there one afternoon and the Doctor answered my knock. I asked for Miss Buller.

"She is ill, very ill, and can see no one," he answered, and immediately closed the door.

The next afternoon I took up a few flowers. The Doctor appeared as before. There was a wild look in his eyes; but he took the

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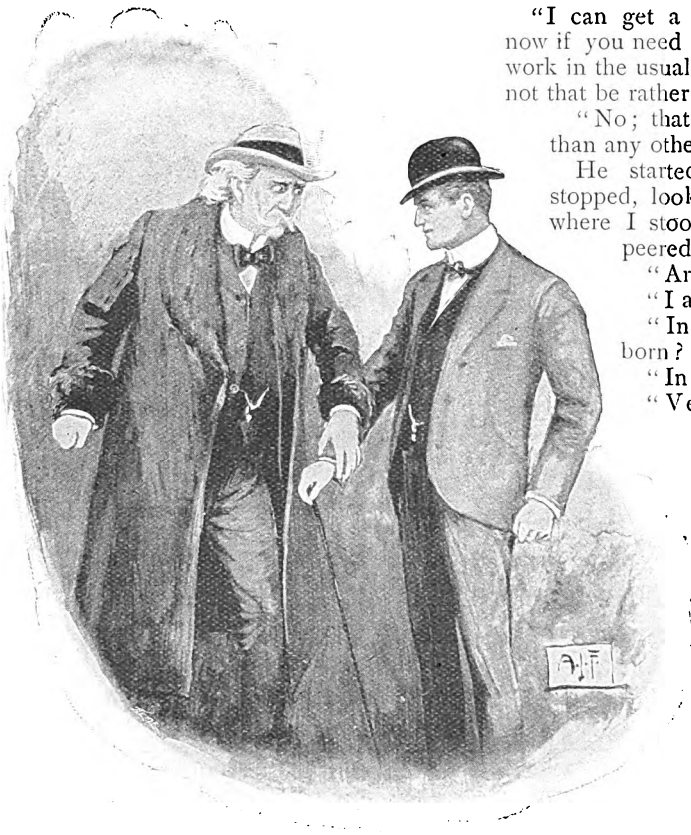

"When you go off duty to-night come up to my office, will you?"

flowers, thanked me, and without answering my inquiry as to Miss Buller's health closed the door and locked it.

When I reported my reception to the men in the office, one of them said that an investigation should be made, that the young lady should not be left there with no one but a crazy father to care for her.

"Yes," said our chief, "but it would be a dangerous experiment to intrude without an invitation from Buller."

I was greatly worried, because I feared that Miss Buller might lack some of those little ministrations that only a woman can give. I thought of suggesting a nurse from one of the hospitals, but feared that the Doctor would take it as an unwarranted piece of meddling.

That evening, just as I was going to work, I met the Doctor at the foot of the staircase leading to his apartments. He looked haggard. Stopping, he bent down and peered into my face. After this scrutinising look he said: "When you go off duty to-night come up to my office, will you?"

"I can get a substitute, and go with you now if you need me, Doctor. I do not leave work in the usual way until midnight. Will not that be rather late?"

"No; that hour will suit me better than any other."

He started slowly up the stairway, stopped, looked back, then returned to where I stood. When quite close he peered into my face again.

"Are you in good health?"

"I am."

"In what month were you born?"

"In May."

"Very good. Gemini and Saturn. Yes; very good."

Then, without a word more he turned and went up to his rooms.

During all the time I was at work that night I could hear the Doctor's heavy tread above. It was a little past midnight when I went upstairs. He must have heard me coming, for he opened the door before I had time to rap.

"Come in," said he. "I've been waiting for you. You're late!"

"Only a few minutes, Doctor," I answered, "to change my clothes." As soon as I was inside he closed the door and locked it and put the key in his pocket. I was surprised at this, but said nothing. The gas was turned low, and there was an oppressive odour of drugs in the room. The Doctor was in his shirt-sleeves; his iron-grey hair stood out in all directions as if charged with electricity, and his eyes gleamed from under his shaggy eyebrows with an unnatural brightness. A screen I had never seen in the office before now shut off part of the room from my view. Surgical instruments were spread out as if for instant use.

The locking of the door and the sight of the knives and saws made me nervous. The fact that the windows were closed and the curtains drawn added to my apprehension. I would have retreated if I could.

"Come this way," said the Doctor, taking me by the arm with a grip that made me wince, and muttering to himself: "Blood is life, blood is life."

When we passed the end of the screen and

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I saw behind it, my knees gave way and I dropped into a chair.

On a broad table lay outstretched the body of his daughter. It was dressed in a white robe with short sleeves. The bare arms seemed whiter than the garment. White satin slippers were on the small feet, and the red-gold hair had been neatly arranged. The face wore a sweet expression.

A feeling of mingled fascination and fear crept over me. I was unable to move or to speak. The Doctor stood at my side. An hour seemed to pass, but it could have only been a few moments when he said: "Did you love her?"

"Yes."

"Then you want her life. She is dead now, but blood is life, blood is life. Your blood will restore life to her. If you loved her, you will give it, give it freely."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"What I say. Blood is life! Your blood will bring her back to life. She must have it."

"But, Doctor ——"

"Do not dally. She must have fresh blood in her veins and she will live again. Come — take off your coat."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Draw blood from your arteries for her, for her. Don't you understand? Blood is life! I want some of your blood for her. Then she will live. Take off your coat quickly, and roll up the sleeve on your left arm."

I began to take off my coat, but did it very slowly to gain time to think. A physical contest with the Doctor was out of the question.

"I may die from loss of blood, Doctor," said I, pausing with my coat partly off.

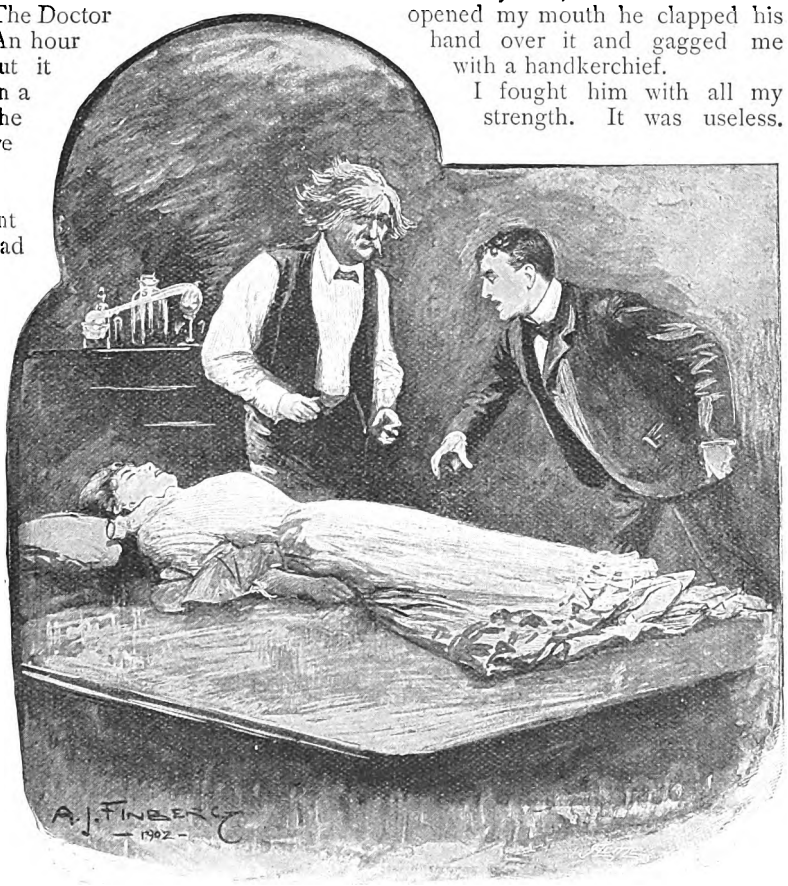
"That is nothing to me—she will live."

"But think of my father——"

"He has other sons. I have only her. And she must have blood, for blood is life. Come, I cannot wait."

Then I thought I would call for help. The boys downstairs would surely hear me and come to my assistance before I could be greatly harmed. But the Doctor must have suspected that I would attempt this, for he never left my side, and the moment I opened my mouth he clapped his hand over it and gagged me with a handkerchief.

I fought him with all my strength. It was useless.



On a broad table lay outstretched the body of his daughter.

He had prepared for a struggle. A long towel torn into strips lay within his reach. It took him but a moment to throw me to the floor, bind my arms to my sides and tie my ankles together. I lay there helpless. I could hear the faint clicking of the instruments in the room below, and the occasional scraping of a chair pushed back by one of the men.

The Doctor looked down upon me with as

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little concern, apparently, as if I had been a trussed calf. He picked up one of his surgical knives and ran his thumb along the edge. It was evidently not keen enough, and he examined another and laid it aside also. He finally found a lancet that was satisfactory.

'Now I am ready," said he to himself, more than to me. "Blood is life. Blood is life."

And, taking a pair of scissors, he cut the shirt sleeve away from my left arm, carefully avoiding the strips of towel that bound it to my side. Then he picked me up as if I were a babe, and laid me on the table by the side of his daughter. Her arm was as cold as ice where it touched mine.

I attempted to get up. He pushed me down and tied me to the table with a strip of the towel. I could raise my head slightly, but he didn't seem to mind that. I could also move my fingers, and I beckoned to him. He bent over as if to hear a whisper, but as I couldn't utter a word on account of the gag, I pointed toward a large bottle labelled "Chloroform."

"Can't do it. Don't want any stupefaction in the blood, for it is life."

Nevertheless he rubbed a place on my arm with a cloth saturated with something until the place seemed to lose sensation, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on mine. I think I must have become hypnotised to some extent. I cannot otherwise explain the state of quietude into which I lapsed for a while.

Then taking the lancet, he cut the arm of his daughter and my arm, the two incisions being close together. I felt a slight pricking, saw a spurt of blood, became deadly faint and closed my eyes.

I did not become unconscious. I wondered how long it would take to draw all the blood from my body and leave me dead. I felt the Doctor connecting the two incisions with a small tube and putting on wrappings of some sort.

From professional habit, I suppose, he rested his fingers on my pulse as he stood silently by my side. In my struggle the heel of my boot struck the water-pipe that ran down into our office. An idea flashed through my mind. I began to tap a message with the tacks in the heel. I could not move my foot much, but the sharp click of the taps told off the message: "Help! help! Buller is killing me." I repeated the message several times as rapidly as I could without attracting the Doctor's attention. It seemed useless.

Finally, I heard a movement as if the men downstairs were gathering about the pipe. Then one of them tapped the message: "What is the matter?" I answered very quickly: "Buller is bleeding me to death. Come up quick."

There was a scurrying out of the room, a clattering of feet on the staircase, a moment later I heard a voice demanding admittance. I heard the Doctor refuse, heard the door give way before a heavy surge against it, saw the Doctor with an uplifted chair in his hands and the look of a maniac on his face, then I knew no more. When I recovered I was on a lounge in the telegraph office below. The clock struck one. I could hardly realise that it was less than an hour since I went up to the Doctor's office.

Mary Buller, now my wife, never speaks of the occurrence. But the Doctor, inside an asylum, and I, outside, are not the only ones who believe that she was really dead and was restored to life, and to me, by my warm blood and warmer love.

Illustration from a charming article on fashions in dress for children in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

All Gentlemen, Attention, Please!

NOTHING can possibly interest your womenkind—wives, sisters, daughters, mothers, or aunts—so much as Fashion and Fiction; and Fashion and Fiction are going to be the specialities of the

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

the June Number of which is on sale May 29th. So when you see its bright green cover with the pretty girl in red on the bookstalls, don't forget to buy it.

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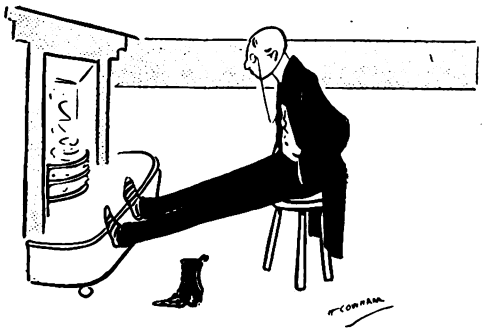

This is an important, if obvious, point of etiquette. When paying a call, do *not* take off your boots and dry your feet before the fire.

PUZZLING POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

How to Behave at Dances, "At Homes," Calls, and other Social Functions.

By Margaret Noel.

On the subject of etiquette many books have been written and much has been said; so much so, that to find something original and new to speak about is really very difficult. Many people, on taking up a book on the subject, declare that everything they find therein is as old as the hills and as absurd. They cry: "How stupid these books are! Fancy putting down this!" Then a quotation is read, perhaps in this style: "It is customary in the best society for gentlemen to remove their hats on entering a drawing-room or a lady's boudoir, but this is sometimes omitted in the case of relations or intimate friends."

No doubt you carry out all the rules of good society; but it must be remembered that books on good manners are written, not for you, who would as soon think of murdering your mother-in-law as of making a *faux pas*, but for those who have not studied the great art of what is good and what is bad in the eyes of society.

However, there are a few points which are apt to puzzle a great many people who could in no way be accused of lacking in form. These are not big things, noticeable things, which would draw the attention of the whole room on you, such as taking off your boots and drying your feet in front of the fire in the course of a morning call, or turning up to an "At Home" in a flannel shirt and no collar, because the weather was hot; but quite little things, which, though they might easily very often be passed over unnoticed, still should be avoided and kept clear of.

A most puzzling thing is introduction. The correct formalities of this ceremony should always be most strictly adhered to, though there are times when a little laxity is permitted.

When paying a call, your hat must be taken into the drawing-room, but other luggage—such as a great-coat, a walking-stick, bags, newspapers and so on—should be left in the hall.

At a big dance or crowded "At Home," where the hostess is anxious to set her guests dancing or conversing as quickly as possible, she may be pardoned if the introduction is rather hasty and unceremonious; but in a private house the greatest care should be taken.

In introducing two ladies to each other, the one of lower social standing is always introduced to the one of higher standing. In this case, the formula used should be like this: "Mrs. A., let me introduce you to Lady B."; or, more simply: "Mrs. A., Lady B." Ladies, when thus introduced, do not shake hands, but simply bow to each other. However, when the two guests introduced are both intimate friends of the hostess, it is best to shake hands.

At dinner parties general introductions are not made, but the hostess should introduce a gentleman to the lady he is going to take into dinner. It is sufficient to say: "Mrs. C., Mr. D. will take you into dinner." This should be acknowledged by a slight bow. When the majority of the guests are strangers to each other a few of the principal visitors should be introduced, and the hostess may make the ladies acquainted with each other in the drawing-room; but the host does not usually introduce the gentlemen, these guests conversing with each other as a matter of course.

One often hears people ask: "What is the earliest time to call?"

Morning calls, so named because they take place before dinner (dinner was formerly quite early in the afternoon, hence the expression), should be made between the hours of three and six, but the latter hour, from five to six, are rather informal. The proper hour is between four and five, when the hostess will serve her guests with tea.

A gentleman should not take an umbrella or stick with him into the

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After paying a call, a lady must never forget to deposit on the hall table one of her own cards and two of her husband's—just as a sign, presumably, that she harbours no ill-feeling against her hostess.

drawing-room, but should leave it in the hall. About this, however, there are divers opinions, but, viewing it from the practical side, a stick and a hat are somewhat of an incumbrance, and what is one to do with them? You are not supposed to put them on the floor or furniture, and, when handing tea and cake to the lady guests, you appear somewhat undignified if carrying the two at the same time. Besides, if you take a stick into the drawing-room, why not include your great coat or bag or any parcels you may have been carrying at the time? You might or might not object to being asked whether you were travelling in cloth or sewing-machines?

At a large "At Home," it is advisable that tea should be served in a room other than that where music is being played. Otherwise the performers may become nervous.

But, seriously, a stick should be left in the hall while a hat is taken into the drawing-room, unless the visitor be very intimate with the family, in which case his gloves will be a sufficient guarantee that he is a guest. The hat, in any case, must not be hung up in the hall, but left on the table or put on a chair.

A lady will always leave her umbrella or parasol in the hall, and on taking her departure will leave on the hall table her card together with two of her husband's cards, one for the lady and the other for the master of the house.

As regards the hostess's duties, little is to be said. She is, of course, responsible for the flow of conversation, and must direct it to general subjects, topics of the day, art, literature, and the drama. Politics should be avoided. When a fresh guest arrives she should make a point of sitting as near as possible and conversing mainly with her or with him, as the case may be.

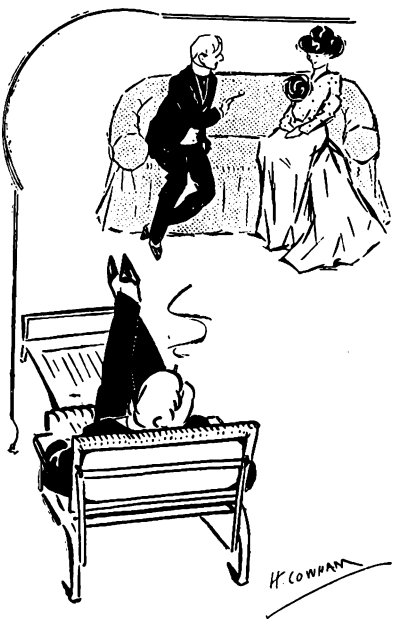
Now for tea. Should the occasion be a regular "At Home" day, the tea is brought in shortly after the hour of four, and either dispensed by the hostess or taken round by a maid, the various gentlemen present handing round the cake and other edibles.

However, at a special "At Home" where, perhaps, there is music, tea should be served in the dining-room or some room adjoining. Thus it will in no way interfere with the conversation or the music. At an ordinary weekly or fortnightly "At Home" day tea served in the dining-room would seem too pretentious and might be adverse from putting the guests at their ease.

To offer sherry or other wine to the gentlemen is now quite out of date.

Here is a rather interesting point of etiquette. You are staying with a gentleman and his wife. Your friend smokes, without asking Madame's permission. What are you to do? Are you to follow his example and light your cigar or pipe, or should you ask the lady's permission?

It seems hardly polite to smoke without asking permission, whereas, if you do so, you accuse the husband of neglect in not doing so himself. Again, if the lady asks you to smoke, she, thereby, apologises for her husband's apparent rudeness in not having previously asked her permission. It is puzzling indeed. The best thing to do is to ask permission, remarking that two pipes give a good deal more smoke than one.



Always ask your hostess's permission to smoke—even if her husband is already doing so. It makes you seem extremely polite, and the husband extremely the reverse; but that is his look-out.

In society you must be

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punctual, except at dances and "At Homes," when it is considered the thing to be a little late. However, at dances this should not be carried too far. Some books on the subject go so far as to say an hour late, but this is rather much. It is, too, unsatisfactory to your hostess, who would, of course, be prepared to receive her guests at the hour stated on the invitations, and to yourself, for you would run the risk of getting few partners, and thereby constituting yourself a wallflower —no doubt very ornamental, but hardly pleasant.

Although smoking at a dance is strictly forbidden by the laws of good society, yet, in the case of a summer ball, a gentleman may be permitted by his partner, as an indulgence, to have a cigarette in the garden, but it should not be encouraged.

When meeting an acquaintance or friend, one should always bow, or, in the case of a gentleman, raise the hat. The hat is raised but a few inches from the head, and not until the lady has bowed first. In most cases the lady's bow is simultaneous with the gentleman's, so the point does not arise. The gentleman should always raise his hat with the hand furthest from the lady —not necessarily the right hand.

When a lady meets a man to whom she has been introduced once before, at a dance or "At Home," she may or may not bow, and, in the event of his bowing to her, is not bound to acknowledge his salutation. Gentlemen do not raise their hats to each other in England. In fact, Englishmen often avoid shaking hands with each other. This is specially noticeable amongst those who have been at Cambridge or Oxford, where, with the exception of the beginning and end of term, it is a breach of etiquette to shake hands.

At a morning call—paid between three and six in the afternoon, by the way—a lady may take off one glove, no more.

Always put on your gloves before entering the ball room, gentlemen. A merciful dispensation of Providence allows you to shake hands with your hostess gloved.

A gentleman, when meeting a friend walking with a lady whom he does not know personally, of course, raises his hat to the lady, his friend raising his hat in return. In this case the gentleman unaccompanied should raise his hat first; but the lady, not having been introduced to him, will not acknowledge his salutation.

Everybody knows that it is not proper to offer one's hand to a lady gloved, but that the glove should be withdrawn. As far as possible, this rule should be adhered to, but when the glove cannot be withdrawn in time, a slight apology is quite sufficient. In fact, it is the most ungainly thing to see a man struggling to get his glove off in time. Get it off beforehand by all means, and do so quietly and unostentatiously, but on no account make the attempt if it be already too late.

At a dance a gentleman will put on his gloves before entering the ball-room, and will shake hands with his hostess gloved, without apology. Nothing looks worse than a man at a dance with one glove off and one on. The gloves may be taken off for supper, but should be put on before re-entering the ball-room.

Do not be too punctual in arriving at dances: but, on the other hand, do not be too late. It may result in your being a wallflower most of the evening.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE PENNY CATCH.

Concerning coins, there is a very neat "catch."

The man to be caught is led into a coin-talk. You, the catcher, gossip with him upon the subject of rare coins, curious coins—and, especially, notable pennies. You refer to the fiction that there is gold in the 1860 pennies; you mention that '87 pennies will be valuable some day; and, finally, you ask if he knows that '96 pennies are worth eight shillings.

There lies the catch. He racks his brains; he thinks in vain to find a reason why pennies of that date should have so great a value; he confesses ignorance, and asks for an explanation.

You remind him of a certain fact mentioned in the multiplication table, referring to twelve times eight, and probably you will find it politic to bid him a speedy farewell.

Or, having triumphantly effected a catch, you lay a trap for another bite.

"How many pennies are there in a dozen?" you ask.

"Twelve," comes the answer, pat.

"How many halfpennies?" you continue.

"Twenty-four." And your catch is made.

OLD POSERS.

Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spied her.

Why did the lobster blush?
Because it saw the salad dressing.

Why did the owl howl?
Because the woodpecker would peck her.

Why did the sausage roll?
Because it saw the apple turnover.

Why did the penny stamp?
Because the threepenny bit.

Why did the dewdrop?
Because the moss-rose.

Mr. X is making a collection of posers similar to the above; he will be very grateful to any readers of THE ROYAL who forward other good examples.

HOW TO REMOVE GREASE FROM PAPER WITH INDIARUBBER.

This problem has worried half the conductors of ladies' papers in London, but the solution is really very simple.

Grease can instantly be removed from paper with indiarubber by applying the latter briskly to the word "Grease," which has previously been written in pencil!

A SERIES OF BIBLICAL RIDDLES.

Q. How was it Moses and the Israelites didn't starve in the wilderness?

A. Because of the sandwiches (which is) there.

Q. How came the sandwiches there?

A. Ham was sent, and his companions mustard (mustered) and bread (bred).

Q. What did they do for butter?

A. Lot's wife looked back and they all escaped but her (butter).

Q. When was the first banking transaction mentioned in the Bible?

A. When Pharaoh received a cheque at the Red Sea, crossed by Moses and Co.

Q. When is a savings bank mentioned?

A. When St. Paul lodged with Simon a tanner.

Q. When was St. Paul a pastry-cook?

A. When he went to Philippi (fill a pie).

Q. When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

A. When he slept with his forefathers.

A COMPLICATED PROBLEM.

"How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood?"

"Obviously, as much wood as a wood-chuck would chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood."

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To Tell a Lady's Age.

If you wish to discover a lady's age in the most delicate manner possible, ask her to tell you in which columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the tops of these columns, and you will have found the great secret. Thus, suppose her age is twenty, that number is to be found in the third and fifth columns—and so the figures heading these columns—four and sixteen—give you your answer. This table is useless if the lady's age is greater than sixty-three, but after all would any lady own to more?

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

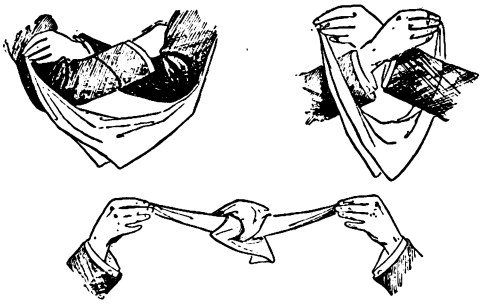
A Matrimonial Difficulty.

Mr. & Mrs. A, Mr. & Mrs. B, and Mr. & Mrs. C, in the course of their travels, arrive by night at a stream which they desire to cross. The only means of transit is a boat, which will hold but two people. The husbands are all very suspicious of each other, and not one of the three will leave his wife if either of the remaining two be present. How are they to cross the river?

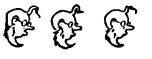
1. **Mrs. Biggar had a baby. Which was the bigger of the two?**
   The baby, because it was a little Biggar (bigger).
2. **Which was the bigger, the baby or Mr. Biggar?**
   Mr. Biggar, because he was Father Biggar (far the bigger).
3. **Mr. Biggar died. Which was the bigger then?**
   Mr. Biggar, for he was still Biggar (bigger).
4. **Which was the bigger then, Mrs. Biggar or the baby?**
   Mrs. Biggar, for the baby was fatherless (far the less).

To Tie a Knot in a Handkerchief Without Letting Either End Go.

This is easily done if the processes shown in the three illustrations are carefully



followed. The explanation is that you tie the knot in your *arms*, and then transfer it to the handkerchief.



The Yellow Dog.

Here is a catch which never fails. Ask two or three riddles; then say: "Do you know the difference between a yellow dog and a lemon?" Get your audience to give the riddle up.

Then say: "You don't know? No. What, you don't know the difference between a yellow dog and a lemon? Do you mean to say if you saw a yellow dog on the floor and a lemon on the table you wouldn't know which was which!!!"

Which would you rather have, a ton of half-sovereigns or half a ton of sovereigns?

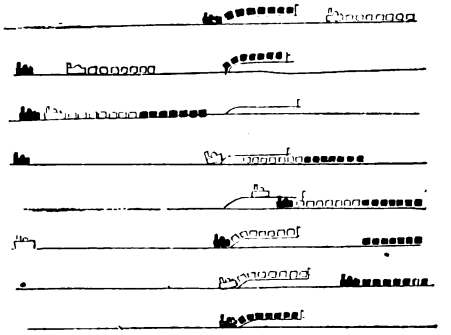
RESULTS.

Ask the Cashier (page 51).

The amount of the cheque was £5 11s. 6d.

A Railway Puzzle (page 51).

The annexed diagram will explain the process.



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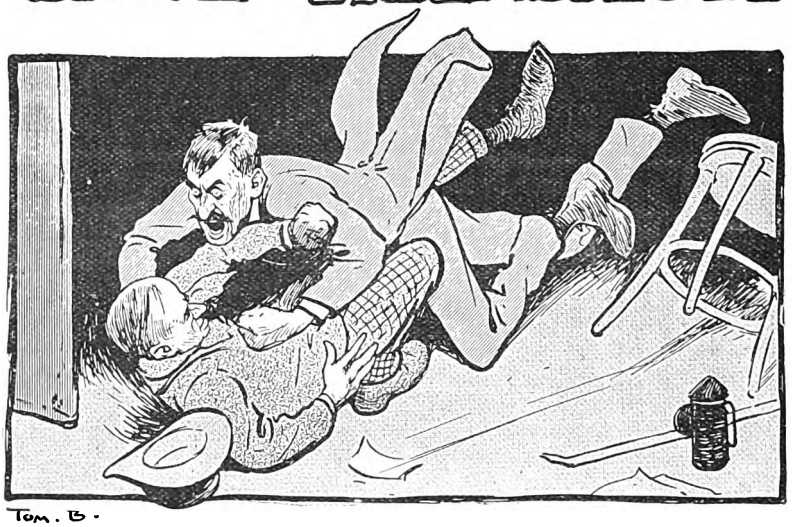
A SAFE TRANSACTION



Mr. Tutt, the Ex-burglar, relates how He was Completely outwitted.

By R. Andom.

"It isn't the dangers or the difficulties of the trade we fear," said Mr. Tutt thoughtfully. "They are part of the game, and are taken into consideration beforehand; but the unforeseen contingencies are a quantity which the burglar of experience dreads even more than the amateur. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"—you know the quotation, I expect; and it applies, even though it takes a pretty big and elastic imagination to construe us into angels. The amateur fears only the obvious; we dread the tricks of fortune."

"But surely," said I, "the stakes are set out plainly enough. It is a straightforward proposition—a few hundred pounds, more or less, in portable property, against your liberty for months or years, more or less, according to the size of the job and your methods of procedure."

"It may seem that way," acknowledged Mr. Tutt, with a superior smile; "but there is more than that in the game. What, for instance, do you say to doing burglary as a means of supplementing your income with absolute impunity, and then doing time for nothing at all?"

"That sounds interesting, though obscure," said I. "Fill your glass and let's have the details."

No ways loath, the genial old rascal whom I had discovered for myself, and bribed by odd bits of casual charity to enlighten me concerning the gentle art of burglary mixed himself Scotch and lemon and sugar and hot water in due and just proportions, sat comfortably back in the chair, crossed his legs and delved in the storehouse of his mind after odd chunks of experience from the misspent years which had brought him all the way from respectability and the proud position of lawyer's clerk into the gutter.

"As you know, already," he commenced, "I began life in a lawyer's office, and while there I learnt the way and acquired the need of providing myself with other and more lucrative sources of income."

"Did a little burglary in your spare time so as to be able to study the law on the subject with inside knowledge, and bring sympathy as well as understanding to bear when you had to help the unfortunate breakers of safes and despoilers of suburban homes?" I suggested.

"Exactly," quoth Mr. Tutt with a grin, "and I managed very nicely, too, thanks to my legal knowledge and natural sagacity, and a fair share of tact. All would have been well if Fate hadn't brought me into contact with a cleverer scamp than myself. And the confounded part of the whole affair was that, while there were dozens of cases where I might have been fairly laid by the heels, I came a cropper over a twopenny little scrap-iron swindle in which I was the victim, and entitled to sympathy rather than the four years of penal servitude which I got.

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"You see, it was this way! One of our clients was a commission agent in a very large way of business who dealt in devious pathways, which made us a necessary item in his expenditure, both in ordinary pecuniary transactions and in legal advice to safeguard him from treading over the line which divides respectability and a tall hat from squalor and a dark lantern.

"Quite what was meant by 'commission agent' I never discovered; but from time to time we handed over huge sums of money to him, and this fact suggested to me that I, also being a commission agent, might do a bit of profitable business in this direction. He had a set of offices in a block of buildings east of the Mansion House, and as I had to go there on business pretty frequently it was the easiest thing in the world to burgle them.

"There were only two difficulties. The first was to know just when it would be worth while; the other to do it safely.

"Our dealings with him gave me a pretty safe guide towards overcoming the first. When we handed over the next large amount to him would serve; but the safe in which it would be found was in the front office, and that, I discovered, was a room uncurtained and lit at night, so that people going by in cabs and 'buses, and even walking on the opposite side of the way, could see everything that went on in the room—or off.

"Light—that is *the* safeguard against burglars. Better than all your steel shutters and massive safes. A night light is a burglar's horror, and a shop with no shutters up and a light burning is something that no one in my profession will tackle on any consideration. Detection is certain and escape well-nigh impossible."

"Let thy light so shine before men that they will respect thy safe and flee thy cash box," said I. "I see! It is worth attention, and when I get anything together worth burglaring I will remember and save the expenses of a Chubb outfit."

"To make matters worse," continued Mr. Tutt patiently, "the safe, a huge green painted steel chamber, directly faced the window. It couldn't be opened without observation, and to force it was absolutely impossible in the face of the public and right under the noses of the policeman in uniform and out.

"I did a lot of thinking, but it took me nearly a month to solve the problem, and then I got a hint from a little third rate provincial theatre where a drama of the approved Adelphi type was being enacted.

"I went to see it while waiting for the witching hour of midnight to serve me for a flying visit I contemplated to a residence on the outskirts. I had come down for that purpose; but the flash that illuminated me so completely filled my mind that I would have relinquished my original purpose had it not been for the fare and time I was out.

"I did the 'job,' but without enthusiasm, and the twenty pounds odd that I netted seemed trivial and of no account against the affair that was pressing on my mind. It was a timely inspiration too, for all that month money had been rolling in to us in trust for the commission fraud, and we had got all our staff at work pulling levers and manipulating springs in a legal sense to round up business enterprises and press payments from reluctant debtors and struggling or recalcitrant firms.

"Quite why there was so much energy all of a sudden was known only to the principal himself and our chief. To a business man it would have suggested an intention to try another climate and a change of scene.

"I got an impression of the locks which stood between the main corridor and the room in which the safe stood, and fitted myself out with keys to match. There were only three required, and to one who understands the art, a file and a few blanks make short work of difficulties of that sort.

"My masterpiece required more thought and labour. From the roof of a passing 'bus I snapshotted the safe one afternoon when the sun shone most conveniently and threw a light right upon it.

"Then, with the resulting print and a careful observation of size and colouring, I set to work. My other appliances were simple—an oblong bamboo frame made to fit together at need, with a couple of spikes in the lower transverse bar to make it stand, then a roll of canvas deftly marked and painted up; and, upon my word, the thing was so natural that I could have gone and burgled it myself in a dim light. You catch on?"

"Yes, I think so," said I. "It was a dummy front, behind which you could work at your leisure. I always have maintained that those sensational dramas are immoral. They are too well conceived, and lend an unnecessary aid to the enterprising but unimaginative backslider."

"Well that depends on how you look at it," grunted Mr. Tutt with a sour grin. "Anyway it *was* a dummy, and a speaking likeness of the real thing.

"I didn't waste any time. There was, to my certain knowledge, close on five thousand

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pounds in hard cash that should be in the possession of that commission agent, and where more likely than in that safe?

"I took the last seven hundred round myself early in the afternoon, and that evening I did the trick that I had prepared so elaborately; that is to say I got in the building, made my way along the dimly-lit corridors, and entered the office of my unconscious benefactor. I had my collapsible safe with me, of course, and one or two useful little tools with which I could guarantee to see the inside of anything in the safe maker's line.

"With due caution, but without unnecessary care (for that only hampers you and leads to detection where boldness would carry you through) I got into the room and took a well-earned rest in the narrow space between my facsimile front and the real safe. Up to then I had no suspicion that anything was wrong; but in another moment I was undeceived.

"I wasn't in front of the safe at all—at least not immediately. I was only a dummy in front of a dummy. I *was* dummy too, flummoxed by the sudden overwhelming conviction that I was neither original in my idea nor my purpose.

"The false front which I confronted was a better and more pretentious work of art than mine. It was good, solid timber, with side wings, and I opened it with care and a chisel, and found—the commission agent, huddled up against the real safe, and looking painfully sick and silly.

"'Hullo, Mr. ——!' said I, for I was too flabbergasted to attempt to conceal my identity. 'Playing hide and seek?'

"'What do you want here?' he snarled viciously.

"His terror gave place to anger, and between them I was inclined to believe that he was too far gone to recognise me.

"Oh! he was a precious crafty villain. It wasn't terror or anger at all. I had played into his hands beautifully, and he couldn't have bought the service I had come to do for him for a thousand pounds, cash down. It would have been risky, and required much too long a spoon.

"I said something about having come to look at the safe in a way that I hoped would suggest a properly accredited agent from the makers doing overtime.

"'Oh!' said he, with a breath of relief. 'Well, just open it for me, will you? I have lost my key. You know how to do it, I suppose?'

"Even then I didn't tumble to the villain's purpose. It was so obvious that I looked beyond it, I suppose. Or perhaps it was that I was wondering quite how I was to secure the contents to myself under these changed circumstances. I need not have troubled myself!

"I made some little demur about spoiling the lock and that sort of thing, but my companion cut me short.

"'Don't try and humbug me,' he snarled. 'I know why you are here and what you want. You came to break open the safe. Now do it, or I'll raise the alarm and let you explain the matter to a jury.'

"I did it! And all the while that beast stood there and sneered at my clumsiness and lack of skill. There was an element of humour in the situation, though I did not discern it till long afterwards—myself working away with brace and file to secure a nefarious entry into that safe, while the owner stood by with the key all the while in his pocket and exhorted me to further efforts with casual comments of a stinging nature in between. It took me nearly an hour to get through and force the lock, and when I did at last get the door open there was absolutely nothing!

"My companion laughed a nasty sneering laugh.

"'Hardly worth the trouble, was it?' he jeered. 'Now you may go. You can send in your bill, you know, unless you work from purely philanthropic motives. Stop a bit, though. Haul that dummy of yours—it's crude, but I suppose you couldn't contrive anything better—close in. It fits up handily, doesn't it? So does mine, which we can dispense with.'

"He pulled it to pieces as he spoke, and flung the parts on top of the safe.

"'So,' said he. 'Now stand here, and don't move unless you want to face that jury after all. I'm going to turn the light out.'

"He slipped across the room, flung the door wide open, and then rushing back extinguished the light, and was on top of me kicking and struggling and yelling like mad.

"For a moment I was dazed, but if it was going to be a game of play-acting I thought it would impart a little realism and be more comforting to myself if I contributed my share, and I hit out straight and hard. Over went the dummy front with ourselves on top of it, smash went something through the window—the beast slung it just as I was getting the whip hand of him—and then there was a scurry of feet, the sound of excited voices, and the next moment a policeman

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I and a mob of men and youths of all classes, walked along to Blankgate Street.

heading a crowd of men and boys burst into the room.

"'Hold him,' yelled my treacherous assailant, struggling to his feet and standing there panting and torn and blood-streaked from the encounter which he had himself precipitated. 'Did you stop the other? There were two of them.'

"'What is all this about?' demanded the unemotional custodian of the peace.

"'I'm darned if I know,' said I simply. It is difficult to think of a likely and plausible lie under such circumstances, and it is safest to say nothing; you don't have to go back on your first statement, which is sure not to fit with anything you can think of in the peaceful security of your cell during the next twelve hours or so.

"'It is burglary, policeman. Secure that man. I don't know what he has got yet; but they have forced my safe, and there was seven thousand pounds left there this evening.'

"The policeman whistled, and the audience nudged itself in breathless excitement at this sensational disclosure.

"'You must come along to the station,' said the official solemnly. 'Fetch one of my mates, you chaps.'

"Someone officiously obliged, and in a moment policeman number two was in charge of the office, while I and my accomplice in the difficult art of safe-breaking, and a mob of men and youths of all classes and conditions, walked along to Blankgate Street.

"The commission agent came eagerly, as though it was what he had been looking forward to in anticipation for months; the public went from sheer curiosity; I, because I couldn't help myself.

"The charge was soon taken, and I must confess that the evidence against me was

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He was sorrowful and sympathetic, the wretched old humbug.

overwhelming. I refused to say anything; but that was only a negative help, while the contents of my pockets, my presence on the scene, and my position were positive testimony, and the sergeant-in-charge consigned me to a cell straight away, and sent back a detective with the prosecutor to survey the scene and make a search for my accomplice.

"I didn't understand until the next morning what had really happened. I got it then from the evidence offered before the magistrate. It was simple and convincing—to him.

"The prosecutor had been working late in the back office. He had finished, and was about to return to put his books away in the safe when he was confronted by a couple of ruffians, including myself. One had dodged him and bolted, but the other he had grappled with, and at desperate peril secured The safe, it was found, had been forced under cover of a canvas dummy and absolutely ransacked. Several valuable documents and a heavy sum in notes and gold had been stolen.

"That was the story on which I was committed for trial as I heard it. It didn't tally with the version I knew; but I determined to wait for a better occasion to make that version known, and as a result it never was made known at all.

"To me in my cell at Holloway came my employer. I didn't send for him. I had given no name or address, but he came fully primed, and with a cunning knowledge of my identity, and the fact that the prosecutor was moving for and against me in the background.

"He was sorrowful and sympathetic, the wretched old humbug. He would do what his firm could for me; but I must know that I was in a hopeless case. If, however, my version of the affair was not made public, and it couldn't help me in the least if it were, the prosecution wouldn't press the charge vindictively. I thought of the offer, of my desperate position, and the absolute futility of resisting, and consented.

"I got four years."

"But," said I, "the commission agent knew that you were really after his money, and, since you were, you can hardly term the result an unforeseen contingency."

"No, possibly not," said Mr. Tutt drily; "but the fact that he had robbed his clients and was endeavouring to hide the results of a fraudulent bankruptcy under cover of a fake burglary when I arrived on the scene, was unforeseen.

"Without me he *might* have muddled through and failed honourably with the extenuating circumstances of a burglary which was never committed; but it was a risky expedient. With the burglar caught, caged, and convicted, suspicion was disarmed at once."

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Aunt Tom's Derby

How a Prim Old Maiden Aunt, not Usually Addicted to Betting, Won Considerable Sums at the Derby.

By Roland Oliver.

Aunt Tom lived in the Close at St. Chads in solitary maiden state. St. Chads being adorned with a Cathedral, and encumbered with a Mayor and Corporation, is known locally as a city; otherwise it is a small and uninteresting town in Ramshire. Aunt Tom's horizon was bounded on the north by the Minster, on the south by the Chapter-house; her front door opened on the Close, her back windows overlooked the Deanery. She knew intimately the names, ages, salaries, and personal history of every Minster official, from the Precentor who doffed his mortar-board when she met him to the choristers who came to tea with her and ate unlimited raspberry jam.

Nothing short of an earthquake could have kept her from the four o'clock service at the Minster, of which she seemed as much a part as the stone gargoyles and noseless saints. Aunt Tom's own nose was a fine and decided one, under very black eyebrows. Though a Cathedral mouse, she was not exactly meek, but after all who knows if mice or men are meek at home?

She had been baptized Rosalind; her heroic mettle, perhaps, earned her masculine nickname. She "visited" a district, of course. Visited? I should think she harried it like a troop of Ironsides. She could crumple airy young Minor Canons—to crush the conceit of a man with a tenor voice is an achievement indeed—and was the only person in St. Chads whom the Dean's wife dared not be rude to.

To all of us her word was law, and to me it still is. I am her only surviving nephew, and, I hope, her heir. But though she has frequently told me her money, of which she has plenty, is to come to me, it has never been without the grim postscript, "if you behave yourself, Roland."

So far I had succeeded, with merely trivial and temporary lapses, in keeping in her good books. I stuck well at my work with the Liverpool firm whose cotton operations I assisted with such brains as I possessed (assessed at the value of £3 10s. per week), and I only allowed myself (by favour of Messrs. Mackarness & Giles) three weeks' holiday about the beginning of every June.

Of this short vacation the dictates of affection and commonsense led me to spend annually a week with Aunt Tom at the Close. It was rather slow, but I was fond of Aunt Tom. Besides, Sylvia lived near St. Chads. Who was Sylvia? At that time she was Miss Fitzpatrick. I shared the poet's opinion that she excelled each mortal thing upon this dull earth dwelling, and we had been engaged for two years.

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This year, on the second evening of my visit, I was sitting at half-past six opposite Aunt Tom at the cumbrous meal known as meat tea. The time was crude, and the early Victorian furniture of the room suited it. The only relief to the æsthetic eye was the fine old silver and the smooth whiteness of the napery. Aunt Tom was too old-fashioned to deck her table with flowers.

My aunt handed me a second cup of tea. Her ringlets bobbed as she did so, and she regarded me benevolently.

"Where are you going to spend the rest of your holiday, Roland?" she asked. "At Barnsby?"

Sylvia lived at Barnsby. Aunt Tom approved of Sylvia, luckily. Part of my brief vacation I certainly meant to dedicate to the smooth lawn and shady trees of the Rectory there, but this year I intended to take the Epsom Summer Meeting *en route*.

"I'm going to the Derby, Aunt Tom," I replied, forgetting for the moment my Aunt's views about the Turf.

"To Derby?" she queried.

"No, *the* Derby, Aunt Tom—the races, you know."

"Oh, Epsom," she remarked placidly, with a readiness that surprised me. "I'm sorry you are fond of these horrid races, Roland."

I assured her that I feared no contamination from witnessing the "Blue Riband of the Turf"—that, in fact, it was an Englishman's duty to see it.

Aunt Tom tossed her head in her old-fashioned way. After a pregnant pause she said:

"Well, it's in the blood, I suppose; your dear grandfather never missed it. It would have been better for his younger sons if he had. But you don't bet, Roland, I trust?" She added this in an almost tragic tone.

Again I assured her that the sum total of my wagers would scarcely pay for my bookmaker's dinner.

"How fond your dear grandfather was of taking us to see his horses run," she continued presently, "not that he ever owned a Derby horse, Roland; his were steeplechasers. That picture over there is Gazelle, one of his favourites."

Aunt Tom seemed reminiscent. I thought it wise to feed the flame; my proposed trip might escape censure, and I was curious to hear more of Aunt Tom's past. It was lucky her "dear Dean" was not there, for once set going she continued to talk away of my grandfather's racing days. Though at first she adorned the tale by pointing the moral of his ill-success, the old leaven gradually asserted itself; her anecdotes of my sporting forbears became more racy. I heard less of the unrighteousness and more of the fun of those earlier days when she was her father's constant companion. At length she burst out with a sentiment that filled me with horror:

"It is very wrong of me, Roland, but I *should* like to see a horse-race again!" I had no words to reply to this, so she went on:

"Roland, it is a long time since I have left home, but you say that Epsom is now so quiet and improved that you shall take me there this week."

Thus was I hoisted with my own petard. I was still too amazed to do more than stare speechlessly at Aunt Tom. Take her to Epsom! Mittens, curls, old-world bonnet and all! Was I dreaming, or was Aunt Tom demented?

No, Aunt Tom's mind seemed under perfect control and firmly made up. I knew by experience there was no shifting her from a decision once taken. I was forced to grin and bear it, and to wire to Teddy Fitzpatrick, with whom I had arranged to go down from London, that circumstances compelled me to cancel the appointment. What these were I did not say. Teddy had a lively sense of fun, and I feared his ridicule.

On the morning of Derby Day Aunt Tom and I started for the station. Her sedate and elderly domestics could have had no idea of where their mistress was bound. I had babbled incoherently to them of Academy pictures and Exeter Hall. My aged relative's rig-out proved even more *bizarre* than I had expected. I did not, of course, think she would appear after the modern mode in a rain-proof coat with race-glasses slung across her shoulder, but I was not prepared for the antique grip-sack (which I subsequently hid in a cloak-room), bulgy umbrella, and bag of sandwiches which my aunt deemed needful for the trip. Her gloves were the only incongruous detail. No Parisienne's could have fitted better.

I shall never forget our train journey to Epsom—a two hours' run. I should have taken third-class tickets, but by my aunt's command and at her expense we travelled first. We found seats in a corridor carriage, full of smart folk with whom my aunt soon opened up a brisk and gracious conversation. Our fellow travellers must have thought us a curious couple; indeed, I should think a more oddly assorted pair never went to any Derby. I felt too new to the situation to

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On reaching the course, I determined to make the best of things and to treat it all as a joke.

contribute brilliantly to the dialogue, and sat silently wondering at my aunt who was quite at her ease and apparently enjoyed herself vastly, chatting with a vivacity and gusto that amused her companions and amazed me.

On reaching the course, I determined to make the best of things and to treat it all as a joke. I half regretted my telegram to Teddy. I ensconced Aunt Tom in a corner of the Stand, bought her and myself race-cards, and stood guard over her for the first three races, for at first she looked a little bewildered.

But the interest she took in the whole affair was amazing. Her talk was full of reminiscences of the scene in former times. Even the names of horses of the past came back to her lips. My reserve with regard to racing matters thawed, and before long I was talking to my maiden aunt very much as I should have done to Teddy Fitzpatrick.

Aunt Tom, so far from blaming me, seemed amused at what I knew—slight though my knowledge was.

"And what horse is the favourite, Roland?" she asked when the great race drew near.

"Sea Salt," I said, "he's what is called a 'red-hot' favourite, Aunt Tom. He won the Two Thousand, and is now an odds-on chance for the Derby?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by 'odds-on,' Roland," said my aunt, extracting a sandwich from the small leather bag she had been clutching all day, "but I suppose you mean he's considered certain to win. How is the horse bred?"

With only a passing feeling of surprise at this question, I told her that Sea Salt was a chestnut colt by Capstan, his dam being Saltarella, and that Capstan's sire was one of Mainsail's stock. All this information I had gleaned from the morning's *Sportsman*.

My aunt pricked up her ears.

"Mainsail?" she said, "I recollect your dear grandfather talking about him. He lost a great deal of money on him for this very race more than thirty years ago. He said the horse was faint-hearted, and that the Epsom course did not suit him. Long afterwards he said his stock were just the same. 'No Mainsail colt can ever come down a hill,' he used to say."

I remarked that the *Sporting Echo* said Sea Salt might fail in the same respect, but that

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the public had made him the hot favourite he was.

"Well, Roland," said Aunt Tom with the snap of her jaw with which she was wont to clinch her theological points, "mark my words, Sea Salt will not win the Derby!"

I said I would bear her prophecy in mind; but I confessed I was sorry to hear it, for I had been rash enough already to wager a small amount that he would.

Aunt Tom said she was sorry too. She began what I thought was a lecture on the evils of betting, but it only turned out to be a remonstrance on the making of foolish bets and an exhortation to amend my ways, or—as I took it—to hedge.

"What shall it be instead, Aunt Tom?" I asked chaffingly. She looked at her card and her eye caught a name in the list of Derby horses.

"Gazelle? Gazelle? What an odd coincidence!" she exclaimed. "Don't you recollect my picture? Your dear grandfather's favourite? *I* rode her once myself—at exercise, of course," she added demurely.

I said it might be an omen, and suggested she should back it.

"I do not approve of betting," said my aunt sternly, "I have seen too much of it." (I began to think she *must* have seen a good deal.) "Still, Roland, to save your pocket," —and she fumbled in the black satchel and produced an ancient net-purse, and out of the purse a bank-note—"there, there's something to put on Gazelle. Two wrongs do not make a right, you know," she added with a return to her austerer manner.

"They don't," I reflected. "Neither Sea Salt nor Gazelle may win after all." In fact, I would rather have had my money on Telemachus II., Teddy Fitzpatrick's tip, but I could do no less than obey Aunt Tom's behest.

I asked a friendly policeman to give an eye to the old lady in the corner of the stand, and hurried off to make the bet.

"What price Gazelle?" I asked a bookmaker whose face I knew.

"100 to 7. 'Ere you are, sir." This was much what I expected, knowing Gazelle to be an outsider and that it was many years since a filly had been successful.

"Oh, come, that's not good enough," I said, pretending to turn away in search of longer odds.

"Well, 20 to 1 to *you*, Capt'n," he said persuasively, "how much do you want?"

"All right," I said, handing him the note which up to then I had thought was a fiver, "I'll take £100 to £5."

Just at that moment there came a rush of people to back Sea Salt and I was pushed away from the bookie.

"'Ere, this is a tenner!" he shouted to me over the heads of the crowd, "d'you want change?" I was in a hurry to get back to Aunt Tom and the crush was awful.

"No," I shouted back, "put it down £200 to £10." Which he promptly did.

We had an excellent view of the race. I watched it through my glasses and "read it," as the reporters say, to Aunt Tom.

"Black and yellow's in front, Aunt Tom; that's Sea Salt, you know," I said presently.

"Wait for the hill, boy," she replied grimly.

The horses raced on, Sea Salt still leading. "The fav'rite'll win!" cried somebody in the crowd, "Sea Salt wins!"

"Stupid fellow!" I heard my aunt mutter.

Coming down the hill Sea Salt dropped back. "By Jove, you're right, Aunt Tom!" I exclaimed. "The hill's stopped him!"

"Of course it has! What did your grandfather say? Can you see Gazelle?" The old lady had all her wits about her.

"She's well up with the leaders," I said, spotting a citron jacket on the rails. "Now comes the tug of war!"

There is no need to describe the final phase of the race. It was a grand struggle from the distance between three, but a fine piece of jockeyship got the filly first past the post by half a length.

"Gazelle's won, Aunt Tom!" I cried, scarcely able to close my glasses from excitement, "Sea Salt was nowhere! My word, what a splendid race!"

Aunt Tom was speechless. She was clapping her hands with wild disregard of decorum and French kid, to the amusement of her next neighbour, a jolly-looking girl in a tailor-made frock.

"Your bonnet's all crooked, Aunt Tom," I said.

The tailor-made girl respectfully straightened it and rescued the umbrella. "Thank you, my dear," said Aunt Tom, and then to me, "pray, Roland, let us go. I really cannot stand any more; it is too exciting!"

"I should rather think it was," I remarked; "did you often advise grandpapa to bet on 100 to 7 chances?"

I sought my bookmaker, and was stowing away a wad of notes in my safest pocket when I felt a hand on my arm. It was Teddy Fitzpatrick.

"Good Heavens, Teddy, is it you?" I exclaimed.

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"Do you mean to say you backed Gazelle?" he asked, "and what on earth do you mean by wiring me you couldn't come? Where have you been all this time, you wretch?"

"I've been with a lady, my——" I stopped. Teddy gave me a queer and searching look.

"But I've left Sylvia in town with the Nepeans," he said (Teddy was Sylvia's brother). "She came up unexpectedly last night."

"Did she?" I asked eagerly, "that's ripping! Come along with me, old chap, you need not be suspicious. I'll introduce you to my aunt, Miss Oliver."

"She's well up with the leaders," I said.

Teddy's face was a picture when I took him up to the old lady; he had never seen her before.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Fitzpatrick," she said graciously, "you will think it strange to see me here, and Roland must explain another day. How is your sister Sylvia?" Teddy told her of my *fiancée's* health and whereabouts.

"I am too tired to go all the way back to St. Chads to-night, Roland," she said when I had rescued her grip-sack from the cloak-room, "take me to some quiet hotel in London—and perhaps Mr. Fitzpatrick will do me the pleasure of dining with us and will bring his sister?"

Nothing could have been better. I wired for rooms and Teddy wired to Sylvia, who met us later at the Belvoir. Our little table was not the least merry at dinner that evening. Sylvia, looking her very best, enjoyed the recital of the day's adventures, and made violent love to Aunt Tom, who came out of her shell in the most surprising manner, and was vastly tickled when Teddy raised his glass and said gravely:

"Lady and gentleman, one toast, please! Miss Oliver's Derby tip!"

We drank it with enthusiasm and Aunt Tom took her honours with the dignity of an acknowledged belle. I wondered if she remembered the time when my grandfather's dashing compeers toasted their host's pretty daughter?

Well, it was a pleasant day, Aunt Tom's Derby.

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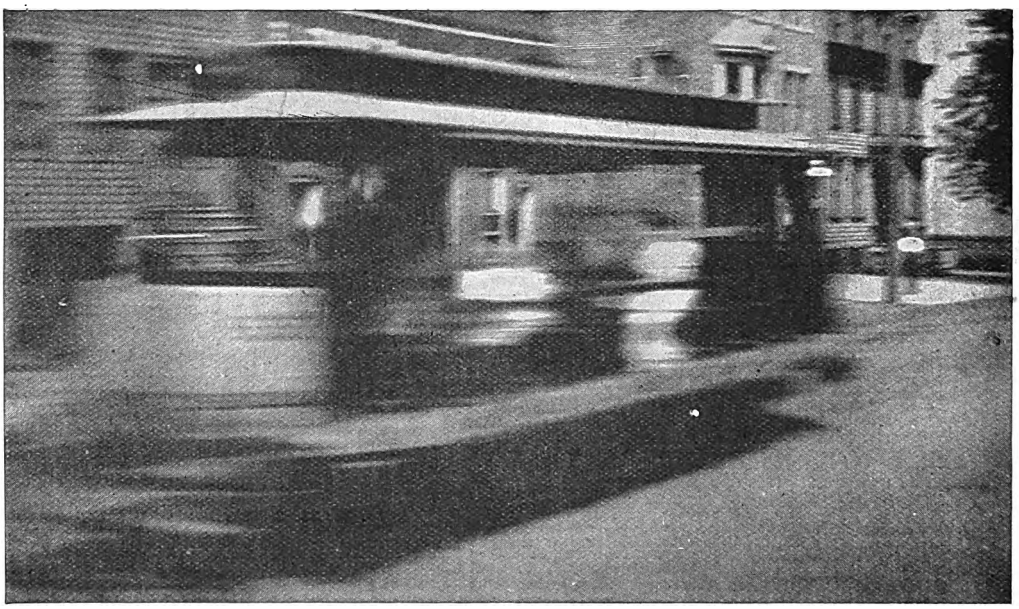


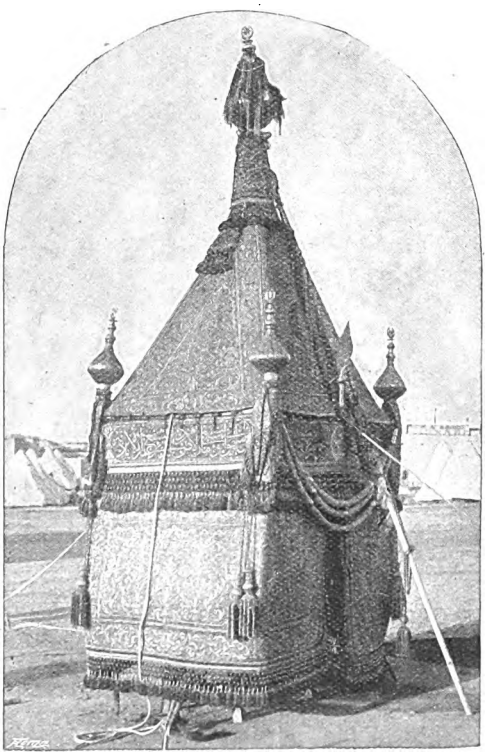
A photograph taken from an express train represents the appearance to the eye of a moving tram.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Photographs of Curiosities, Oddities, and unusual Occurrences are in great request. The Editor of the "Royal" has an unlimited Opening for them.

A PHOTOGRAPH AT A MILE A MINUTE.

You may think that this photograph is the result of an experiment with a camera in the hands of a beginner. As a matter of fact it represents the appearance to the eye of a tram as seen from a passing train, travelling at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The photograph was taken from one of the carriages of an express train that was passing at the time in an opposite direction to the tram. You will observe that the objects not in the foreground are clearer, just as distant objects are more clearly visible than the foreground as you look out of a train.



A pilgrim carpet of uncommon appearance.

A HOLY CARPET.

Every year a holy carpet is taken on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Here is a photograph of the carpet and the pagoda that carries it. It is drawn by camels, and when it reaches the sacred temple it is kept there for a year, and then another takes its place. The carpet when it is new costs over £6000, being made of the finest and the richest of material, and beautifully embroidered with passages from the Koran, the holy book of the Mohammedans. The pagoda itself is covered with rich crimson cloth, heavily ornamented with gold.

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THE SMALLEST BANK NOTE IN THE WORLD.

This little bank note is not what the papers call a crisp fiver. It is a "fiver"—but merely for five cents, and is worth about a penny in English money. As you can see from the picture given here, it is issued by the Bank of Paraguay. It is reproduced here in its exact size.

The smallest bank-note in the world, worth 1d. It is reproduced here in its exact size.

A DOG WITH A GLASS EYE.

When an ordinary person goes blind in one eye he has a glass eye and says nothing about it to anyone. But when a dog goes blind people say: "He runs into everything and tumbles into ponds and ditches. That is because he has only one eye." Nobody seems to think of the poor dog's feelings about the matter. But here is a portrait of a dog who has really nice, kind friends.

In an unfortunate affair some years ago, when he was very young and wild, he so far forgot himself as to attack a cat who was notorious for her bad temper and sharp claws. The cat used her claws to such good purpose, from her point of view, that poor doggy was sadly defeated and lost one of his eyes.

His friends were very sad about it, and did not know what to do, until at last someone sent the dog to the Veterinary Establishment at Worthing, and the clever dog doctor there, Mr. Henry Smith, fitted up our one-eyed friend with such a good glass eye that now no one can tell the difference between the good eye that he can see with and the glass one that does not see.

Photo by Gardiner, Worthing.

A dog with a glass eye.

Photo by G. W. Wilson.

A photograph taken at a quarter-past twelve—midnight.

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Here is a photograph of the Town Hall at Lerwick, far, far north in the Shetland Islands. It certainly doesn't look a very handsome one, but the people who meet in it to discuss the municipal matters of the islands do not mind that. The real interest in the photograph is that it was taken at midnight, and to be exact at a quarter-past twelve, as you may see if you look at the clock on the tower. It was taken in June, and shows how light the nights are in that country.

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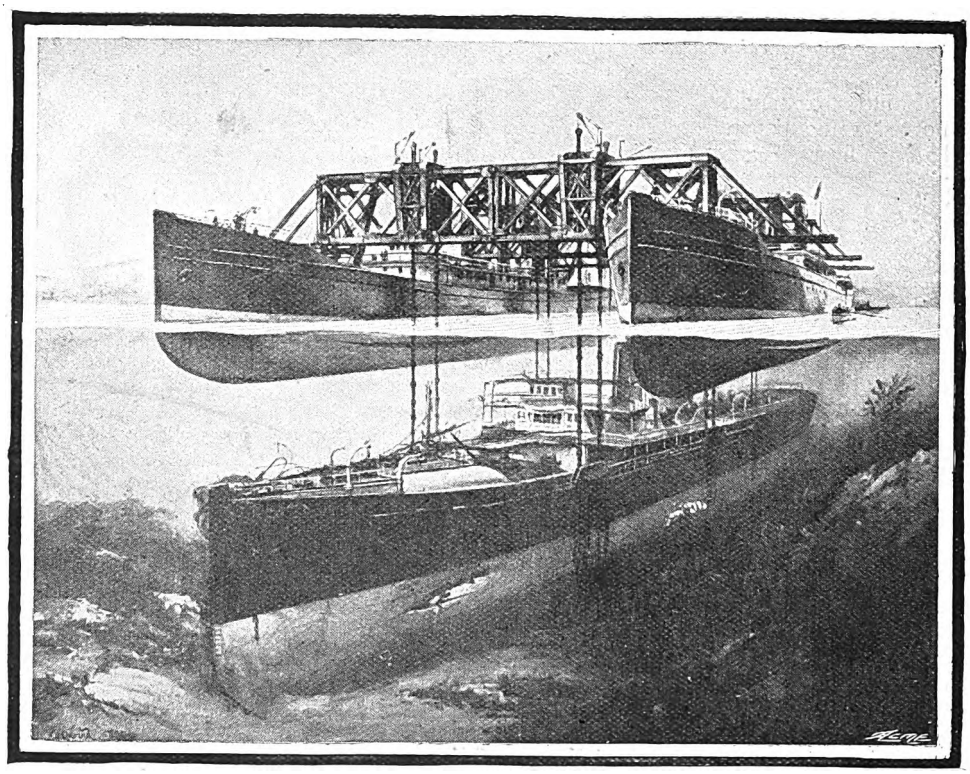

Wreck-raising up to date. Two specially made vessels, held together by a strong "bridge," float on either side of the derelict. Steel hawsers connected with the bridge are passed under the sunken ship, so that with the rising tide the latter is lifted from the ocean bed and can be towed towards land.

SHIPS AND THEIR SAVIOURS.

An interesting Article which describes the many and highly ingenious Methods by which foundered Ships are raised from the Ocean Bed.

By Richard Colman.

The perils of the sea—it is a phrase glibly enough used, but not many that use it understand how great and varied those perils really are. The sea is insatiable. Every year it devours hundreds of human lives, and sunk round the coasts of Britain alone are nine millions worth of ships and cargo.

So heavy are marine insurance rates that some small owners prefer to bear the risk themselves, though like Antonio, merchant of Venice, they are doomed to many sleepless nights, and sometimes like him brought to the verge of ruin. But by far the greater number of owners insure, and it is chiefly on behalf of the underwriters, therefore, that the Salvage Associations exert their skill to reclaim, where possible, battered, though still valuable, wrecks.

Disabled ships have been rescued under almost every conceivable variety of circumstance. But by far the largest number of rescues are of vessels driven in shore by the resistless force of the wind and waves.

In the olden days a vessel in this predicament would have been seized upon greedily by bands of lawless rogues — men who scrupled not to lure a ship to her destruction, for the sake of plundering the poor victims cast up by the sea.

There is not much of this kind of wrecking now. The telephone bell rings in a handsomely appointed office, or a telegraphic message is delivered, telling of a disaster on the coast. Instantly the resources of the Salvage Company are focussed upon the spot. Specially constructed boats laden with

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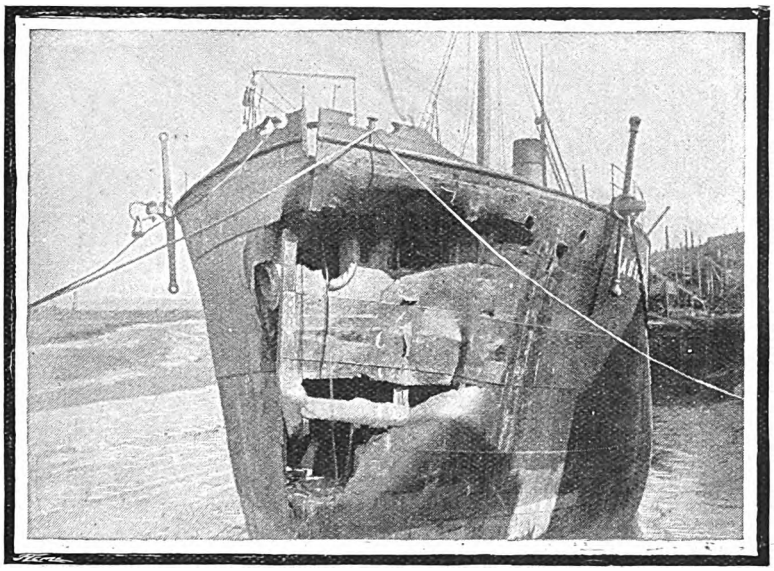
necessaries from divers to derricks are got out; officials hurry to the fatal spot, and the company's photographer puts his gear together with a view to pictorial reports of the wreck as the work progresses.

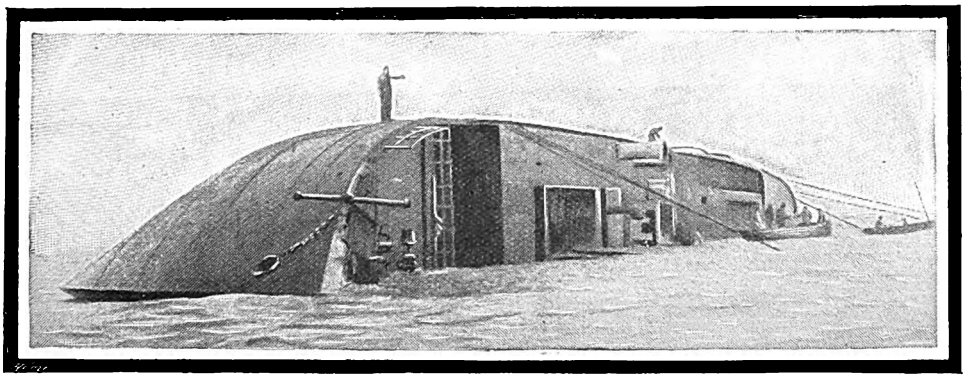
Amazing as is the power of modern surgery to patch apparently hopeless human wrecks, it is sometimes paralleled by what mechanical science can do for ships. Take the case of the *Aberfoyle* after a collision with the *Agir*. Its bow had been almost smashed to pieces from top to bottom, yet the vessel was easily patched up, her vital organs having remained unimpaired.



The *Aberfoyle* after a collision with the *Agir*. In spite of her serious damages, the *Aberfoyle* was easily patched up, and is now busily at work again.

Wrecks cannot be raised from very deep water. At a depth of thirty-two feet the diver has to bear a pressure of thirteen pounds to the square inch, or double that which we sustain from the air. The pressure increases in direct ratio to the depth descended, thirty fathoms or one hundred and eighty feet being the utmost that can be borne. At such a depth the pressure is eighty-eight and a half pounds to the square inch. Salvage operations are various, and are best illustrated by a description of the methods employed in the recovery of certain notable wrecks.

During a fog, the *Tina*, a large vessel, struck a rock, off West Loch Tarbet, and settled in five fathoms of water. The work of raising her was undertaken by the Clyde Salvage Association. Four large pontoons took up their stations, one at each of the four corners of the sunken vessel. Each pair of pontoons was then connected by huge log pines. Flexible steel hawsers, seven and a half inches in diameter, tested to bear a strain of 500 tons to the square inch, were with immense difficulty passed under the wreck and fastened to the logs. All this, of course, was done at low tide, and nothing further was



A derelict being towed towards land. The man directing the salvage work is seen standing on the side of the vessel.

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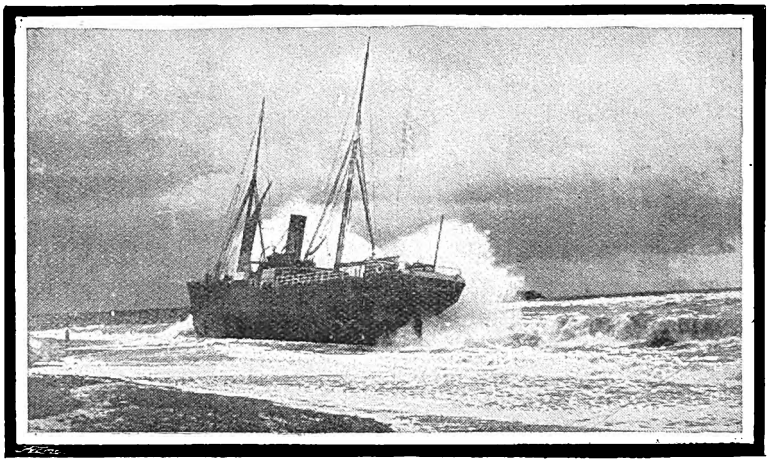


This seemingly uninjured vessel, the *Hesketh*, had to be sold for merely £200, as the position in which she was stranded rendered it impossible to remove her without breaking her up.

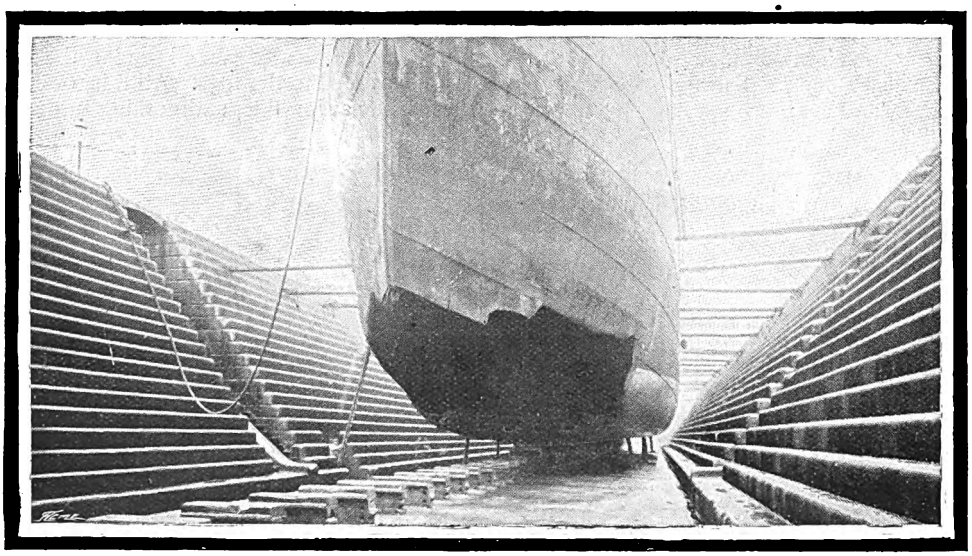
required from engineering science; the rising tide, harnessed to the work of salvage, lifted the wreck from the sea bottom.

Partially immersed, she was then towed to a shallow part of the coast, repaired at low tide, and afterwards floated. But the workers, so far successful, were destined to sad disappointment. It really seemed that an evil fate had marked the *Tina* for its own. Weak and rickety, she was being taken to dry dock to undergo her final repairs; a sudden squall caught her amidships, and she plunged into the trough of the sea never to rise again. Five of her crew went down with her, and one of her owners, who was on board, and who, no doubt, had been congratulating himself upon her rescue, had a narrow escape.

A happier fate befell *Valkyrie III.*, the dainty racing yacht belonging to Lord Dunraven. The remarkable thing in connection with the rescue of this vessel consists in the fact that she was in no less than twenty-one fathoms of water, and had buried herself in an additional twenty feet of mud. Her exceptional lightness, however, was much in her favour, as was also her noble owner's resolve to save her regardless of expense.

The record for deep sea diving is held by diver Angel, in the employ of Erostarbe, Siebe, Gorman & Co., the famous Swedish salvage firm. Angel went thirty fathoms down to the cabin of the *Skyro*, which had been wrecked five years previously nine miles south of Cape Finisterre. The object was not, of course, to raise the wreck, but Angel brought up with him sixty bars of silver.

The man who bought the carcase of the



A fearful hole. The *Breckfield* struck a submerged rock, which tore away almost all her keel. She was, however, fully repaired.

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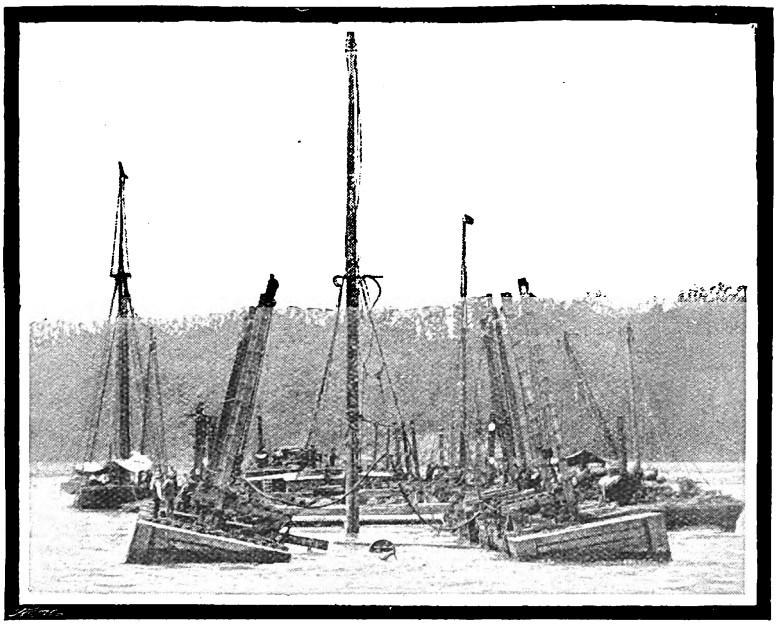
Hesketh for £200 as she lay in the trough of heavy seas at Grangemouth made a strange bargain. Her insured value was £4600, but the impossibility of saving her entire being manifest, there remained but the miserable alternative of selling her as so much scrap iron, old copper, and timber.

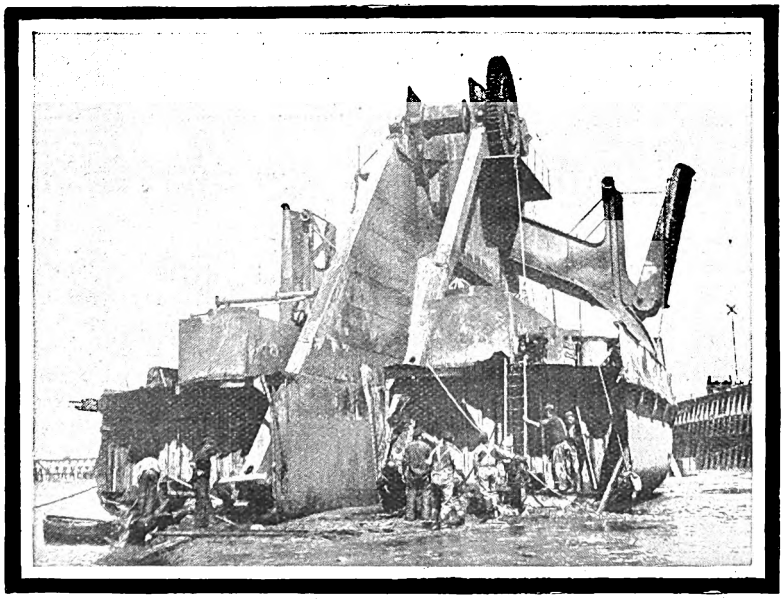


Raising a vessel by means of pontoons. They are connected with the submerged derelict and lift it when the tide rises.

The *Walter Bibby*, one of the most powerful of dredgers, met with calamity in Leith Harbour. Forsaken by the outgoing tide she settled down upon a big boulder and being heavily laden her back was broken by the strain. There she lay for six months, an immovable mass by reason of her hundreds of tons of dredging gear. Eventually, some of her impedimenta were removed from her forepart. After which stout rubber bands containing dynamite cartridges attached to an electric battery were passed round the outside of the wreck where the keel was broken.

The current was then applied and the vessel blown into two sections. The open ends were next closed with bulkheads, the sides were built up and the water pumped out. Instantly the front portion sprang to the surface like a cork. The after part, being heavily laden, was more difficult to deal with. Six times the water was let in, and the half ship re-sunk, before a balance sufficiently even could be maintained to insure against her turning over.

The work of salvage is expensive. The *Walter Bibby* was insured for £15,000; a



All that remained of the *Walter Bibby* after a period of six months under the water.

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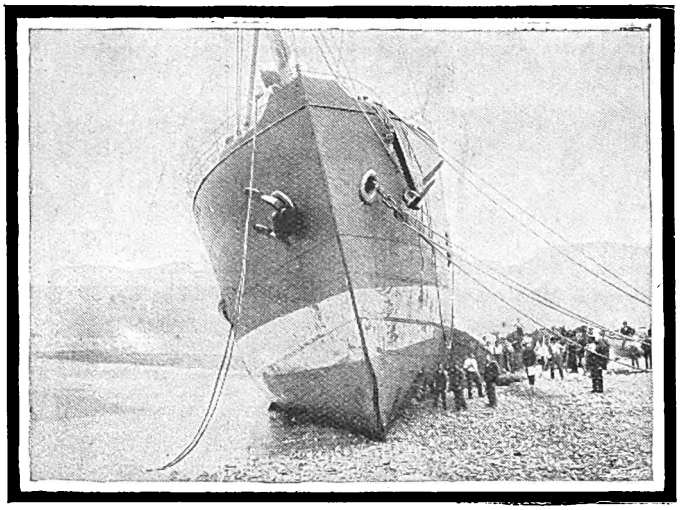


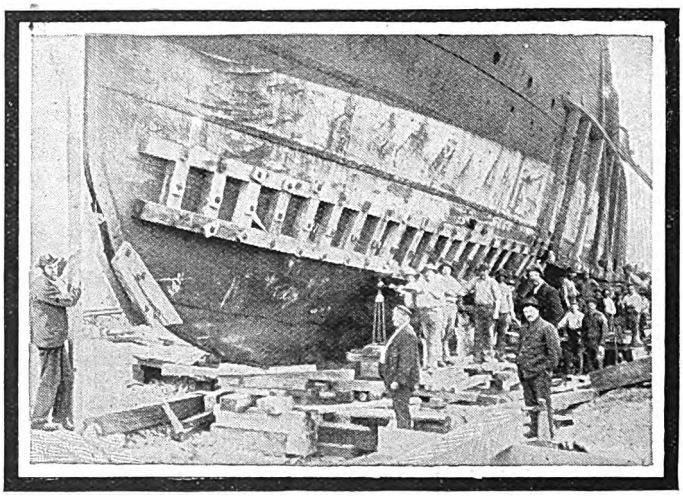
A New Zealand liner blown high and dry ashore at the mouth of river. Banks had to be cut to allow her to get back into water. She is being made fast before lifting her to repair her keel.

third of this large sum was spent in her reclamation.

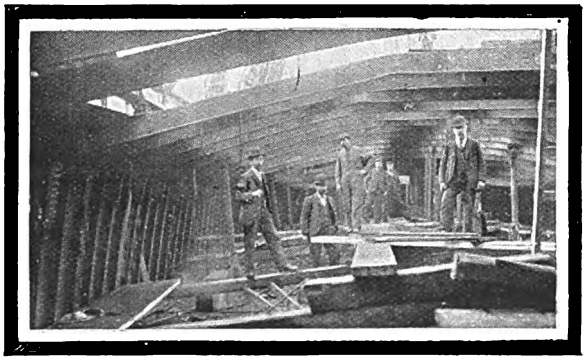
Sometimes very simple means suffice to save the stricken vessel if she be close in shore. At low tide parties go out and repair her temporarily, so that she may float at high water. She is then towed to dry dock. But if she be cast high on the beach, trenches must be dug around her, the water being let in when her repairs have rendered her convalescent.

Attempts were made to save Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, in this manner, when she stranded near Blackpool Pier in 1897, but she being found irretrievably damaged, nothing could be done but break her up. An ignominious fate indeed for a vessel with so glorious a history.

The saving of H.M.S. *Howe* in 1892 was a most remarkable feat. The *Howe* was a vessel of over ten thousand tons, with four sixty-seven ton guns on board, when she ran aground off the coast of Spain, settling down with her fore-deck entirely under water. First of all, some projections



To lift this derelict ladder-like arrangements had to be bolted on to her sides so as to give the lifting-jacks a grip.



The *Caithness* had her main deck entirely blown away by an explosion of coal gas. The photograph shows her whilst undergoing repairs.

of rock that pierced her sides were carefully blasted away with small charges of dynamite. Four hundred cubic feet of rock were disposed of in this manner. Then the gaping rents in her hull had to be covered with an immense shield before she could be floated. A similar course was pursued in the case of the liner *Paris*.

Sometimes the nature of the cargo is responsible for the destruction of a vessel. Coal may prove very dangerous, as it gives off gas, which, under certain circumstances, may explode with appalling results. The barque *Caithness*, of Glasgow, had her main deck blown up by an explosion

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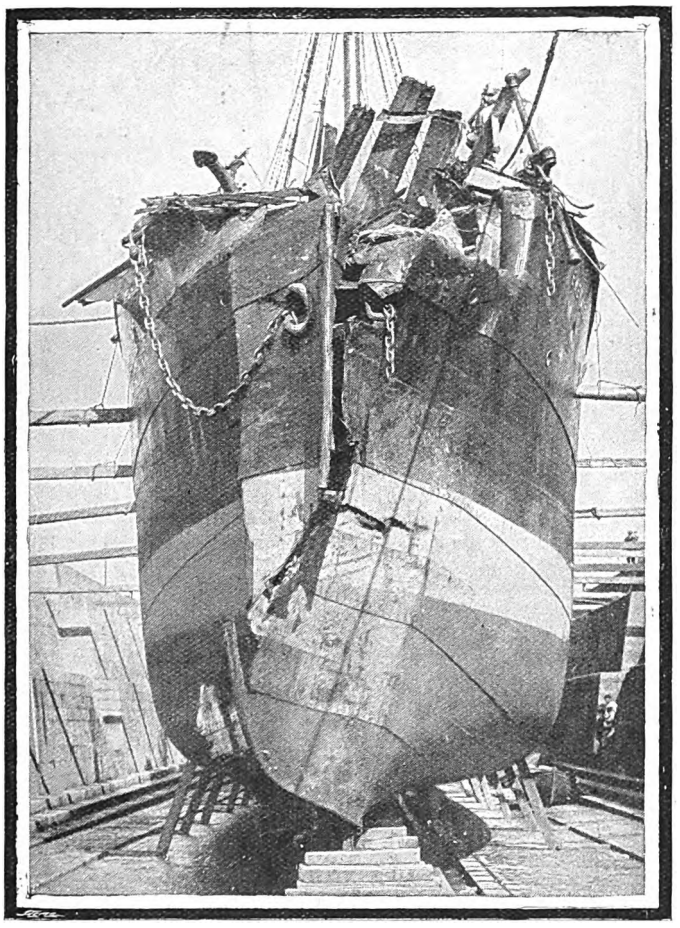
of coal gas, and although, fortunately, the vessel was not destroyed, two thousand pounds' worth of damage was done.

To serve on a ship laden with gunpowder of any kind seems very like taking a picnic on the top of Vesuvius. The barque *Allegiance* shipped twenty tons of this deadly compound at Glasgow, and had not been long at sea when she took fire. To attempt to save her was simply to court certain death. The boats were got out, and the crew and their captain left the doomed vessel with as much expedition as possible. Finding, however, that in the panic the boats had been left entirely without provisions, the mate and some of his men at immense personal risk returned to the ship for the necessary provender. Very shortly afterwards there was a terrific display—an immense roar, then one great gush of flame skyward, and all was over.



The *Emerald* after colliding with another vessel in mid-ocean. She seems to be literally riven in two, and yet she was brought safely into dock and repaired.

A tourist sailing round the world in search of health would hardly choose a vessel laden with nitrate of soda. The *Marion Valentine* carried 2350 tons of this dangerous merchandise. This ship also took fire, and had to be quickly abandoned. Any attempt to pour water on the burning nitrate would only have caused a serious and possibly fatal explosion.

Very drastic means are necessary to recover a ship under certain circumstances. A very fine ship was the *Milwaukee*, wrecked on Cruden Scars, Aberdeenshire, in 1898. Impaled upon a huge sharp pointed rock, it was impossible to move her by any of the usual means. A charge of dynamite was put into her, and she was blown into two sections, which were floated separately, and subsequently rejoined.

When it is not possible to save the ship it is sometimes possible to save the cargo. The *Pandiom*, which left Gottenberg for Cape Town in August of last year, was compelled to put into Ceara, in Brazil, being then in a very dangerous condition. She had sprung a leak, and, despite all the efforts of her crew, was in her last extremity on reaching the Brazilian haven. On board there was ten thousand pounds worth of floor boards. By the almost superhuman efforts of the captain and crew this cargo was removed just in time and built up in a monstrous stack upon the shore. Very shortly afterwards, the *Pandiom* went down for ever.

On the other hand, it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice—or to use the technical term—to jettison the cargo to save the ship, or to save life.

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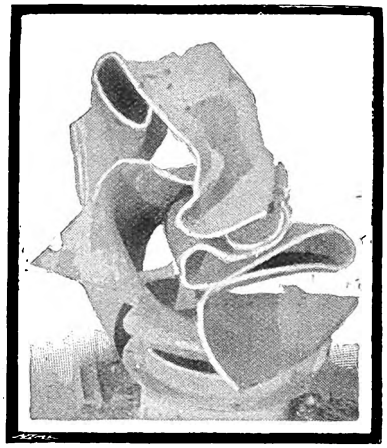
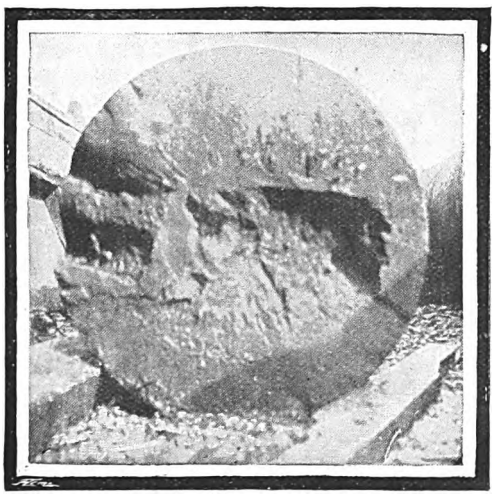
One of the most thrilling and remarkable episodes in the whole history of marine matters occurred some years back. The *Missouri*, a screw-steamer of four thousand two hundred tons, carrying a cargo from England to America, of cattle, cement, rags, skins, etc., when a hundred and thirty miles out fell in with the *Danmark* from Copenhagen, an emigrant ship bound for New York, with seven hundred people on board. She was flying signals of distress. When within speaking distance, it transpired that on the fourth day out the *Danmark* had broken one of her main shafts, which, whirling round and round, tore a terrible hole in the ship's bottom before the engines could be stopped. The ship was leaking very fast in consequence, and her captain implored Captain Murrell of the *Missouri* to help him.

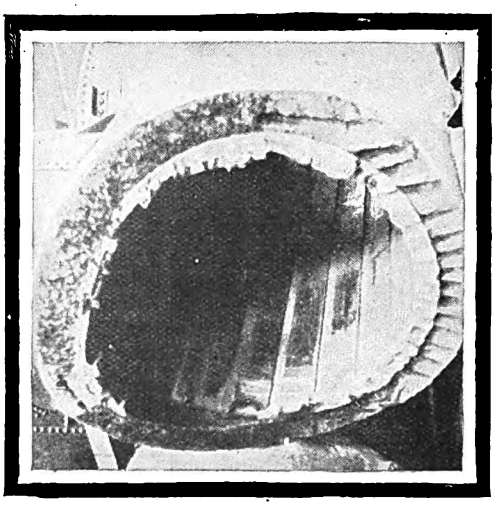


This is a plate of the steamship *Knight Bachelor* after collision with an iceberg.

Before the full extent of the danger was realised, Captain Murrell made an attempt to take the great liner in tow, a huge chain cable acting as their connecting link. There was a heavy sea on, and the condition of the *Danmark* speedily became alarming. It was simply a question whether Captain Murrell should take 700 people on to his little vessel, in which he had only proper accommodation for twenty, or whether he should see them perish before his eyes. If he took them, where could he stow them, and how should he supply such a vast horde with food, seeing that he had only provisions for forty men for three weeks, eight days of which had already gone?

The former difficulty he solved by taking upon himself an act of grave responsibility. His 'tween decks were laden with cargo, which he flung into the sea. Then the order was given for the *Danmark* to discharge her passengers from the doomed vessel in the following order. There were no fewer than twenty-two babies on board. These Captain Murrell insisted upon coming the first, in charge of one or two women. When the boats reached the side of the *Missouri*, the problem arose how to get the little terrified creatures on board in safety. The captain hit upon a happy idea. Coal baskets were slung over the side, the children secured within them, and drawn up to the deck in safety, from whence they were carried into the cabin by the sailors. One little girl had brought her doll, which she tightly clasped the whole of the time. A relic of this extraordinary event is preserved at Madame Tussaud's in the shape of one of





The great steel shaft and iron tube of the *Persia* broke in mid-ocean, and the vessel would inevitably have foundered had not the engineers managed to repair it. They received a gratuity of several hundred pounds.

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these coal baskets, which were found so useful.

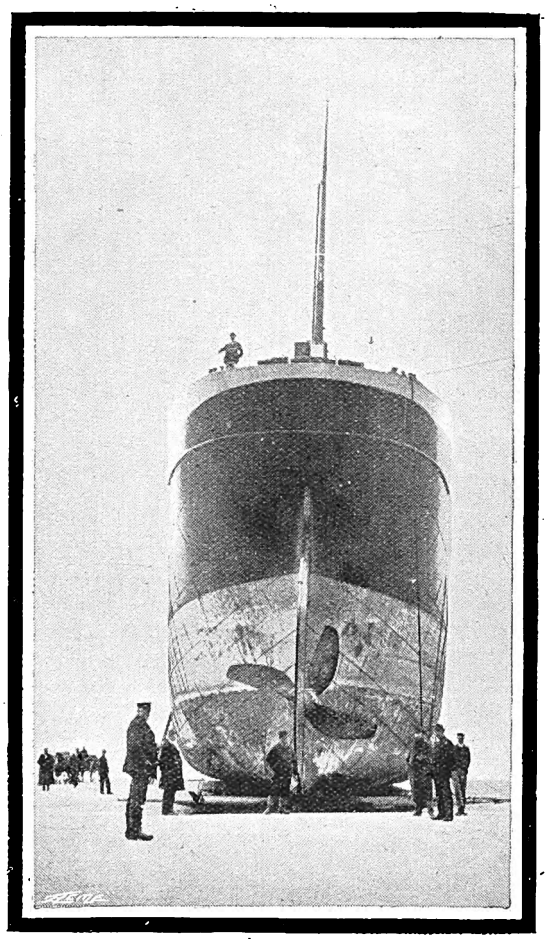
Next the women were sent for. Several boatloads of them arrived without mishap, and it was truly a beautifully pathetic and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, to witness the gratitude to the Captain and the joyful haste with which they rushed down into the saloon to find their children. Imagine what must have been their feelings on parting from their little ones, not knowing whether the ship *Danmark*, which was rapidly settling down, would suddenly sink and leave their offspring motherless!

Last of all came the men, and although a heavy sea was running at the time and the ships were fully a quarter of a mile apart, their transfer from the *Danmark* to the *Missouri* was effected without the loss of a single life.

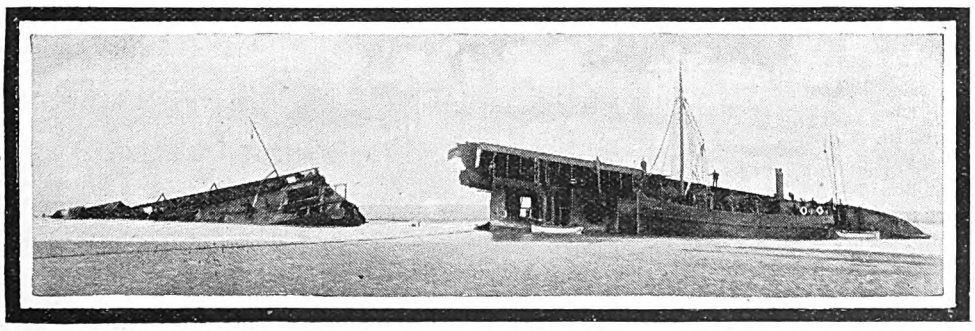
The work of rescue was performed none too soon, for shortly after the last boat had reached the *Missouri* the *Danmark* sank to her inevitable doom.

Captain Murrell was hard put to it to accommodate his numerous and unexpected guests. For pillows many had to be content with cattle troughs, but no one complained—each was only too thankful to have been preserved from an awful fate.

Some provisions had been brought from the *Danmark*, and by skilful management the survivors were fed, if not luxuriously, at least sufficiently until port was reached. On arrival in America Captain Murrell was given a long series of ovations, gifts of all descriptions were showered upon him, and banquets were held in his honour. He was absolved from blame by the owners of the jettisoned cargo, and the freedom of the city of London was conferred upon him.



This is exactly how the steamship *Claverly* was found after having been washed ashore in a storm. She stood on the sand in a perfectly upright position.



The *Milwaukee* was impaled on a sharp rock, and in order to remove her the salvage company had to blow her into two sections.

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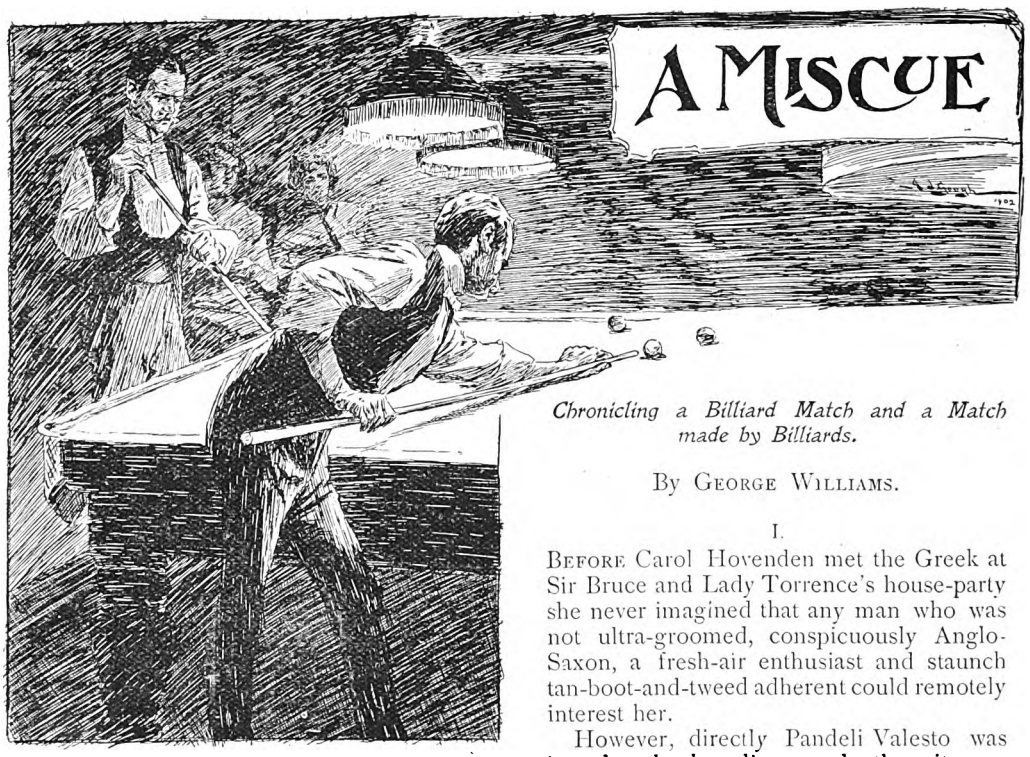

Chronicling a Billiard Match and a Match made by Billiards.

By George Williams.

I.

Before Carol Hovenden met the Greek at Sir Bruce and Lady Torrence's house-party she never imagined that any man who was not ultra-groomed, conspicuously Anglo-Saxon, a fresh-air enthusiast and staunch tan-boot-and-tweed adherent could remotely interest her.

However, directly Pandeli Valesto was introduced she discovered that it was possible to over-rate the attractiveness of any individual also. Pandeli Valesto was below middle height, plain when analysed, desperately dark, with an attractive back to his head, and wore a single eye-glass for the unusual reason that one eye was less perfect of vision than the other.

His methods were all so very new to Carol Hovenden, and Sir Mountain Braye, who had been hoping hopes for the two previous seasons, realised that these methods were very subtle and dangerous indeed. Though, however, Carol had never definitely accepted him, still it was generally recognised by their set that Sir Mountain was irreparably lassoed, and that Miss Hovenden firmly held the end of the slip-knotted rope; but, with the introduction of this new element, Mountain Braye shares rose considerably in the matrimonial markets, and daughter-ridden mammas cast eyes on him.

At last one evening things came to a climax, and the necessity for decision stared Carol Hovenden full in the face; but once more she adopted the feminine ruse of temporising.

She and Pandeli Valesto had left the music-room where Mountain Braye, with a tuneless voice and a heavy heart, was occupied in roaring out genial hunting-songs to the wrong-noted accompaniment of a pretty portionless Admiral's daughter; and, without any definite steering of their course, found themselves in a small Orientally-upholstered recess leading out of the picture gallery.

"Er—I—er—er—almost think I won't stay here," she said. "Perhaps we had be'ter go back to the others."

"Perhaps so—yes—very likely," replied Valesto in an uninterested tone.

Their eyes met.

Carol Hovenden sat down!

"You are a puzzle to me at times," Valesto remarked reflectively, putting up his eye-glass and moving the fraction of an inch closer.

"Then why not be the key—a 'Grecian key'—and give the answer to the puzzle?" she replied lightly, thinking only of her feeble jest, and ignoring the full significance of her words.

"You mean that? You understand what you say?" he cried swiftly. "Yes, you *do* mean it, and you *do* understand—you *must*. I love you, Carol. I love your pure,

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narrow English reserve, your capability for concealing all you think and feel in that white maiden mind of yours; and I love you because—ah! because I adore you. It has always been my creed that every man who comes of a sparsely-peopled race like the Greeks should do his duty to the country which claims him, and not marry outside his own people. I have forgotten every creed, every theory, and only realise that—that—Carol, my dear life—will you be my wife?"

The glamour of the man and the moment was upon her, and yet not so strongly as to banish every other consideration. She remembered Mountain Braye, his two seasons' devotion, his tenderness over a wounded fox, and his honest eyes; so—she temporised!

"Wait till to-morrow night," she whispered, rising hurriedly. "I—I—can't say anything now, but I promise my answer by then . . . No, I will go back alone. . . . Good-night." She hesitatingly held out her hand, which Pandeli Valesto reverently took between his own, softly brushing it with his silky upturning moustache before releasing the daintily manicured fingers.

"I will wait," he said. "I will wait—Good-night—good-night, *zoë mou*."

When Carol reached the great oak-panelled music room, it was empty, save for Mountain Braye, who was moodily fondling a small grimy kitten which had escaped from the regions of the kitchens.

Carol watched him in silence for a moment. She liked his way with the kitten.

Suddenly he turned round and saw his companion, and, continuing automatically to caress the small kitten very heavily and definitely moved towards the girl. There was a dogged set purpose in his eyes that disquieted her.

"I'm tired of wanting my answer," he said steadily, "and I mean to get it. Are you going to marry me, Carol, or are you not?"

"Give me a little longer," she answered pathetically, trading upon her womanhood and his chivalry.

"I want to know *now*." His shoulders looked alarmingly square.

"I'll — I'll — promise you your answer —*to-morrow* night," she replied desperately.

"You promise?"

"I promise." As she held out her hand in farewell the kitten stretched forth one tiny paw. Impulsively Carol responded

"You are a puzzle to me at times," he remarked reflectively.

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to the movement—she stooped and kissed the kitten.

When she reached the doors she looked back before passing out into the corridor.

She saw a tall fair square man pressing his moustache on the grimy head of an infant kitchen cat!

She forgot all about Valesto and hurriedly sought her own room where Lady Torrence, her hostess and former schoolchum, sat by the fire awaiting their delightful moments of midnight confidences when the services of their respective maids were sacrificed for the exchange of feminine tittle-tattle.

"Well?" said Maud Torrence, uncorking the brilliantine bottle.

"No, not at all—very much the reverse—Maudina, I'm dying of acute indecision."

"Try force of circumstance my dear—it's a sure cure."

"I *have* been—this evening; it has made matters worse."

Lady Torrence pondered.

"Let chance decide," she cried, suddenly turning over the hair-pin tray in the inspiration of the moment. "Toss, draw lots, or—Carol, suppose they *play* for you."

"What, serenade me do you mean? I don't know anything about Mr. Valesto's musical powers, but the idea of Mountain Braye with a guitar and—"

"Hush! my dear, I don't mean music, let them play billiards for you! Look here, there were never two good players more evenly matched—when they challenge each other the loser is always within a break of the winner. I'll get them to play an exhibition game after dinner to-morrow night, that is, if you give me your solemn promise that the one who scores his hundred first shall provide you with a new surname! . . . You will never make up your mind otherwise, and there are several disturbing little proverbs about 'two strings' and 'two stools,' etc., besides which, though twenty-four is not to a degree *passée*, still——"

Carol was silent a moment. She picked up Lady Torrence's discarded fringe net, and spoiled it before her reply was ready, besides twisting no fewer than three hairpins till, in shape, they resembled a trio of small armless men.

Having wasted so much destructive power she had less to spend on the engineering of her own life, so, abruptly laying down the ruined hairpins, she rose from her seat and arrived at a conclusion.

"Maudina, I shall adopt your suggestion."

"Good! And you give me your word to abide by the result of to-morrow's game?"

"I give you my word and—my hand on it."

The hand was a small assurance, but it served.

II.

"Now, we all expect a truly great exhibition, so please Sir Mountain and Mr. Valesto don't disappoint this select contingency of the B.P.," said Lady Torrence, stirring her coffee.

"I think there's nothing more interesting than to watch a good game of billiards," lisped the pretty, portionless accompanist, who didn't know a "cannon" from a "hazard."

Carol Hovenden, seated next to her hostess on a lounge facing the "D" end of the table, offered no remark upon the subject. She was watching a sleek, groomed, fair head and a sleek, groomed, dark head, both bent over the manipulation of cue-chalking, and she was wondering in a sort of vague way which would be her breakfast table *vis-à-vis* throughout the long dim vista of the future. Her glance rested the fraction of a moment longer on the fair head, and then the game began.

For the first five minutes both players kept practically together, and then Mountain Braye ran away with a steady twenty break.

Carol thought of the Greek's repressed, though blazing, ardour with regret.

Then nothing of interest occurred till Pandeli Valesto, by a marvellous all-round cannon, got the balls well in hand, after which he played with almost audacious brilliancy with the result that his opponent was left fifteen behind.

Half unconsciously, Carol Hovenden bit her lip and pressed her friend's hand with a sharp convulsive grasp. Lady Torrence looked at her curiously for a moment—then she smiled. She understood from that moment her companion's mind.

After that Sir Mountain Braye regained his lost ground till the game was "eighty—eighty-one," with Valesto leading.

His next shot was a simple "loser" off the red, before attempting which he polished his eyeglass, and smiled straight into the eyes of Carol Hovenden. The ostentatiously cool and unnecessary action vaguely irritated her, and in that smile the darker side of the man momentarily shadowed his charm of expression.

Carol held her breath as he followed with a twelve break.

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"Eighty — ninety-three. . . . *Oh!* Maudie," she whispered, leaving the sentiment evidenced by the cry unexplained. But Lady Torrence understood, and her heart beat fast as Mountain Braye by some careful play once more passed his opponent.

Then *he* looked at the white lace-clad girl, whose fate, unknown to the two players, rested on the wanderings of these ivory balls, but *he* did not smile. He just regarded her steadily, and—then the heart of Carol Hovenden called out to her at last!

"Maudina," she whispered passionately, "he—Mountain—*must* win. Exert all your will power and *make* him win."

Maude Torrence nodded silently, and abstractedly poured the remaining contents of her cup into the saucer. She contemplated a combine of which woman's power of resource was one important factor.

With Valesto's next break he reached ninety-nine.

Lady Torrence called him to her side and examined the silver plate on his cue, while Mountain Braye score five and then broke down.

"Ninety-nine all!"

Sir Mountain looked imperturbably at his feet. Carol looked at Sir Mountain with her soul in her eyes. Valesto chalked his cue prior to making a certain, easy cannon to complete the game. Then Lady Torrence dropped a charm from her bracelet, which rolled an inch or two under the lounge, and while the Greek stooped to find it she held his cue. Her coffee cup and saucer were still in her hand.

"Thank you," she said, taking the golden diamond-eyed pig and returning the cue. "Now, Mr. Valesto, finish off Sir Mountain, and let's go and dance. When 'Greek meets Greek' I know there 'comes a tug of war,' but when Greek meets Englishman I fear it sometimes means Britannic defeat."

Valesto bowed with an ideal grace and moved towards the table, took aim and—miscued, missing the object ball.

One hundred—ninety-nine!

Sir Mountain Braye had won the game and —something more!

Some subtle impulse drew him to Carol's side—he *felt* her sudden need of him.

"Will you come in the fernery?" he whispered.

"Yes." He drew aside the heavy plush curtain for her to pass out. "And—Mountain—'yes' also—to—the *other*."

The shadow in the curtained recess was profound. They were alone. They loved each other.

"Oh! my dear—my *dear*," was all he said.

It was enough. They were quite alone.

* * * * *

Letter from Lady Torrence to Lady Braye written six months later:

VERY Dearest Carol,

I *must* confess, and, as I hear that you and Mountain are wading dee er and deeper into the intricacies of being in love, I hope for eulogistic gratitude instead of virtuous condemnation which my conscience sometimes tells me I deserve.

My dear, *I* did it. *Legally* speaking, perhaps, it was the Dean of Brayshire who married you and Mountain, but *actually* it was Maude Eloise Torrence. . . . Do you remember that memorable game of billiards towards the end of which you learnt the state of your own heart and revealed its leanings to me? Do you remember how Pandeli Valesto stooped to pick up my gold pig while I held his cue? Do you remember the coffee in my saucer? Do you remember his final miscue? Do you know that to damp the tip is a certain way of insuring a miscue?

Answer these queries and forgive me.

I must confess that, anxious as I was for your happiness, my finger-tip would never have strayed into the coffee if Pandeli Valesto had not happened to have casually questioned Bruce about your father's property and investments, and your own income and expectations. I never observed any great anxiety on Mountain's part regarding your worldly goods!

Wire, my dear, if I'm forgiven,
Yours ever and quite,
MAUDINA.

P.S.—Pandeli Valesto has just become engaged to Miss Deborah K. Figgs, of Chicago, U.S.A. . . . Tinned Beef!!

Wire from Lady Braye to Lady Torrence:

You wrong, wicked, dishonourable, dear darling love. Writing.

CAROL.

☘ HOW SHE REFUSED HIM. ☘

Having read your sweet effusion,
I am forced to the conclusion
You are under a delusion
That I love but you alone.

'Mong a score my love's divided.
And of all the hearts provided,
I am really undecided
Which shall call me all its own.

So I'm not prepared to marry.
And, therefore, my dearest Harry,
You had best no longer tarry,
But select another Joan.

Clifford Barlow.

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My Week-End with the Duke

By Frances Clifden.

I.

I AM only a lady artist, and hope it won't seem snobbish to say that when I received a letter from Lady Mildred Blair, who kept house for her brother, the Duke of Beverley, I nearly went off my head with delight. After I had seen what it contained, of course! For it was an invitation to spend the very next week-end at Beverley Castle, preparatory to painting the Duke's portrait as a commission, and it came at a time when business matters had gone rather especially ill with me.

Then, too, I had always hoped some day to see the Duke; I had never gone to the lengths of imagining that I could possibly meet him. Even lady artists have their dreams, and since my childhood His Grace had stood as a kind of fairy prince to me.

He was rich, and young, and good-looking, naturally—even society papers chronicled as much—but his other claims to distinction were higher far than these. I knew of many people whom he had helped in secret; I had heard more than a little concerning his past history. At Eton and Oxford he had outrun even his lavish allowance "in helping poor devils who hadn't a penny to their names;" and when the war in South Africa broke out he spent, as I knew, half his first year's income in equipping a staff of nurses for service there, to please the widowed sister who kept house for him.

II.

At Peignbourne railway station—I live at Peignbourne—I found myself confronting my first difficulty. What class was I to travel by? Of course the remaining guests would all go first—but then, the price of the fare would have strained my slender resources to the uttermost. So I swallowed my pride, and took a second-class ticket, secure in the happy consciousness of wearing my brand-new pale tan-coloured cloth costume.

At Peignbourne station, as I waited, I could not help noticing the looks of a stranger, a girl of about my own age, but dressed in very shabby tweed.

The day was cold, and had she been in my carriage I could have offered her my rug; but she took her seat in a third-class compartment, and I became too engrossed in my own personal fears and conjectures to give her a second thought until we arrived at Black Junction, where the Duke had promised to send in for me.

This article, which is the outcome of genuine experience, though fictitious names are, for obvious reasons, introduced, relates to the smallest detail exactly what happens in a ducal establishment during a week-end house party—how the guests are received, how entertained, and all the comforts and luxuries they enjoy.

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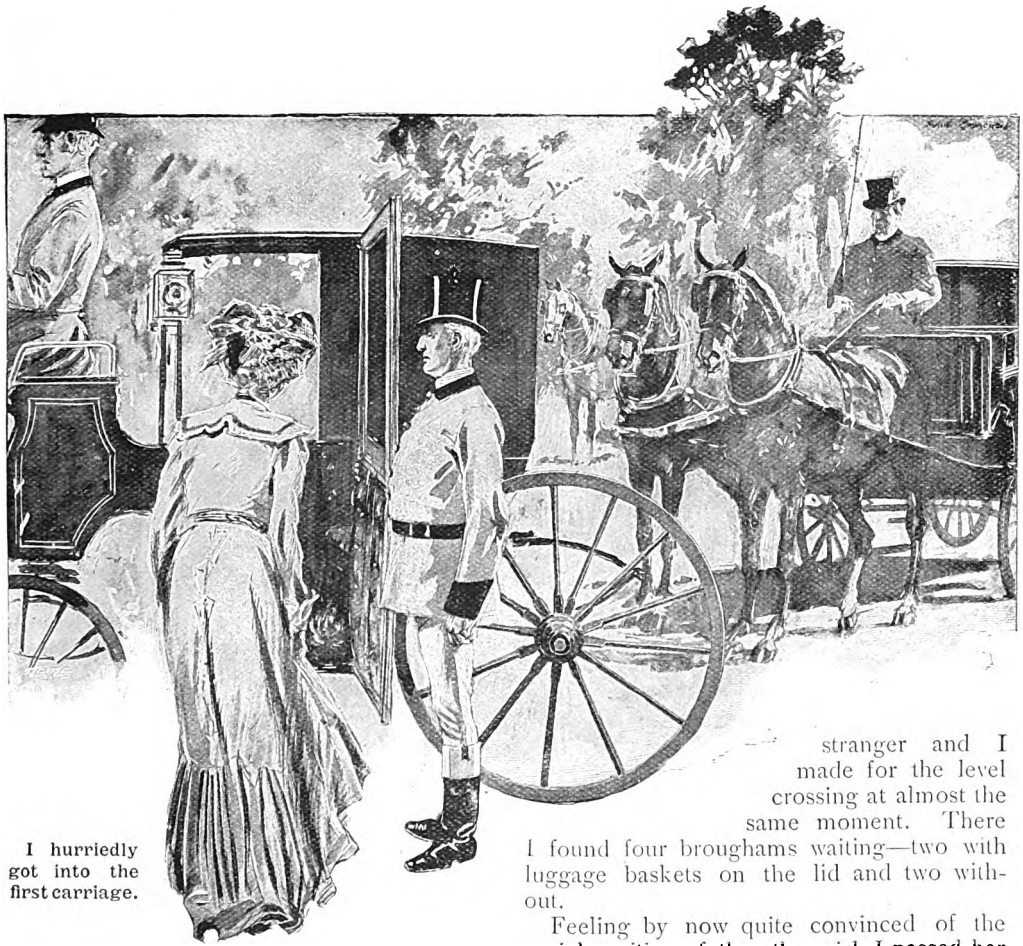

I hurriedly got into the first carriage.

As the train approached I was aware of two grooms in smart, ducal livery, who were awaiting its arrival. I looked out eagerly. Some guest of importance was possibly travelling to Beverley at this hour? My heart sank.

I expected the bustle and scurry at the station which would doubtless betoken the coming of some "personage." But greatly to my surprise it was towards the plainly-dressed stranger of the third-class compartment that one of the grooms made his way, with an air as deferential as though she had come from a first-class carriage. For the moment I marvelled. Then an idea flashed across me. The other girl was, of course, a maid, and I was reminded of the non-existence of my own as the other groom took my handbag.

"Has your ladyship brought a maid?"

"Not to-day," I mumbled, with an inward blush, as I recalled the inadequate services of the overworked "general" in my seaside lodgings.

The men-servants led the way; the stranger and I made for the level crossing at almost the same moment. There I found four broughams waiting—two with luggage baskets on the lid and two without.

Feeling by now quite convinced of the social position of the other girl, I passed her rather hurriedly and got into the first carriage. The brougham door closed, and, with a beating heart, I told myself that now I was in and of a world of which I had hitherto merely read in the pages of society papers.

III.

The drive was long, but not too long for me. Everything was fresh and new. At the doors of their cottages, the cottagers, men, women, and children assembled, as the horses' approaching hoofs were heard, to nod and "dip" in honour to their benefactor's unknown guests. I felt like the heroine of a novelette.

Presently I was driven through the wide white gates of the castle by the lodge, into a park the like of which is scarcely rivalled in England. Away in the distance I could trace the outline of deer, and for the first time realised that a deer forest and a dense wood have nothing in common!

On and up, up and still on, the carriage was pulled up at last by the great oak door of

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At the doors of the cottages the cottagers assembled as the horses' approaching hoofs were heard.

the castle. The bell clanged. Conscious of the immaculate fit of a frock I could ill afford, I stepped out leisurely, and was interested to find only one man waiting at the door. I had expected a whole retinue, not knowing the Duke's dislike to ostentation.

The other girl joined me, rather to my astonishment.

"We've still got a long walk before us, haven't we?" said the girl, smiling pleasantly. "We can't go all the way like mutes. I don't think we've ever met before, have we? My name is—" she hesitated for a moment, rather uncomfortably, I thought, "Claire Hamilton."

"Mine is Belinda Grey," I said. I knew now that she was another guest, and was relieved to find one without a handle to her name, and yet I was vaguely disappointed. Miss Hamilton seemed so curiously at ease. One would have thought she had lived in just such another palace all her life. And while everything was so new and bewildering to me that I could hardly help exclaiming out aloud now and again, she took things quite as a matter of course, though she was only just an ordinary enough girl too.

There seemed such a lot of furniture for instance. The long corridors had beautiful marquetrie cabinet filled with old china and curios of all kinds that collectors would have raved about, to say nothing of the paintings, and now and again some lovely hangings of old tapestry. The hall was full of armour, and to the left a narrow door led upon a little private chapel. (Lady Mildred is a Catholic, and her brother is devoted to her.) A flight of steps on the right led into the first of these corridors, which made a regular maze of the castle, and then we went through room after room, passage after passage, before we arrived at the great empty ball-room, where my heart nearly stood still with fright, for the Duke himself hastened forward to greet us, and take us on into the bijou drawing-room where his sister, the house-party, and a few afternoon callers were assembled.

And here at last there dawned upon me the first suggestion of an awakening. For amongst this shabby house-party of notabilities the shabby figure of my fellow-traveller was no longer remarkable. All the women had come in from their afternoon walks, and were dressed in short, rough frieze and tweed coats and skirts, except the old Duchess of Eccles, who wore a handsome black brocaded satin tea-gown, slightly open at the neck, and trimmed with old Point de Venise lace.

Lady Mildred herself, who did the honours of the tea-table, was in simple black, and it was my own too smart costume which appeared noticeable in such surroundings.

One by one I took in the appointments of the room. Azalea bushes in huge pots, great palms reaching almost to the ceiling, broke its lines into many corners. It looked

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very "lived in and natural." Indeed, naturalness was the order of the day. There was none of the stiffness that obtains so often in middle-class households.

There were no introductions, for everybody knew everybody else's antecedents and belongings; I was the one "outsider." The tea-table was laden to overflowing, with big cakes and little cakes, cakes hot and buttered, buns, and savoury sandwiches, and the groups that clustered round the table, as well as those others who had collected into corners, all combined in making the sort of square meal which I should once have considered quite bad form. But personally I was too taken up in noticing the "Teneriffe-work" table-cloth, and the little lace-edged doyleys upon which stood the plates that held the cold cakes and sandwiches, and the little silver hot-water plates, rather like round entrée dishes, to make more than a meagre meal.

Rather to my surprise Miss Hamilton seemed quite a favourite, though she was, except myself, the only commoner amongst the guests. I began to wonder if there were anything odd about her name, for whenever she was called "Miss Hamilton" there was a burst of laughter, and now and again a man or two of the party, and Lady Mildred herself even, called her "Polly," which is certainly not a diminutive of "Claire."

Presently, an under footman brought in a sheaf of evening papers, and handed them for the most part to the male guests, and after tea the guests dispersed, mostly in twos, some to the billiard-room, others to play Bridge; and Lady Mildred collected her latest arrivals.

"I want to show you your rooms."

"I've no maid, as you know, so I haven't brought her," said Miss Hamilton, tucking her arm confidentially into Lady Mildred's. "Can I borrow the fifteenth housemaid or whoever the lady is who attends to my room to do up my frock in the morning?"

"I haven't got a maid either, Lady Mildred," I said hurriedly. Somehow it didn't seem so hard to say so, now Miss Hamilton had showed me how.

"I'll send someone to help you, too, then," said Lady Mildred, smiling. "You girls are all so independent now-a-days, though I dare say you may prefer to manage alone. Polly here"—patting Miss Hamilton affectionately as she spoke—"scorns even to have her boxes unpacked."

"The truth is my clothes are usually so very inferior to any maid's that I dread subjecting them to her inspection," admitted Miss Hamilton quite calmly. "Hurrah! You've given me the corner room again. I'm so glad. And Miss Grey is next door? That's good. We can help one another if occasion demands, then."

"I should like to help you if I might," I said. Somehow, everybody was so genial it was impossible to feel very shy. And Miss Hamilton was only like myself, which made such a difference. I looked at her more closely. She was very, very pretty—I could not help noticing how the Duke had looked at her when she came in. They seemed to know each other very well, those two.

"Had you and Polly met before?" asked Lady Mildred, breaking in upon my thoughts, as she opened the door of my room.

"Never," I said, rather emphatically perhaps. "Hamilton is not her real name, is it?"

"Only part of it," said Lady Mildred, after a moment's pause. "I don't think she would mind you knowing. The—the family has been very unfortunate. Polly's mother died when she was quite a little thing, and the father speculated and lost almost all their money. Polly herself is very plucky, but rather headstrong. She has just gone on the stage—very much to all her friends' regret. It is useless to oppose her, she is so determined; but I hardly think she will stay there long."

"She doesn't look the sort of girl for the stage," I said, aghast. Oh, how dreadful it would be if this fairy-tale Duke of mine were to fall to the lot of a third-rate provincial actress! I pulled myself together. "Really, to get on on the stage, one needs to be so—so——" I hesitated.

"Pushing," suggested Lady Mildred gently. "Polly is not that. You are quite right, Miss Grey; I see you have discrimination. Polly was never made for the stage. I do hope, indeed, that we may be able to save her from it."

IV.

"My rooms are exquisite," I wrote next morning to my sister. Oh, the joy of writing upon notepaper headed with a coronet and with "Beverley Castle" heavily embossed below! "Everything is so good, though simple. The furniture of my bedroom is Chippendale; there is a great bureau, and a big chest of drawers, and a dressing-table with shelves for one's boots and shoes. There is electric light everywhere; but there are

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four huge candlesticks as well, almost like church candlesticks, near the looking-glass—all real silver and coronet-ed.

"The hot water awaiting me when I went up to my room at half-past five was in an old-fashioned brass jug, and there was the daintiest-fringed towel draped over it. I have three linen towels and two bath towels—I can't think what they are all for. My bed has a lace coverlet over it in the day, and at night this is put away, and a pale pink satin eiderdown quilt is put on instead. All the pillows are down ones, and are edged with real lace; so is the outer sheet. The other ones have drawn threads, and the blankets have big coronets worked in coarse thread.

"The inner room is like a boudoir, a Dresden china sort of room, with pale pink brocaded furniture; there is a big sofa and a lovely writing-table, with a silver inkstand and big silver blotter, and every sort of appointment in the shape of note-paper and envelopes, large and small, sealing wax, telegraph forms, and a time-table book.

"Then there is a book-case with a few old standard works and poetry, and some modern novels and reviews and magazines, and there are flowers here and window-plants in jardinières, but these the maid removes at night. On each door down our wing—the actress, Miss Hamilton, and I, the Ladies Ker-Havelock and Lady May Berry, and a few other guests are all in the unmarried girls wing—there is a card affixed—'Miss Grey,' 'Lady May Berry,' and so forth.

"After the maid had unpacked my things, and I had changed into an afternoon frock, I went into the drawing-room, and found just a few stragglers. At eight o'clock bells sounded in every wing, as girls summoned their maids, and men their valets in preparation for the great event of the day.

"When I got to my room, the housemaid had put everything out for me, my evening linen, my stockings, even a handkerchief—just like a real maid does, I suppose. The candles were lighted, and there was a freshly-cut loose spray of hot-house flowers, just the colour of my gown, ready for me to wear.

"Standing at the drawing-room door a little later and looking at the groups which met and divided, coming down on either side of the great central staircase at the head of which runs the long family portrait gallery, was as picturesque as any scene in a play.

"The soft lights in the drawing-room, shaded with little silk covers, the scent of the flowers, stronger now than in the day, all combined to make the right setting for quite the loveliest evening frocks I have ever seen. Do you know, I really think that people who are really personages like these, must take a pride in dressing as villainously as they can in the day in the country, as a change from town, and then doing themselves exquisitely at night? For the jewels worn were really lovely; Lady Mildred had a necklace which blazed with a thousand lights, and lots of the other women had diamonds too.

"But the girls were simple on the whole, especially Miss Hamilton, who had just a plain black *soie de chine* frock with an old fashioned ordinary kind of fichu, and a bunch of lilies of the valley.

"We went in to dinner formally enough, but there were no special seats ascribed to us at table. The Duke called out to me as I came in with my partner, and said: 'Don't go so far away; come here, please, Miss Grey,' and pointed to a seat only three away from his own. Wasn't it kind of him?

"Lady Mildred sat at the other end, and our little group talked across quite intimately, yet without a vestige of the Bohemianism which mars so many social functions in our little world. Personally I was very sorry when it was over; it seemed to me such a long dinner—there were quite twelve courses; a choice of two fishes, a hot and cold entrée, etc. There was hardly anything I knew, and the soup-plates were all silver, and there was a footman to every two chairs, though we sat down twenty-four. I said to my next door neighbour: 'Is it never coming to an end?' and he laughed and told me that people in positions like the Duke's sometimes have even more courses, but he hates ostentation. Eventually we filed back to the drawing-room for coffee and liqueurs.

"In the Beverley household the female guests are evidently not supposed to smoke!

"We women formed into groups, of course, and when the men came back there was a general exodus. Some of us played bridge, some billiards, each in separate rooms. The younger members of the party, headed by the Duke, played a game of question and answer, called 'Clumps,' which frightened me dreadfully. Miss Hamilton came to my rescue, to pilot me through, though. Two couples wandered off unchaperoned into the empty ball-room, and there, presumably, 'danced to the music of their hearts,' since there was certainly no one to pipe!

"And Miss Hamilton looked very lovely.

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The Duke hardly took his eyes off her, though he was kind to everyone, looking after all the old dowagers and making all the young people feel utterly at home and at ease.

"At a little before half-past eleven o'clock there was a general move towards the corridor, which is really like a long room with other rooms leading out of it, and there, on two wide tables, drinks hot and drinks cold were spread—whiskies and sodas, clarets and hot water.

"Lady Mildred saw me to my room again, and the housemaid was waiting to brush my hair if I needed her. She had put away all my clothes, of course, and arranged my linen for the morning, carefully matching the dress she had put ready with the special silk petticoat which toned best with it, which I thought an artistic touch in a housemaid.

"The younger members of the party, headed by the Duke, played a game called 'Clumps'."

"And then—and then—well, perhaps I did feel a little regretful that I wasn't rich.

"It is so good to be properly looked after, for once—to have your nightgown and slippers and dressing-gown warmed at a brilliant log fire—to have velvet curtains shutting out the draught from the windows, and your hot water-bottle steaming under lace-edged sheets, and a table at your side set ready with a silver biscuit canister, and tumbler of milk, to say nothing of your candlestick and matches and devotional books.

"Up in the tower the wind wailed dismally, and in the room above a fellow-guest, a man, snored so loudly that he made night temporarily hideous, but the next thing I was aware of was a knock at my door, and the sound of the dainty little morning tea service, with its choice of thin bread and butter and crisp biscuits, set down beside me, to recall me to the fact that it was morning.

"By-the-by, it is only in the 'married wing' that a bath-room is attached to each suite of rooms, which consist in these cases of a big bedroom, a dressing-room, a boudoir and the bath-room, all complete. The maid brings in mine—and such a paraphernalia!

"A large bath blanket is spread first, and then an enormous can of hot water is put in the middle of the bath with a linen towel draped over it, then everything I can possibly want, soap, loofah, an extra can of cold water, etc., is arranged round, and a chair put ready for me to sit on when I get out of it. I had kicked my slippers to the other end

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"The next thing I was aware of was a knock at my door, and the sound of a dainty little morning tea service set down beside me."

of the room, but she got them out and set them ready for me, and, of course, there was another can of hot water put ready for me in my basin too."

V.

I think the events of the next day—in its way the most eventful—are best told by extracts from my diary, rough as they are.

"Still having a delightful time," I wrote that morning. "Things grow upon one more and more. The breakfast table, to begin with, was an amazement to me; there were such lots of hot dishes to be handed, and the last comers were served as well as the first, for the dishes were all on raised silver stands under which little spirit lamps were burning.

"Then there was a side table covered with cold meats and chicken, and so forth, and lots of hot-house fruit, the grapes that Beverley is famous for, etc.

"At a quarter to eleven o'clock this morning all the church-goers were assembled in the hall, some to hear Mass with Lady Mildred—we Anglicans to go with the Duke. At the last moment, however, he went with the Roman Catholics, I suppose because Miss Hamilton is of the Faith.

"The way she treats the Duke is almost cruel. Coming back, we all met in the Park, and nobody could help seeing how wretched he looked. For once he was walking beside her. Everybody seems to try to leave them together; but when she saw me,

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she literally ran forward, and seizing my arm, said would I not like to come back by way of the moat and drawbridge to see the chapel where so many Beverleys are buried.

"I did not know how to refuse. The Duke came too, and of course got no opportunity of private conversation with her, for she clung to my arm, and deferred to my opinion all the time.

"The rest of the house party drifted away, some to the stables, some to the kennels. In fact, we divided off as instinct suggested, coming in in time to change our gowns for two o'clock lunch, which was a meal of fish, entrées, hot meats and cold, sweets, and cold savouries, finishing off with a choice of French coffee or Turkish, which latter Lady Mary made in the drawing-room.

"At lunch the question came up as to how we should spend the afternoon. The Duke suggested a drive in his motor, and Miss Hamilton promptly volunteered for walking, and said she had arranged with me to come too. Some of the party drove to the sea; at the last moment the Duke gave up his motor and came with us.

"Miss Hamilton lent me one of her short skirts; trained dresses are so much more graceful, I think, but I was grateful, for in the course of our walk we had, among other things, to get over a five-barred gate. The Duke had to help me, but Miss Hamilton climbed over it alone, and would not even take his hand in getting down.

"Coming through the gates into that part of the Park which is open to sightseers it was quite funny to see the interest we aroused.

"'That's the Duke—him in the tweed suit,' we heard one gentleman announce to his neighbour, pointing out a certain Captain the Hon. Tom Westmoreland, who strove to walk as one worthy of honours suddenly thrust upon him.

"'*That* his Grace? Lor! bless your soul, that's only his head footman!' said the other with infinite scorn; whereupon Miss Hamilton collapsed, and for the first time made the Duke happy with one of her singularly merry smiles.

"After tea a lot of the men went to the billiard room again, and others with Lady Mildred to Vespers and Benediction. What happened to the Duke then—or Miss Hamilton—I really don't know. She was standing by me, as usual, when the old Duchess of Eccles actually came up and invited me to see some photographs, saying: 'Run off, Polly; you've monopolised this young lady ever since her arrival, and have given none of us a chance of knowing her.' The Duke was the only other person in the room, and of course I saw through the manœuvre, as they both did. Miss H. went off, looking most unhappy. I cannot make things out!

"Rather to my surprise we had another big full course dinner to-night—I recognised the fact by the maid having laid out another full evening dress for me, instead of a demi-toilette which I had meant to wear. Miss Hamilton came into the room, stood behind me, and suggested sitting near; but——

"'Change of partners to-night,' the Duke said as we sat down at table, and rather to my amusement my partner at once hustled me off to the extreme other end of the table from Miss Hamilton. I couldn't help catching the Duke's eye and smiling. I was so very glad for him, for Miss Hamilton does try to use me as a sort of 'gooseberry' all the time!

"At night there was a general call for 'charades,' so everyone departed to the library, which is really a long hall with alcoves, and wide curtains dividing one portion from another, a delightful place for theatricals. Each alcove is like a separate little sitting-room, and has its own fireplace.

"It was certainly a novel way of spending Sunday evening, but personally I did not care much about it as an entertainment. The Duke acted at first, and so did Miss Hamilton—very well—but he was presently called away by a message from his sister, and a little later Miss Hamilton also disappeared.

"Before going to bed the subject of our approaching departures was mooted, and I was surprised to find Miss Hamilton was staying on. His Grace is certainly the kindest of hosts! He had looked out my trains and wanted me to go by the afternoon one, but I felt I must go back in the morning to my work. Too much enjoyment is not good for one, and, besides, perhaps I was getting a wee bit envious. . . .

"While I was at breakfast next morning the maid packed up for me, and that kind Duchess of Eccles took me under her wing. Saying 'good-bye' to Lady May Berry, I saw that she had left her 'tip' for the maid no her dressing-table. Always before I have given my fees myself.

"The drive to the station looked like the exodus from some big hotel, so numerous were the dog-carts, broughams, buggies, and motors which took us there. Miss Hamilton came down to see us off.

"'Good-bye,' she said. 'We must meet again, Miss Grey.'

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"I think she was going to say more, but the Duke came up just then and stood beside her, and the last vision I had of Beverley was the sight of the great door thrown back, framing them as they stood, she with her fair hair blown a little off her forehead, aureole wise, and he standing very tall and big beside her, with, for once, a look almost of happiness on his face.

"I wonder—I wish—ah, well, if people are happy why should anything else matter?"

VI.

About a month later, my mystery was cleared up; I had another letter from Lady Mildred, and, by the same post, another, coroneted, too, and in an unknown hand.

I opened Lady Mildred's first.

Beverley Castle.

DEAR MISS GREY,

This is only to remind you of your kind promise to paint my brother's portrait.

(What a considerate way of expressing that they had commissioned me to do work for them!)

I believe your Peignbourne address is permanent? You will be interested to hear that my brother is engaged to be married to the Miss Hamilton whom you met at Beverley, so our conjectures were right and she has left the stage.

With kind regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED BLAIR.

My weekly "society" paper had just come. I opened it, almost in a dream, and the following paragraphs met my eye:

The marriage arranged between the Duke of Beverley and Lady Mary Hamilton-Cane-Drury will give universal satisfaction. The misfortunes which befell the Earl of Jedburgh, Lady Mary's father, are still fresh in one's memory. When they occurred the young lady, with great courage, insisted upon earning her own livelihood upon the stage, where, we understand (for the matter was to be kept secret until such time as Lady Mary could be said really to have succeeded), she played minor parts in provincial companies under the *nom de plume* of "Claire Hamilton."

The attachment between her ladyship and His Grace is of long-standing. When these family troubles arose, Lady Mary, who is very proud, refused to meet any of her old friends until her position was re-established. But a meeting was arranged and matters were greatly helped towards their happy consummation, through the interest of the Duchess of Eccles, Lady Mary's god-mother.

Then I turned to the second letter. It was from Lady Mary herself.

DEAR MISS GREY,

I believe Lady Mildred has told you of our engagement. I hear you are going to paint my fiancé's portrait, and I want to know if you will be so good as to paint mine as a pendant to it, that I may give it to him as a wedding present?

I want the whole matter to be kept quite, *quite* secret, so if you see any of the family, please don't give me away! I shall be up in town next week and staying at Grosvenor Square with my god-mother, and shall be most grateful if you could arrange for sittings there. Perhaps you will kindly let me know?

We are to be married on the 8th of next month, and I hope you will come to the wedding, and that later on I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you at Beverley. . . . . .

So it's ended right after all, and the Fairy Prince has found his real Princess. . . . I am so glad, and I suppose that's why I cried over it, for when people are so kind it does touch one, naturally, doesn't it?

MY FIRST SUIT

LAST night I was only a little boy,
To-day I'm a man, you know;
I've trousers like Daddy's, so wide and long,
Right down to my knees they go.

And now I'm grown up, would you like to hear
Just what I am going to be?
Why, a sailor, of course, when I find a ship
Where there's work for a man of three!

MARY FARRAH.

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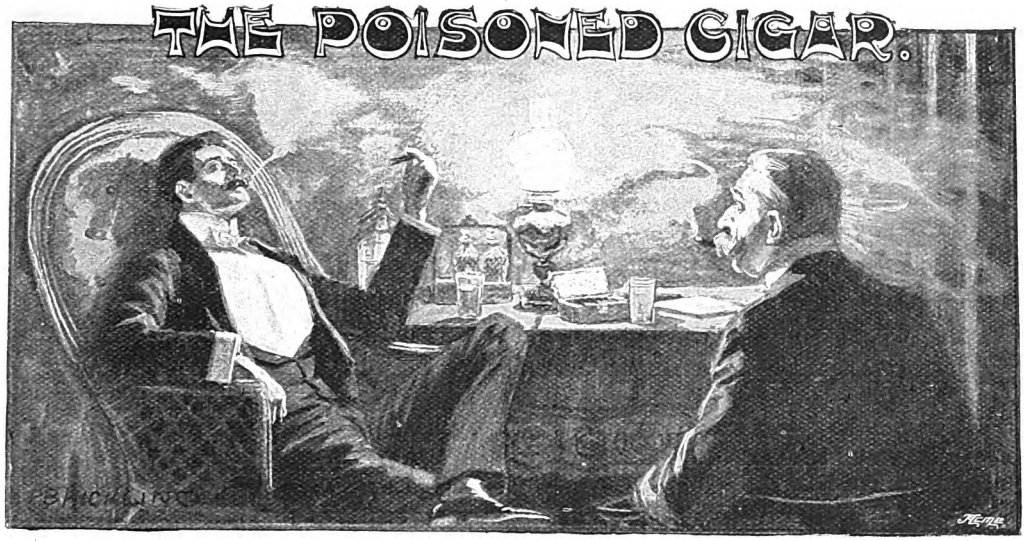
THE POISONED CIGAR.



The Exciting Story of a Strange Duel fought between an Englishman and a German.

By John N. Raphael.

George Vernon, one of the attachés of His Majesty's Embassy at the court of Floritaria, sat in his well-furnished room at the Embassy, waiting. The room was a comfortable one, for the members of the Floritaria Embassy had, wicked tongues whispered, little else to do beyond making themselves comfortable, and Vernon, whose private income was a large one, had made this sitting-room of his a delightful combination of a man's rooms at college and the boudoir of a woman of fashion.

The whole of one side of it opened on to a conservatory, in which were flowers of almost every kind, from orchids almost beyond price to cabbage roses, and there were a number of strange looking and strangely smelling plants in that conservatory as well, for George Vernon was an ardent botanist, and while he had been attached to the British Embassy in Patagonia some years before, he had made a special study of the vegetation there, and had brought some very strange plants home with him.

Vernon sat deep down in a low basket arm-chair watching the smoke of his cigarette as it curled gracefully towards the ceiling. The little crystal clock upon the mantelpiece tinkled out the chimes which marked the quarter, and Vernon roused himself up out of his chair, gave himself a shake, and laughed.

"The Baron will be here in five minutes," he said. "I wonder which of us will leave the room in an hour's time." And as he said the words he opened a tantalus, placed soda-water upon the table by it, put away the cigarettes, and fetched a little gold box, marked "Cigars." "I wonder which of us will find the smoke too much for him," he said again, and laughed.

"Baron Heinrich von Reitzenstein," announced the servant at the door. And the Baron came in, brought his heels together in true German military fashion, and bowed to Vernon. "Here I am you see, punctual to the minute, Herr Vernon," said the Baron von Reitzenstein.

Vernon looked at him without answering. Both were types in their way of that most polished thing on earth, a real man of the world, and although both of them knew that death was to be the lot of one of them within the next hour, a slight shudder was the only sign of such knowledge either of them showed. "A drink, Baron?" said George Vernon. "Thank you, yes. Only a little soda. May I serve you? So." And both men touched glasses in the German style and drank.

"Health and long life to—to whichever one of us Fate allows to leave this room," said Vernon, smiling, and "Health and long life to one of us," replied the Baron.

"Let me just run over the terms of our

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agreement," said George Vernon. "We need not go into the reasons of our quarrel. We have quarrelled, and only the death of one of us can settle it." The Baron bowed. "Exactly so," he said. "Very well then. Neither of us are Frenchmen, and we both look upon the ordinary duel with its seconds, its publicity, its probable harmlessness, and its reconciliation afterwards, as quite ridiculous." The Baron bowed again. "To avoid the punishment and the disgrace of the survivor, we have agreed to end our quarrel by the cigar test, a method which I learned in South America, and in which you, Baron, acquiesce.

"In this box," and Vernon opened the cigar-box with a little key which was attached to his watch chain, "are several cigars. I have steeped one of them in a preparation of that little plant with the long fibrous leaves and the red flower, which you can see in the conservatory. The juice of it is deadly poison, but it is odourless and tasteless. Whoever smokes the cigar steeped in this juice will die in a few minutes, but his remains will show no trace of the poison, and his death will be quite painless.

"The doctors will ascribe it to heart failure and nobody need ever know the truth. The survivor will throw the remains of the cigar into the fire, and will not ring for help until it is entirely consumed. I need hardly say that he will never make the slightest reference to the reason of our quarrel, which, with the manner of its settlement, will remain a secret."

The Baron drank a little whiskey and, in a clear voice, answered: "Let us smoke, *mein lieber*. I feel assured that your cigars are excellent." Without even looking at the box, he took a cigar, clipped off the end of it, and lit it from the small lamp upon the table. Vernon did the same, took the two cigar points up, and dropped them into the fire. Then the two men, as though they had met merely for a quiet evening's conversation, began to chat of theatres, of concerts, of the boar-hunt, in which both had taken part the day before, and other trivial matters.

After some minutes, Vernon smiled and said: "You don't seem to be getting on with your cigar, my dear Herr Baron."

The other flushed, rose from his chair, lit the cigar again, and walked up and down the room for a few minutes. "Throw it away, and let us take another," said Vernon. "A relit cigar is never any good, and the first few whiffs of the one for which we are looking will decide matters."

There were great drops of perspiration on the German's forehead, and his hand trembled as he reached for the box again. "Don't drop it," said George Vernon.

"Sir, would you insult me?" cried the Baron hoarsely, but his hand shook so in his excitement that a cigar or two fell from the box on to the floor, and he had to pick them up again.

Each man took a fresh cigar, and lit it. They sat in silence smoking, and eyeing one another curiously. Vernon was rather pale, but he restrained himself more than his companion who shook and shivered as though with an ague.

"Another whiskey?" said the Englishman. And this time Baron von Reitzenstein drank off almost half a tumbler of raw spirit.

"Come, let us have no child's play," he exclaimed, "neither of these cigars is *the* cigar. Let us take others, and end it once for all."

"You're getting nervous, Herr Baron; it *is* trying to the nerves, I admit. I saw a duel of this kind in Patagonia once, and one of the two men went mad, barely fifty seconds before his companion died."

"I feel as if I might go mad myself," said Herr von Reitzenstein. "You have nerve, you British, Herr Vernon."

"Now then," said the Englishman. "These are the last two in the box. Will you help yourself, or shall we toss for choice?" The Baron took a twenty-mark piece from his waistcoat pocket, then put it back again, and selected a cigar after smelling each one of the two left, carefully.

"I—I did not know I was a coward, Herr Vernon," he said, and his voice was hardly recognisable, "but I dare not risk the fall of a coin at such a moment. Will you forgive me, and shake hands with me?"

George Vernon grasped his adversary's hand and said: "We will stop here, if you wish it, Baron, and not smoke the other two. We can still decide our quarrel with pistols in the forest to-morrow if you like."

"No, no," said von Reitzenstein, "let us go through with it now that we have begun. Herr Gott, but if a man had ever told me that I should have no more command over myself, I would have killed him where he stood!" And he bit the end off his cigar savagely.

Vernon laughed a little, clipped his own cigar with care, and both men lit them. "They are good, are they not?" he said presently. "I imported them direct through a friend in Havana."

The German did not answer. He was deadly pale, and his teeth were chattering so

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Vercingetorix threw himself at the German and pinned him to the ground.

that he could scarcely keep his cigar alight. He made a point of honour, though, to do so, and he smoked by fits and starts, now slowly, now in desperate haste, blowing great clouds into the room.

"We are suffocating Vercingetorix," laughed Vernon patting the head of a great Dane which lay beside his chair.

The two men smoked on, and presently Baron von Reitzenstein started from his chair and with his cigar still between his clenched teeth, he shouted, "If I die, you shall die also!" and he rushed at Vernon.

The struggle was a short one, for Vercingetorix, who did not like to see his master interfered with, threw himself at the German, and pinned him to the ground by the side of his own chair. Vernon looked at Von Reitzenstein, shook his head, and in a puzzled voice said: "Neither of these were poisoned and the box is empty."

The Baron, whom the dog had left reluctantly at a word from Vernon, rose to his feet, and said shamefacedly: "What are we to do now, Herr Vernon?"

Vernon did not answer. He was watching Vercingetorix who had been sniffing at something underneath the table, and licking what he found there. Suddenly the dog gave one short cough which ended in a moan, and rolled over on his side, stone dead. Vernon groped underneath the table, and picked up the crushed cigar which Baron von Reitzenstein had dropped when he upset the box.

"This was the poisoned one," he said. "This looks like Providence. Shall we postpone the duel indefinitely?"

"I agree," replied the German. And the men shook hands.

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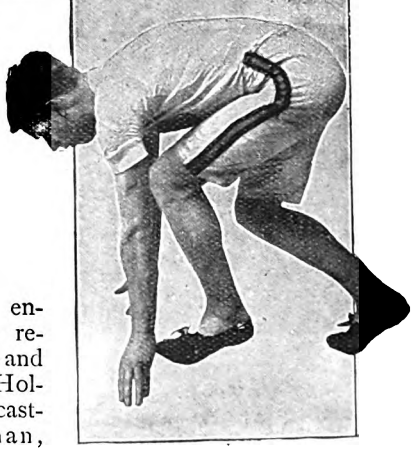
A Maker of Champions

How Mr. Harry Andrews Trains Runners, Walkers, Cyclists, and other Athletes to Break Records.

Sprinting: The so-called "dab" start, in which the sprinter places his left foot on the mark, while the right toes rest in a small hole some eighteen inches behind. The photograph is of Mr. A. Shrubb, the famous cross-country runner.

By John Jones.



The "all-four" start for nervous sprinters: The finger tips rest on the mark, the front foot about six inches behind. The push-off is made with the hands and the back foot.

What the champion athlete—the man who has achieved, perhaps, the highest pinnacle of fame, whose name is breathed with reverence as the name of a king of sport, or, rather, is proclaimed with acclamations—owes to his trainer, only the athlete and the trainer know. In nine cases out of ten, he owes everything.

The trainer is the man behind the gun—the man who takes the raw boy in hand, polishes up his muscles, licks him into shape, educates his body with as much care as a professor spends on the mind of a promising student—and who teaches him, moreover, at the expense of months of hard labour, precisely *how* he must run the races that are set him. To the athlete's trainer, then, must be given the praise for his great accomplishments.

There are kings among trainers, as there are kings of sport—and one of the greatest of them all is Harry Andrews.

To the credit of Mr. Andrews stands the fame of the one-time world-renowned cyclist, Platt-Betts; of A. A. Chase, who now holds all the principal cycling records; and of A. E. Walters, who holds the record for twelve and twenty-four hours. These three are Andrews' own men—he made them, and introduced them to an admiring world.

Then he also trained the famous Frank Shorland, and so well that he carried off the victory in three twenty-four hour cycling races in succession. He took Montague Holbein in hand, the renowned cross-channel swimmer, in the days when he was breaking all the cycling endurance records—and he calls Holbein a cast-iron man, and declares him to be the greatest athlete that he ever saw. He has made Ingram and Janson, champion cyclists of to-day, what they are; in J. Butler, he produced a champion walker, who holds the London-to-Brighton-and-back record, and the London-to-Brighton record (fifty-two and a half miles walked in eight hours forty-three minutes); while in A. Shrubb he turned out a record cross-country runner, a holder of the four mile championship—the finest cross-country runner in the world.

How does Mr. Andrews do it?

The son of a celebrated trainer, he seems to have inherited a gift for handling men, for educating their bodies to such a degree of perfection that every iota of good in them is made the most of—that every ounce of muscle is developed. He believes most firmly that physical training is good for everyone at all ages, and not alone for athletes. The best years for hard training are from twenty-three to twenty-seven; but long distance runners can keep themselves in hard training, and in champion form, up to forty, or even forty-five.

And he holds that the best of all exercises,

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This is the correct method of swinging the arms when sprinting. They should be held straight and never raised higher than the shoulders.

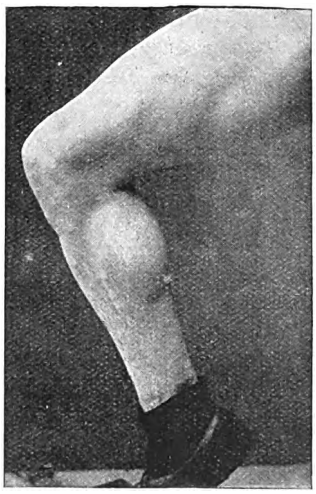
The incorrect method of swinging the arms when sprinting: bent elbows and hands raised above the shoulder.

Butler, the champion walker. The photograph shows the correct position of the body and swing of the hands.

both for health training and for training for athletics, is walking exercise. Walking, slowly but surely, does good to every muscle in the human body. It is a natural exercise, and, in the trainer's opinion, is worth all the doctor's physic in the world.

Do you feel out of sorts? Do you feel you are getting fat?—couldn't run a mile for your life? Then, says Mr. Andrews, go you for a walk a mile out from home, and a mile home again, every morning — *before breakfast.* You will find it a gruelling task for the first week or fortnight — but the fatigue it causes is the proof that the exercise is needed. And, if you have the time, walk four or five miles between breakfast and lunch, and three or four miles after tea.

Next to walking, the trainer holds that there is nothing finer on earth to get a man into good condition than skilful massage—not mere hand-rubbing or glove-rubbing, but a gentle pinching of every muscle in the body, from finger-tips to toes, and a soft, brisk rubbing with a circular motion, also all over the body. It is because the American athletes understand massage that they are picking up all the records. Half-an-hour's massage before and after hard training exercise loosens the muscles, develops them, and removes all bad flesh—it pushes rheumatism out of the body, and brings it up to the highest pitch of perfection.



The muscle that chiefly develops in the sprinter is at the back of the thigh and calf.

When you are in training, for whatever purpose, you need about nine hours sleep—from 10 p.m to 7 a.m. are the hours that the trainer ordains. When in hard training, an hour's mid-day nap will do you good. Many first-rate runners always put in an extra hour or two's sleep immediately before a hard contest, whatever the hour of the day.

Swimming in cold water, and cold baths in the morning, Mr. Andrews does not recommend for those who are training hard—for the cold water causes shock, and stiffens the muscles. A warm bath twice a week with massage after it, is the thing; or warm sea-water baths or swims.

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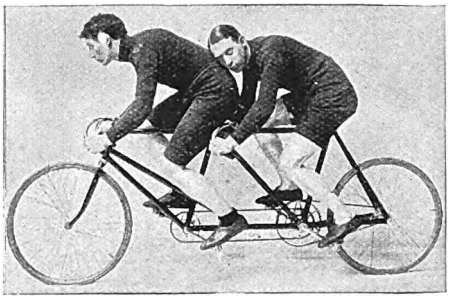
The incorrect cycling position. The cyclist is not properly seated, his head is bent too low and his back is rounded.

The correct position. The back and the head must be as far as possible level.



The correct tandem position. Note how the second man holds his head.

As to food, says Andrews, plain, meat diet is better than all vegetarian, no-breakfasting, fruit eating fads. Breakfast at eight-thirty (off fish or new-laid eggs and toast), dinner at one (off beef, or mutton, or poultry, with green vegetables, and milk puddings and stewed fruits), and tea or supper at six o'clock (off eggs, fish, or poultry, and toast), is the right sort of diet. As to drink, some champions are teetotallers, and others have their beer, so, as long as a man is only a moderate drinker, Mr. Andrews allows him to please himself with regard to alcohol—bar spirits and liqueurs and wines, save perhaps a little champagne occasionally as a stimulant—champagne is the best of all stimulants. Smoking, of course, is poison to the athlete.

Were you to go to Mr. Andrews, and ask him to make you a first-class runner, you would at once be put on training diet, and would begin the regular exercise course. With your first runs under his critical eye, he would judge the distance at which you would be most likely to excel, from your stride and action. It is almost impossible to judge for oneself.

You would be taught how to run in good style—to steal over the ground, rather than to bound along, with long, but natural strides. Every week your stride would be measured, to prove whether you kept up an even gait. You would practice various methods of starting, and adopt the one that suited you best—the "dab start," in which the runner places his left foot on the mark, while his right toe rests in a small hole some eighteen inches behind—the start being made by a forward little "dab" with the front foot, from which he swings into full stride—or the "hand-spring start," in which the runner goes on all fours, the tips of his fingers on the mark, his front foot about six inches behind. The push-off is made with the hands and the back foot.

There are three tests that will tell a man when he is getting fit—his watch, his weighing-machine, and his looking-glass—his watch showing how his speed is increasing, his weighing-machine telling him what is his best weight for making good time, and his glass telling him whether he is fresh or stale—by showing if his eyes are bright and sparkling, as they should be, or dull and heavy-looking.

Training, in its early stages, must not be overdone; a steady start must be made, with no sharp, exhausting efforts. A very fine exercise for sprinters consists of running up the steps of the grand-stand of the running track—this has a wonderful effect in improving a man's style.

For "sprints"—that is to say, races from fifty yards to a quarter-of-a-mile, which are run at top-speed throughout—a light training only is needed. A mile is walked before breakfast, and two miles afterwards, leading to the running track. Two or three "sprints" of fifty yards or so are run, and then a "stride through" of 150 yards. Before and after these exercises, massage is given; then another walk is taken, home to dinner,

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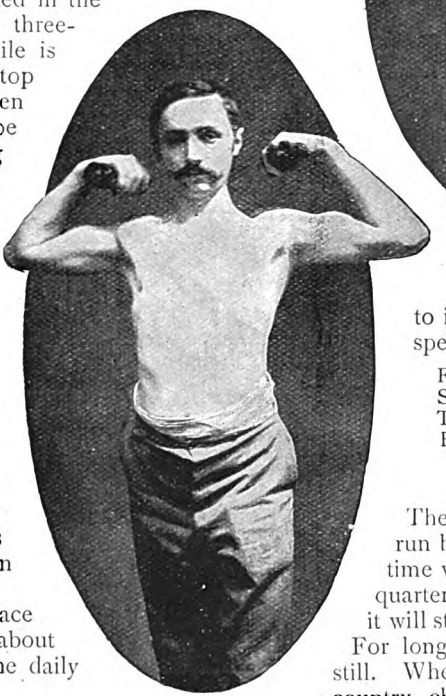
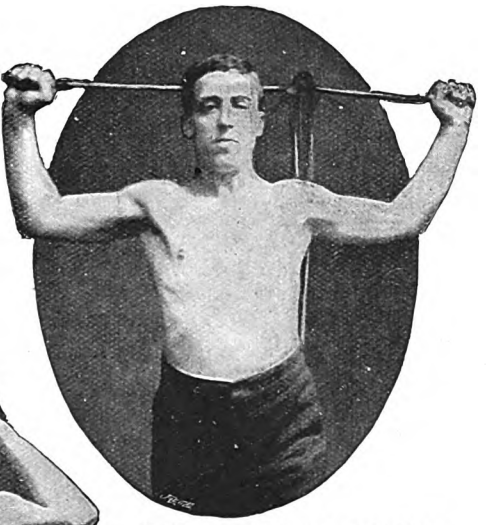
Afterwards, there is another stroll to the running track, short distances are taken again, with massage as before; and then home to tea, and afterwards another stroll of two or three miles.

For half-mile races a harder training is required than for sprinting. A three-mile walk is taken after breakfast, and for the first fortnight a mile or two is run in the morning at three-quarter speed. A couple of miles is walked in the afternoon, and three-quarters of a mile is run at nearly top speed. In the evening, there will be another long walk. After a fortnight, the morning run is changed to from 300 to 600 yards; and after a month, this shorter distance is run both morning and afternoon. Massage is given before and after each exercise—it has as much effect as an exercising run.

For a mile race the training is about the same, but the daily walks are longer. A good man will do a mile in four minutes twenty-five seconds, and it is advisable to plan a scale for each quarter mile, and work to it as nearly as possible. Here is a specimen scale:



Dumb-bell work is another all important exercise in the training of an athlete.



The Sandow developer is invaluable in training for any kind of athletics.

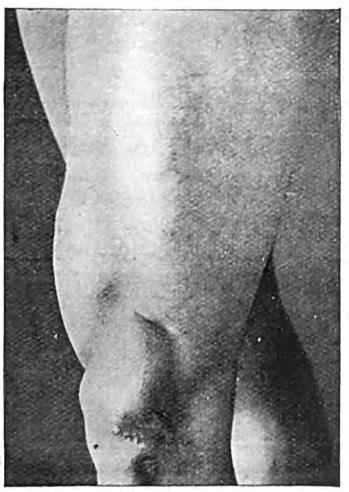
First Quarter...	1	Minute	3	Seconds.
Second „	1	„	7	„
Third „	1	„	9	„
Fourth „	1	„	6	„
	4	„	25	„

The record mile, by the way, was run by W. G. George in 1886, and his time was four minutes, twelve and three-quarter seconds—a record that looks as if it will stand for ever.

For longer distances the training is harder still. When training Shrubb for his cross-country championship run, Mr. Andrews made him walk twenty miles a day. Two miles were walked before breakfast, and after an hour's rest came a seven-mile walk, followed by half-an-hour's massage and a good dinner. In the afternoon there would be three miles walking and four or six miles running on a track. Tea and rest would be followed by a long walk in the evening. This training lasted for a fortnight, when the champion was as fit as the proverbial fiddle. When the weather was too bad for walking, skipping exercise would be the order. Mr. Andrews holds that there is nothing like skipping—except walking.

For long-distance running, he maintains that walking can scarcely be overdone.

The walker's training consists principally, of course, of walking—long, steady tramps of ten or fifteen miles a day, with occasional stretches of twenty or thirty miles. This was the light training that Mr. Butler



This photograph of Ingram's (the champion sprint cyclist) legs shows the muscular development at the inside of the knee.

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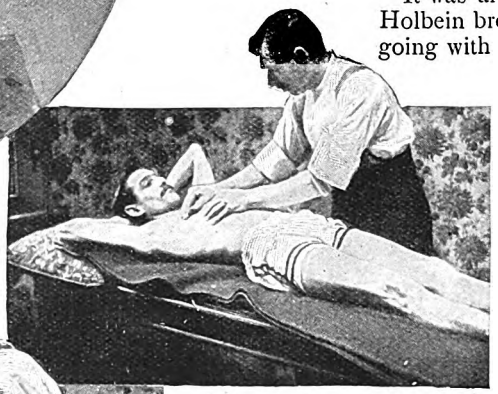
Mr. Andrews holds that skipping is one of the finest exercises in the training of an athlete.



Constant and vigorous massage is one of the secrets of Mr. Andrew's phenominal success in the making of champions.

underwent before his London to Brighton record.

The cyclist who would break records is usually put in training just after Christmas, taking long rides at half-speed on the roads, and covering five miles regularly every evening, till the beginning of March. A short while before Easter, short, sharp work is begun—rides of two or three miles, with very fast bursts of 250 yards. A fortnight of this work makes any man fit.

Some men practically "live on the roads" when in hard training, as did Mr. Frank Shorland, cycling all day and every day. The giant athlete, Holbein, got into condition by taking long walks. He would be made by Mr. Andrews to walk thirty miles a day for three months at a stretch—and this was none too much for him.

During one great training spell, Mr. Andrews and Holbein covered some 8000 miles on foot, in the grass-country around St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, and Bedford. Four miles would be covered before breakfast, ten before dinner, ten in the afternoon, and six in the evening. Every day Holbein would be massaged three or four times. He would only take to cycling in earnest a fortnight before a race came off, and then he would do fifty or sixty miles a day regularly—and once a week seventy or eighty miles before breakfast.

It was after this spell that Holbein broke eight records going with the greatest ease.

At some period in every man's training comes a time when he loses heart—"a bad time," as the athletes say. It often comes at the critical moment in a race or a feat of endurance. Then the trainer's worth is seen at its full value as he comes forward to do everything possible to put a new heart in his man.

Many men who break records are free to train only in the evenings. This is the case with the champion sprint cyclist, Ingram, who has won the quarter mile championship three years in succession. In a case of this kind, Mr. Andrews makes his man ride about five miles every night, until fit—usually for six or seven weeks.

The wonderful feats of such men as Ingram and the other champions, who often are occupied all day with the cares of business, prove that one need not be a professional, devoting all one's time to training, to be able to keep one's self physically fit to undertake record-breaking feats of endurance.

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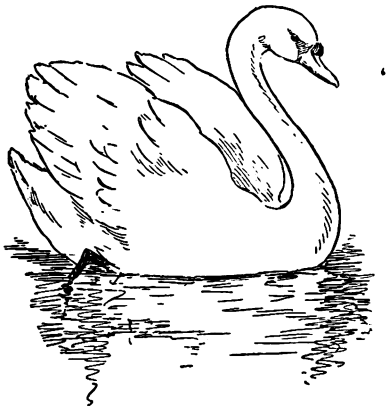


"THE GIRL WITH THE CURLS."

Being a River Story told by the Backwater Swan.

By Gertie de S. Webster.

When I was a downy, golden cygnet, my mother always used to impress upon me the advantages of the backwater compared with those of the open river.

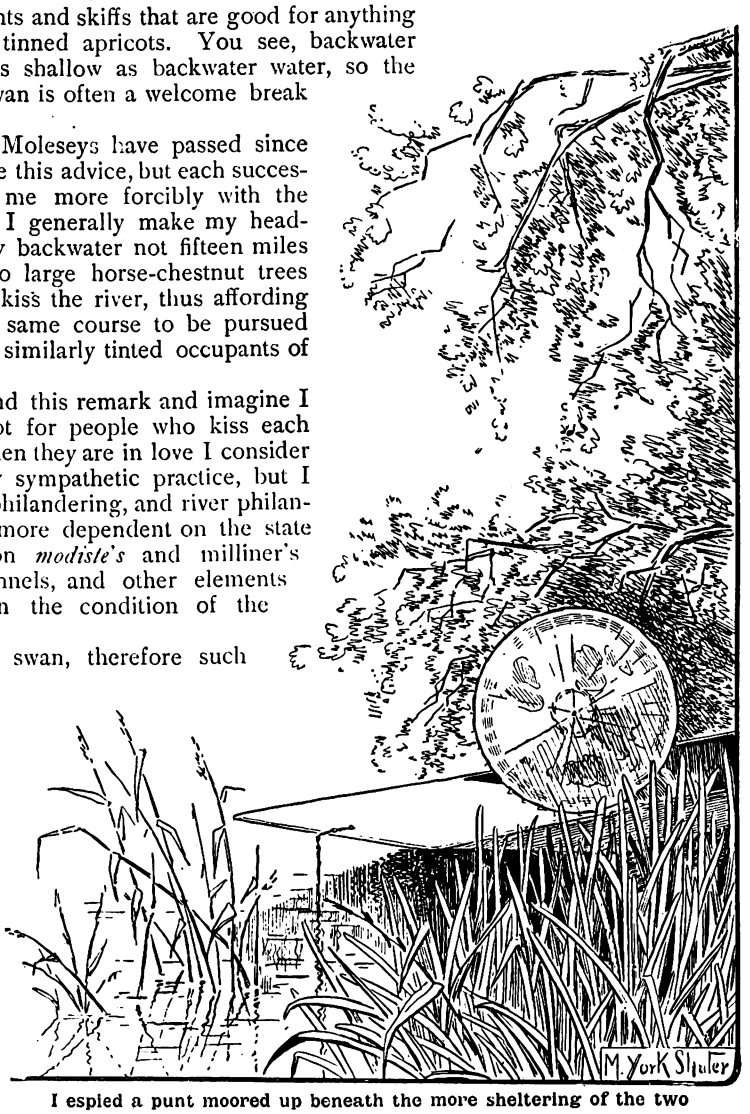
"You may occasionally get a bruised strawberry or a broken crust from a steam-launch or a randan," she used to tell me, "but it's the tied-up punts and skiffs that are good for anything from Fuller's cake to tinned apricots. You see, backwater flirtation is generally as shallow as backwater water, so the intrusion of a hungry swan is often a welcome break in the monotony."

Many Henleys and Moleseys have passed since my dear mother gave me this advice, but each successive season impresses me more forcibly with the truth of her words, so I generally make my headquarters a certain shady backwater not fifteen miles from Staines, where two large horse-chestnut trees bend their branches to kiss the river, thus affording verdant shelter for the same course to be pursued with discretion between similarly tinted occupants of punts.

Do not misunderstand this remark and imagine I always have a contempt for people who kiss each other—far from it. When they are in love I consider it an excellent and very sympathetic practice, but I have no patience with philandering, and river philandering is so infinitely more dependent on the state of the barometer, upon *modiste's* and milliner's triumph, becoming flannels, and other elements of chance, than upon the condition of the emotions of the heart.

I am a sentimental swan, therefore such insincerities offend me, even while I am enjoying the remains of an *éclair* daintily thrown with a view to displaying the curves and whiteness of a slender dimpled wrist, or relishing the other half of a succulent peach into which pearly teeth have been slowly and coquettishly plunged and withdrawn.

I myself never played at love, and I object to the sport as much for human



I espied a punt moored up beneath the more sheltering of the two trees.

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beings as for ornithologicals, so it is no wonder that I have had my bead-like eye, blazing with righteous indignation, fixed upon Lalla Ray for several seasons—more seasons than she would wish to be remembered!

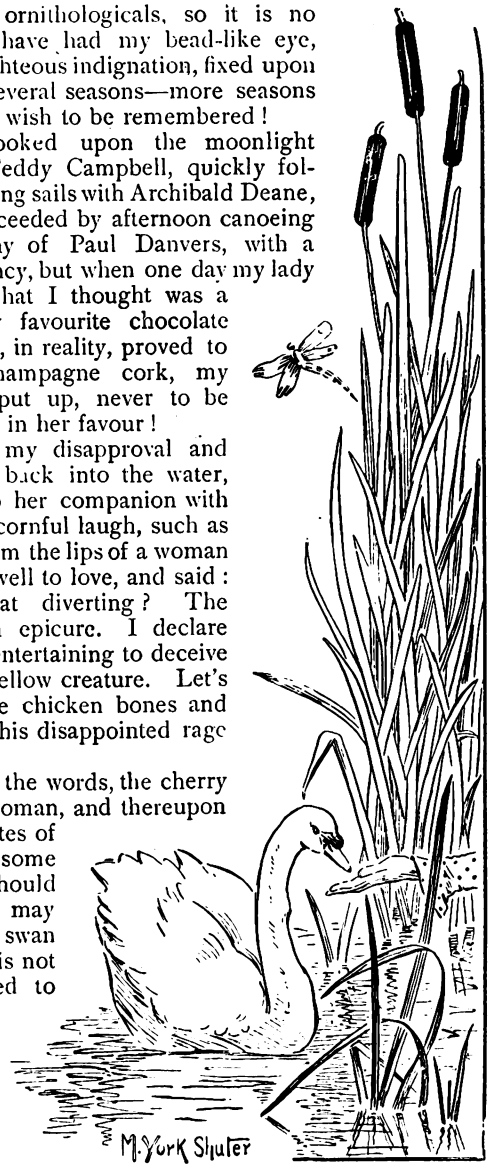
At first I looked upon the moonlight drifting with Teddy Campbell, quickly followed by morning sails with Archibald Deane, these being succeeded by afternoon canoeing in the company of Paul Danvers, with a degree of leniency, but when one day my lady threw at me what I thought was a beakful of my favourite chocolate cake, but which, in reality, proved to be a dirty champagne cork, my feathers were put up, never to be smoothed again in her favour!

As I hissed my disapproval and spat the cork back into the water, Lalla turned to her companion with a cool, lightly scornful laugh, such as never comes from the lips of a woman whom men do well to love, and said: "Wasn't that diverting? The bird's quite an epicure. I declare it's even more entertaining to deceive a swan than a fellow creature. Let's throw him some chicken bones and cherry stones—his disappointed rage *is* so funny."

I never forgot the words, the cherry stones, or the woman, and thereupon swore by the gates of the lock that some day revenge should be mine. I may mention that a swan with a vendetta is not a pleasant biped to encounter.

At the beginning of last season I was much interested in watching the doings of a young couple who, though always discreetly chaperoned by a sister and fancy work, found heaven in the sun, the summer, and each other's eyes.

I knew by the lowered softness of his voice when he addressed her that he really *cared*, and I knew by the rose veil that overspread her pure, pale cheeks when he touched her hand in one of those designed accidents, that life's one perfect page was opened for her.



Netta would not consider that tea was concluded until I had been given my piece of cake.

Though I never in any way suggested partaking of their hospitality, it was pure love of romance that kept me cruising round their boat those long June evenings. Netta (that was her name) would not consider that the festival of tea was satisfactorily concluded until I had been given my piece of cake.

"Jolly old boy," said the young man, which I must confess struck me as being scarcely a respectful designation, "but be careful he doesn't bite."

"I am not afraid," answered Netta. "Swanee wouldn't hurt me—there; see how gentle he is—he loves me and ——"

Her companion interrupted her, but, although his voice was too low for me to catch the words, I did not miss his look.

That was enough, for I am a very understanding swan! I at once swam off, and tried to monopolise the attention of the sister and the fancy-work.

One afternoon I went round to see how my lovers were getting on, and also what cake they were having for tea, and to my dismay heard that cool, cutting laugh I knew so well coming from the direction of their boat.

I paddled on and found the usual trio had become a quartette, for Lalla Ray, having struck up an acquaintance with the fancywork sister, lay lolling, with far too much ease of attitude to be decorous, upon a heap of yellow satin monogrammed cushions, dressed in one of the clinging scarlet gowns and poppy hats she had affected for the last two seasons.

I grasped the situation at a glance—there is nobody like a backwater swan for grasping situations, or anything else that floats his way—and realised that soon the lover of my pretty blue-eyed cake-giver would be forcibly wrested from her by the black-browed cork-thrower.

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Fair women, I have noticed, *generally* try to steal each other's sweethearts, dark ones *always* do! I don't like dark women, but fair women, in spite of their many faults, are charming. What is more beautiful than golden hair and blue eyes?

Just as I neared the side of the boat Lalla, in response to a suggestion from that fool of a fancy-work sister, lazily picked up a guitar that was lying in the stern and, half raising herself on one elbow, broke into a tender melodious song, set to language I didn't understand.

I know there was a good deal about *amour* and *toi* and *ton cœur*, which seemed to have a peculiar effect on Lawrence Knill, for his eyes were larger and darker than I had ever noticed them before, while there was a new, strange expression upon his face as Lalla threw back her head and crooned out the low notes like the whisper of a wooing dove.

Lalla Ray was one of the few women able to abjure collar bands, and, contrasting with the yellow cushions, crimson dress, gay guitar ribbons floating in the sultry breeze, bronze-black hair and poppy lips, her throat rose like a quivering column, swelling and inflating with song as the breast of some warbling wood bird.

Even *I* could not help looking at the woman's throat, and, glancing at Lawrence Knill, I found that he was looking too.

I felt sorry for blue-eyed Netta, but I did not despair, for though he looked, drinking in the dark witchery of the singer, there was no protective fondness in his gaze, and when that is absent from a man's eyes there is never very much to fear. I'm a very discerning swan, and was determined to do my best for Netta and pay off champagne cork scores at the same time.

It was at this moment I observed a new crop of dark curls shading the whiteness of Lalla's brow, and remembering, as I did, her former struggles with truant locks, which obstinately resisted all her arts during moist or evening air to maintain an appearance of wave or curl, I began to wonder why on this occasion they were not equally disordered.

I watched that fringe for nearly half-an-hour, and then took a turn in the open river to collect my ideas.

* * * * *

According to precedent events turned out just as I anticipated, and, one evening when I was swimming round, more in search of adventure than supper, I espied a punt moored up beneath the more sheltering of the two chestnut trees.

Though not hungry, the idea of a meal is never distasteful to me, so I carelessly and quietly steered towards the boat, deeming that on a silent summer night such as this, when the moon was just commencing her nocturnal duties, where the backwater was isolated and the tree boughs overhanging, the punt occupants, if of the opposite sex and unchaperoned, would not regard as waste the choicest dainty if thrown to get rid of an intruding swan!

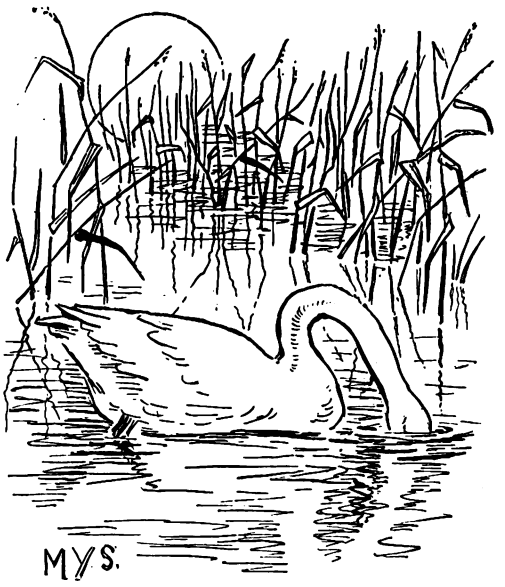
Stay! what sound was that? . . . The cool, mocking laugh, superficially sweetened by a note of shallow, amorous softness!

Silently, with scarcely enough movement to make a fish ripple, I swam to the side of the boat, where, though half hidden with tangled rushes, I could see and hear all I wanted.

I remembered the champagne cork and cherry stones, and felt my moment had arrived!

"I don't believe you are a bit in love with me really," Lalla was saying, as, raised a little above her companion, she bent her brilliant, smiling face down close—close to his.

"Perhaps I'm not—I don't know." (Ah! it *was* Lawrence Knill's voice—I thought of Netta!) "But I know there is something about you that takes hold of me *desperately*. It may be your eyes—let me look at them; it may be your lips—smile at me, Lalla; it may be your hair—those



I had to bury my head under the water for a minute to stifle a chuckle.

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wonderful curls that never get straight or towsled. I've often dreamt of having you near me with my fingers straying, unrebuked, amidst those curls upon your forehead."

Lalla moved back with alarmed haste, and I had to bury my head under the water for a minute to stifle a chuckle.

"Few girls have hair that curls so beautifully and so naturally," he continued.

"Oh! yes, it's been like this ever since I was a child," replied Lalla carelessly. "I don't believe I *could* get it out of curl if I wanted to."

This was really too much! Once again I immersed my beak.

"Then it's your *hair* that binds you with silken meshes to—my—thoughts."

(I noticed he did not say *heart!*)

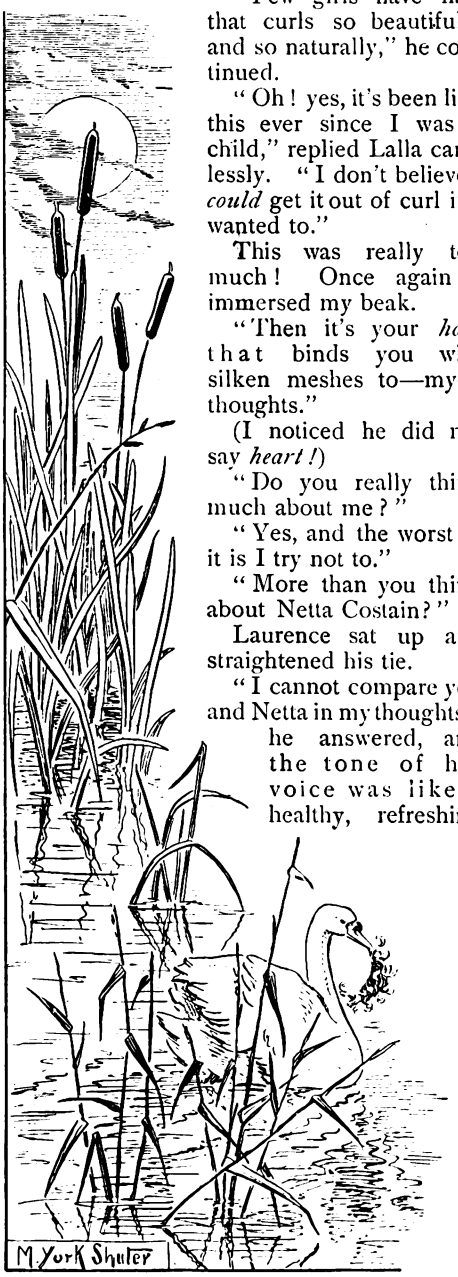
"Do you really think much about me?"

"Yes, and the worst of it is I try not to."

"More than you think about Netta Costain?"

Laurence sat up and straightened his tie.

"I cannot compare you and Netta in my thoughts," he answered, and the tone of his voice was like a healthy, refreshing breeze cooling the dangerous sultriness of the night.



I was swimming at regatta-race speed towards my quarters with Lalla Ray's *toupée* in my bill.

Lalla saw she had made a mistake, and ingeniously returned to personalities.

"I am glad you think about me," she said.

"Why?" He had drifted back upon the cushions once more.

"Because — because it would be rather humiliating to find I did *all* the thinking."

She had actually managed to suggest a semi-sob behind her words.

Lawrence remained rigidly impassive for a moment, but I with my discernment realised that it was only the stillness that precedes an eruption—and I think Lalla realised it too.

"Lalla, Lalla, come—look at me."

His tone rang with compelling force, and she bent down till her eyes were near his own and her curls almost touching the side of the boat.

There was a faint splash, and I realised that two hairpins had become loosened from their moorings.

Now was my time! I opened my beak to its widest capacity, and gave one mighty peck at the "naturally curling" fringe—a pull—a scream—a laugh—and I was swimming at regatta-race speed towards my quarters with Lalla Ray's *toupée* in my bill.

My wife was very pleased with it, as it is soft and warm for the youngsters to nestle against on chilly nights.

* * * * *

Towards the middle of the next season, when I was taking a little exercise in the open river, I again saw Lawrence Knill. He looked brighter and younger, I thought, and sitting opposite him, steering as badly as she could, was—my blue-eyed Netta!

The moment Lawrence caught sight of me he opened the tea-basket, and breaking into pieces threw to me half a chocolate cake, three macaroons, and two *gateaux au rhum*, of which I am particularly fond.

"Laurie, dear, what are you doing? You'll give poor Swanee indigestion," cried Netta.

"Not he—he knows what's what, don't you, old chap?" (I almost fancied he winked at me.) "Besides, I owe him a debt that is cheaply paid by cakes and macaroons," and even though they were full in the open river, he stooped and kissed Netta's left hand, on the third finger of which I observed a new plain ring.

I hurried over my meal as quickly as possible and swam back to tell my wife. We both intend calling upon them to-morrow and may take the children. They have a tea-basket every day.

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CAP AND BELLS

QUITE SO.

YOUNG DOCTOR: "My first patient's death is very unfortunate for me."

CANDID FRIEND: "But still more unfortunate for him."

* * * *

REASSURING.

THE LITTLE GIRL: "Don't be afraid of me, doggie dear—I won't bite you."

* * * * *

THE END OF IT.

Once upon a time an ambitious young writer, who had attempted his first bit of fiction, was met by an interested friend.

"Is your novel finished?" asked his friend.

"Yes," answered the writer.

"What was the end?"

"Very peaceful," replied the young man in a sad voice. "I took it from publisher to publisher, but none of them appreciated it. It now rests quietly on the bottom of the back end of the lower left-hand drawer of my desk."

Moral. A peaceful ending is not always desirable.

CURED HIM.

DR. BILLS: "Old Moneybags was very ill through worrying over his money."

DR. PILLS: "Did you cure him?"

DR. BILLS: "Yes, I removed the cause of his trouble."

* * * * *

MODESTY.

VISITOR: "Do you ever get any good marks at school, my little man?"

PUPIL: "Ye-es—but I don't care to show 'em."

* * * * *

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

Mrs. Gadd: "That horrid Mrs. Candid actually had the audacity to tell me to my face that I was a mean, spiteful old gossip!"

Mrs. Holmes: "Dear me! Who told her, I wonder?"

* * * * *

At a town in Berkshire the Assizes were being held, and the Mayor was on the Bench. Prisoner was brought in, and on being asked what he was charged with he replied: "Sh—sh—sh—" as if stuttering.

Mayor: "Now, my man, we can't have any of that nonsense here. What is the charge against you?"

Prisoner: "Sh—sh—sh—"

Mayor (angrily turning to the constable): "Constable, what is this man charged with?"

Constable: "Soda water, I should think, sir."

He: 'I don't think we had better accept the Pinkton's invitation to dinner, because if we go we are not in a position to return it."

She: But if we don't, they'll know that is the reason."

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THE BUTCHER AND THE WAG.

WHILST being served in a butcher's shop at Oxford the other day, I saw the following scene enacted:—

A gentleman, who had just entered, said to the assistant:

"I want two boys and a girl, please."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man.

"I want two boys and a girl."

"Beg pardon, sir."

The manager of the shop, seeing a little misunderstanding between the two, went to the gentleman and said:

"Please excuse my assistant, but he is a new hand and perhaps does not understand you. What is it you wish for?"

"Two boys and a girl, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm afraid I don't quite understand you myself," replied the manager.

"I want—two—boys—and — a — girl, is that plain enough?" answered the gentleman.

The manager then said: "I'm sorry, but I don't keep them."

The gentleman then replied: "But you put on your name board 'Families Supplied.'"

* * * *

Where some unlucky men falls down
It seems like jolly fun,
Unless (and then there comes a frown)
You're the unlucky one.

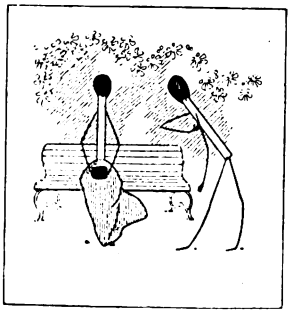
* * * *

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Traveller: "I presume you have to answer a great many foolish questions every day, do you not?"

Ticket Collector: "Your's is the ninety-ninth to-day; but it's early yet."

Two Matchless Matches who never Made a Match.



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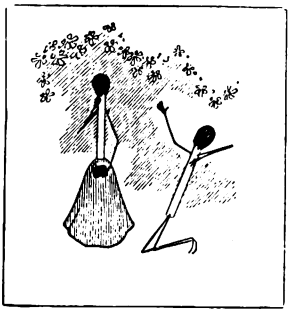

Adoration.

Satisfaction.

Annihilation.

REASON ENOUGH!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "Now, Tommy, tell us why you love your father and mother."

TOMMY: "'Cause they'd lam the stuffin' out o' me if I didn't."

* * * *

CUT AND DRIED.

GOODTHING: "I have something to say to you as soon as your father retires."

MISS FORTY: "How stupid you are, love. Papa stayed up late to-night on purpose to give us his blessing."

* * * *

CLEVER KITTY.

"Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall,
Tell me," said the teacher
To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away;
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
"Please, ma'am," — "Well then, Kitty,
Tell us if you know."
"Please if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

* * * *

SHE: "They are really the most devoted lovers I ever saw."

HE: "Yes; it seems a shame that they are going to get married and spoil it all."

* * * *

"To what do you attribute the curative powers of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I suppose the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

* * *

"Have you ever seen the cake walk?"

"No, but at my boarding-house I've often seen the cheese walk."

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FAR AND NEAR.

When Mrs. Perkins goes to shop
She's caught by "knock-down prices,"
And finds serene content among
"Alarming sacrifices."
"Eleven-three" is marked upon.
Let's say—a quaint Jap jar thing;
She snaps it up, and thus she saves
A farthing.

Her "bargain" she explains at home,
But Perkins quite pooh-poohs it.
"Why buy the trash *at all?*" he asks.
Proceeding to abuse it.
On thrift he then expatiates.
Till *she* says a severe thing.
Exclaiming, "Mr. P. you are
A '*near*' *thing!*"

* * * *

Even the honeymoon is sometimes obscured by a cloud.

EASY.

The Poet: "I wish I had someone to read over my new poems and tear the bad ones up."
The Friend: "What's the matter with the editor?"

SHE COULDN'T WAIT.

FLUDUBBE: "When Dashitall called upon his *fiancée* the other evening he discovered her kissing another fellow."

PINHEDDE: "What did he do?"

FLUDUBBE: "Apologised for being late."

* * * *

HUSBAND: "Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight to go to my work?"

WIFE: "I may be a little unreasonable, but it is perfectly brutal of you to mention it."

* * * * * * * * * *

ADVISED INVESTMENT.

WIDOW (tearfully): "Yes, my daughters are now my only resources."

FRIEND: "Take my advice, and husband your resources well."

* * *

THE HAT, OF COURSE!

Mabel: "Everyone I meet says I look so ill."
Amy: "That must be your new hat, dear. You don't look well in it."

* * * * *

Helen: "Why is it that novels always have a good ending?"
Sue: "Well, the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending."
Helen: "It didn't?"
Sue: "No; Mamma threw it in the fire."

* * * *

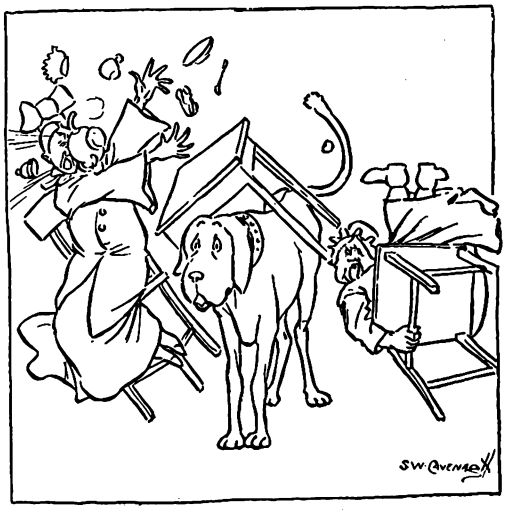
Many a true word is spoken in jest, but the majority of lies are uttered in dead earnest.

* * * * *

When she says that you really must not see her any more, turn out the light.

* * * * *

"That's a fine dog of yours, Mrs. Brown."
"Yes, he is; you should see him standing up, though. Get up, Tiny!"



Tiny stood up.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Important Announcements, Some Gossip, Some Anecdotes, and General Chatter from the Editorial Pen.

HOW THE 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE IS PROGRESSING.

At the moment of going to press with this number of the Royal Magazine, we have already received a large number of attempts in the 5s. a Day for Life Competition, and there is every indication of the contest being an exciting one.

By the time this number reaches your hands the closing date will be past, and you will now have to possess yourself in patience until we are able to make some definite announcement regarding the result.

We go to press, however, so long in advance with each number of the Royal Magazine that anything of interest we may have to say cannot appear in the Royal until several weeks after it is written. In order, therefore, to give those readers who wish it an opportunity of hearing of anything of importance as soon as possible, we have made arrangements with the *Daily Express*, which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom, the *Midland Express*, and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a halfpenny. Replies will be found at the foot of the first column on page two in each paper.

The final result will appear in the Royal, and nowhere else.

NATURE STUDY COMPETITION.

No. III.

I am glad to say that I have again experienced difficulty in awarding the prizes, owing to the general excellence of the majority of attempts.

Of course, many of the competitors still do not seem to grasp that what I want are not mere generalities, but the outcome of their own original observations. I am informed again and again that "the daisy is a common spring flower," and so on. Then, one young lady calls the process of feeding in plants "respiration," and I cannot help wondering whether she breathes in beef-steak and potatoes at dinner.

The prize winners are as follows, to each of whom I have forwarded a guinea:—

Class I. (under 10).—(1) Henry Newland, 64, Knight's Hill Road, Norwood, S.E.; (2) Greeba Wright, St. Ela, Wembley; (3) Iris Eardley-Wilmot, Lanercost, Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath.

Class II. (10—15).—(1) Faith Lockock, 9, Pulteny Street, Bath; (2) Doris Quinsey, 14, Kingsmead Road, Oxton; (3) Evelyn Carter, 20, Grosvenor Road, Claughton.

Class III. (15—20).—(1) Gertrude H. Geiler, Thornlea, Sale, near Manchester; (2) Dorothy Bowes, Campfield, Devizes; (3) Norman Miller Johnson, 11 Bridgeman Terrace, Wigan.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Higher Grade School, Sandown, Isle of Wight, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

THE MYSTERY OF MAJOR KAY.

Now, my dear people, I resolutely refuse to give the show away. Major Kay, whose adventure you read with interest in the April Royal, may be Tom, Dick, or Harry—which of them you must find out for yourselves. I won't be drawn. Each of you who sent me a postcard asking for further episodes in this extraordinary man's career, and begging me to let you know his real name, would be amazed to learn what shoals of similar communications I received. I was never so badgered in all my life. But it's no good; I'm neither going to reveal Kay's identity or the identity of those from whom Mr. Wood got the information for his story

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But what I am going to do is to give you some further adventures. Look out for the ROYAL next month.

"THE LADY'S MAGAZINE."

Apropos of editors and the difficulty they have in gauging their readers' tastes, I was talking a few days ago to my friend, the Editress of *The Lady's Magazine*, and she told me that after much inquiry, thought, and research, she had arrived at the conclusion that entertainment is what the ladies of Great Britain like best in a magazine.

Well, you know, I believe she is right—no, I am certain of it. There are many of the fair sex, no doubt, who are glad to know how such and such a dish is cooked or article of clothing made. But the majority do not go to the magazines for instruction—do they, now? And when my friend told me that she proposed in the future to fill her magazine with fiction, fashions, and stage and society tittle-tattle, I was really most impressed by her intelligent discrimination, congratulated her heartily, and would have patted her on the back had she not been a lady.

If ever I become the editor of a woman's paper I shall offer my friend the sincerest flattery of following her line of policy in every detail. Fiction, Fashion, and Tittle-Tattle—excellent!

MY TRAMP ASSISTANT.

I HOPE to introduce to you next month something entirely new in the shape of journalistic eccentricities. This something takes the shape of a young man, twenty-three years of age, who joined the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some six months ago. After a time the young man developed an extraordinary habit of disappearing from the office for weeks together, without a word or hint as to his whereabouts

Having given him up as lost, the stillness of my sanctum would one day be interrupted by the noisy invasion of a horrible looking object in human guise, which would declare itself to be our missing freak. Before I could upbraid him for his conduct he would burst out with the statement that he had just returned from some amazing adventure.

The other day an unshaven and repulsive looking ragamuffin marched in, and, with a strong nasal twang, "guessed and calculated" he'd just returned from America, where he'd had the fiercest time of his life. But I must reserve telling you the nature of the story he unfolded to me until next month. Anyhow, let me tell you that my young eccentricity has had one of the most trying and arduous experiences that fall to the lot of the strongest man.

HOLIDAYS.

WHEN you read these words holiday time will be very close at hand, and you will all be wondering how to make fourteen days of Paradise out of the paltry fortnight which is all the holiday most of us are allowed. For my part, if I get away at all, which is doubtful, I mean to go where nobody else goes. But the difficulty is to find such a place. It must be beautiful, close to the sea, bracing, and not very far from London. Can anyone advise me?

A few years ago I went to Sark, the smallest of the Channel Islands. I had heard that it met all my requirements, and was almost as unfrequented as the Faroe Islands. I arrived, to find the place beautiful indeed, and close to the sea (in fact, there is hardly any land), but swarming with tourists. Then, on the second day, I received a fearful shock.

I hesitate to tell you about it, because — well, frankly, you won't believe me. It's true, nevertheless, on my word of honour. In the early morning I went for a bathe. I dived off the cliff and swam to a rock about thirty yards from land. On it I had caught sight of a small patch of red, and was anxious to investigate. I reached the rock, and examined the patch of red. It was a piece of the cover of *Pearson's Weekly*, containing an advertisement of the ROYAL, which I had sent to press only a week previously.

Now, I think I may say that nobody takes a greater interest in the ROYAL than myself; but, candidly, you may have too much of a good thing! I thought I had got rid of everything to do with my trade for a fortnight at least, and here was I, on a lonely rock in mid-ocean, confronted with an advertisement which gravely informed me I would be doing a very foolish thing if I omitted to read such and such an article in my own magazine! I wonder how it got there? Perhaps some enterprising canvasser dropped it into the sea with the brilliant idea of securing readers among the mermaids! You can never tell!

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THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "Mab" as the **finest shaving implement in the world** is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "Mab" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

PRICE

Black Handle ... 2/6
Ivory ,, ... 3/6

PAIR IN CASE.

Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6

Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO.,
73 Newhall St., Birmingham.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

Purest of the Pure. Sold Everywhere.

A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free for Eight Penny Stamps.

J. Mackintosh, Ltd., The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

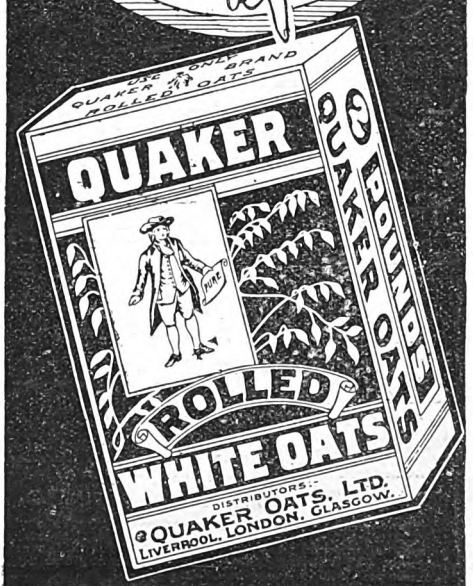
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

There is more relish and sustenance in Quaker Oats than in any other oats or cereal food,

but it must be

Quaker oats

Sold only in Packets like this



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Do your Ironing only with the

Dalli

and the Dalli Smokeless Fuel.

The best Box Iron. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes, and remains hot. Double the work done in half the time. Price of the "Dalli," 6/-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel, 1/9 per box of 128 Blocks.

Ask your Ironmonger to show you the "DALLI."

Beware of worthless imitations.

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IS

"BLACK & WHITE"

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CYCLES — Singer MOTORS

PRICES REDUCED. LISTS FREE.

London Depots: 17, Holborn Viaduct, and Park Mansions, 10, Brompton Road, Albert Gate, S.W.

Works: COVENTRY.

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MORPHIA & OTHER DRUG ADDICTIONS CURED

by TURVEY'S TREATMENT. Each Case individually prescribed for by our duly qualified medical man.

This system of treatment is safe, effective, and permanent in its specific action upon all phases of the Alcoholic or Drug Craver in either sex, and may be carried out

at Patient's Own Home.

The WHITEHALL REVIEW says—"The treatment succeeds in 97 cases out of a 100." Success testified by Officials of Church of England Temperance Society (London Diocesan Branch). See TRUTH. Treatise, Annual Report and Testimonials post free. Write or call 10 to 5—

MEDICAL SUPT., "TACQUARU CO.,"

116, Amberley House, Norfolk St., Strand.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE

Gives instant relief, followed by permanent cure, to sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, shortness of breath, &c.

Has stood the test of 30 years.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

TRY IT.

Free Sample Tin on application.

Sold by all Chemists at **1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d.**

THE MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO.,

BATHGATE, N.B.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 31, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.

80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.

Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order. **8s.** per doz. **60s.** per 100.

All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees. 91 Acres. A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass. Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.

N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.

Please mention this paper.

RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.

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FAT FOLK

Should take

FELL'S REDUCING TABLETS.

Registered by Government.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY

That Reduces Weight 28lb. a Month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new and remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7LB. A WEEK.

It is Guaranteed to Reduce Weight a Pound a Day

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

FROM A TRAINED NURSE.

806. Miss J—— writes:—"I wish to add my testimonial to your list, for the benefit of people suffering from obesity. It is now three years since I was reduced 45lb. with the Tablets I obtained from Mrs. Fell: none of this weight have I since regained. I do not wish you to publish in print the name of the hospital where I am located, but I will cheerfully answer any communication on the subject from any one you like to refer to me."

824. Mrs. H—— says:—"I am glad to inform you that **I am losing weight every week.** Have suffered untold inconvenience from corpulence for the past nine years, but am now fairly on the way, thanks to the Tablets, to be **restored to my original weight.**"

810. Miss J—— writes from Buxton:—"Has taken the Tablets and is most happy to say that **she lost 6lb. in a week,** only taking the remedy once a day, after mid-day dinner."

809. Mrs. Y—— writes from Sheffield:—"I feel that it is doing me good. **I feel better in health, and have lost 5lb. with first box.**"

829. Mrs. T—— writes from Notts:—"Found it difficult to spare the money, but pleased to say am much better for the treatment."

CONSIDER IT A MARVELLOUS MEDICINE.

803. "It was with pleasure that I heard the other day from a lady friend, who has recently commenced your treatment, that arrangements have been made with Mrs. Fell to make more widely known her Reducing Tablets. I consider them **a marvellous medicine,** and every effort should be made to let sufferers from Obesity know of them."

We refrain from making known the full names and addresses for obvious reasons. Each letter has a reference number, and those interested are invited to correspond with these references, and, on request, we will place any person in communication with one or more. In this list which we publish there are many who have expressed their willingness, nay, their pleasure, to correspond with anyone following our treatment.

"Getting Fleshier Every Day."

Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

"MADAM" says: "Those of our readers who wish to reduce their weight should write to the Fell Formula Association for full particulars of the treatment for corpulency. Fell's Reducing Tablets are absolutely harmless, besides being pleasing to take. The tablets are by no means expensive, and a sample box will be sent free on application."

From "LADY'S COMPANION."—"To be exceedingly stout is by no means desirable, and it is not surprising that so many seek to become thin. This is by no means an easy matter if diet only is the mode. Something stronger and swifter as to results is necessary, and, judging from the testimonials before me relating to Fell's Reducing Tablets, obtainable of the Fell Formula Association, Regent Street, London, is a most excellent remedy. Therefore all those who are so stout as to be an annoyance to themselves, should write there for particulars."

FREE

Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Address: FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 39, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

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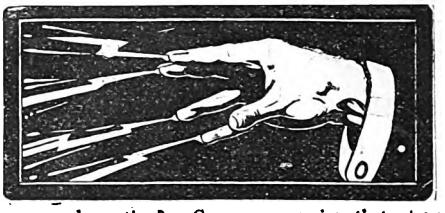
HYPNOTISM



Can you hypnotise? Can you exercise that strange influence, known as personal magnetism? Would you like to know more about these things? Then write to our London Office for the wonderful little illustrated **FREE BOOK, "The Power Within."**

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

This little book deals with the most interesting and important subject in the world—the influence of the mind upon human life, health, and affairs.

How to use the mind power, or mental magnetism to attract friendship and success, to break up depressing conditions and influences, to hypnotise, to maintain health, to kill fear and nervousness, to develop a strong, magnetic, attractive personality—these things are what investigators have been lately working upon.

In the free book, above mentioned, they tell you of their fascinating work and how you can reap the benefit of it. This little book is a brilliant suggestion to those who are groping in the dark for something practical and tangible in occultism.

Thousands of people have been delighted with the work of these men. Glowing testimonials come in every day's mail. Are you going to let this valuable opportunity pass? The book is free for the asking. We give it away because we want to arouse a popular interest in up-to-date psychic literature, publishing which is our speciality. Please do not ask for it unless you are sincerely interested. Address (enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage), PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO. (Dept. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

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NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

TERMS for Town or Country.

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50	1 9 0
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200	4 10 0
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Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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"ALFOSCO" REG.D

ALLEN
FOSTER & CO.,
SOLE MAKERS OF THE
'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES.

"ALFOSCO" REG.D

Save Money and Buy Direct from the "Alfosco" Factories.

DESIGN No. 899. 10/6

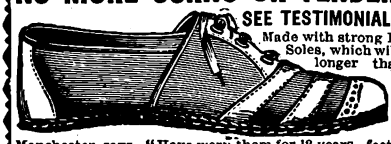
NEW STYLE. Costume with tight-fitting back, pouch front, made in ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s new **Zibeline Cloth**, also in their **Specialite Serge** and **Venetian Cloth**. COLOURS: Navy, Royal, Green Oxford, Fawn, Brown, Purple, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Black, etc. Stylish Costume, with bell sleeves, tastefully trimmed fancy braid. Bell-shaped Skirt. Wonderful value for **10/6**. Sent carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone only **5/6**, carriage 5d. This Costume may be ordered in the fashionable **"Alfosco"** Tweed, trimmed glacé silk instead of braid. Price **21/-**.

DESIGN No. 1019. 4/11

Costume Skirt in good wearing Black & Navy Serge, trimmed two flounces and braid, lined throughout, trimmed braid, lined throughout linenette. Price only **4/11**, carriage 5d. In ordering give length of skirt in front and size of waist. Post orders receive prompt attention. Every lady should see Allen Foster & Co.'s New Illustrated Catalogue of Skirts, Blouses, Corsets, Underskirts, &c., sent post free.

ALLEN FOSTER & Co.,
The London Manufacturers,
47, COLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

NO MORE CORNS OR TENDER FEET
SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!



Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear.

Mr. Willin, Central Station, Manchester, says "Have worn them for 12 years—feet never seem to get tired in them." Mr. P——, 65, Park Street, Southport, writes: "Last pair wore for 6 years for Cycle, House, and Garden Wear." Enclose Length Walking Shoe.

White, Brown, or Black.	Prices (post free) Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/0	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes (superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Rubber Shoes, white, black, or brown	—	3/0	3/6
Superior Red Rubber	—	—	5/6

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra. Single Pairs or any Quantity. Shipping Terms on demand.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

DON'T LET MOTHS RUIN YOUR FURS OR BLANKETS

KEATING'S POWDER PRESERVES THEM.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS
Tins 3d. 6d. & 1/-

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE have adopted

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"CLINCHER"

The First DETACHABLE Pneumatic Invented, A.D. 1890.

TYRES

Still unequalled for QUALITY and DURABILITY. A.D. 1903.

Easiest to Detach. *Have no Wires.*

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.

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"Why and Because"

Est. 1789. **PEARS** Over 100 Years.

Soapmakers

to The KING and QUEEN

By Appointment.

WHY do **some** shopkeepers quote in their price lists PEARS' SOAP at so much less than its marked retail price?

WHY then do I occasionally experience so much difficulty in getting PEARS' SOAP at that **wholesale cost price** when I **am** in the shop?

BECAUSE, having stood the test of time and been awarded the **only** Grand Prix and the **only** Gold Medal and enjoying the greatest repute and largest sale of any Toilet Soap in the World, it is offered at **about its cost price** to attract you into the shop.

BECAUSE, once there, the object has been attained and you are offered any substitute so long as it yields a big profit.

The REMEDY

is in your own hands; insist on having PEARS' SOAP or

Go to a more respectable shop for it and everything else.

—and the Remedy.

CADBURY'S

COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

The "LANCET" says:—

"The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands this excellent article of food has yielded."

"We are glad to give it the highest praise. For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment there is nothing superior to be found."—*Medical Magazine.*

A Delicious Refreshing Drink.

A Healthful Sustaining Food.

CADBURY'S

is COCOA, and The BEST COCOA only.

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THE JULY

ROYAL

How to Walk by E. F. Broad
(Page 233)

Mr. E. F. Broad
Winner of the
LONDON TO BRIGHTON
Stock Exchange Walk.

4D

Home

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THE GRINDSTONE of this LIFE is PAIN and SUFFERING

MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

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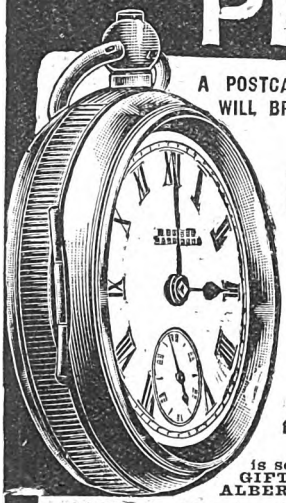

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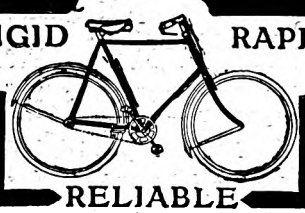

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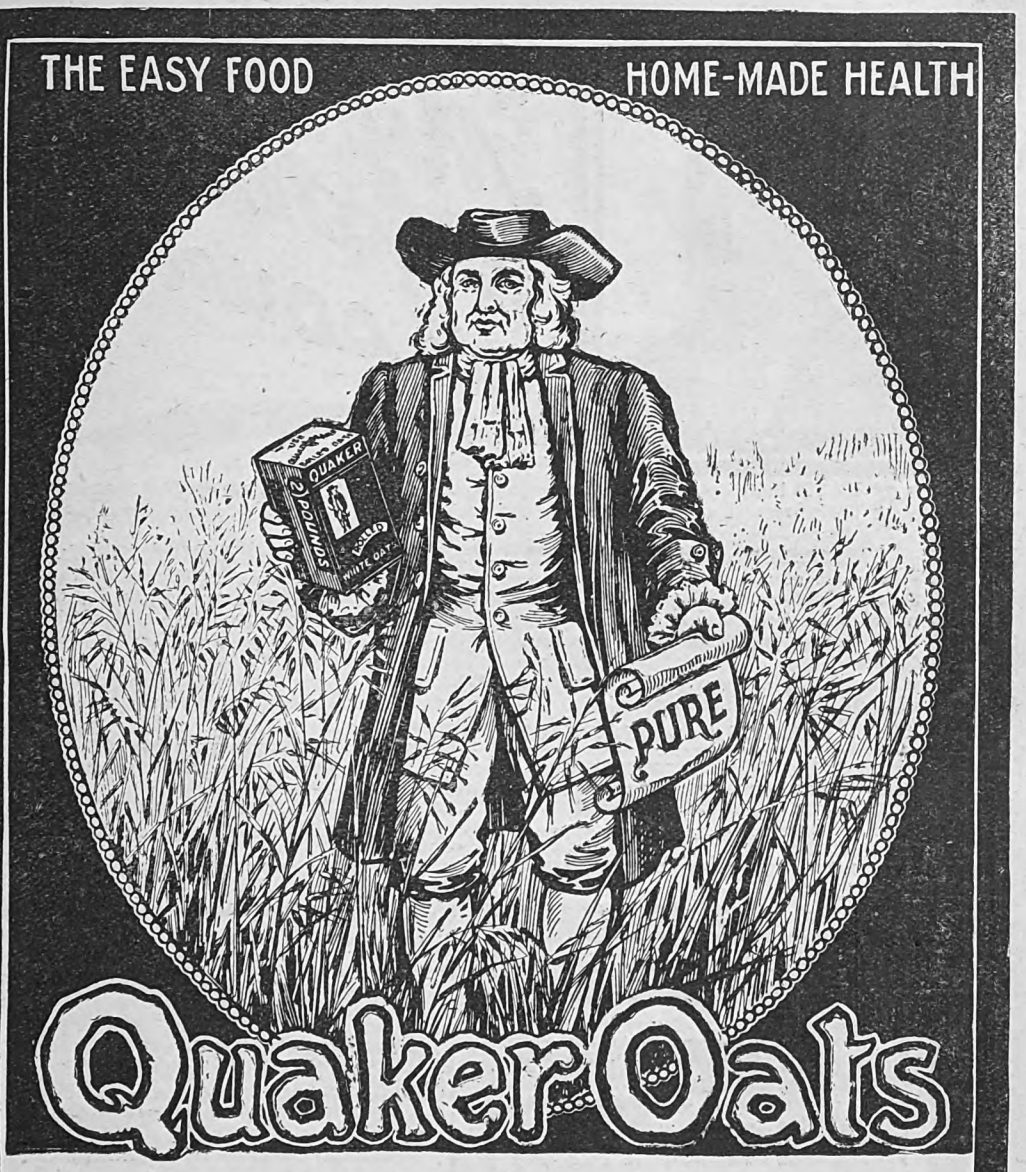

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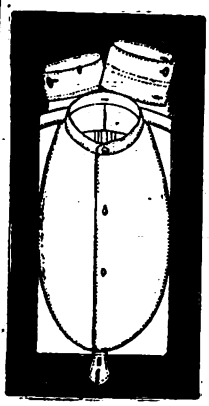

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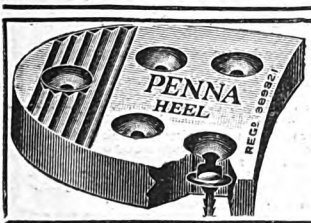

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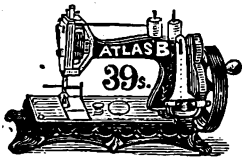

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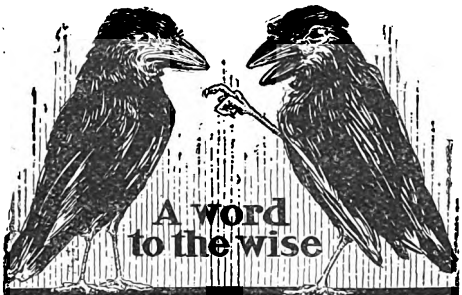

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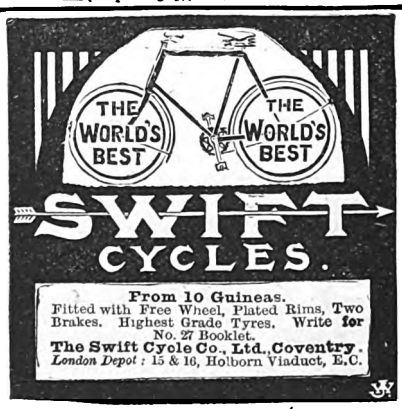

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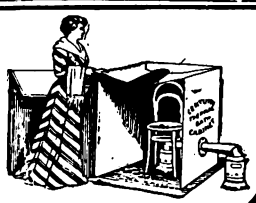

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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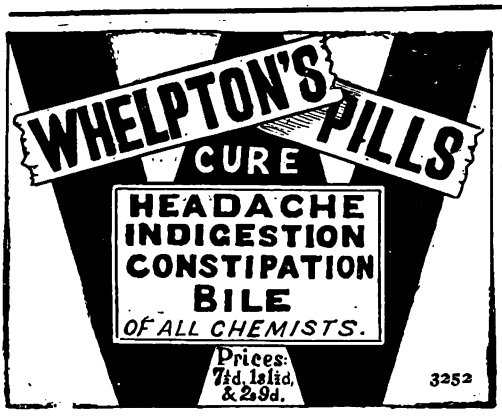

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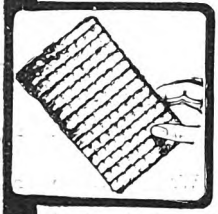

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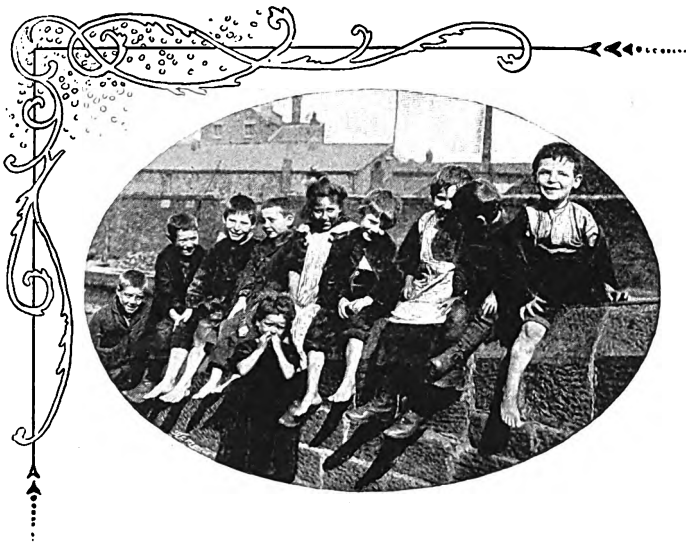

They are different because they are poorer,
But else they are just like you,
Who live in the terrible city
And long for the green and blue—
The green of the fields, the blue of the sky,
The scent of the fresh, sweet air—
Then give, oh, give of your plenty,
So little will take them there!

The purpose of the FRESH AIR FUND is to take the children from the slums of the great cities and give them a day's holiday in the country. There are no expenses of management in connection with the Fund, all being borne by the promoters—Pearson's and the Ragged School Union; so that every penny subscribed goes to the children, either in food or railway fares. There is no distinction of class or creed; ninepence will pay for a day's happiness for a single child; £8 2s. pays for a party of 200, with the necessary attendants.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., F.A.F., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Collecting forms may be had on application.

Vol. X.—July, 1903.—No. 57.

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A GROUP OF DANCERS

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

MAIE SAQUI.

"I started dancing when I was quite a child, and—well, I didn't stop, and I don't want to stop till I am old." And that time is a very long way off, Miss Saqui! Maie Saqui comes from Australia, and has a beautiful crop of golden hair. She is a tall, graceful girl with a pleasant quiet voice. She loves dancing more than anything else in the world, save perhaps riding—but then what Australian girl is there who is not passionately fond of a horse? She has been on the stage since she was fourteen.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

WILL BISHOP.

He is made of india-rubber, and the muscles of his legs are steel springs, there's not a doubt of it. No man of ordinary bone and muscle could possess quite the agility, lightness, and verve of Will Bishop. His dancing is a revelation. He is a teacher as well as a performer. Most of the leading dancers are pupils of his. He superintends the ballet of all the principal pantomimes, and trains men, women, and children. He is the busiest man in London.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

TOPSY SINDEN.

She first appeared when she was five years old in pantomime, under Sir Augustus Harris at the Covent Garden Theatre, and since then has been everywhere in London. "Dancing came to me naturally. I was born to it," she says. "Of course I act and sing, but dancing is the best of all! But nowadays dancing is not what it used to be. If you can do something really sensational, no matter how ugly, you are praised as a great dancer. A high kick—that fetches the crowd! But the really artistic dancer is never sure of applause!" Ungrateful girl! For she is one of the most exquisite dancers on our stage, and—one of the most successful. Very slight, very pretty, very graceful, unassuming, a charming conversationalist—may your success continue, Miss Topsy Sinden, for you deserve it all!

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

DOROTHY FROSTICK.

She was very delicate when she was a little girl. But she took to dancing and has been as healthy and as strong as you could wish ever since. Dorothy Frostick is not very old as yet, and confesses to a love for dolls. That shows what a very sensible young lady she is, for in spite of her huge success on the stage, she has not forgotten the joys of her childhood. But she is really a very beautiful dancer. When she grows up Dorothy Frostick is going to act real drama, Shakespeare, and all sorts of serious plays. I am sure that you will all look forward to that happy day.

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Photo by Hana.

ADELINA GENÉE.

She has not only the reputation of being the finest dancer in the British Isles. She is world famous, and has danced in all the principal theatres of Europe with unfailing success. Adelina Genée is by birth a Dane. But she is of French extraction. She has danced ever since she was a child, taught by her uncle and aunt, themselves great dancers, though at present they have left the stage and devote themselves to the teaching of dancing. Adelina Genée is a quiet, reserved girl, dignified and very graceful. She speaks with a slight foreign accent, and invariably uses the German language when talking to her relatives in England.

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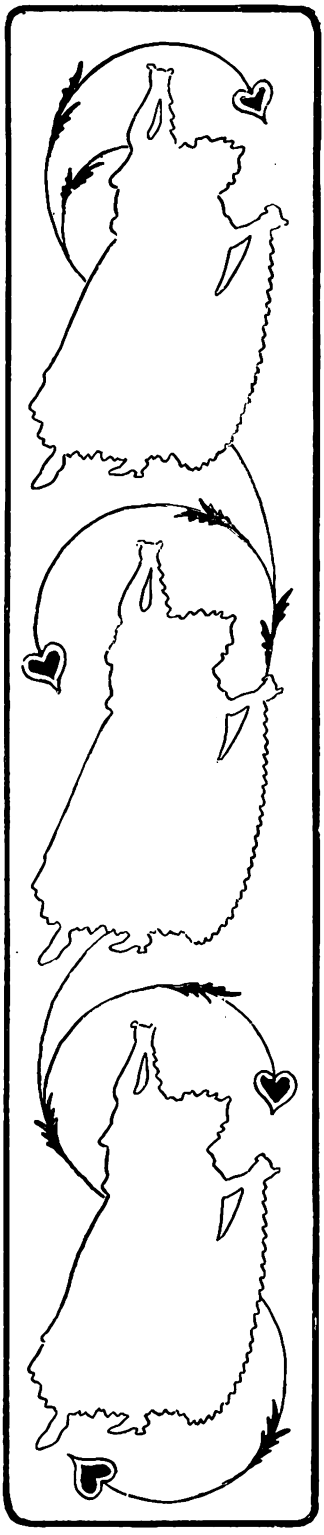
Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MABEL LOVE.

"It is a funny thing," says Miss Mabel Love, "that everybody seems to think that I act very little. That is a mistake, for I am always at it. I have hardly had a week's rest in the last two years, touring all over the country. I am very fond of dancing. Who wouldn't be? But you can't imagine how ambitious I am. I shall never be happy until I am at the very top of the tree." Mabel Love is a quiet girl, and a very delightful companion, pretty as a picture, and popular as—well, as only a charming and lovely actress can be.



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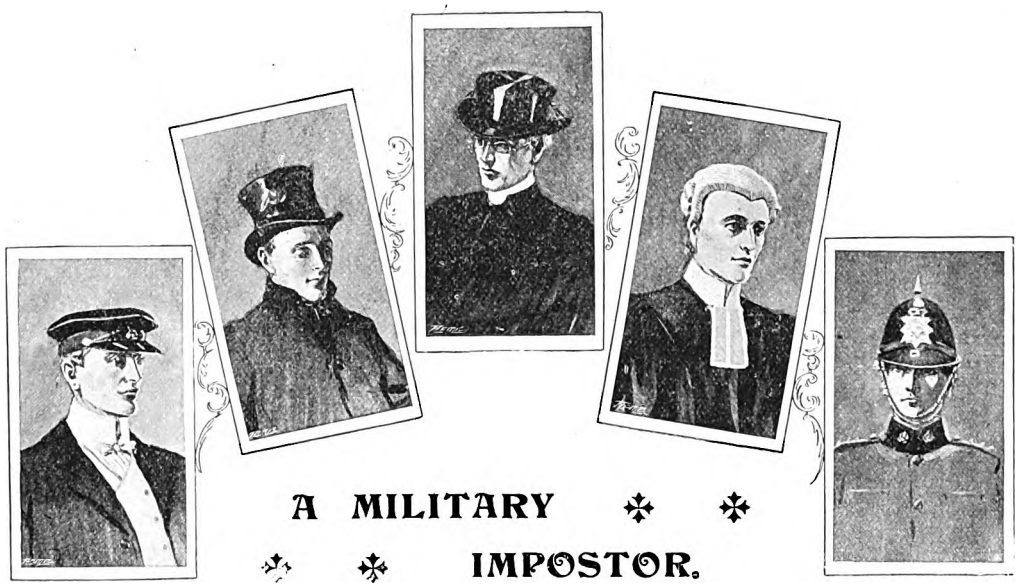

A MILITARY IMPOSTOR.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock caps all his former Escapades with a huge practical Joke on the Army.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock had turned into his club for a contemplative cigar, after leaving Lady Balsarroch's "small and early," which, like so many of its fellows, had proved to be both "large" and "late." The cigar was soothing, and Mr. Dimmock, tired with much dancing, soon dropped into a light nap.

When he awoke, he discovered that, with the exception of a good-looking young fellow who was just rising, somewhat unsteadily, from his chair, he was the sole occupant of the smoking-room.

Mr. Dimmock turned his keen eyes upon the other and very quickly saw what was amiss with him. He was obviously feeling faint—whether from the effect of too many cigars or the close atmosphere of the room, it was hard to determine.

With his usual kindliness of heart, Dimmock accosted the half-dazed man.

"You don't seem very well. Would you like me to see you safely home?"

"Oh, I—I hardly like to ask you. But—but if you really would not mind—it's giving you an awful lot of trouble, though?"

"Not a bit of it," responded Dimmock. "And I'm sure you don't look as if you were fit to be left alone. Come along, and we'll try to find a cab."

Dimmock got his charge outside the club and hailed a belated hansom.

When the cabman heard that the young fellow wanted to be driven to Blackheath, our friend gave a low whistle, and felt half inclined to back out. But, always a good-natured man, he banished the unworthy feeling, and resolved to go through with the business he had undertaken.

"It's a long way to Blackheath, sir, this time in the mornin'," grumbled the cabman. "Seven or eight mile—."

"I'll give you a sovereign for the job," said Dimmock.

"All right, sir, jump in. I've got a pretty fresh horse. He won't take so very long to do the journey."

For nearly an hour they drove along in unbroken silence. The young man was not yet sufficiently recovered from his attack of faintness to feel inclined for conversation, and Mr. Dimmock mused over the situation.

Blackheath reached at last, after a somewhat wearisome journey, the hansom soon drew up at the door of a large, square-built house, standing alone, and facing the heath. Here they alighted, and the younger man was profuse in his thanks. He wound up by saying:

Note.—*The author of the Dimmock series is not Mr. Charles James, author of "Holy Wedlock," "On Turnham Green," etc.*

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"You really must come in and have a whiskey and soda. I'm quite ashamed of having allowed you to come so far out of your way—for I suppose you live in town? I'm really grateful, as I still feel awfully seedy and don't know what I should have done but for your kindness."

He handed some coins to the driver, and the two young men, arm in arm - for the sufferer's legs still betrayed a weird uncertainty in their working—walked up to the front door, which had been already opened by a man-servant. They entered and turned into a cosy room, half study, half sportsman's den. Then the servant brought in a tray with glasses and mineral water, and set the spirit stand on the table.

"That'll do, King, you need not sit up. I shall be all right now," said the host.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock was just beginning his well-iced drink when he heard the sound of departing wheels outside, and sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "the cabby's driving off! Here, let's hail him, or he'll be gone."

And by the time they had got the front door unfastened, gone he was.

For once in a way, our friend's usual imperturbability came very near to being seriously upset.

"What on earth am I to do?" he exclaimed, in a somewhat dismayed tone.

"Why, you must sleep here, of course. I am awfully sorry if it will put you to any inconvenience, but I can lend you everything you want."

Dimmock quickly resigned himself to the inevitable. They switched off the lights and went upstairs.

"You'll find pyjamas, brushes, and so forth in here," said the host, opening the door of a bedroom. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go off to bed at once. I feel quite worn out. Good night, and many thanks, once more."

Next morning his first waking thought was that although his host's silken pyjamas had so far served him well, he could hardly go to town in them, any more than he could—with any sense of propriety—array himself in his evening dress suit.

He must, therefore, look about him, and borrow some more appropriate garments. He turned out of bed, tubbed in the adjoining bathroom, and then, for the first time, his eyes fell upon a smart-looking volunteer uniform lying neatly folded up on a chair.

He was just about to inspect this when King, the valet, entered the room bearing a breakfast tray in his hand.

"Master's not feeling at all well this mornin', sir, and would you excuse him? He's very much obliged for all your kindness, sir, and he says that I'm to see you have everything you want; and would you like the motor to go back to town in? Very unfortunate, this little trouble, sir, for my master. He's a volunteer orficer, and there's a parade of his corpse—" (Mr. Dimmock shuddered)—"to-day. They're all a comin down from 'ead quarters in town, to meet on the 'Eath and march to Woolwich, and, of course, 'e can't go—prob'ly won't leave his bed to-day. You see, sir, he's been taken like this once or twice before, and it mostly means three days in bed afterwards."

Mr. Dimmock declined the motor, and when King had left the room, he sat down and took thought. Ten minutes later, and he was arrayed in the military outfit, sword, belt, and all.

"There's nothing like a broad, catholic experience of life," he remarked sententiously, "I may just as well see if I make as good a soldier as I did a Bishop. I rather fancied myself as a Bishop," he added reflectively.

He breakfasted with his usual solemn air—lit a cigarette, and, having left a handsome *douceur* on the mantelpiece for the valet, walked downstairs and out of the house.

He struck straight across the Heath, and very quickly saw a crowd of idlers making their way to where the City and Suburban Rifle Volunteers were already assembling.

No sense of diffidence weighed on Mr. Dimmock's mercurial mind as he approached his new task—he would probably have taken command of the Channel Fleet with a similar sublime air of confidence, had the chance been afforded him.

But he rather wished he knew what his own rank in the Service was. For aught he could tell to the contrary, he might be anything from a subaltern up to the Colonel commanding!

As he approached the crowd the Serjeant-Major came up and saluted.

"I think, sir, you'll be the Senior Officer present to-day. This influenza has treated our officers most cruel, sir—there's so many new ones, I hardly know them by sight."

"Just so," assented Dimmock graciously, as he made a slight trip over his trailing sword.

"Will you give the order, sir, for the men to fall in?"

"What, when they're standing by the edge

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of a pond! No, certainly not. It would spoil their uniforms."

The Sergeant-Major stared.

"Er—beg pardon, sir, perhaps I did not make myself clear. I meant, shall the men form up?"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" asked Dimmock in mildly reproachful tones. "Plain speaking always saves so much misunderstanding."

Then, without any warning, he suddenly drew his sword, and shouted:

"'Tention!"

The City and Suburbans obeyed as best they could, thus taken by surprise.

Then, speaking so fast that no one on earth could possibly understand what he said, he roared out:

"Eyes right and left shoulder arrrrrms! Porrrrt arrrrms! Ground arrrrms! Slope arrrrms! Wave your arrrrrms! Stand-up-straight-with-the-little-finger-down-the-seam-of-the-trousers-as-you-WERE!" the last words being positively thundered.

The unhappy City and Suburbans turned and twisted and stepped forward and stepped back again, and finally got into a hopeless state of chaos in their highly laudable endeavours to carry out these impossible orders. Dimmock, with rigid, immovable features, was secretly suffering from suppressed laughter, whilst his usually solemn eyes danced with mischief to see the confusion he had wrought.

Dropping his voice to its ordinary quiet tones he turned approvingly to the Sergeant-Major and said:

"That's very nice. I like to see men able to grasp this new style of drill so quickly. It's so much more useful than the old-fashioned order of things."

Stepping forward again, and imitating as nearly as he could one of those extraordinary commands we are all familiar with at reviews of troops, he shouted—

"Ar-har-har-hoo—Hoooo!"

Each man interpreted this in a different way, and the result was hardly a success from the Drill Sergeant's point of view.

"That'll do, Sergeant-Major," said Dimmock quietly, "turn on the band—tell them to play that thing that goes 'Rum-tiddy-iddy-iddy-Rum-tum-tum'—you know, and then we'll march off to Woolwich at once."

"Won't you wait for the other officers to turn up, sir?" asked the Sergeant-Major in rather anxious tones. He did not quite know what to make of this highly original temporary head of the City and Suburbans.

"No. Blow the other officers," answered Mr. Dimmock airily.

He flourished his sword, and advanced to march in front of the band, but the invaluable Sergeant-Major hurriedly whispered:

"Your horse, sir, is over there."

"Oh, of course," replied Dimmock casually.

Up to that moment he had not had the faintest idea that he was to ride, but now a stodgy looking hireling from the local livery stable was led up, and he got into a highly uncomfortable 'fore and aft' peaked saddle.

Then the Sergeant-Major gently intimated to him where he should ride, and, with three premonitory taps on the big drum, the band burst forth into martial music, and the City and Suburbans swung off in great style up the Shooter's Hill road towards Woolwich.

Mr. Dimmock lit a cigarette and rode along, listening to the band, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Riding slowly down the Common he soon caught sight of troops drawn up, the sun shining on their bright accoutrements and glittering bayonets. Officers could be seen galloping about in different directions, and the whole made a brave show.

When the City and Suburbans had advanced a little nearer, the Serjeant-Major hurried up to Dimmock, saluted and said, "These are the regulars we are to be brigaded with, sir. And this'll be either the Brigade-Major or one of the A.D.C.'s galloping over here, with our orders," indicating as he spoke a fierce-looking officer, with red hair and moustache, then hastening towards them.

The Brigade-Major—who was evidently a person of very considerable importance in his own estimation, and thought very "small beer" of Volunteer officers in general—received a shock when, reining up with an imposing jingle of bit, spurs, and stirrup-irons, opposite Dimmock, that gentleman, forgetting to salute, nodded casually, and said: "Hullo, how are you? Jolly morning, isn't it? Going strong?"

The Brigade-Major glared at him without deigning to answer. Then, in sharp tones he said: "You will advance by column of companies to the edge of that road. Then by column of route you will proceed along it to—"

"But why not stay on the grass?" queried Dimmock, "the road's so awfully dusty. Just look at my boots."

The Brigade-Major nearly exploded in his wrath. He swore below his breath and then

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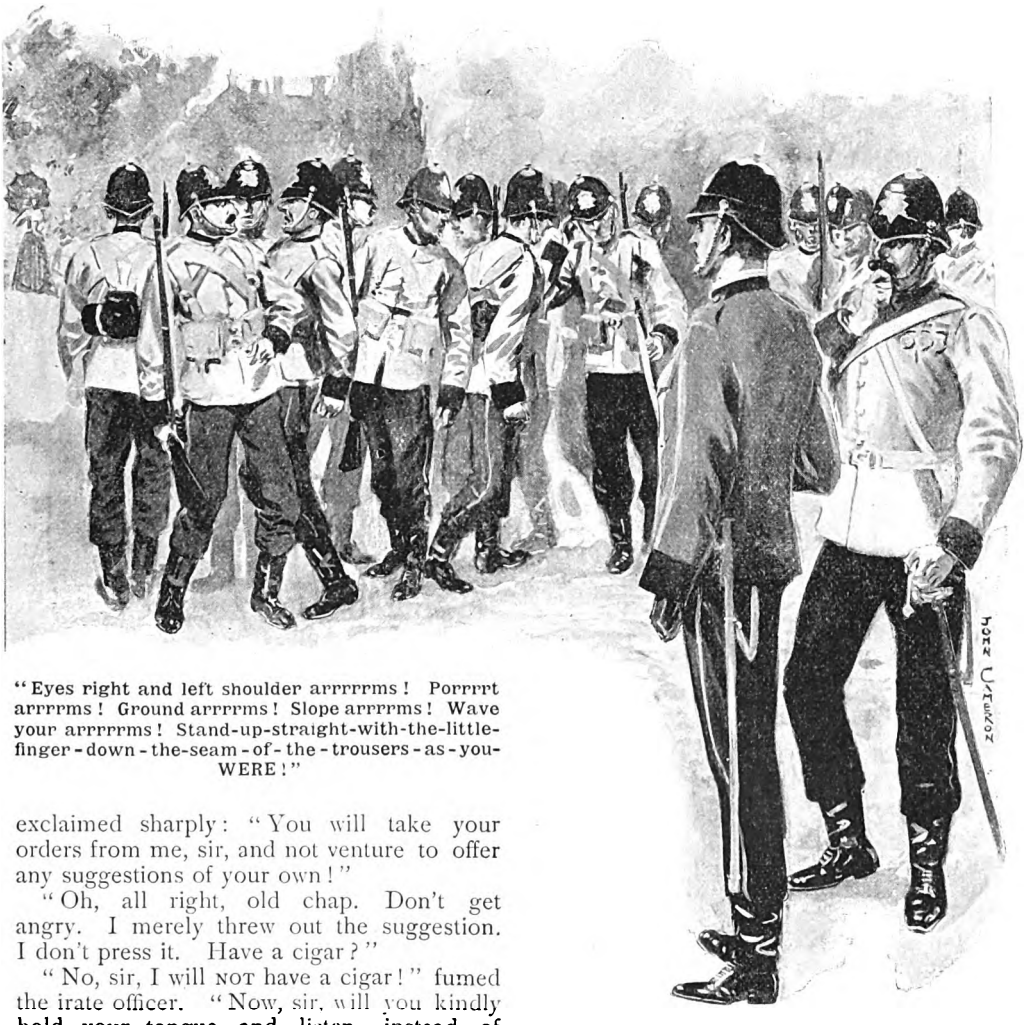

"Eyes right and left shoulder arrrrrms! Porrrrt arrrrms! Ground arrrrms! Slope arrrrms! Wave your arrrrrms! Stand-up-straight-with-the-little-finger-down-the-seam-of-the-trousers-as-you-WERE!"

exclaimed sharply: "You will take your orders from me, sir, and not venture to offer any suggestions of your own!"

"Oh, all right, old chap. Don't get angry. I merely threw out the suggestion. I don't press it. Have a cigar?"

"No, sir, I will NOT have a cigar!" fumed the irate officer. "Now, sir, will you kindly hold your tongue and listen, instead of making any more of your absurd and preposterous interruptions? You will advance by column of companies—"

"Yes, you said that before. Fire away about what we're to do after we get to the road"

Choking with fury, the Brigade-Major repeated sternly: "You will advance by column of companies to the edge of the road, and from there by column of—"

"What time do we lunch?" interrupted the irrepressible Dimmock.

The Brigade-Major groaned.

"The man's mad!" he muttered. "Stark, staring mad." Then aloud, he said: "Have you no sense of responsibility, sir?"

"Well, no, I don't think I have much," returned Mr. Dimmock, in slow, meditative accents, which almost drove the unhappy Brigade-Major frantic.

With a fearful effort he swallowed his wrath and continued: "When you arrive at the Garrison Church, you will halt your men, and await further orders."

Dimmock nodded.

"Yes, that sounds easy enough. You toddle back to the old chappie with the waving plumes, over there"—indicating the General, seated on a grand-looking charger in the midst of his gaily-uniformed staff. "and with the assistance of my Serjeant-Major I'll manage to move the whole show down there, somehow or other. Have you any favourite tune you'd like the band to play? It's not a good band, still, nobody throws things at them, because they do their best,

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"Have a cigar?"

don't you know. Shall they play the Squashington—I mean the Washington—Post?"

But the distraught Brigade-Major had already started to canter back, and report this highly original Volunteer officer's conduct to the General.

Dimmock turned and said: "Sergeant-Major, do *you* understand what the gentleman with the ginger hair meant? I'm afraid I didn't quite grasp his meaning. You see," he continued, warming to the subject, as he saw yet further opportunities of mystification open before him, "there are two distinct schools of drill now. The Brigade-Major is evidently Oxford—I am Cambridge. His way of moving troops is not my way. So perhaps *you* had better see that this order is carried out."

But before anything could be done, an A.D.C. galloped up and requested "the officer in command of the City and Suburban Rifles" to report himself at once to General Sir Henry Damilton, K.C.B.

"Charmed," returned Dimmock, "delighted to meet him, I'm sure."

He followed the A.D.C. at an easy canter, and soon found himself in the presence of the red-faced, white-moustached General, whose waving plumes and be-medalled tunic gave him a most martial and imposing appearance.

The Staff regarded Dimmock curiously as he approached. They were looking out for the coming explosion. Sir Henry commenced storming without a moment's delay.

"By what right, sir, do you dare to argue with my Brigade-Major, and give your own views and ask irrelevant questions instead of receiving and carrying out your orders? Confound it, sir! if we had many officers like you, we should never be able to move troops at all!"

The General's moustache fairly bristled with anger, as he continued. "Now, hark ye, my good fellow, I don't know who you are—you're a perfect stranger to me——"

"Sir, the loss is mine!" said Dimmock, bowing most politely, "I trust we shall soon become the best of friends!"

Sir Henry became purple with fury at this last sally, and roared out:

"This to my face, sir? Consider yourself under arrest!"

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"Certainly, General, anything to please you. How do I arrest myself?"

"Take this—this—this miserable lunatic out of my sight!" shouted the General. "By Gad, sir! I'll have your commission taken from you to-morrow!"

Dimmock shook his head in gentle negation.

"You can't do that, General," he said mildly.

For a moment Sir Henry was speechless with astonishment. Then he burst forth:

"*Cannot* have your commission taken away? Why not, sir?"

"Because I haven't one!" replied Mr. Dimmock imperturbably.

The General stared at him open-mouthed.

"Then you mean that—that you are an impostor, sir?"

Mr. Dimmock made another courteous bow.

"Your keen discernment does you infinite credit. I am!"

It would be almost impossible to adequately depict the blank amazement expressed on the face of General Sir Henry Damilton, K.C.B., at that moment. As it was gradually borne in upon him that this was a daring practical joke, anger, resentment, and a strong tendency to indulge his risible muscles struggled hard for the mastery, and at length the latter feeling prevailed. The General, who was gifted with a keen sense of humour, fairly broke down, and roared with laughter.

That night, General Sir Henry Damilton and the officers of the King's Own Pioneers entertained Mr. Alfred Dimmock to dinner, and later in the evening, Mr. Alfred Dimmock entertained General Sir Henry Damilton and the aforesaid officers, upstairs in the anteroom, by means of the regimental piano and his own most excellent voice.

And if wild war-whoops, vociferous applause, extreme pressure to "put himself outside" many more whiskeys and sodas than any human being ever yet contained, together with countless cordial invitations to "name your own night, and dine with us again," could be taken as a fair criterion of popularity, Mr. Alfred Dimmock was constrained to think that his brief appearance as a "Non-Commissioned Officer" was entitled to rank as a success.

That night General Sir Henry Damilton and the officers of the King's Own Pioneers entertained Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

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M. Pernelet, who has given ten years to the work of taming crocodiles, is probably the only man in the world who would venture into a tank containing dozens of these powerful monsters. He does so daily himself, but once came near repenting his temerity. He was attacked by his savage pets, and terribly torn and bitten, narrowly escaping with his life.

A MASTER OF CROCODILES.

The only Man in the World who has made Pets of Crocodiles and dares to venture unarmed into a Tank in which several Dozens of them are swimming.

By George Western.

I once met a crocodile and shook hands with him. That is to say, he shook my hand with his teeth. Original, wasn't it? I have the marks now. He was the only one I have ever encountered, and, to tell the truth, I don't want to encounter another in a hurry.

Monsieur Pernelet is the first man who has ever succeeded in taming a team of crocodiles, and showing them unmuzzled on the stage. Long before he began taming them he kept them as pets. Crocodiles are the most ferocious of all animals in the world, and the most intractable. But Monsieur Pernelet is no ordinary trainer. He is a born naturalist, a keen sportsman, and a great traveller to boot. He has studied and trained these crocodiles, not for the sake of making a show, but from the mere love of animals. The taming has been a work of ten years, and to-day he can boast of a unique triumph.

Monsieur Pernelet began his arduous task by making it a rule that no one but himself should go into the room where the crocodiles were kept. They had to be fed by his hand alone, and hear no human voice save his own. Thus he found that, after some months, a few big heads would slowly rise out of the water tank at the sound of his voice, a proof that the creatures had begun to recognise him. But the progress was very slow, and it was a long time before he could step without fear into the tank containing his pets.

Monsieur Pernelet has a team of forty-six crocodiles, of all ages and sizes. Curiously enough, the youngest, a pair of little fellows, twelve years old, which the trainer bred himself, placing their eggs in an incubator of his own invention, are children of the eldest, a handsome lady of three hundred summers, on whose broad back Monsieur Pernelet rides round the tank. For crocodiles live to an enormous age. Some of those kept as sacred animals in Indian temples are said to be seven or eight hundred years old.

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A word about a crocodile's food. Since they cannot have the food they are accustomed to in their native Nile—all Monsieur Pernelet's crocodiles hail from Egypt—he feeds them on beef, the very best that can be bought. For their appetites are delicate and must be favoured.

"You see," says Monsieur Pernelet, "in their native country they feed on fish and niggers. Oh, they are very fond of niggers, are my friends the crocodiles! They would be much happier if the government would permit them a nigger occasionally for dinner!"

It is interesting to note that a crocodile always bites sideways. That is to say, you will be quite safe if you are standing in front of him; but should you be at his side, he will turn round his head, and snap at you like a shot, or perhaps his huge tail will swing round and stun you, before you have time to escape.

Out of water a crocodile is not a quick mover. He can waddle along as fast as you can walk, but cannot turn quickly. So if you are being chased by a hungry saurian on the banks of the Nile, you may escape easily by dodging round him. Only don't try to catch hold of his tail.

Monsieur Pernelet carries no weapons into the tank with him. For, to tell the truth, a weapon wouldn't be much good in the event of a general attack. His little *bâton* is merely to guide the animals, a tap on their jaws bringing their heads round, just as you may guide a Basuto pony by a flick of the

The crocodile tamer carrying one of his pets by a piece of meat hung over his shoulder.

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reins on which ever side you wish him to go. The sharp noise made by the *bâton* on the jaws of the animals sounds as if the blow might hurt, but their hide is very thick, and they feel the tap as a man would feel the tap of a lady's fan.

"Tremendous courage? Not a bit of it!" laughs Monsieur Pernelet. "Two pennyworth of courage, four pennyworth of patience, and the same amount of love for the animals—I am absurdly fond of my crocodiles, you know—that makes ten pennyworth of the whole lot, a French franc!

"How did I lose my forefinger? Oho! There is a story there. Would you like to hear? I will tell you all about it. I and my crocodiles were at Algiers, showing the visitors how clever we can be when we try. I was sitting in my little chair in the tank, when suddenly I was attacked by half-a-dozen of my biggest crocodiles. It was the most thrilling experience I ever had! A huge fellow caught hold of me, and snapped off my forefinger, as you see, while I was trying to force his jaws open by pressing a tender spot.

"I had no time to bewail my loss, for —thwack!—came a great tail, and down I went on my back into the middle of the tank, with a crowd of crocodiles of all sizes splashing about on top of me! Before I had time to move another lively customer rushed at me, and seized hold of my clothes, and a good deal of myself into the bargain. Then he twisted himself round and round, like a—what do you say in English?—teetotum, just as crocodiles always do when they fight.

"Oh! there was a fine scene, I can tell you! There was I with all my clothes hanging in rags about me, and the crocodiles splashing round for all they were worth. And there was the audience, shouting and screaming, and all the ladies fainting or in hysterics. The manager told me that he had never seen such a to-do in his life, and never wanted such another one.

"How did it end? There was a plucky gentleman in the front row of the stalls who jumped on to the stage and pulled me out safely. I was in the hospital for six months afterwards, and am simply covered with the marks of the teeth on my body now!"

The only weapon of M. Pernelet when he enters the tank is a small stick, no bigger than an orchestra conductor's bâton. This he merely uses to guide the crocodiles with; he has to rely for safety on their knowledge of and affection for him. Force would be of no avail against their strength and numbers.

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LUERTH

The Pathetic Story of a Dog Who Gave His Life for His Friends.

By L. G. Moberly.

The portrait hangs upon my boudoir wall. When I look up at it the loving, faithful eyes gaze down into mine.

Sitting back in my chair and shutting my eyes I can recall vividly all those past days when he played an important part in our everyday life—when he was one of ourselves, and home itself would have seemed incomplete without him.

Out of the mists of memory it all comes back to me to-day.

The nursery door stood open. Nurse had gone downstairs to her supper, and the door was always left ajar that she might hear the baby, should she awake and cry out.

Passing by with noiseless tread I paused a moment to watch the firelight playing on the walls and on the pictures we had chosen so carefully, and I smiled at what I saw. Beyond the fireplace the soft glow fell upon my baby girl's white cradle—and on one of her tiny dimpled hands flung out across the coverlet, and in the corner I could see the dim outlines of the cot where my bonny boy slept peacefully.

And stretched upon the rug—his head between his paws, his faithful eyes fixed upon the cradle—lay the children's most watchful guardian, most loving friend—my great wolfhound, Luerth.

His ears were a little pricked. Noiseless as I had flattered myself it was, he had heard my footstep across the landing, and when I paused at the nursery door he lifted his head from between his paws, and turned slowly to look at me. The firelight shone on his great soft eyes; his glance seemed to say: "You have come to see if your babies are safe? I will take care of them for you." Then he turned his head again and lay very still, his wide open eyes fixed upon baby Sylvia's cradle.

He lay so still—his stately length stretched out along the hearth—that he looked more like one of those beautiful carved dogs one sees upon the tombs of ancient knights than a real living animal, save for his bright watchful eyes that were so full of attention and wakefulness.

With that smile still on my lips I stole away, satisfied, and more than satisfied that all was well with my darlings, whilst Luerth guarded their sleep; and as I sat working and waiting for my husband's return from a county dinner, my thoughts went, naturally, back to the days when my faithful wolfhound first came to me.

I was a girl then, and he a small grey bundle of fluffy fur, out of which peeped a preternaturally long nose, sharp, bright eyes—and legs that seemed out of all proportion to his dear, funny little body.

Luerth's puppy days varied between times of delirious joy and weary hours of discipline, which his soul loathed, but from which he emerged, if a sadder, yet a wiser dog.

Even in his salad days the gentleness of a true gentleman was one of his most marked

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characteristics, and everything smaller, weaker, younger than himself, seemed to rouse in him the chivalrous instinct which is a possession of dogs as well as of human beings. He was an excellent judge of character; it was curious how people whom he disliked were apt in the long run to turn out worthy of dislike.

When I first met Guy Dalrymple, Luerth was not with me; indeed, he did not see my future husband until Guy and I were formally engaged, and I confess that on the day my betrothed and I travelled down together to my home I endured many qualms of uneasiness lest Luerth should not approve of my choice.

"I warn you," I said to Guy, "if Luerth dislikes you I shall have serious doubts as to the wisdom of my engagement. What shall I do if Luerth dislikes you?"

"If he is like ordinary dogs he will certainly be jealous," Guy replied, laughing softly. "Dogs"—

"Luerth is not an ordinary dog," I interrupted; "there is not a mean or petty corner in his whole heart."

Guy laughed again, but I was silent, knowing that presently he would agree with me about my beautiful dog and his beautiful soul.

And he did agree.

As we drove up to the front door, Luerth paced slowly down the hall, and when he saw me he bounded forward with a joyful movement of his body, and a wild waving of his tail that expressed his happiness more fully than any words could have done.

I ran up the steps and laid my hand on his head in greeting, and then Guy joined me. Luerth stood quietly for a moment, looking at the stranger with alert inquiring eyes; in that long comprehensive gaze, judging his character, weighing him in the balance. Next his tail waved to and fro, slowly at first, then faster and faster in a very ecstasy of greeting, and lastly, he lifted one of his big paws and laid it gently upon Guy's arm, as who should say:

"You are welcome—we are friends."

Once a friend with Luerth meant always a friend, and from that day he adopted Guy as one of us, and bestowed upon him bountiful stores of love and devotion.

I came first always—but, because Guy belonged especially to me, he came second in the dog's affections, and no word of demur was raised by the rest of the family when I proposed taking Luerth to the new home that Guy had prepared for me.

My dog played so prominent a part in the marriage ceremony that some of the neighbours were scandalised, but then which of us could have guessed that on this one occasion only Luerth would leave his special corner in the hall which he invariably occupied during church time—and follow us to church instead?

He sat and watched me being dressed in my shining white garments, an odd expression in his face which I did not attempt to interpret. He submitted quietly when I stooped and kissed his shaggy head, and whispered in his ear: "There was never anyone as happy as I am, Luerth," and his tail fluttered contentedly whilst, from the top step, he viewed my departure in the carriage with my father.

Who, then, could have guessed what was in his mind, or have foreseen what happened?

Just as the service was beginning, just when I had taken my place at Guy's side, and the Rector's voice was speaking those solemn opening words, there was a little stir and rustling in the building, and up the nave—undeterred by horrified sidesmen or scandalised guests—walked Luerth, stately, dignified, self-possessed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, only making his way straight to my side, where he stood quietly until the ceremony was over.

And when, as Guy's wife, I walked down the church aisle again, to the strains of the Wedding March, Luerth pacing slowly beside me, I felt like some lady of old—with a knight on either hand!

* * * * *

If I had been nervous as to what reception Luerth would give my affianced husband—when my baby son was first laid in my arms, I was ten times more nervous, wondering what my dog would say to so new and strange an interloper!

The light of the setting sun was shining softly into my room when Guy said to me:

"Luerth has been lying on the mat outside your door for hours; may he come in?"

The nurse's face of dismayed horror made me laugh faintly.

"Yes, of course, bring him in," I whispered; "he had better be introduced at once to our son!"

I thought I heard nurse murmur:

"Nasty great dog." But if Guy heard, he did not heed, and, a moment later, Luerth stood beside the bed, looking at me wistfully, lovingly, questioningly. Then I pushed back the bedclothes, ever so little, until the downy head that rested on my arm was plainly visible, and, heedless of the nurse's wrathful "Tchut, tchut," I laid my free hand on the dog's head.

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"Luerth," I whispered, "this is my baby boy."

Quite silently the great dog stood eyeing the wee morsel of humanity nestling in my arms; then his eyes turned to me—there was a strange questioning in them.

"This is somebody else for you to take care of," I said.

Luerth's eyes went back to the scrap of babyhood once more, and one of the boy's tiny clutching hands suddenly flung itself out towards the dog. All in a moment Luerth's great paw was raised and laid, gently as a falling roseleaf, on that wee crumpled fist, and though nurse uttered a suppressed scream, I knew that from that instant my dog would be my baby's faithful slave.

And I was right! The weak and the helpless had always appealed to Luerth, and the baby was henceforth his special care.

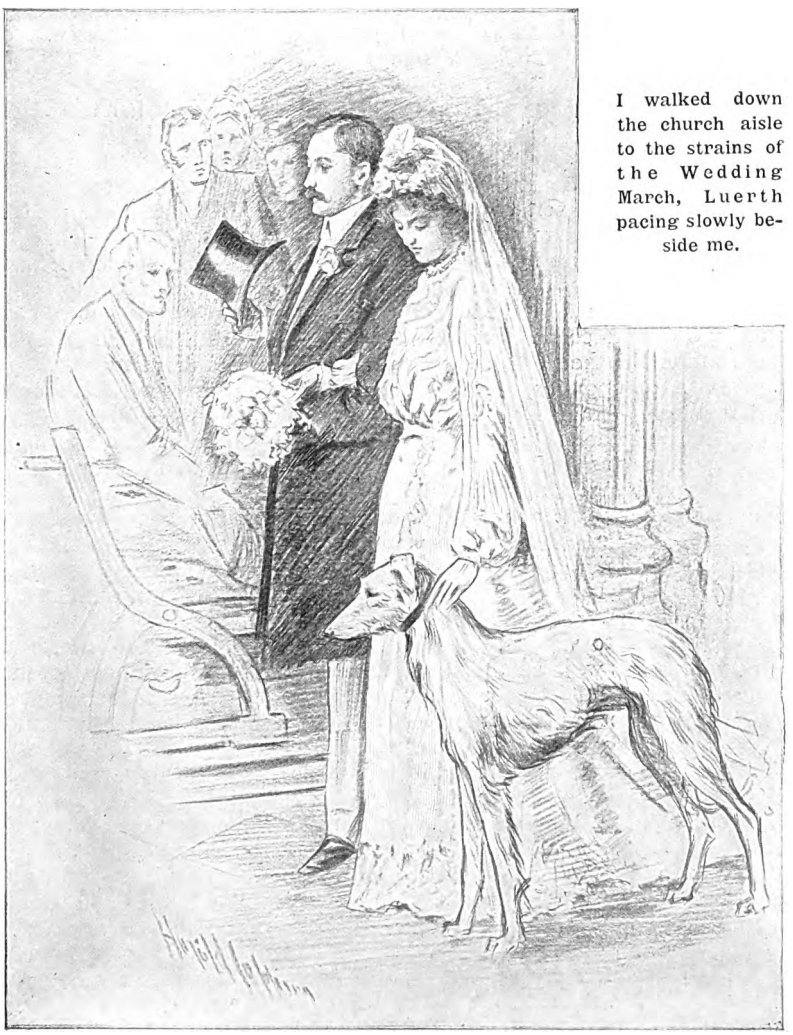
He haunted the nurseries, and nurse—my own old nurse who had watched over my childhood—vowed that he was worth two nurserymaids.

Nevertheless, I shall never forget her face when she came to me one day, white and trembling, to ask if it was quite safe for the dog to treat the baby "so." I hurried to the nursery to see what "so" meant, and Luerth, lying on the rug by the window, looked at me with something so like a smile that I positively laughed.

"Do you think I would hurt our baby?" his glance said, and he turned back to look down upon my son, who lay chuckling and laughing between Luerth's great paws, making ineffectual grabs at the dog's head with his fat, dimpled hands.

"That dog's a human being, I do believe," nurse said. "Baby—he would go crawling, crawling over to the fireplace till I got pretty near impatient, and I looks up and I sees Luerth take him up as gentle as you please by his little petticoats and lay him down, and then he lays down hisself, and holds the baby between his paws. Not as I knew if you'd like baby treated so," she added apologetically.

Luerth treated both my babies "so" in turn; it was his way of keeping them quiet, and a very excellent way too—for the baby, pinioned by those firm paws, could



I walked down the church aisle to the strains of the Wedding March, Luerth pacing slowly beside me.

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do no mischief—whilst fully occupied in patting the dog's shaggy chest and rough head.

When my boy was four, and his little sister two years old, my husband gave strict injunctions to the servants never to take the children beyond the Home Park for a time. A notorious gang of poachers was just then waging war upon the surrounding preserves, and their ringleader, an old tenant of my husband, was extremely bitter against Guy, and constantly threatened to harm him, or his, if possible.

I shall never forget the morning when nurse rushed into my boudoir with a face of terror, saying: "Oh! my lady, Jane have come in without the children—she've lost them!"

The trembling, sobbing nurserymaid could give us but a vague and sketchy account of what had happened, but I gathered that a prolonged conversation with her "young man," one of the under-gardeners, had driven away all thought of her charges, and that when she "looked round," as she expressed it, "them and Luerth was all gone together." They had been on the extreme edge of the Home Park, and it was perfectly plain that the children must have strayed away beyond the prescribed boundaries into the further woods.

Jane could give us no clue as to the hour at which the two had strayed away from her, and as she had been sent into the park with the children in the early afternoon—and it was now close upon six, they might have had a start of some hours for all that we could tell. Both Guy and I were nearly frantic—more especially as some of the men on the Home Farm brought tidings that Bill Jennings—the ringleader of the poaching gang—had been seen skulking about the lanes only that morning, and my heart stood still with dismay, when I pictured to myself the vengeance the wretch might wreak on my innocent babes, to punish their father.

Search parties were sent in all directions, and we tried to reflect soberly that our two-year-old baby could not journey very far, and that we must soon find them. But for the best part of an hour we searched in vain, and my heart grew sick with suspense and misery. Guy and I had wandered away from the rest of the searchers, and were toiling wearily up a hill, from which we could look down upon the landscape at our feet. We half hoped that the children might have climbed the hill too.

All of a sudden my heart stood still with horror. Almost immediately below us, but separated from us by a mile or more of rough hillside, covered with stones and undergrowth, was a little clearing in a copse, and in that clearing I saw something that made me grip at Guy's hand with a cry of dismay.

"Guy, oh! Guy, my babies," I gasped, and then he looked too, and his face grew white as ashes.

The afternoon sun poured full into the clearing, and showed us, first the children playing under the trees, absorbed in some childish game; next Luerth, standing beside them, head erect, ears pricked, and eyes fixed on a corner of the copse just behind them, and finally a man's form creeping, creeping, creeping towards my darlings.

All in that minute of time I could see how the man suddenly plunged through the brushwood into the clearing, and laid a hand on baby Sylvia's white frock, drawing her roughly towards him.

"My babies!" I cried again, and Guy seized my hand, and we dashed headlong down the hill at breakneck speed. But the loose stones, the tangle of brambles, the roughness of the ground, made going very difficult, and many times we stumbled, and slid, and almost fell.

And all the time we could see what was happening far below us, though Guy's shouts seemed to pass unheeded. We saw the man clutch at Sylvia's frock, we saw our boy lift his hands as though to beat off the men, and then we saw Luerth bound forward and hurl himself against the intruder with a deep, ferocious bark that might well have struck terror into the most courageous breast.

Luerth's charge must almost have felled the cowardly wretch to the ground, but we could see no more. Trees and bushes intercepted our view, and we scrambled on, slipping and stumbling, each slow minute of progress in itself an agony.

Then, all at once, a sharp report rang out across the stillness of the afternoon, and the sharpness of the sound seemed to make the silence that followed more deadly and more still.

Sick with horror and suspense we sped on, and I have no idea how we reached the bottom of the slope; the next thing I can remember is entering the little copse, over which twilight was already falling, though a yellow sunset still glowed beyond the trees on the hill above. Suddenly a sound broke upon our ears that made us stop suddenly and face one another with a simultaneous cry of joy.

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It was our boy's voice that we heard, his dear little piping voice singing his evening hymn with quavering, uncertain notes.

Then the small voice trembled and broke down.

"Oh, Luerth, my darling, I wish we could go home. It's getting most awful, fearful dark, and I do want my own bed and—mummy."

We struggled through to the clearing, and there a sight met my eyes which will remain a vivid picture in my mind until my dying day.

Luerth, our faithful Luerth, lay stretched full length upon the ground, his dear head lifted a little as though listening, his ears pricked, his aspect full of watchful alertness; and yet I could see, even in the gathering gloom, that his eyes were unwontedly dim. Lying curled against his warm shaggy body was our little son, his hands still folded for his hymn, his small troubled face turned towards Luerth's.

And held closely between the dog's fore-paws was—Sylvia, our baby Sylvia—sleeping as sweetly and peacefully as if she were in her own white cot at home.

Luerth saw us first, but beyond an eager movement of the tail, he did not stir, lest his charges should be disturbed. But his eyes turned towards me with a look of positive relief in their velvety brown depths, and he gave vent to a sigh, as of one who feels his work accomplished, and who can at last relax some terrible strain.

When our boy saw us he sprang up with a cry and ran to me.

"Mummy, oh, mummy!" he cried, "take us home quick, me and baby and Luerth—the wicked man shooted Luerth, and he's dreadful hurt."

"Shot Luerth! Who has shot Luerth? And, oh! Sonny boy, are you hurt too?" I cried, clasping the child closer, for I suddenly saw that my little son's white clothes were stained with crimson stains, and that there was a dabble of blood on his little hands.

"No, no, mummy," he said vehemently, "me and Sylvia aren't a bit hurt—not a scrap of a bit. Luerth wouldn't let the wicked man come near to us. He stood between us and that man, and growled all the time, and the shot went into him—he's dreadful, fearful hurt."

Whilst the child was speaking Luerth lifted his head and looked at me again with wistful, anguished eyes that held in them a whole world of love and longing, and that seemed to say, as plainly as though he had spoken, "You see I did take care of your babies for you—I did my very best."

I knelt down beside my beautiful dog, and laid my hand on his rough coat without a word. I could not have spoken; there was a lump in my throat that nearly choked me, and the tears were raining down my face, so that I saw my dear dog's face through a mist as Guy tried to find that fatal wound that was draining Luerth's life blood away.

That wound was pitifully easy to discover, and though Guy, helped by one of the grooms who just then appeared on the scene, did everything that could possibly be done, I think we all knew from the first that it was hopeless.

When I lifted Sylvia from between those strong, loving paws, her dimpled hand went up and stroked the dog's wistful face tenderly.

"Poor, poor Luerth," she said, "he did take care of us—same as he always does—and the ugly man could not touch us—only shooted his gun."

Only shooted his gun!

Ah! that was all in baby Sylvia's mind, but the shot had done its work, and Luerth was dying.

He lay very still, very patient, very quiet—an example of heroic endurance to us impatient, querulous human beings—and only once or twice a tiny moan escaped his lips.

His head was in my lap, my hand rested upon it—he grew restless if I moved it away; one of his great paws lay on my knee, and his eyes remained fixed on my face—those faithful eyes, that were such a perfect mirror of his faithful soul.

I called gently to the groom to take the children home. I did not want their tender little hearts to be wrung by the sight of Luerth's suffering and death, but I think our little son guessed that something strange was happening, for before he was led away, he knelt down, and putting his arms round Luerth's neck, softly kissed the dog's shaggy head.

"Good night, Luerth, my darling," he said, in his clear voice, "good night, God bless you, 'cos you did take care of us, Luerth, my dear."

The great soft eyes, with their wonderful human look, gazed wistfully into the child's face, and Luerth lifted his paw feebly from my knee, in a last effort to do homage to the little master he adored. But the effort failed, the paw dropped back, and my boy stroked it gently, whispering: "Never mind, Luerth. The bad man hurted you, but you'll be better

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soon. P'raps you'll be quite well when morning comes, and you did take care of baby Sylvia and me!"

The end came to Luerth soon after the children had gone, and then the light died at last out of those loving eyes, and Guy lifted me up and took me away; I cried as if my heart would break.

Dear, faithful Luerth! After the firing of that fatal shot, instead of creeping away to die alone, he had gathered up his failing strength to take our baby girl between his paws and shelter her; he had made a pillow of himself for our boy's head, suffering, who can tell what tortures, whilst he lay patiently waiting for the end.

The children's queer disjointed account of the disaster was corroborated by Bill Jennings himself, who was taken the very next day. He was a curious sullen man, but he said sheepishly to Guy:

"I never meant for to kill your dog, Mister—he was a game 'un, he was. I never meant for to do for he. Looked at me with eyes like a human he did, after I'd shot him, and I couldn't touch the little Miss when he looked at me that way. I meant for to take her right off, but I couldn't do nothing of that when the dog looked at me—I couldn't a' done it," and, to Guy's unfeigned amazement, the great rough man burst into loud sobs, repeating, "I couldn't do nothing more to the little Miss when he looked at me that way."

Luerth's last resting-place is amongst the roses in the garden, and carved upon the stone that marks his grave are the words:

"Faithful Unto Death."

The end came to Luerth soon after the children had gone.

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The writer as himself—

HOW I STOKED AN ATLANTIC LINER.

By Vivian Carter.

A vivid description of the hardest of all lives, the life of a stoker. The author, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject, signed on as a trimmer and put in some heavy work in the stokehold.

—and as a stoker on a Transatlantic liner.

This spring I took a trip from Liverpool to New York as a steerage passenger with a view of finding out from practical experience how the modern "greyhound" treats its emigrant passengers. Having satisfied myself that there are many worse things to be experienced in this life than the modern steerage, I decided on my return voyage to carry my inquisitiveness even further, and find out what it was like to work for a while as a fireman.

Accordingly I got the permission of the Chief Engineer on one of the newest and finest of the British Atlantic liners with a tonnage of 14,058, to join his stokehold staff, and for a part of the voyage, at any rate, to undergo just the same experience as one trained to the life. I formally signed on as a coal-trimmer, and was placed on the eight to twelve watch, where the second engineer, a big, good-natured Scotchman, assured me he would personally see that I did not shirk my work.

I had secured from a friendly stoker the necessary rig out. The clothes had been lying idle for some time, and when I donned them a mouse lightly tripped out of their folds. It was a minor forecast of the kind of surprises in store for me in the stokehold—and I needed it.

Each fireman works for eight hours, and rests sixteen. The watches are from twelve to four, four to eight, and eight to twelve. A man on the eight to twelve watch, for instance, works between those hours morning and evening, and enjoys eight hours' rest between each four hours' work.

My watch was in some ways the best, as one gets eight hours' sleep at the proper time, and works when one's energy is supposed to be best. The wages of a coal-trimmer are £4 10s. per month. A fireman gets his £5, a greaser £5 10s., while the store-keepers, refrigerators, and electricians receive £6.

The usual muster before the captain, and drill having taken place early on the morning before sailing, I joined my new comrades, a good-natured set of men, mostly from Lancashire and Ireland, who chaffed me greatly as a "non-union" man.

After muster there was no more going ashore. A man who does so is liable to six months' imprisonment. Not only did we bid good-bye to the shore, but also to the passengers' quarters. We gave one passing glance into the saloons from the deck on which we mustered, smelt for once the fragrant fumes of the first-class cooking, and gazed with envy at the beautiful apartments where passengers smoke, or read, or play musical instruments.

If a fireman is caught in passengers' quarters, even those of the steerage, he is liable to prosecution for larceny. The offence is treated as "broaching cargo," and punished

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accordingly. As the stoker who was piloting me through read the notice, he laughed. On one of his voyages from New York they had a very officious second engineer, who made it profanely hot for a fireman thus out of bounds. Once he spotted the back of a black figure in the Second Class saloon. With a furious oath he shouted to the "black pig" to get below at once. When the "black pig" turned his head, the engineer was faced by a negro passenger, a well-known "coon" parson in New York. All that is black is not a fireman.

I descended to the stokehold as the ship moved out of dock. A thick fog hung over us. Passengers were waving farewells and taking stock of their fellow passengers. In the engine-room a succession of jangling bells announced the captain's signals to the engineer, which are recorded on a dial watched by two assistants and registered in a book. In turn it would be "slow" or "half," "dead slow" or "stop." The deep boom of our whistle vibrated throughout the ship, and warned droves of snorting ferry boats to keep clear of us.

Further below still, the greasers were at work oiling the engines. I passed through what looks like a vast factory, mysterious engines, dynamos, refrigerators, which it would take one a lifetime to understand, and descended ladders bounded by the greasiest of poles. I passed one of the tunnels through which penetrate the shafts, the breakage of which has stranded many a vast ship in mid-ocean. When the shaft breaks, the screw will probably be lost. The engines will fly round at a violent rate and shake the ship from stem to stern, as there is nothing to resist them. The steam must be shut off, and the ship reduced to a powerless hulk until something comes to the rescue. Then I planted my foot into the stokehold.

Huge black furnaces towered over my head, mysterious burrowing little tunnels radiated to and fro to hidden black bunkers—the scene of my labours. Before the furnaces stood groups of black figures, waiting for the instruction to steam ahead. Now and again a furnace door would be opened, throwing forward a lurid glare, and a man would throw in the slightest of shovelfuls. As yet we were only gingerly moving out into the harbour, and the stokehold work was in suspense.

I must pass to the beginning of my watch to tell of the real scene in the stokehold, when the ship has passed Sandy Hook, and entered the broad ocean, and the fires had to be forced into furious activity to make her attain her full speed.

A gong was sounded, and the forty-five men — twenty-five stokers and twenty trimmers—who had to relieve the previous watch slid down the greasy rails, and rushed to their work. The second engineer, clad in overalls, and distinguishable from the men only in that he wore a close-cut black beard, stood directing us.

"Now then," he cried in an encouraging voice, "we want some steam. Cheer up, boys."

This meant that during the next four hours some eighty to ninety tons of coal had to be passed from bunkers to furnaces, and consumed. Each man must consume in his furnace about three and a quarter tons.

The furnace doors were thrown open, and the men seized long iron rakes, thrust them far into those avenues of flame, and drew out huge cakes of white hot cinders known as clinkers. I was ordered to fetch a bucket, fill it with cold water, and stand by ready to throw it over. With the simultaneous opening of the fires the heat suddenly became overpowering. Coal dust flew about in blasts, filling my eyes, nose, and mouth, and making me cough and splutter.

I took my superior's instruction too previously, and flung the water violently over the flaming clinkers. I had miscalculated, and a scalding cloud of vapour suddenly rose, to the cursing of those in its neighbourhood and the choking of myself.

My superior with the rake told me next time only to sprinkle the water as though I were watering a plant. Half a pint, he said, extinguishes better than a bucket full. Men have had their faces terribly scalded by drenchings such as I had given.

The clinkers were carted away in barrows, and I proceeded to coal trimming, my work for the next three and a half hours. I left the blazing heat and seized my barrow. I had to wheel it through the narrow tunnel, fill it with coal from the bunker, wheel it back again, empty it at the stoker's feet, and keep on until the watch is over.

As I took up the barrow, a blast of icy air blew down the ventilation shaft above. In the stokehold in winter one experiences the extremes of temperature. But that is a small complaint. In the summer the men sigh in vain for one whiff of that kindly cold. As a matter of fact men seldom do catch cold from the contrasts of stokehold life.

The "green" hand is a familiar figure to the stokehold, and he has his marked out

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A scene in the stokehold of a big ship. The doors of the furnaces are opened, making the heat of the place overpowering; the air is full of flying sparks and choking coal-dust, which filled the eyes and lungs of the writer, when he made his first trip as a stokehold hand.

code of treatment. It is a cruel, hard life for a novice, and his fellow men recognise that. Many are the little kindnesses shown to him if he is really overpowered by the work. He will probably be seasick for his first voyage. A fellow will give him a drink of sea-water—the stokehold's antidote—and hope he will soon be better. Or, if his hands are sore, as they certainly will be on his first trip, somebody will find him an old pair of gloves.

Work runs more on masonic lines perhaps than in any other trade. The ship can only carry a certain number of men. If one of them is knocked over, it simply means that the others have to make up by additional work for his absence, and it would be rank "bad form" for a fellow to allow that unless compelled. Shamming, or shirking, therefore, is not so much an offence against your employers as your fellow men, who suffer on your behalf.

I picked up my barrow and wheeled it through one of those narrow tunnels, at the end of which is the bunker. In front of me was a mound of coal, partly dust and partly small cobbles. Large cobbles must be taken out separately and reserved for the "clean" fires. I shovelled vigorously till my barrow was filled, and proceeded to wheel it back through the tunnel to the furnaces.

At first I could hardly lift it, let alone balance and wheel it through a tunnel just wide enough to admit my body, and scarcely high enough for my head. I got it through somehow, as a crowd of idle trimmers watched my struggles and laughed uproariously. I returned and filled another barrow, then another, until I had completed twelve. Then my arms and wrists got stiff, and choking with the dust, perspiring violently with the heat, I had to rest for awhile. I wondered whether I could really go on with the work for another hour, and stood there helpless and ashamed of myself.

Should I have to confess that I was beaten so soon? The thought came to me of those in luxury above me smoking their cigars, drinking their liqueurs, and congratulating each other if their energy admitted of a walk on

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deck or a game of cards. I had never felt what the gulf is between rich and poor until now, when we shared the same vessel—the one in idle luxury, the other in excessive hardship.

Then I was relieved by an order to go with another trimmer to the "'tween decks" bunker, to serve the man in the bunker below with more "cobbles." The other man took a small lamp, and told me to follow him up a ladder, gripping a stanchion for support. Up another ladder still, and then I must hoist myself on to a platform above, escaping a yawning black hole below me. It seemed as though we were actually scaling the inferno. The heat here was greater than below, for it was a still, dead heat, not an exuberant blaze.

Later on I went "'tween decks" during a heavy sea. One of those unexpected lurches, or shakings, might send me headlong down the yawning hatch below me. My fellow trimmer began throwing "cobbles" down below to some unseen person. After, not before, he had shot the lumps of coal down, he gave the warning cry, "Look out! Coming down," and we knew by the splintering crash that it had *not* fallen on the fellow's head.

I crept down those ladders once more, feeling faint and seasick. I had to rush to a pump to get a glass of water. It is said that a sudden shock is one of the best cures for seasickness. As I made for that water I experienced it. The fires were now at their full fury, and the men heaving huge shovelfuls of coal far into the recesses of those glowing depths. As I passed near one of them I was startled by a terrific report. In my nervous, almost fainting state, I imagined a boiler had burst. Men in the act of hurling shovels full into their fires had stopped, and even the engineer on watch had jumped at the report. A scalding, hissing cloud of smoke filled the neighbourhood of the furnace, so that I could scarcely see the stoker in front of it. I had turned my head away and made myself scarce, as I heard fragments of splintering material dropping on the metals.

Then a burly fellow charged into me and swept me out of the way with a curse. Jumping on to an

A common, though happily not dangerous, accident in the stokehold, is the bursting of a gauge-glass. This makes a terrific explosion, and nearly startled the writer of these experiences out of his wits the first time he encountered it.

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iron platform he became invisible amongst the smoke, was there for a second, and returned. It was not the bursting of a boiler, but merely the breakage of a gauge-glass—a twenty inch glass cylinder which shows the depth of water in a boiler. It had burst, and the glass had been splintered to the right and left, and the man had to shut off two taps—the one water, the other steam. It is no unusual occurrence. Sometimes two of these glasses burst during the day, and some firemen recall the breakage of seven at a time, with appallingly noisy results. Even the chief engineer, with all his experience, will start at one of these unexpected little accidents.

Save an occasional scalding, a man is not often injured by this. Far more serious are the consequences of his opening the doors of his furnaces without first shutting off his forced draught. A careless man—perhaps one who has boarded the ship the worse for liquor—may, on starting his watch, forget to shut off the three checks at the side of the furnace which regulate this detail. On opening the door, a blinding draught will fly into his face, and probably scorch him frightfully.

But the surprises are to be experienced most in a gale. There is no limit to the number of minor casualties when the ship is alternately rolling and pitching, when her propeller is constantly above the water and her engines flying round like fury, shaking her violently in every section. As I trimmed at my barrow the ship would give a sudden lurch, and my spade would fly out of my hand. If I wheeled it through the tunnel without knocking my head against the side, I considered myself fortunate.

We would hear a furious tempest raging without. With the roll of the ship tools would fly about in all directions. A rake, which had been lying idle at one side of the stokehold, would come violently sliding towards one. If you stood in the neighbourhood of a hatch anything might come suddenly down on to your head. Perhaps a shovel has been mislaid somewhere above, so down it would come with a crash. One of those cobbles in the "'tween decks" bunker would volunteer its services to the man shovelling below and narrowly escape his head.

To be struck somewhere by a small lump of coal was no unusual experience during a storm. A violent roll of the ship would close a furnace door as the stoker was actually throwing in his coal. The door would collide with his shovel, and perhaps sweep it out of his hand. Coals, live and dead, clinkers straight from the furnace would suddenly make for one's boots. You have perhaps travelled saloon in a liner and laughed at the manner in which a glass or a bottle will pass itself to you at table in a gale, unsought, unasked. Imagine what the same unceremonious agency may enact in the regions below.

A man would suddenly find himself precipitated the whole length of the stokehold. Those standing by would laugh and ask him if he were running to catch his train.

But this is not all. Those mountainous seas which you have, perhaps, watched with admiration—if you have been a good sailor—will come sweeping over the ship. We did not escape them below. During a gale it was no unusual thing for a miniature Niagara to rush down the ventilator, and drench anyone who happened to be standing near. A sea, too, will sometimes alight on a mass of clinkers, and save the trimmer his task of extinguishing them, scalding him and his neighbours the while by an upward rush of scalding steam.

Our watch over, we ascended to our berths. It was midnight, but though exhausted and demoralised, we did not at once go to bed. We threw buckets of water over each other—the cleanlier of us—and sat round a table. My stokers were far from hardened wretches, in spite of their seemingly cruel lives. They talked with pride of their work. A man's fire may, for all we know, be his only pride and love.

When I asked what sort of food we got in the stokehold I was told "mostly 'ash." I felt a little startled, forgetting the dropped "h." However, the stock dinner dish is "hoodle," a mixture of meats, potatoes, and soup. For breakfast "'ash," for tea, meat—of a kind—and bread. Having once crossed to America in the steerage, it did not take me long to get into the swing of these rations, though it had not been so very long ago that I was sitting in the palm room of the Waldorf Astoria.

Our principal grievance was that we were not on the four to eight watch. It was an epicurean grievance—we missed the "black pan." At eight every night the chief steward sends the men on the watch just over, a huge tin containing the leavings from the saloon passengers' plates. It is received from the steward by a trimmer—who no doubt gets his first "whack" at some dainty morsel. Meat, fish, mayonnaise of lobster, green vegetables, pastry, tarts, fat from joints, are all jumbled together in a mixture of gravy and soup.

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As to who gets which is a matter of physical contest. The "blackies" simply rush for the pan, and sometimes topple over the trimmer in charge before he has had a chance himself.

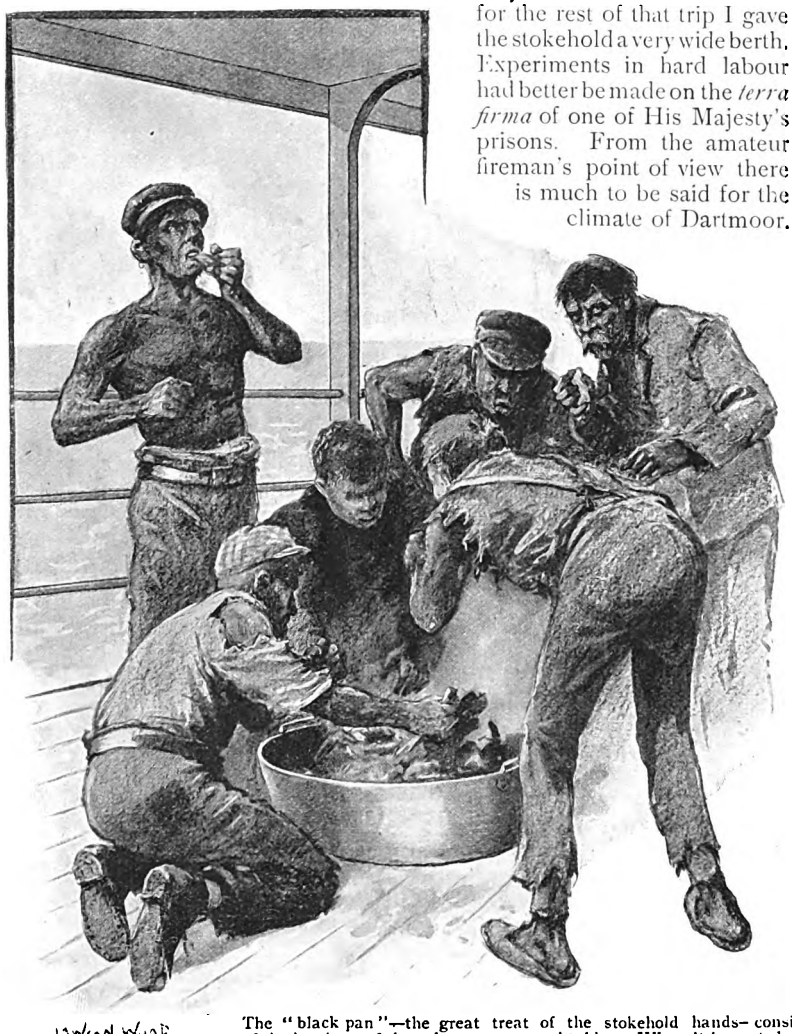
I only once sampled the "black pan." For some reason or another the steward sent us one at lunch time. Seeking to escape the stuffy air of our berth, I carried it out on to deck. Once there, there was a rush for it like a Rugby "scrum." Black hands simply tore off slices of meat, or tit-bits of a gentler character. At the sight of us, I saw several steerage passengers turn ashy pale and run away. It was rough weather, and we were too much for them.

One day at about eleven o'clock, during the morning watch, my arms had grown unusually stiff with shovelling. It was a warm day, and people above were, I knew, lolling about lazily on deck. I was as usual perspiring heavily, and the great ship was going ahead at her full speed. The stokehold was hotter, murkier, and grimier than ever, and my eyes and mouth fuller of coal dust and grit.

For another weary hour I shovelled and wheeled, and then I told the second engineer that I had satisfied myself as to the work of the stokehold, and if there was anything further to learn on the subject, I would willingly accept the evidence of others. As for myself all I wanted just then was a bath and a clean suit of clothes.

For a solid hour I applied to myself buckets of water, and lather upon lather of yellow soap. I sent a polite note to the purser that he would kindly have delivered to the engineer's quarters a portmanteau that had been deposited with him at New York labelled with my name, and inform me what staterooms he had vacant.

At lunch time that day saloon passengers noted with interest the first appearance of a new passenger, a red-eyed, rough-skinned apparition, and told each other that I must be a very bad sailor indeed to have stayed in my cabin so long. I explained that I *was* a bad sailor—that is, I had been a sailor sailing under very bad conditions—and for the rest of that trip I gave the stokehold a very wide berth. Experiments in hard labour had better be made on the *terra firma* of one of His Majesty's prisons. From the amateur fireman's point of view there is much to be said for the climate of Dartmoor.



The "black pan"—the great treat of the stokehold hands—consists of the leavings of the saloon passengers' tables. When it is sent down by the steward there is a tremendous scramble for the items of the strange compound of meat, sweets, vegetables, and fruits.

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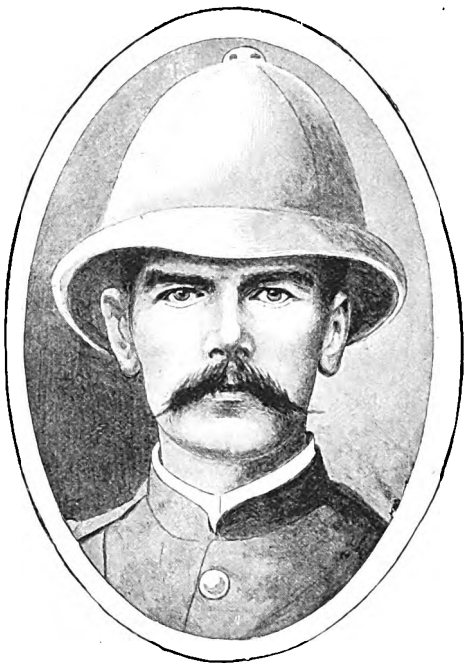
A Triumph of Craft.



By
Walter Wood.

Illustrated by
Stanley L. Wood.

Being another of Major Kay's Wonderful Adventures in the Soudan.

The authorities, who are occasionally discerning, had recognised in Hubert Kay a man of vast resource and value. His swiftness to adapt himself to circumstances, his cleverness in making plans and his skill in executing them, his power of overcoming craft and cunning in a land where men are born deceivers, had marked him for exceptional reward and favour. From Egypt he had been dispatched up country with a step in rank and the right to carry out his projects in the way that he considered best.

Kay held a document in his hands marked "Urgent and confidential," and he was discussing it with Maule, his second in command.

Kay read through the dispatch repeatedly until he had gripped its purpose, and then, in answer to Maule's look of inquiry, said: "That Deliverer again. He has sent round to his people and raised his banner for a holy war. The mud hut which he calls his palace is exactly twenty-three miles due south-west. Maule, we march to-night, with all our available men."

"You will take the place by storm, of course?"

Kay shook his head and laughed indulgently.

"No, no, my boy, these are not the days of Badajoz. For once your ardour must be put aside. This is more a case for finesse and tact than steel and bullet. There will be no medals or dispatches here—nothing even for the papers to tell lies about. Here are we, and there," pointing to a fort marked in small letters on the map, "is the Deliverer. I am going to catch my fish first, and then, perhaps, you may have all the blood and the thunder you like."

"What does the dispatch say?" asked Maule.

"Here you are. 'The Soudanese are rising. The centre of the disaffection is the Abou Shepped Fort, and the head of it is the person who styles himself the Deliverer and Lord of the Desert. The rising must be put down at any cost. On no account must it be allowed to spread. It is particularly necessary that the person be taken alive, so that he may act as a mediary between us and the hostile tribes. If necessary, he must be paid. If he cannot be captured, he must be destroyed. You have for this purpose plenary powers.'"

"Plenary powers, good," commented Maule, as Kay finished the dispatch and methodically restored it to the official envelope. "Personally, I'd hang his lordship upon the nearest tree, and leave him there as a warning to his fellow tribesmen who have anti-British leanings."

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"H'm, yes; I've no doubt you would, Maule. But, as I said before, we are not in the days of Wellington, and you must postpone your desire for undying fame. It is now half-past four. We march at ten-thirty to-night in the lightest possible kit. You understand?"

"Very good, sir," said Maule, and, saluting, he left the tent.

At ten o'clock Kay made his inspection of the little column, and at half-past the hour he was leading it through barren land towards the fort. During the night it covered fifteen miles. For twelve hours next day it slept and rested. Before the sun reddened the sky on the Thursday, the chief halted at the foot of a hill which jutted far out on a plain. On the other side, round the sweep of the eminence, was Fort Abou Shepped—a small town inclosed by a mud wall, in which were four gates.

It was about five hundred yards square, and rose abruptly from the plain. In the centre of the walled-in space was the residence of the Deliverer, a flat-roofed dwelling forming three sides of a square courtyard. Curiously painted devices and passages from the Koran upon its plastered front were standing proof of the holy atmosphere which this active enemy of the Government had created for himself. A straggling path led over the stony plain to the main-gate of the fort. This entrance was flanked by two small battlemented towers, from one of which an almost black sentry sent keen glances from right to left and in front of him, but saw nothing of the swiftly moving, silent enemy who had marched up and pitched camp within the shadow of the neighbouring hill.

While his force was settling down, Kay was reconnoitring the fort, invisible to the sleeping inhabitants within its walls, and before the column's early breakfast was served he was back and sharing it, clinching his plan of operations as he crunched hard biscuit and drank coffee whose only merit was its warmth. He refreshed quickly, then entered his tent and wrote some orders which he gave to Maule.

"Now," he said, "help me to change this khaki for the outfit of an Arab merchant. My face and hands are dark enough, thanks to this blazing sun."

Beneath his robe he carried, secure and easy of access, a revolver. For the rest he depended on his knowledge of the Soudanese and their tongue, and on the marvellous good fortune which so far had never failed him.

"How does it strike you?" he asked, when the disguise was finished.

"So far as looks go you are twin-brother to a cut-throat son of the desert," answered Maule.

"That is all I could wish for. Listen. Here is my plan—I explain it now in case I don't return. I am going, in the guise of a friend of the Deliverer and his fellow ruffians, to enter the fort and tell him that the British know of his intentions, and are advancing. On the pretence of friendship I am going to learn all I can about his strength, and then see what luck brings to us. I won't return to camp alone. By hook or crook I shall bring his lordship with me." Kay smiled as he added this sentence.

"If you are found out, sir, of course——" began Maule hesitatingly.

"Quite so. They'll be readier with the knife than the Koran. In that case, you can carry out your heart's desire. Storm the fort and hang the fellow to a tree. Don't leave a man alive, or one stone standing on another. Good-bye."

The tall figure stalked away from the camp. Maule marvelled as he watched him swing along, the embodiment of strength and confidence.

Kay was still a young man, with no family ties of any sort, and no love in the world except for his profession. A man of extraordinary physical endurance and mental power, he was a born leader of his fellows. A dozen little wars had made him what he was—a soldier of that new school which had come into existence under stress of circumstances—the school which adapted its fighting methods to its enemy's peculiarities and which recognised that the system which was good for machine-made troops was useless when employed against fighters who relied on the cunning courage which they shared with beasts of prey.

"The man has absolutely no fear," murmured Maule, as the chief disappeared. "He walks into the jaws of death as unconcerned as if he were entering a place of worship."

It was still early morning, and only a drowsy sentry on the main-gate observed the coming of the solitary figure over the lonely plain. He was an evil-looking Soudanese, and covered the advancing figure with his rifle.

Kay advanced to the gateway. Seeing that he was entirely alone, the sentinel lowered his rifle and gripped the hilt of his knife.

A dozen yards from the gateway Kay was challenged.

"I come to see and talk with the Lord of

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the Desert—at once, and alone," he said imperiously.

The sentry descended from the little tower, and opened the gate wide enough for Kay to enter. As soon as he was inside the fort the gate was shut, and, knife in hand, the sentry confronted him. His fierce eyes were turned on the mysterious stranger, scrutinising his garments, head-dress, and face. Kay looked steadily back, and the sentry's sullen lips muttered some reply to the request for admission. Then aloud he said:

"The Lord of the Desert is sleeping, and cannot be disturbed."

"If he knew that I come from over the plains, where the British troops are gathering, he would see me," continued Kay.

The sentry hesitated.

"If thy master cannot be disturbed, it is enough," added Kay, with affected indifference.

"Tell thy tale, and I will carry it to him," said the sentry sourly.

"I alone will tell him," answered Kay firmly. "If I may not, open the gate, and I will go back the way I came."

The sentry gave an evil smile. "It is easier for the wolf to enter the sheep-fold than it is for him to return," he said. Again his fierce glance swept from head to foot of Kay, and there was a flash of pleasure in the look. "Follow me," he said abruptly.

He turned his back upon the visitor, and led the way through the dark entrance. "I will lead thee to his door, and ask if he will see thee," he added.

Before stepping out to follow him Kay, remembering the sentry's smile, gave a quick look at his clothing, wondering if there was any part of his disguise which was faulty, or anything in his speech which could have betrayed him. In the gloom of the archway he could see nothing.

They passed into the light of an open space. His conductor turned again. For an instant his eyes rested on the front of Kay's clothing, and there was a gleam of cruel teeth. He turned his head away quickly, and Kay bent his own eyes to the spot at which the sentry had glanced.

Then he understood that the sentry knew him for a spy, for the robe he wore had opened slightly at the breast, and there was visible a space of tell-tale white skin.

When Kay raised his eyes he saw that the sentry was carrying his knife in his right hand, aud was keeping watch upon him.

"Thy mother was of fairer race than mine, said the sentry, and laughed.

Kay did not answer. His brain was fertile in invention, but was not equal to the peril of the moment. He knew that already, unless the unforeseen should happen, his life would be the price of his adventure.

Passing through a yard in which a few wild-looking men were sleeping and about a score of camels resting, and passing so quietly that the sleepers were not disturbed, Kay and his guide went up a steep pathway, on the right side of which was a low mud wall. As they ascended he saw that they were nearing the dwelling which was perched on the top of the hill inside the fort. When at last they stopped it was at a strong doorway in a wall which rose abruptly from the steep ground.

As the sentry knocked at the door his eyes were for an instant turned from Kay. Before the sound of the knock had ceased, and the eyes could be directed again upon him, Kay had sprung at the sentry, clapped one hand across his mouth, and with the other, his right, had struck him a hammer-like blow on the temple.

There was the clash of the falling knife, a stifled groan, and a convulsive movement of the sentry's body. But before the sentry could recover from the blow, Kay's arms were around him, and the senseless form was raised in them, and dropped over the low wall. There was a dull thud; but no cry or word of speech, and when Kay looked down he saw the figure lying where it had fallen.

He had barely time to stoop and seize the knife and hide it under his robe when the door was opened and an angry voice ordered him to enter.

Before the speaker could see who it was that he addressed, Kay had slipped into the room and shut the door behind him. His heart was beating quickly with excitement and the exertion he had undergone, but he controlled himself and faced his enemy.

Kay took the situation into his own hands. "Lord of the Desert," he began, "I have travelled hard to tell thee that the white-faced pig-eating British, the clay-coloured men with the big hats, are in readiness to march against thee."

Kay noticed that the Deliverer's eyes were wild and bloodshot, as if he had not rested in the night. He looked hard and distrustfully at his visitor, and his right hand sought the hilt of a dagger that was hidden in his bosom.

"I did not expect to see a stranger's face," he said. "Was it *thy* voice I heard at the door?"

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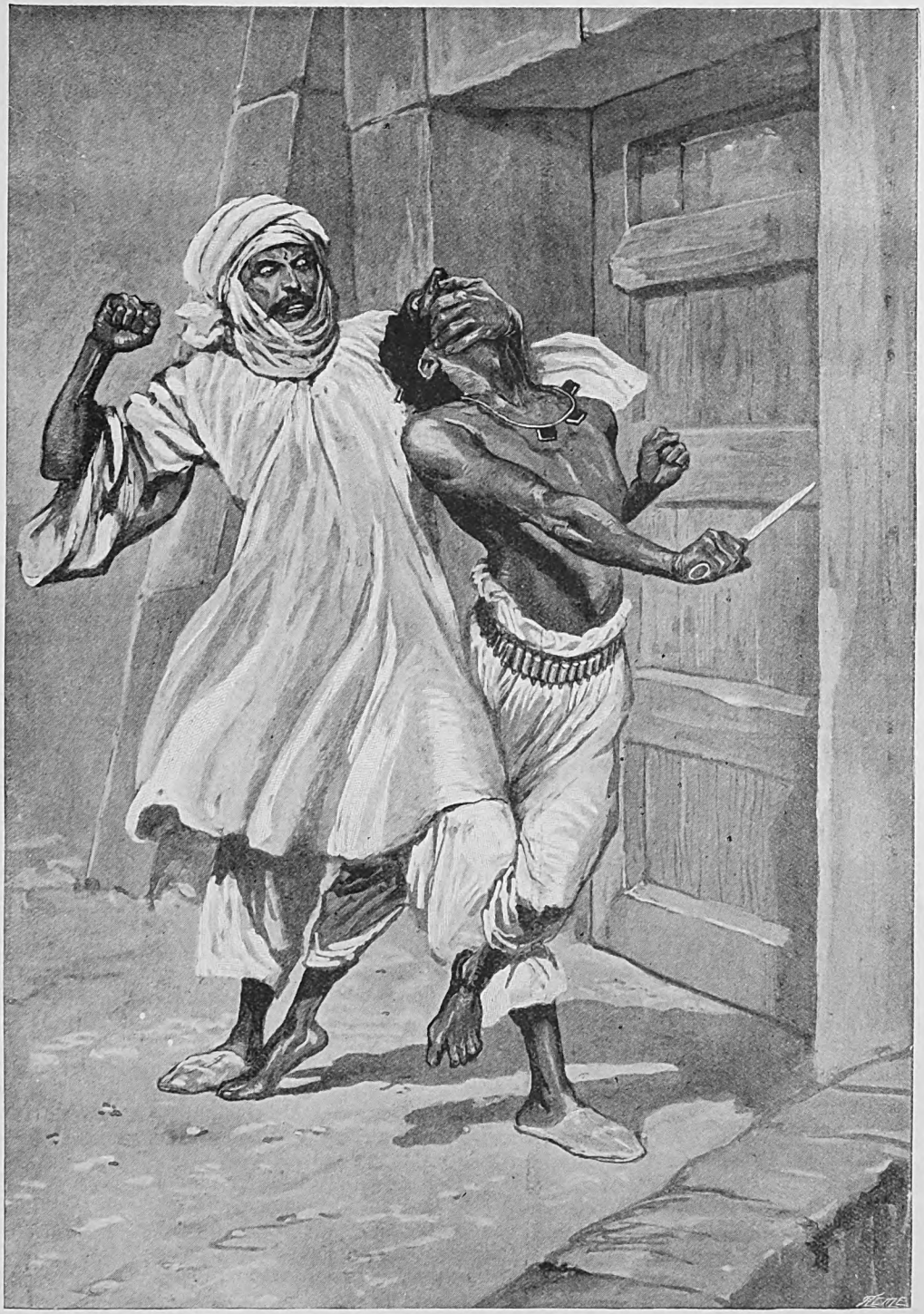

Kay had sprung at the sentry, clapped one hand across his mouth, and with the other, his right, had struck him a hammer-like blow on the temple.

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"It was," replied Kay steadily.

"And who admitted thee to the fort?"

"Thy sentinel, to whom I said that what I had to tell was for thy ear alone. But he was faithful; his knife was almost at my throat until thy voice was heard bidding me enter."

"Make way; I will have him with us while we talk." As he spoke, the Deliverer advanced a step towards the door.

Kay did not move, and the Deliverer, troubled and in doubt, halted. "Stand aside," he commanded, "or I will stab thee to the heart with this." He whipped his dagger out.

Kay almost smiled, and prepared to meet, in his own peculiar way, a sudden onslaught.

The knife, concealed beneath his robe, was secure from falling, and he raised his hands. "Thou seest that I have no weapon," he said. "What am I against thy own?"

"Get thy message delivered," ordered the Deliverer. "If it is for me alone I will listen; if it is not, thou shalt be handed over to my people. They are ripe for plunder, and may shear some wool even from a back like thine."

"The British," continued Kay, "are even now marching towards thee, and are not more than twenty miles from thy gates. If thou canst lead thy men against them, they may be overpowered and destroyed. But thy onslaught must be swift and merciless."

The Deliverer was startled. "Marching against me!" he exclaimed. "I have not declared war with them."

"They have heard of thy intentions," Kay assured him.

"I have no army to lead forth," vowed the Deliverer almost despairingly.

"No army," repeated Kay.

"That is to say," added the Deliverer hurriedly, "my horsemen left me yesterday to take my women and valuables across the plains, and I have not a score remaining with me."

Kay feared no longer. At that moment he felt a match for all the tribesmen left in the fort.

"They will return to-night," continued the Deliverer, "and to-morrow I will lead them out to meet these British. Thou, my friend, who hast warned me, shalt remain as my guest. Thou hast told me of my danger, and thou shalt direct me to the spot where I may meet it."

"If thou wilt come with me as far as the hill point—alone," said Kay, "I will show thee the place where thou mayst best await their coming."

"I do not know thee well enough to go forth thus," was the answer.

There was a cunning look in his eyes. "I will see that thou art well cared for. Who leads these dogs?"

"One Hubert Kay," replied the chief.

"The man whose breast is white with medals?" asked the Deliverer. "I have heard of him. They say he fears not anything on earth, and that he has gone through blood and fire in many lands."

"The whole world is the battleground of these British," replied Kay, not unmoved by this reference to his reputation.

"They say of him," continued the Deliverer, "that he is of lion heart and giant strength."

"I have seen him," answered Kay, "and know that he is of good presence."

"Thou also art of goodly figure," added the Deliverer, advancing towards Kay. "Hold up thy hands, so that I may see thee at thy full stature."

Kay did as he was ordered.

"Didst thou hear a strange sound when I bade thee enter?" inquired the Deliverer, whose hand was fumbling in his breast, to which he had returned his dagger.

"I heard nothing," replied Kay stolidly. He moved his right foot gently as he spoke to make certain that it was free. His companion did not observe the action.

"It was the sound of someone falling," continued the Deliverer.

"A stone rolling down the hill," suggested Kay, who had drawn his right leg up and bent it at the knee.

"Stones do not make a noise like that. Liar and spy! Thou art betrayed in everything but dress! Thou thyself art either the pig Kay or in league with him. See, already I have plucked the robe from thy breast!"

He rushed at Kay with his left hand uplifted and his right gripping his dagger. He tried to tear away the disguise, and to plunge the dagger into Kay's heart; but did neither. As he fell on him Kay shot his foot out and kicked the Deliverer like a ball into the far corner of the room. Then he sprang after him and pinned him in his arms.

The captive gave a groan of pain.

"Lord of the Desert," murmured Kay hoarsely, "if I am an impostor thou art a worse one. Try to cry aloud and I will drive this into thy bosom and deal with thee as I have dealt with thy sentinel."

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He raised the dagger which he had picked up from the floor.

He raised the dagger which he had picked up from the floor.

The Deliverer made no effort to speak or rise. He groaned feebly. Kay gave him time to recover from his shock, then raised him to his feet.

"Stand here in the light," commanded Kay, "and while I speak keep thine eye on this barrel. The instant thou failest me I will fire."

He presented his revolver. The Lord of the Desert quailed at its proximity, but remembered that he was in the heart of Abou Shepped, and that his people were within call.

"If thou shootest," he said regaining breath and courage, "thou mayst kill me, but thy own death will be only a matter of moments. Thou shalt be torn to pieces as the wolves tear dogs."

"I can keep this hole against all the people thou hast left," replied Kay. "If they come the first will make a barricade across the doorway, and for the rest—I have these." He nodded to indicate the dagger and the knife. "Besides," he added, "my troops are within rifle shot, and if I do not return within the hour they will storm the fort. Thou art fairly trapped. Come with me, and see me to my

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camp, and I will pledge my word for thy safety and fair treatment if thou wilt listen to the terms I offer."

The Deliverer reflected; then announced his decision. "I will go," he said. "It is the will of Allah."

"Good," said Kay. "Lead the way."

The Lord of the Desert rose to his feet, shook himself, and gave a swift look round. No help was near. The only thing he saw in the way of weapons, too, was the revolver. It was still in Kay's hand, and his steady finger was upon the trigger.

"Come," repeated Kay, "and remember." He slipped his pistol beneath his robe, and signed to the Deliverer to lead the way to the gate and on to the plain. Still he hesitated, and looked shiftily towards the corner where the struggle had taken place.

"If thou hast anything to bring, get it—but come quickly," said Kay.

The Lord of the Desert turned away, and without replying left the building, and led the chief out of the fort.

The Deliverer was next to the low mud wall, and as he descended the steep path he craned his neck and looked over. What he saw made him quickly withdraw his head, and he silently went down until the courtyard was reached.

Here the drowsy tribesmen cast questioning looks as they passed, but the Lord of the Desert was a hardy man in intrigue, accustomed to strange visitors, and his people, without too close a scrutiny, continued their apology for work.

Uninterrupted, the pair left the fort and emerged on the plain; but it was not until they were rounding the foot of the hill that Kay put away his revolver.

A sentry saw the two men approaching, and being a soldier who considered that all persons out of khaki were his natural enemies, prepared to challenge and shoot.

The quiet voice of Maule, who had walked up, stopped him. "Leave the matter to me," he said. The sentry stepped back, glad to be rid of his responsibility so easily.

The chief and the Deliverer advanced, and Maule prepared to go through an elaborate bit of acting that had been agreed upon with the object of preserving the disguise.

"Don't bother," said Kay. "He saw through me, and we've thrashed the matter out. Take his lordship to my tent, and wait while I get out of this kit."

Ten minutes later, khaki clad, he entered the tent and faced his prisoner. On each side of the Lord of the Desert was a soldier with fixed bayonet, behind him was an alert sergeant. Maule was in attendance to receive instructions.

"Now," said Kay, speaking briskly, "I demand the surrender of the fort and the garrison."

"I will yield neither," was the answer, very firmly given.

"Then I shall not leave one stone upon another, nor spare a man," said Kay quietly. "The returning horsemen will be destroyed as they ride on to the fort. They will fall into an ambush."

"It is Allah's will," commented the Deliverer.

"I wish the matter to be settled without the cost of a single life," continued Kay.

"My people do not fear death," remarked the prisoner.

"Thou shalt have five minutes to think," said Kay, and taking out his watch he counted the minutes as they passed.

The Lord of the Desert remained silent.

"Then the garrison must die?" asked Kay.

The prisoner nodded.

"And the horsemen who come back from the plains?"

"If Allah wills it," said the Deliverer, who had become impassive.

"The power of life and death is in my hands," continued Kay. "If I destroy the fort and all thy people, I shall not spare thee alone. I shall hang thee within sight of the fort."

The prisoner made no answer.

For the time being the chief was baffled. He had tried to work on the captive's fears, and the Lord of the Desert refused to be terrorised.

Kay determined to proceed to a last extremity. "Sergeant!" he ordered sharply, "go to Sergeant-Major Murray and say that I wish him to rig up a gallows at the corner of the hill there, well within sight of the fort."

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant, and ran on his mission, which was congenial.

"Let the prisoner see what is being done," added Kay, and the file marched him outside the tent.

Across the burning plain the prisoner saw engineers carrying poles and ropes. He saw them halt half a mile away and dig a couple of holes in the ground. In these rude sockets they planted two of the poles; a third they lashed across the top. A sergeant then looped a rope and flung it over the cross-bar, which was ten feet above the level of the ground.

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The gallows had been erected before a sharp-eyed tribesman saw them from the fort. The crack of his rifle roused his comrades, and they hurried to the mud wall from which the sentry had been thrown, and sent a harmless fire on the ground where the engineers and a company of infantry were standing.

"Bring the prisoner," said Kay, beginning to walk quickly towards the gallows, Maule accompanying him.

The two soldiers stepped smartly out, the prisoner between them, and the alert sergeant brought up the rear.

The Deliverer was taken to the front of the gallows and halted there, so that the men in the fort could see him clearly.

They recognised him as their leader, and the firing ceased.

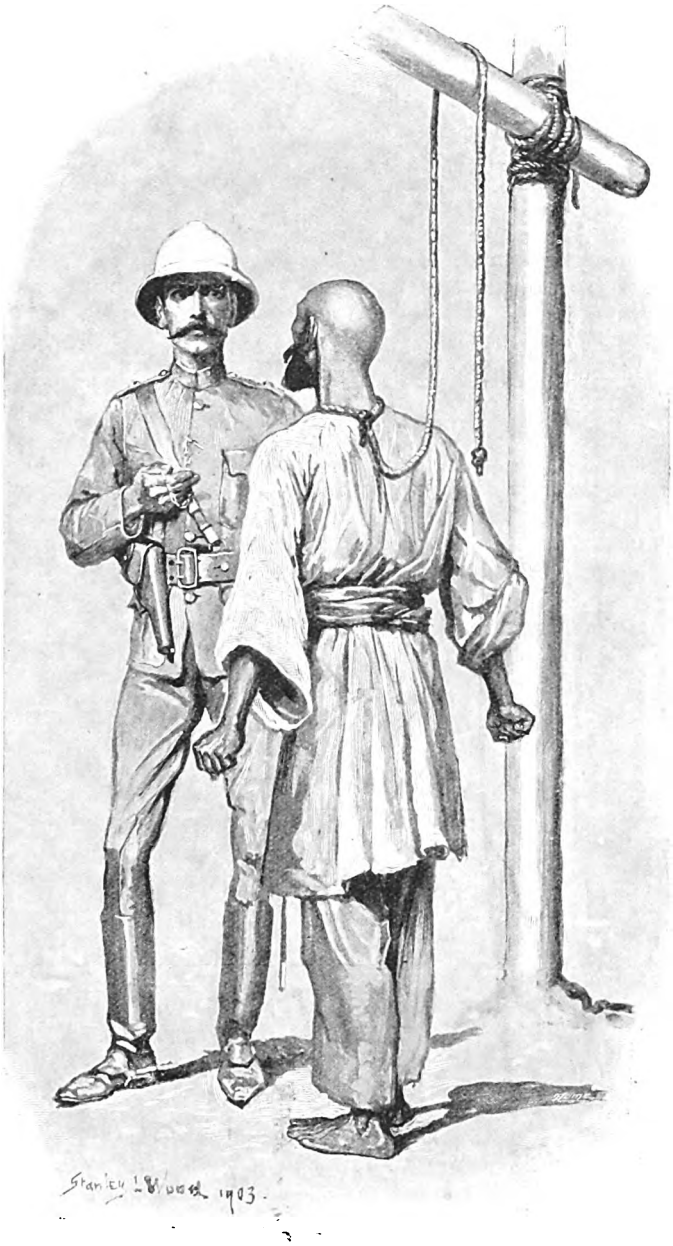
"Now," said Kay, "I will give thee three minutes to choose between death and the mercy of the British Government. One," he added, when the first sixty seconds had passed.

He held his watch in his hand, and said slowly, "Two."

The prisoner made no sign of faltering.

At a signal from Kay's hand the sergeant and the privates placed their prisoner under the cross-bar, and the sapper sergeant deftly noosed the rope around the swarthy neck. He bent and took from the ground a cord to bind the captive's limbs. But Kay motioned him back.

The seconds' hand of the watch was nearing the sixty once more when Kay played his last card. "Stand clear of the prisoner," he cried, and the men fell back. Kay went up and said, in a low voice:



Kay noticed the effect of his words.

"Lord of the Desert, thou art a brave man. I will give thee one more chance. In thy house at the fort there is a little secret well."

For the first time the prisoner showed signs of real distress.

Kay noticed the effect of his words.

"I saw it when we struggled on the ground, because my foot was caught in it. It is the

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place where thou hast hidden that which is dearer to thee than thy life or women folk, or even Paradise—it is the Well of Gold."

"And what of that?" whispered the Deliverer.

"When the fort is in ashes the gold will be taken down to Cairo. It shall never be left for thy friends who may know of its existence."

"If I carry out thy wishes," said the prisoner, "will my treasure be left to me?"

"I pledge my word for that."

"It is the will of Allah—I yield," said the Lord of the Desert, and Kay stepped aside, ordered him to be released, and taken back to the camp.

"Craft has triumphed," he remarked to Maule.

"And this is the end of the adventure?" asked Maule.

"Not quite the end," replied the chief. "I have another card to play. Let my lord come in again; I want to reason with him."

The Deliverer re-entered the tent. "Thy gold has been restored to thee," said Kay. "More is waiting—if thou carest for it."

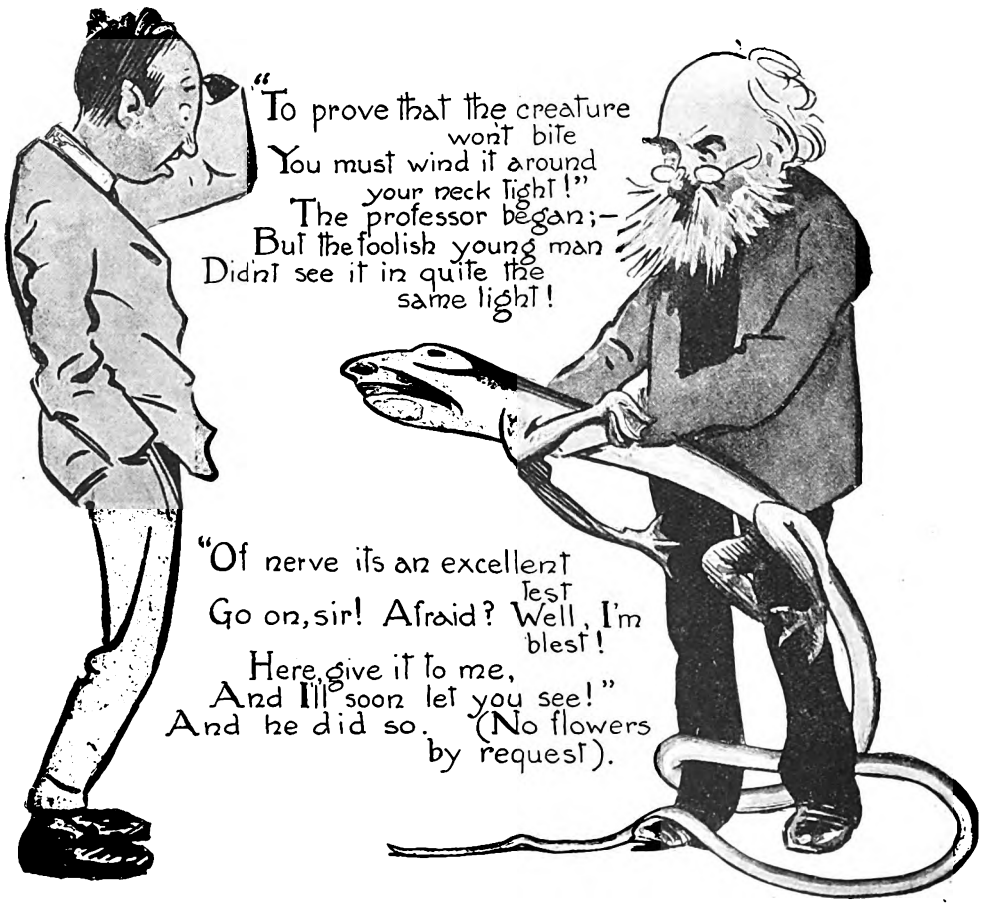
The captive's dark eyes glowed with avarice.

"So far thou hast got thy gold from the Land of the Bear," continued the chief. "They have many men and little money. We have both."

"Nay," rejoined the Deliverer. "The clay-coloured men with the big hats are few in number."

"But they salt the earth," answered Kay quickly, "and their gold is like the locusts—it is countless. I would make it worth thy while to give us thy men and take our money."

There was a long pause. Then the Lord of the Desert turned to Kay, and said: "I will come to thee with my people, and together we will fight the Children of the White Tzar. For they also are unbelievers."


"To prove that the creature won't bite
You must wind it around your neck tight!"
The professor began;—
But the foolish young man
Didn't see it in quite the same light!
"Of nerve it's an excellent test
Go on, sir! Afraid? Well, I'm blest!
Here, give it to me,
And I'll soon let you see!"
And he did so. (No flowers by request).

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How to Walk.

How to Train for a Walking Race — What to Do and What Not to Do Beforehand, and What to Eat and What to Wear on the Day of the Race.

By Edgar F. Broad,

The walker— *Winner of the Stock Exchange London-to-Brighton Walk, May Day, 1903.* —and his trainer.

The Stock Exchange has started the walking mania, and all the world has followed suit. We hear of bank clerks, accountants, fishmongers, butchers—all classes training up for great walking-races, to uphold the honour of their professions—we should not be surprised to hear of a walking-race arranged for members of the Royal Family, or to read that the Episcopal Bench was considering a sporting pilgrimage from York to Canterbury.

Therefore, a few "tips" for would-be walkers—whether butchers or bishops—may be appreciated. The first point to consider is the all-important matter of "training."

Training may seem at first sight the abandonment of all the pleasures of life—but it is really a quest after one of the greatest joys of life—perfect health and strength.

In training, a distinct advantage is on the side of the man who is prepared to discard totally the use of tobacco, but as this is a very severe trial to many, let them reduce the number of cigars or pipes as far as possible, without making their abstention an absolute hardship.

To make an irksome task of one's preparation will probably do more harm than a moderate amount of worship at the shrine of "my lady Nicotine." Still, total abstention will reap its reward. It is the same with alcoholic stimulant. Let the man who has been accustomed to his beer content himself with a glass of beer with his meat meals, and, at most, a glass for a nightcap; and let those who are willing to abstain totally gain the advantage which is the just due of their self-denial.

One benefit that will follow from adopting these principles will be the removal of inducements to keep late hours. Court repose by 10.30 at the latest, and while undressing, stand in a foot bath of sea salt to harden the feet for the task before them.

You must take up, in place of the above-named pleasures, physical exercise, hard, healthy work, a vigorous preparation of the muscles that will be called most into play when the day of the race arrives, and the principle of early to bed and early to rise.

For a great contest, such as a London-to-Brighton walk, you should go into rigorous training for five weeks at least, five days a week, with week-ends thrown in. Here follows, in outline, the best possible training for a man who would enter a hard walking contest:

He should rise at about 6.30, and take a stroll before breakfast—a couple of miles or so at a leisurely pace.

Breakfast should consist of fish, or eggs, dry toast, flavoured, perhaps, with marmalade, and fresh tea or cocoa.

After breakfast, if the champion-to-be is engaged in business, let him walk four or five miles to his work.

Lunch, or dinner, should consist of a good square meal—a chop or a steak for choice, with mountains of green vegetables (no potatoes), followed by a dish of stewed fruit, or a milk pudding, and no cheese. By way of drink, water—or a glass of beer might do no harm when a man, like a true Briton, is fond of his beer.

Assuming that the walking champion-to-be is occupied in business during the day, he should, on reaching home, at once partake of a high tea, consisting of cold meat, with a plentiful supply of salads, varied with fowl, a fried sole, an ox-tail, or any other good plain article of diet, and brown bread at least a day old, or a couple of slices of toast—there is no need to eschew butter *totally*—and for drink let him take water, cider, milk or a glass of white wine. For my own part I select water, but the tastes of those who differ from me are entitled to consideration. I do not recommend tea in company with meats.

Directly after this meal he should change

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leisurely into a walking suit, taking care to put on light all-wool clothing next to the skin. A good rub down with embrocation will prove very beneficial, and five minutes should be spent on gentle massage of the feet, which should be coated with Perfectose or some similar preparation for lubricating the surface of the skin, and thus preventing chafing or blisters. Neglect of this precaution may cause serious trouble and put a man back a week or more in his preparation. The movements of the arms and legs will also cause trouble unless the armpits and insides of thighs receive their due share of attention by lubrication. At the beginning of my walks I tried tallow, but found that too heating, to the feet at any rate.

Half-an-hour will have been spent in getting ready for the evening's walk. Now a start may be made at an easy pace for an hour, not exceeding four miles an hour. Then the meal will have had time to digest, and the pace may be increased according to capabilities, up to five or even five and a half miles an hour.

The novice will commence with two hours' exercise nightly, and his improvement will render three or four hours' work no very severe task, but let him be in no hurry to reach this point—his feelings will be his best guide. If he is conscientiously training, and feels his work irksome instead of pleasurable, let him reduce its duration for a night or two. He must not imagine that he will attain championship form in two or even three weeks.

On returning, he should at once strip and enter a warm bath—not too hot, but just a shade over the surface-temperature of his body. A handful of washing soda thrown into the bath will prove refreshing, and its cleansing properties need no comment.

As an adjunct to training, cleanliness will stand a very close second to godliness. Let the body be lathered freely with good soap—I find pine-tar soap the most refreshing of those I have tried, but the number of good soaps is almost unlimited. Whatever it is, let it be antiseptic.

The right attitude, and position of arms and feet, for a brisk walk.

An incorrect attitude, the admirer of which will lose races and get easily fagged.

On emerging from the bath the athlete should have a thorough rub down with a rough towel, and then the assistance of a competent masseur will prove a marvellous boon to him. Every muscle from neck to toe should receive attention, and the longer the rubbing the greater the benefit.

The rest obtained during this massage will give the organs of the body time to prepare for the last meal, which should be of the lightest possible nature. Milk puddings, with fresh stewed fruits, almost any of the cereal preparations now before the public, or a bowl of bread and milk with an egg beaten into it will be found suitable for the purpose.

After a short rest, bed should be sought, and sleep should follow almost instantly.

For those who aim at attaining first-class form, it will be necessary to obtain some fast practice, whether on track or road, and they should therefore place themselves in the hands of a competent coach. In this article I am, however, addressing principally those who have determined to cultivate distance walking rather than track racing. Record breakers will naturally come from the class which most successfully combines the two methods.

At the end of five weeks our man is as hard as iron; all his muscles are in beautiful working order; his feet are hard; and he has no superfluous flesh.

Three days before the day of the race he must cease all training. He must now put on a little fat, by doing nothing beyond lounging, in order that he may have a little superfluous stock on his body to work off in the course of the race.

The great questions to consider now are, what clothes shall be worn, and what food shall be eaten on the day of the tramp. To take clothes first, it is essential that the athlete shall be warmly, yet lightly, clad.

In our changeable climate one must refuse, except during a settled spell, to give the weather twelve hours' credit. A bright warm morning may be followed by a cold drenching rain before mid-day, and the competitor who means winning must be prepared against the most unfavourable conditions. Therefore, as light

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a costume as possible, of all-woollen texture, buttoning right up to the throat, and sewn to the stockings just below the knee, will prove a sure protection in case of wet weather; and provided the texture is light, will prove no hindrance in warm weather.

Don't on any consideration attempt a serious performance in new boots. Don't desert old, tried walking boots, with thickish soles, for a long road walk, with such soft leather above that the uppers do not rub the feet; wear cap and gloves, for warmth's sake, at the outset.

Now—and this is most important—before the socks are drawn on, let the feet and the inside of the socks be well rubbed with Perfectose. This is the best of all safeguards against blisters. But the athlete's feet should be so hardened by the nightly baths in brine—though not made so hard that they are liable to crack—that he should have no fear of blisters.

To take, now, the important matter of food on the race. On a long race, such as London-to-Brighton, every man should arrange to be followed on a cycle by an assistant, who will carry a basket of food.

The food should consist of such light refreshment as rice, custards, strengthening jellies, and perhaps boiled chicken—and the drink should be beef-tea, or, during the later stages of the race, either home-made ginger beer or Schweppe's ginger ale with an egg beaten up in it. Soda and milk is a thirst-quenching drink, but can hardly be recommended during the severe exertion that is called for towards the end of a race, as it is liable to curdle in the stomach, and cause unpleasant effects. The thoughtful attendant will take care that rice pudding is not immediately followed by grapes, or an orange by soda and milk.

Every half-hour in the course of the race a little nourishment should be taken; "feed in small quantities and often" is the golden rule. If a man grows fagged, refreshment should be administered by his attendant at quarter-of-an-hour intervals.

In the basket, moreover, there should be a bottle of champagne, as a stimulant to help a man over the periods of depression and doubting that are sure to come, and to give him, if necessary, the final flick at the last moment that will land him a winner. Champagne is the best of all stimulants—better than drugs, better than spirits.

Grapes, oranges, and pears may be found refreshing to moisten the mouth.

And one other matter deserves attention. A tramper should tramp to a pre-arranged time-sheet—that is to say, a little table should be prepared, setting forth the various stages and the times that should be allowed for each stage, so that the walker may know whether or not he is making the time that he should be making.

And now all that remains is for the day of the walking match to dawn, and I prophesy that the man who has faithfully carried out all the "tips" that I have given him will not be far from the first man to reach home

The attitude of a walking sprinter — arms swinging easily and legs straight.

How not to walk—the bent back causes fatigue after a few miles.

The boot for the walking racer—the sole is very thin at the toe and in front of the heel.

In the foregoing article Mr. Broad has described the exact method of training which enabled him to win this classic walking match from London to Brighton in the marvellous time 9*hrs.* 30*min.* 1*sec. for the* 52¼ *miles. The great value of this paper lies in the fact that Mr. Broad's method of training is a practical, tried method—the method that made him win. Mr. Broad himself is a city worker, and knowing nothing of walking, from a racing standpoint, he only began his training a short while before the race. This fact alone says volumes for the system he has described for the benefit of* ROYAL *readers.*

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

No. IV.—THE FIGHT IN GHOSTLY HOLLOW.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Smuggling Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the beautiful Girl who accompanies him on most of his Escapades. Sir Nicholas makes an extraordinary Wager with the Sheriff, and wins it.

The Sheriff of the county had come to hear of Captain Contraband's exploits, and being a man with a fine conceit of himself, he decided that he would take the matter in hand and settle it once for all.

And, indeed, the exploits of the Captain—known to a discreet few as Sir Nicholas Vyse, magistrate—and of a bonnie, dark-haired lass who shared his expeditions, had grown so notorious that they were the staple jest at dinner tables, where the liquor was all smuggled, at taverns, where the liquor was likewise free of duty, at roadside smithies where the country folk foregathered for a gossip. Some said he was the devil, of course, and the Preventive men rather encouraged this view of the case, since it excused in some measure their inability to catch him; but the Sheriff scorned such tales, and swore an oath that he would not touch Schnapps again till he had tried a fall with Captain Contraband.

As it chanced, Sir Nicholas Vyse—assiduous always in the performance of his duties on the Bench—had gone into the tavern of St. Thanes in search of dinner, after the business of the Petty Sessions was over. Two brother magistrates were with him, and they were laughing together at the batch of cases they had settled. These had been five in number—and the prisoners—all of whom were faithful rogues of Nick Vyse's—were summoned on the count of landing cargoes contrary to His Majesty's laws.

All had been acquitted, and Sir Nicholas himself, in a grave speech from the Bench, had pointed out the weakness of the prosecution and had rated the Preventive men for their carelessness in presenting evidence which no honest magistrate could take.

"Nothing like having a head for law, Nick," laughed one of his friends. "They were as guilty as ever men were in this world, but you tricked the law with your gravity. And why not? Damme, we all depend on 'em for liquor, eh? You do, Nick, I'll be bound."

"May be," answered Sir Nicholas with a curious smile.

"I do, for one. There's a queer flavour about liquor that has paid duty—a musty sort of flavour that spoils the palate——"

Sir Nicholas laid a hand on his arm and pointed to the door. "Not so loud, lad o' mine," he whispered. "Here's the Sheriff himself, and he's a great admirer of the law."

The Sheriff, big and pompous as of old, bowed ponderously to the three magistrates, explained that business had detained him in the town, and asked if he might join them at the table.

"Any news of Captain Contraband of

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late?" asked the Sheriff, soon as he had warmed to a discussion of the topic uppermost in his mind. "The rogue would seem to have been quieter since I took the matter up. Doubtless he heard that better men than Gauger Ralph were bent on capturing him."

The three magistrates exchanged glances, for the Sheriff's self-importance was a byword in the county.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Sir Nicholas carelessly.

"Do?" cried the Sheriff, as he sipped his Malaga. "Why, get a detachment of the military, to be sure, to hunt him down the next time I get information of his whereabouts."

"A good plan," assented Nick Vyse. "Yes, a very good plan. Perhaps, as he's been quiet so long, you will have a chance of meeting Captain Contraband quite soon."

"I'll lay you an even hundred crowns that he slips through your fingers, Sheriff," put in one of the others.

"Done," said the Sheriff, who loved a bet, particularly when he was sure it was a safe one.

"And I'll lay another hundred," cried the second magistrate. "The wager to be considered settled when you have made one attempt at capture, and failed or succeeded in it."

"Done," chuckled the Sheriff.

Sir Nicholas reflected for awhile, then, "I'll lay you a thousand to five hundred that you lose him," he said quietly.

"Crowns or guineas?" the Sheriff asked, in his large way.

"Guineas," snapped Nick Vyse. "See, I have noted down the bet, my lord."

They parted by-and-by, and Nick, as he rode briskly through St. Thanes and out into the cliff road which led to his cottage, laughed more than once with a cheerfulness not to be mistaken.

"Gad, 'tis droll!" he murmured. "There's more frolic in this double life than I could have believed. To think that tub of a Sheriff should sit there betting with Captain Contraband himself—telling the Captain how easily he was to be captured—boasting that he, the Sheriff, if you please, would succeed when all the Preventive of the coast have failed. My compliments, my lord Sheriff!" he added, lifting his hat with gay irony. "I shall meet you with great pleasure and your soldiers, too."

At the turn of the path he all but rode down a figure coming in the opposite direction—a tall, slim figure, walking with the easy swinging stride which spoke of constant exercise. In a moment Sir Nicholas had pulled up and dismounted; for this girl, who smiled so frankly into his eyes, though to the larger public she was known as Josephine Willoughby, daughter of a rich London merchant and Nick Vyse's nearest neighbour, was also known, to a smaller and more intimate circle, as Captain Josephine, whose exploits were associated far and wide with those of Captain Contraband himself.

With her was Ponto, the sagacious, shaggy, shapeless dog who, with Nick Vyse, made up a band of three which heretofore had baffled every ruse of the Preventive men. What Sir Nicholas lacked, of delicate *finesse*, was supplied by the woman's wit of Josephine; and sometimes, when neither the girl nor Nick could hit upon a plan, Ponto himself—clever as only a dog can be—would hit upon some exploit of his own devising, and would bring the enterprise to a successful end.

So Nick's eyes sparkled as he saluted Josephine this afternoon; and he laughed as he patted Ponto's yellow hide.

"So we are all three here!" he cried. "Come, Captain Josephine"—with a glance round to assure himself that no listener was near—"Come, I have a jest on foot."

He told her then of the wagers accepted just now by the Sheriff; and Josephine clapped her hands with childish glee in the adventure.

"We were to run a cargo three nights hence," said Nick; "well, I can send word to the Sheriff in an hour or two, and he will have time to gather a big company."

Josephine looked puzzled. "But do you mean—do you mean that you will really tell the Sheriff, or only put him on to a wrong scent?"

"I will tell him the real place and the real time. He wants a big fight, this Sheriff—and, by the Lord Harry, he shall have it!"

"And your men?" faltered the girl. "To you it seems a jest—but will they have a chance against trained soldiers?"

"I fancy that they will," Nick laughed. "Anyhow they shall know my plan, and reckon up the danger, and come with me or not, just as they choose. It is all in our favour if we win; for after one big attempt at capture, have you not seen how they leave us to our own devices?"

"Yes, yes. And your plan?" said the girl, with rising eagerness.

"My plan, as you call it, Mistress Josephine, is vastly hazy; indeed, in fact, I hadn't a plan at all five minutes since. One thing is plain, though—we must run our

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cargo into Ghostly Hollow. You know the spot?"

"You showed it me a month ago, did you not? A little hollow, with bushes growing in the chalk all up the sides, and a deep, narrow stream that rises in the cave?"

Sir Nicholas nodded. "We can take our boats right up the stream and into the cave. It is so pretty a spot for the purpose that we should run a tame cargo, Josephine, if 'twere not for the diversion kindly promised by my lord Sheriff."

"It is a very eerie spot," said Josephine hesitatingly. "Was it not called Ghostly Hollow because some smugglers long ago were killed there, and could not rest afterwards?"

"They say it is haunted, yes. But listen! This plan of mine is growing clearer — my wits seem always sharper when you are with me— and we'll fill Ghostly Hollow with something likelier than the phantoms of dead smugglers."

"Come, I have a jest on foot."

He told her then what he had in mind to do three nights hence; and the girl's eyes grew brighter as she listened; and, when he had done, she clapped her hands again.

"It will be glorious!" she cried. "And I —I may come to watch, even if I can do nothing?"

"No," said Nick Vyse bluntly. "There will be cutlass-play to a certainty, and there may be bullets flying; bullets are stupid things, Captain Josephine, and the dearest lass in Christendom is as likely a target for them as the ugliest lout that ever stepped."

"Then what is to hinder me from going to the Sheriff with the tale you have just told me?"

"Your own sense of honour. You're like a man in that, Josephine."

She swept him a mocking curtsey. "How wildly you can flatter a poor maid, Sir Nicholas," she murmured. "Well, then, I *could* not betray you, but I can come without your leave, and with leave or without I mean to do."

So Nick Vyse gave in, for the simple reason that it was useless to do otherwise; and at heart he felt a curious gladness that Josephine was to be there, for both he and the rough smuggler-folk had come to name the girl their "luck."

"'Twill be the biggest jest we ever played!" he cried, when they at last said farewell.

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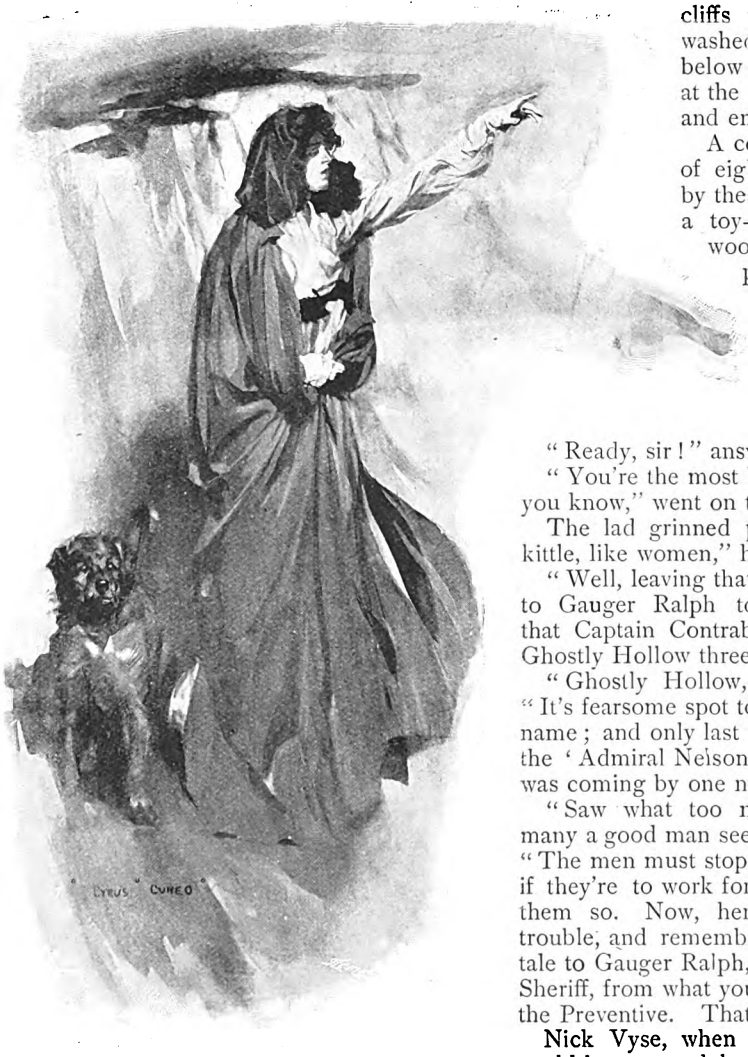

Josephine raised her voice to encourage them.

"The countryside will ring with it, and our good Sheriff, I suspect, will hide his head in London. Hi, Ponto, contraband!" he broke off, in sheer boyish lightness of spirits.

The effect of that one word on Ponto was magical. Silent before, and rather grave, he began to bark at large, to put his nose to ground as if he scented good Schnapps, and to race up and down the cliff in wildest glee. For Ponto knew no joys—not even those of ratting in landward barns—to match the stolen delights suggested to him by the one word "contraband."

Nick Vyse laughed lightly as he got to saddle; and he laughed again when, soon after dark had fallen, he strolled down the cliffs to the knot of white-washed cottages which lay below his own. He knocked at the door of the first cottage and entered.

A comely, straight-built lad of eighteen or so was seated by the fire, carving the hull of a toy-boat from a block of wood. The lad took the pipe from his mouth when Sir Nicholas appeared, and touched a tarry forelock.

"I want you, Harry," said Nick Vyse.

"Ready, sir!" answered the lad.

"You're the most honest-looking of us all you know," went on the other.

The lad grinned pleasantly. "Looks is kittle, like women," he hazarded.

"Well, leaving that aside, I want you to go to Gauger Ralph to-night, and tell him that Captain Contraband runs a cargo into Ghostly Hollow three nights hence."

"Ghostly Hollow, sir?" echoed the lad. "It's fearsome spot to think of, much less to name; and only last night old Jabez down at the 'Admiral Nelson' was telling us how he was coming by one night, and he saw —"

"Saw what too much Schnapps makes many a good man see," put in Sir Nicholas. "The men must stop that kind of talk, lad, if they're to work for me, and you may tell them so. Now, here's a guinea for your trouble, and remember, when you tell your tale to Gauger Ralph, that you are to say the Sheriff, from what you hear, is eager to help the Preventive. That is all. Good night."

Nick Vyse, when business was on foot, could be curt and hard-bitten as if he were commander of a man-of-war, and Harry, half fearful of the man's severity, yet with a tempered joy in the guinea resting in his palm, set off at once for Gauger Ralph's.

The Gauger, warned by previous exploits, was not disposed to attack Captain Contraband with only the Preventive men behind him; and so when Harry—with his honest eyes and smooth, guileless face—mentioned that the Sheriff was interested, Ralph jumped at the suggestion. The next morning, accordingly, saw Ralph seeking audience of the Sheriff; and during the next three days great preparations were in progress, conducted with a secrecy which did not deceive Nick Vyse, but rather made him hold his sides with laughter.

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By the time that his ship-load of Schnapps and tobacco was due off the Kentish coast on the third night, indeed, Sir Nicholas had learned to a nicety the numbers and equipment of the Sheriff's forces. There were twenty of Gauger Ralph's men, armed with cutlasses and pistols—the latter more dangerous to their owners than the mark they aimed at—and there were fifty seasoned troopers, lately home from the French wars, with swords and guns that carried bayonets.

Against this array Nick Vyse had thirty men with him, and yet he went down to Ghostly Hollow to meet his comrades, soon as the moon had dropped, as if his enterprise was as little hazardous as dancing at a rout. The smugglers by this time were acquainted with the least detail of his plan, and they had welcomed it, as they welcomed any wild adventure that promised a fair chance of outwitting the Preventive.

They were savage, moreover, that the military had been called in; for it was an unwritten law of this hapazard smuggling-game that the issue lay between the Preventives and the cargo-runners, and that interference of the soldiery was, so to speak, a hitting below the belt on the part of the authorities.

"You're all ready, lads," said Sir Nicholas, as they waited on the edge of the stream that flowed through Ghostly Hollow.

"Ay, ay, sir, ready and waiting," came the gruff response.

Yet the cargo did not come; and as they stood there in the darkness and remembered the strange legends which centred round the spot, a vague uneasiness began to creep from man to man. Nick Vyse felt that it was so, and cursed the boats which should have been with them before now.

What if his plan were to fail, after all? Yet he had set his most trusted skipper in command of the ship which was to bring the smuggled goods from Dunkirk, and he had never known the man fail him yet. "Perhaps the wind was not just as favourable as he had thought," said Nick to himself—yet the delay, whatever its cause was, was working havoc with the courage of the superstitious seaward folk.

"Ay, it was just here I saw 'em, plain as plain," muttered one of the men—the same who had told his ghost story at the "Admiral Nelson" tavern not long ago. "Just here it was. The moon was shining fair into the middle of the hollow, and there were seven ghosts, I tell ye, trundling seven filmy barrels of Schnapps right up the beach. Ay, I saw 'em, and I ran with Old Nick at my heels from this to St. Thanes."

"Silence!" Sir Nicholas rapped out.

But the evil was done, and every man was quaking in his big sea-boots. Just then, moreover, a brown owl, high up in a tree that grew above the hollow, chose to hoot.

"I'm off," yelled one of the men. "The place just swarms with ghosts—just swarms."

A general panic had set in, and in vain Sir Nicholas cursed them, even striking right and left at their faces to inforce his lost authority. Nothing could have saved the situation, had not Josephine, with Ponto by her side, come down the cliff at the critical moment. In the half light she saw the men throwing down their cutlasses—saw them strike up the slopes in a panic not to be mistaken—and with her own quick wit she grasped the situation.

Careless whether she were heard by the military—doubtless lurking near until the boat came in and they could catch the men red-handed—Josephine raised her voice to encourage them.

"What is this, lads? Did the ghosts come and frighten you, knowing that *your luck* was late in coming?"

Superstitious in all things, the appeal changed the whole outlook of these men. They knew the voice. They remembered many an enterprise in which this girl had been, indeed, their luck. One by one they crept back shamefacedly, and picked up their scattered cutlasses; and Nick Vyse had cause for thankfulness that this wayward Josephine had chosen to share the dangers of the night.

"It was ghosts, not men, we ran from," muttered the man who had first taken flight.

"To be sure it was!" laughed the girl. "Hearken! There's the splash of oars. Now for the big fight, lads, and remember that we want no soldiers at St. Thanes."

They listened eagerly, and the muffled beat of oars stole through the night. Soon a soft "Ahoy!" came from the stream, and a soft "Ready!" answered it. It was the moment for which the Sheriff and Gauger Ralph—close-hidden at the entry to the hollow—had been waiting; but neither Ralph nor the Sheriff guessed that Captain Contraband was well aware of their near neighbourhood.

The Sheriff, backed by a mass of soldiery and Preventive men, rushed forward, sword in hand.

"In the King's name!" he cried.

Nick Vyse's voice rang back in answer—a

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voice so loud, so changed from the courteous softness of his speech at other times, that it was small wonder the Sheriff failed to recognise it.

"To the deuce with your King!" roared Nick. "I've supped with the Regent, and found him much like other men. Lads, make for the cave, and sharp about it! We'll hold them there."

The men who had rowed the boat here had already scrambled to land, and one and all made helter-skelter for the cave. Nick Vyse caught Josephine's arm as he passed by and hurried her to safety as fast as he could run.

"You were plucky just now," he found time to whisper; "but promise me you'll give these fools no mark to aim at."

Gauger Ralph's fat voice intercepted any answer which she might have made.

"We've got 'em in a blind cave," he cried delightedly. "I know every cave from here to Reculvers, and this is blind as a bat at noon-day."

The Sheriff massed his men about the entrance, and his heart beat high with pride.

"Captain Contraband, I summon you to surrender," said he, in the voice of one who stands—and knows he stands—the central figure in a gallant scene.

"There's a recipe for catching birds, my lord," came the answer from the darkness of the cave. "Put salt on their tails—but it may be needful to get near them first."

"Surrender, I say! We can starve you out, or we can shoot you down—and—by the King, I shall resort to the last measure if you do not yield."

"Starve or shoot, my lord, then try to salt our tails," came the same mocking voice.

Beside himself with rage, peevish as a child to find himself baffled even for a moment, the Sheriff ordered his men to present arms.

"Once more, surrender!" said he, in a hoarse voice. "One—two—at the word *three* we fire."

This time there was no answer from the cave. All was silent, as if thirty men, a girl, and a gay-hearted smuggling dog, had not found shelter in the cavern.

"*Three.* Fire!" roared the Sheriff.

A sudden sheet of flame cut viciously at the darkness, lighting up the cave-front; a sudden rattling din split up the silence into tatters. And still no answer came from the cave, not even the sharp cry of a wounded man.

"'Tis useless, my lord," said Gauger Ralph. "I know the cave well, and it takes two double turns a few yards from the mouth. They are all round the second corner now, you may depend on't, where a bullet at the rebound would fail to touch 'em."

The Sheriff halted awhile in great perplexity. Only two courses were open to him—either to enter the cave boldly or to play watchdog with his men outside and starve the smugglers into surrender.

The latter plan was in itself distasteful to him; it might prove to be a lengthy business, and, moreover, it carried no glory with it; yet, for all that, the Sheriff hesitated, for, though he had tried men with him, it seemed rash to enter in at that wide slit of darkness which marked the opening of the cave.

"Better wait, perhaps, and starve them out," he said.

"Nay, nay, my lord! Nay, nay!" protested Gauger Ralph, who had set his heart on bringing his old enemy to book at once. "You don't know Captain Contraband as I do, asking your pardon. He's as full of turns and twists and trickeries as a wild-cat, and if we wait to starve him out—why, he'll just find time to hit on some way of tricking us. They may have a store of food in there, for all we know, and the men, watching here for days, would get sleepy-like and easy to be hoodwinked. Nay, my lord Sheriff! The rat's in the trap, let's get him out, with your good leave."

The Sheriff saw the cogency of Ralph's advice, the more so as it marched with his own wishes. Hard things had been said by the military of the capacity of the Sheriff for these semi-military undertakings; here was his chance to show himself a warrior indeed.

"We'll charge. Fix bayonets, men, and light your lanterns, two of you," he said, his blood well up.

There was the sound of flint striking upon steel, then a yellow, smoky light showed in each of the two lanterns.

"Wait!" came the Sheriff's order, as he bethought him, even in the heat of passion, that great leaders should at all times show great caution. "Who knows but that these rascals have another body of men close hidden somewhere. Half of you go forward with fixed bayonets; the other half keep watch here at the entry."

None could say that, with all his faults, the Sheriff lacked courage, and he elected to go in at the head of the attacking force. Slowly they picked their way round the two sharp turns which Gauger Ralph had warned them of, until they reached the spot where the stream rose from out the chalky floor.

The path wound upward here, and they pursued it as fast as might be, though care

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was needful, not only from the unevenness of the floor, but on account of the smuggling forces ahead of them. At any moment one of Captain Contraband's men might turn as he gained a corner, and wait, and fire point-blank at them.

"There's no need to hurry, my lord," said Gauger Ralph in the Sheriff's ear. "We have 'em bottled as snug as kippers in a keg."

Yet the Sheriff was impatient. He did not relish this tramp through a cave whose roof was scarcely higher than his head; he did not like the yellow, flickering light the lanterns gave, which seemed to do little more than make the darkness manifest; still less did he like the silence which lay unbroken in front of the attacking force.

"We must be nearing the end of this confounded rabbit-hole," the Sheriff muttered fretfully.

"Not for a half-mile yet, my lord," said Gauger Ralph. "The cave is straight enough from here to the blind end of it, with no side-passages, but it's a long one, and we go uphill all the way."

"But where are these smugglers, man? What purpose can they have in going to the blind end of the cave?"

"Rats seek the darkest corners——" began Ralph jauntily.

But he did not finish his sentence, for the two men who carried the lights had tripped across a rope which stretched unnoticed at the height of their knees from the floor. The lanterns fell; and in the darkness Ralph and the Sheriff, too close behind to check themselves, sprawled headlong on to the fallen men, who, bewildered by the sudden shock, straightway fancied they were attacked.

A free fight followed, upon which, indeed, Nick Vyse had calculated; and soon the whole band of forty, excited and alarmed by the oaths and cries of the four men struggling on the ground, joined in and struck about them with their fists, for the space was too cramped to admit of cutlass-play or thrust of bayonet, even if they had ventured in the total darkness to use such at random.

At last the Sheriff picked himself out of the *mêlée* and roared an order to the men.

"Cease quarrelling, you fools!" he cried. "You are fighting your friends, do you hear? Get into marching order again, or, by the Mass, I'll have you cat-o'-nine-tailed for this night's work."

Wearied with the futile battle, no little damaged, most of them, in face and body, the men began to realise their mistake. Sullenly they formed into line again; and slowly, very slowly—fearing other ropes ahead of them—the company moved forward.

Once, as they neared the end of the half-mile the Sheriff caught a gleam, not of light exactly, but rather of a darkness less intense, at the far end of the cave; but it was gone as quickly as it came, and he thought his eyes were playing him a trick.

No one had attempted to find the lanterns, battered out of shape beneath the combatants in the late brawl, and accordingly Gauger Ralph, who was leading now by virtue of his knowledge of the cave, came sharply up against the wall of chalk that marked the blind end of the cave.

"Dang it, we're here, Sheriff—at the end —and they're not here," he spluttered.

"Impossible—impossible!" the Sheriff growled. So far he felt there had been little glory in the expedition, and his temper consequently was sadly frayed at the edges.

"*But it's truth.* We're here with rock in front of us, and rock to left and right; and there's no way we can get out—no way Captain Contraband and his lot could get out—save along the path we came by."

Bluster as he would, the Sheriff had to realise that Ralph was right.

"They're just devils!" said the Gauger with dreary conviction in his voice. "I've said so for a long time, and now I know it. Captain Contraband could creep out where a puff of wind couldn't, and his men take after him."

It was the turn of the attacking side to feel superstitious now. The darkness of the cave, the stale, damp odours, the soft, creepy touch of bats as they flew past, all helped to daunt their courage; and this last miracle overcame them quite—for a miracle it surely was, that thirty men should have been ahead of them a little while ago in a cave so narrow that only two could walk abreast, and that now these same thirty men should have vanished into space.

Weary and ill at ease, the Sheriff led them back; and he began to wonder if this game of hunting Captain Contraband were worth the candle.

Nick Vyse, the hunted, meanwhile was vastly lighter of heart than those who hunted him. When first the Sheriff had threatened to fire into the cave, and Nick had taunted him to carry out the threat, Vyse led his company at a half trot along the path. Not one of them but knew the way, and dark was almost daylight to their well-trained eyes. The delay occasioned by the firing allowed

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them a fair start; the slow march of the Sheriff's men increased the start, and, last of all, the free fight had given Nick time and to spare for his carefully-planned scheme.

They did not stop for a moment, for thirty men take time in getting through a trap-door, and time was everything just now.

"You left Jim Fleskitt at the trap?" Nick asked, over his shoulder, of the man behind.

"I did, sir, and he's steady as the Belle Isle lighthouse."

"Good," was all Nick said as he hurried Josephine along the last five-score yards.

When he reached what Gauger Ralph had named the blind end of the cave, he knocked with his sword-hilt against the roof, and an answering beam appeared of the light which was only a sort of lesser darkness. The beam widened, and Nick, with a low "All's well" to the man above, caught the edge of the woodwork to which the trap was fastened and swung himself aloft.

At another time he would have been the last to leave the cave, but Josephine was below, and none but he, Nick vowed, should put his arms about slim Mistress Josephine. He lifted her as if she had been a child, and she laughed happily to feel his arms about her and the night winds on her face. One by one the men followed, until the last had reached the open downs above the cave; and the shadowy light which the Sheriff fancied that he saw was the light that filtered down into the cave between the moment of the last smuggler's exit and the shutting down of the trap-door.

Jim Fleskitt, guardian of the door, was left to replace the sods and bits of chalk-stone above the door, lest one more secret of the smugglers should be given away to Gauger Ralph or another of his kidney.

"Come on, lads," said Nick Vyse. "There'll be half of them at the cave mouth, but we're thirty, and we shall take them by surprise."

In a dead silence they marched on, their footsteps muffled by the turf, until they reached the sloping brink of Ghostly Hollow.

"Now!" whispered Nick. "Shriek like the fiends let loose, and let your weight carry you clean through them. Josephine,"—this in a low aside—"wait here. We shall be back before you find time to feel afraid. Now, lads, ready?"

"Ay, sir, ay!"

"Charge!"

A sudden yell went up from thirty throats. The steep slope gave them impetus, and, before the soldiery, guarding carelessly enough against a foe they thought already vanquished, could recover their startled wits, the smugglers were upon them. There was no need to use the edge of their cutlasses, and Nick Vyse had forbidden it except in case of extreme need; the flat of the blade was enough, and through the starlit night there swept the rattle of broad steel on broader scalps.

It was over in a moment. The soldiery, not knowing who their foe was, nor how many the numbers opposed to them—daunted, moreover, by the fierce attack—just broke and fled; and those who were not held back, for shame's sake, from halting at the "Admiral Nelson" in St. Thanes, avowed that Ghostly Hollow had well-earned its name, and that a band of fiends, clothed in the blue light that sulphur gives, had driven them from strict pursuance of their duty.

The Sheriff and those with him in the cave had not had time to reach the entrance yet, and Nick Vyse, as soon as his lads came back from the pursuit, roaring with a merriment that would not be denied, ordered them to fill up the cavern-mouth with the great stones that littered Ghostly Hollow.

"'Twill save the trouble of dealing with them," he said laconically. "We'll run our cargo into Thyra's Bay, lads, and then come back and loose these gentry. They'll be gentle as lambs by that time, for they've had a queer night's entertainment."

It was a week later that Nick Vyse met the Sheriff in the main street of St. Thanes.

"Ah, a fair day, my lord?" he said airily, drawing the rein beside his victim. "Have you caught Captain Contraband as yet?"

"Then you've heard the tale?" stuttered the Sheriff.

"Oh, a mere rumour. I've been too busy duck-shooting of late to keep abreast of the times. You did try to take him, then?"

"Yes—and he walled me up in the cave. I'm sick of this Captain Contraband, for my part; if you're anxious for the county's credit, Vyse, you must tackle him yourself."

"I'll think about it," murmured Nick. "And, by the way, did we not have a little wager on the matter?"

Nick pocketed a draft for five hundred guineas; but he did not tell the Sheriff that he earned more than guineas and a mighty jest from that night's adventure. Why should he tell the Sheriff that Josephine, warmed by the fight and the swiftness of the escapade, had promised once for all to marry Captain Contraband?

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

MR. X is still very gay and lively. Messages like these, which he tells me he is continually receiving—

"It is a pity that the Editor does not crowd out less bright and amusing features to allow another page or two to Mr. X."

"I am awfully glad that the Editor of the ROYAL got you to publish some of your puzzles. I think they are jolly good. I am a schoolboy, and I am always catching someone, either of our family or the fellows at school, with your catches—"

seem to have a wonderfully X hilarating effect upon him!

KIPPERED!

A.: "What does this mean?: '1/6 me a kipper'"

B.: "One-and-six me a kipper—it's nonsense."

A.: "No, look again. 1/-—what is that called in slang?"

B.: "A bob."

A.: "And sixpence—what is that called?"

B.: "A tanner."

A.: "Right; now guess it."

B.: "Bob Tanner me a kipper?"

A.: "You're getting near. It is, 'Bob Tanner sent me a kipper.'"

B.: "But where's the 'sent'?"

A.: "In the kipper!!!"

THE WHIRLIGIG OF LIFE.

Rags	**make**	**paper.**
Paper	**makes**	**money.**
Money	**makes**	**banks.**
Banks	**make**	**loans.**
Loans	**make**	**paupers.**
Paupers	**make**	**rags.**

NASTY!

JONES: "I say, Brown, you'll have to keep your eyes open next month."

BROWN: "Oh, indeed! What for?"

JONES: "Well, if you don't you won't be able to see where you're going."

Q. What do the Americans do with their meats and fruits?

A. They eat what they can and they can what they can't.

ANOTHER LESSON IN EVOLUTION.

A young man on his return from college was asked by his parent what he had learnt as regards logic. "I can prove to you," said the son, "that a pigeon is the same as an eel-pie." "Prove it," said his father. The son began:

"A pigeon is a pi-geon,
A pie John is a John-pie,
A John-pie is a Jack-pie,
A Jack-pie is a fish-pie,
And a fish-pie is an eel-pie."

"Very clever indeed," said his father, "and as you deserve a prize for your cleverness I will give you a chestnut horse." The son, very much pleased, followed his father to the garden. The latter going up to a chestnut tree, shook down some chestnuts, and picking up one, gave it to his son, saying: "Here is your prize, my boy, for according to you a chestnut horse is the same as a horse chestnut!"

TWO CONTRADICTORY CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why are good women like ivy?

A. Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.

Q. Why are bad women like ivy?

A. Because the closer they cling the greater the ruin.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

How much nicer it is to ride in a cab and think how much nicer it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk!

Quite a sensible remark, though you would not think it at first glance.

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A Request.

If you have a little time to spare Mr. X will be very glad if you will make up twelve sentences out of the words "select new events." No prize is offered for the best solutions.

What are the Missing Letters?

A ..... sat in his ..... grey,
Watching the moonbeams ..... play
And thus to himself did sing:
Thou ..... the brave;
Thou ..... the strong;
And the leaves with a ..... took up the song
of "John Barleycorn, my King."

The six spaces occupied by dots are to be filled with words of the same six letters, differently arranged in each case.

Three Posers.

Which is the greatest number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?

Prove that seven is the half of twelve.

What is that which will go up a pipe down, but not down a pipe up; but which will go down a pipe down, but not up a pipe up?

Try This.

If you ask a person to write down in figures without hesitation the number thirteen thousand, thirteen hundred and thirteen, you will be astonished to find how often a mistake is made. Try it yourself, this very instant.

In what arithmetical tables are the following problems intelligible?

11711	1632515	6172231213
91511	2413127	3143181111
11131	4306126	10122140808

Obvious.

Sharp (*passing a graveyard or churchyard*): "Isn't it a strange thing—in that churchyard they only bury deaf and dumb people."

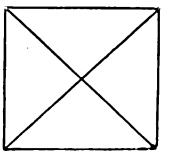
Flat: "What a remarkable thing!"

Sharp: "Well, are not all people deaf and dumb when they are dead?"

The Balanced Egg.

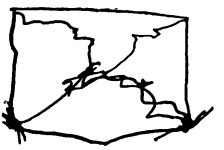
Can you balance an egg *on end* on a table? You will find that this is only possible if the egg be first shaken vigorously in order to break the yolk.

To Drive a Man Mad.



Show him this little diagram and give him a blank piece of paper, a pencil, and a mirror. Then ask him to draw this design, but in doing so he must *not* look at the piece of paper itself, but only at its reflection in the mirror.

An experimental trial of the feat will soon show why it is so maddening. After a few lines have been more or less successfully negotiated, you seem to lose all power of guiding the pencil. Try as you will, you cannot get it to go where wanted, and the diagram usually comes out something like this:

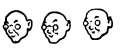


Nutshell Novels.

Everybody knows the tragic little stories:

Boy	**Boy**	**Little**	**Little**
Pliers,	**Gun,**	**Girl,**	**Boy,**
Electric	**Joy**	**Cherry**	**Pair of**
Wires,	**Fun,**	**Stones,**	**Skates,**
Blue	**Gun**	**Empty**	**Hole in**
Fla hes,	**Bust,**	**Plate,**	**Ice,**
Boy	**Boy**	**Awful**	**Golden**
Ashes.	**Dust.**	**Groans.**	**Gates.**

The concentrated ingenuity of hundreds of thousands of Royal readers should produce some equally clever tragedies or comedies. Two prizes of Five Shillings are offered for the two best attempts sent to Mr. X by August 20th.



A Safe Catch.

An airship starts from the North Pole and steers due south for seven days, and then due west for seven days, its rate of progress being uniform throughout. What course must it now steer to get back to its starting-place?

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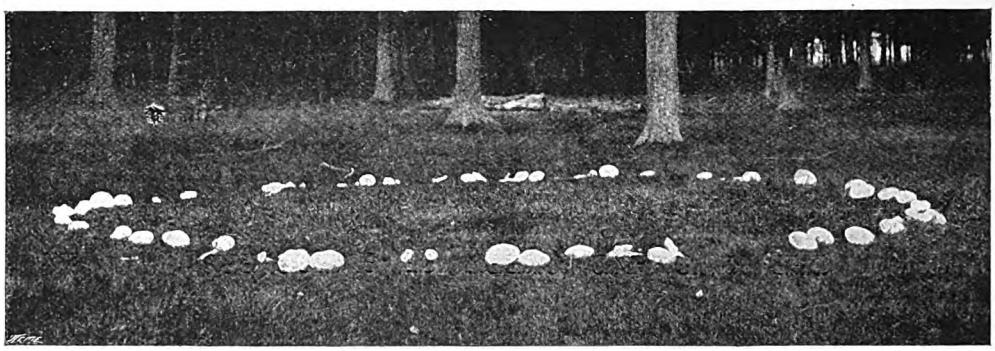

A unique circle of mushrooms twenty-four feet in diameter.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor Invites his Readers to send him any Quaint Photographs they have. He will pay well for them.

A WONDERFUL RING OF MUSHROOMS.

This is not a fairy ring. It is a colony of mushrooms, eighty-five in number, that have grown in this circular position. They form a circle twenty-four feet in diameter, and often grow like this in the State of Ohio in America—some very big, some quite small. The mushrooms in this photograph are very fine ones, a few of them being almost a foot in diameter.

READY FOR THE TROTTING RACE.

The horse shown here is called Albatross. He is a very fast trotter, and has won many races and pulled off many trotting competitions. He has a brave little rider, too, who can stick on his back when he is trotting. His name is Hydi, and he is as clever a little terrier as you will meet. Look what a beautiful long tail Albatross has. It is combed every day, and causes his groom no end of trouble.

A plucky little jockey and his steed.

A MODEL MADE OF SPONGE.

He looks like the typical old-fashioned country gentleman, doesn't he—John Bull of the caricatures, in fact? He is made of sponge—the ordinary sponge that you use every day in the bath. And I think that sponge is a very good thing to be made of. You see, it doesn't matter if you tumble down. You are so soft that you can't hurt yourself. But this dignified gentleman would not tumble down. He is very sure on his chubby legs. He costs £15, and is worth it, for he is over four feet high. In fact, he could stand on the floor and easily be able to look at you over the edge of the table. He took many weeks to make.

Just an ordinary bath sponge.

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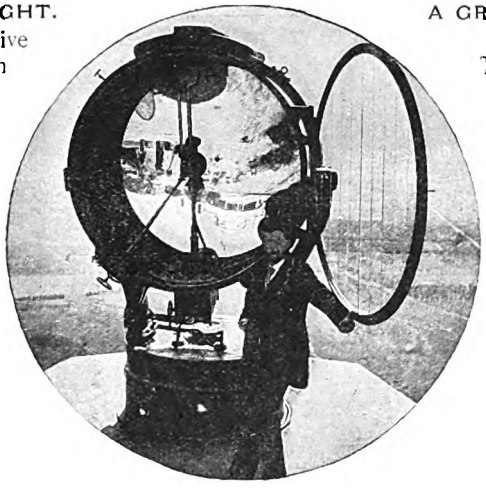
A BIG SEARCHLIGHT.



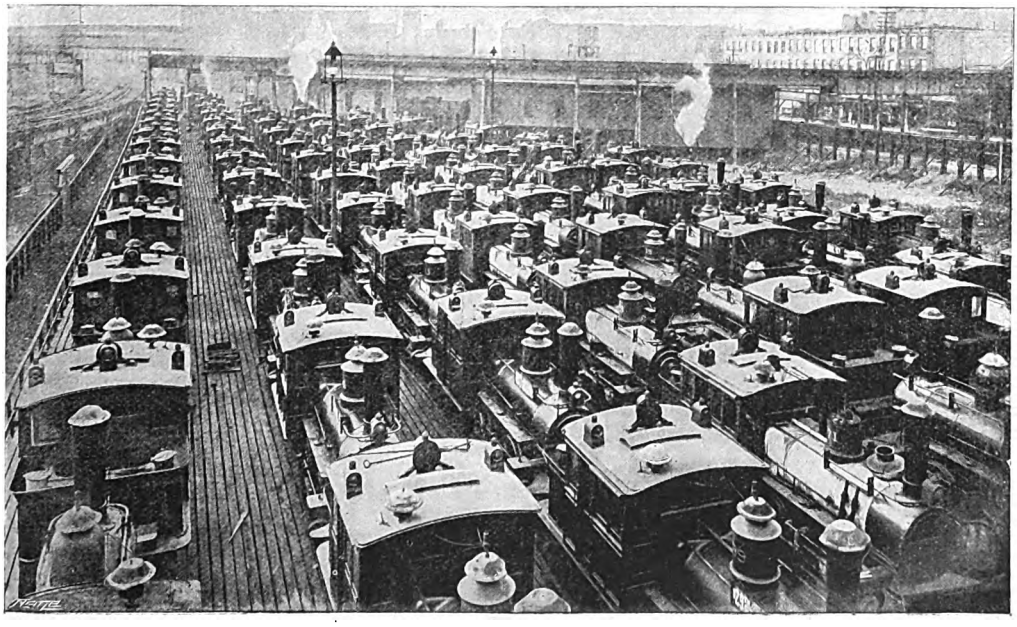
The biggest searchlight in the world.

This searchlight can give a light of three million candle power. It stands on a hill on top of a huge base octagonal in form. The height of the searchlight itself is over eleven feet, and it weighs six thousand pounds. In spite of its huge size and weight, the searchlight is so well balanced that anyone can move it, even a child. It was built for the Chicago Exhibition, but its powers were never fully tested until placed in its present position. Perched on the top of the hill, its rays reach out for one hundred and fifty miles over the Pacific Ocean, and a newspaper can be read by its light at a distance of thirty-five miles.

If you turn this page upside down you will observe through the lens of the searchlight a distant view of a handsome pavilion and two or three people standing near. The view is wonderfully clear when one considers that the objects are reflected from a distance of many miles.

A GROUP OF DISCARDED ENGINES.

This shed contains thousands of pounds' worth of locomotives that were discarded by one of the American railway companies when they introduced electric traction. Three hundred and twenty-four of them were all put on to the shelf at the same time. Some of them were sold to other railways that still had a use for them, while others were simply left on the sidings to be broken up, and their component parts sold as scrap iron. Most of them were in very good repair when they were discarded, and brought in a good price to the railway company. But, of course, many thousand pounds were lost during the change from steam to electric traction. These little engines live, on an average, for twenty-five years, and their cost is about £2000 each. But nowadays anybody who wants one can get it for less than half its original price. In a few years the engines will be cheaper still.



Thousands of pounds' worth of discarded locomotives.

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Timbury's Little Mill.

By Tom Gallon.

The Story of a famous Fight.

"When you can show me that you are a substantial man, and not a mere creature of straw," said Mr. George Bowman, with dignity, "I may listen to what you have to say in regard to my daughter." Mr. Bowman inflated his chest, and carelessly jingled the money in his pockets.

"But don't you think, sir," began Mr. Archibald Timbury nervously—"doesn't it occur to you that love is more than——"

"Love, sir! Fiddlesticks! I do not intend that my daughter—who has been brought up sensibly—shall entertain any such notions. Besides, I am given to understand that she has no great liking for you."

"I—I think you must have been misinformed," said Archibald, his face going white.

"You'd better ask her," said Mr. Bowman drily. "My daughter, sir, is of a romantic temperament, despite her father's training; she will be scarcely likely, I think, to take up with anyone——"

Kindness forbade that Mr. George Bowman should finish the sentence; his contemptuous glance at the small figure before him was sufficient. As a matter of fact, Mr. Archibald Timbury was not at all heroic in appearance; he might have been described by his friends as "delicate," and by his enemies as "weak-kneed." He was remarkably well-dressed, and his fair hair was parted with much exactitude in the very centre of his somewhat small head.

That love affair to which Mr. George Bowman, in his pride, had referred so contemptuously, had been Mr. Archibald Timbury's tragedy. He had been hopelessly smitten by the charms of Miss Julia Bowman some months before, at a chance meeting with her; but, being a very honourable young man, he had felt that, before approaching the lady, he should see her father; and had done so—with the result suggested above.

Mr. Bowman, from his point of view, was perfectly right. Archibald had an income which was small and fluctuating, and which depended on his keeping in the good graces of an uncle of irascible temper and uncertain intentions. Sometimes the young man was quite rich, from his own point of view; on other occasions, when he had fallen from favour, his pockets were practically empty.

Even with all this, Mr. Timbury could have braved the father's anger and contempt, but for that horrible suggestion that the lady might share the feelings of her parent. Pleading for an interview, Archibald received permission to see Miss Julia Bowman for five minutes.

"I will give you that time, and that time only," said Mr. George Bowman, examining his large watch. "After that, I demand that you do not see my daughter again until the present circumstances, at least, are changed."

Mr. Timbury submitted; and his second disturbing interview took place forthwith. It must be said that Julia Bowman was very sweet and tender to the unfortunate young man; but she gave him as little hope as her father had done.

"I had not expected this, Mr. Timbury," she said softly. "I am, of course, deeply moved by what you have said; it is my nature to be deeply moved on slight provocation. At the same time, I feel that there is much against what you urge."

"Take time, Miss Julia, take time," implored Archibald. "Perhaps you may learn to care for me when you know more of my character. Some people are quite fond of me, I assure you," he added.

"I do not doubt it," replied the lady. "But my objection nevertheless remains; you do not appeal to me as my real affinity should."

"Oh, you'd get over that," urged Mr. Timbury cheerfully.

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"I fear not," said Miss Bowman. "The man I marry must be one who, on the impulse of the moment, has done a great and wonderful deed, has hurled himself, as it were, into the very thick of things, and strongly and dominantly shown that he is a man."

"But I don't like doing that," said Archibald feebly. "It rumples one so."

"Until you can consent to be rumpled, Mr. Timbury, as you express it, there can be nothing between us," said Miss Julia. "Prove to me that you fulfil that ideal I have in my mind, and these arms are open to you."

So Mr. Timbury went away, and meditated for a day or two on the easiest method of suicide. Rejecting one after the other, as being too violent or too wet, he decided that he would live on—a picture of misery and misplaced devotion—until the heart of Miss Julia Bowman should be worn down to a condition of humility, and she should find out how great a mistake she was making.

In his despair at last he wrote to her; he implored that she would grant him a further interview, if only for a few moments, in order that he might urge his claims. After a maddening delay a little note arrived, in which the lady said that she would meet him, for the last time, in the shrubbery at the end of her father's grounds, on the following evening, at nine o'clock.

"Romantic to the last!" exclaimed Archibald, pressing his lips to the paper.

Now, whether or not Mr. Timbury had any hope that the lady might carry that romantic feeling far enough to elope with him, or whether he felt that, having once persuaded her, she might, in turn, persuade her father, it is impossible to say. After all, events must take their own course. With a very beautiful trust in all and everything that might happen, Archibald Timbury turned his face in the direction of his love, and set out to find her.

If ever you want to go to Plaxton Market, you will find that, although only about forty or fifty miles from London, it will take you half a day to reach it. You change at junctions, and get shunted on to local lines, and up sidings, and find yourself stranded at out-of-the-way places, with a wait of an hour or so.

When, finally, you get on the straight line for Plaxton Market, the train crawls and dodders along, as though the last thing it wanted to do was to reach its destination. If you knew Plaxton Market, you would regard the train as being rather wise than not.

Mr. George Bowman lived at a large house, on the outskirts of that dreary little town; and the large house was called, for no known reason, "Barn End." It was surrounded by very extensive grounds, and it was in the shrubbery attached to those grounds that Archibald was to meet Julia Bowman.

He took nothing with him. Having no definite plans, it was quite possible that he might return that very night, always supposing that he could get a train back. In the agitated state of his mind at that time, he could not think of anything so commonplace as a train—save that one which was taking him to the lady of his choice.

He changed twice on that journey; the first time at a little wayside station, where another train from the north was panting and puffing after a long journey. Mr. Timbury, occupying a second-class carriage entirely to himself, was surprised and a little annoyed by the advent of a gentleman in a very large and very voluminous ulster, with a cap drawn down to his ears, and with a bag almost as large as himself.

He was a small man, with one eye permanently closed, and a nose which, by violent collision with some hard substance, had lost much of its original beauty. He was accompanied by two other men, dressed in a very sporting fashion, and seemingly very anxious concerning the safety of the gentleman with the bag. The bag, by the way, bore in large black letters on one side the initials "B. K."

"Take care of yerself, Ben, there's a lot 'anging to yer," said one man anxiously, after they had assisted the little man in the big coat into the carriage, and had dumped his bag in after him. "They'll all meet yer at the uvver end, an' they'll treat yer as if yer was a babby. Not a word, mind, to anybody; an' wotever you do, ole pal"—this in a low, impressive voice—"go fer 'is peepers."

"You leave me alone," said the little man, in a surly voice. "If I don't know enough to knock out 'Beauty' Maggs in three rounds, well, take me 'ome and put me to bed. I can't say no fairer than that."

As the train began to move the two gentlemen, walking alongside, continued their earnest intreaties to the gentleman of the damaged features. Only part of those did Archibald Timbury catch; but they seemed to be of a kindly character, because one gentleman urged, again and again, that the man with the bag would put the individual known as "Beauty" Maggs "to sleep." Timbury was glad to feel that men of so rough a stamp could be so thoughtful.

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For a long time no word was spoken; then presently the man in the big overcoat looked across at Archibald with his remaining serviceable eye, and remarked upon the rawness of the evening. Archibald politely agreed with him, and inquired if he were going far.

"I'm a goin' jist about far enough fer yer 'umble this time," said the man, with a laugh. "I suppose now, guv'nor, you ain't ever set eyes on my chivvy afore—eh?"

"On your what?" asked Mr. Timbury mildly.

"Don't I speak Hinglish?" asked the man, with some fierceness. "I dunno' w'ere some o' you folks 'as bin brought up—s'welp me, I don't!" he exclaimed. "Chivvy—face—call it anythink yer like."

"I—I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting you," said Archibald politely. "You see, I don't go about much."

"Any day down Fleet Street you might see me 'anging up in a winder; blue and yeller is my colours, and I don't mind who knows it. An' ain't you ever 'eard of Ben Kitson, the fancy light-weight?"

"No, I don't think I have," said Archibald, beginning to wish that he had chosen another compartment.

"Some people don't seem to read the noospapers nowadays," said Mr. Kitson contemptuously. "Yus, guv'nor; I'm on a little bit o' business—on the ongtray noo, so ter speak—an' there's three 'underd golden shiners 'anging to it. An' I feel as fit—well, I'd like to 'ave a round wiv a porter or two, jist to keep me eye in!"

Archibald got a little further into his corner; it occurred to him that the little man might desire to "have a round" with him, failing a handy porter. He was quite relieved when presently the train drew up at a station, and he knew they would have to change again.

"I've took quite a fancy to you, young man," said Mr. Kitson, as he tossed his bag out on to the platform, and prepared to follow it. "We'll go on togevver, we will. I want ter tell yer abaht that time w'en I 'alf killed Alf Barcome; you'll enjoy that."

Mr. Archibald Timbury had his doubts on that point, but he said nothing. When, presently, the train which was to take him to his destination drew in beside the platform, Mr. Ben Kitson followed him, and threw his bag into the carriage into which Mr. Timbury had got. Fearful of giving offence, Archibald said nothing, but sat down, and waited for the train to start. In a moment or two, Mr. Kitson had a brilliant idea.

"I'll go an' get a toothful," he said. "They've kep' me off it this last month; but one more nor less won't do no harm, will it? Join me?" he added, as a free and easy invitation.

Archibald hastily declined, and the little man skipped along the platform in search of refreshment. Then it happened that that usually slow train did a very extraordinary thing.

Without warning of any kind, it gently began to glide out of the station. Archibald started to his feet, intending to call out to Mr. Kitson; but it was too late. A porter banged the door, shouted: "No stop before Plaxton Market," and Mr. Timbury realised that he was gliding away into the country, with the bag which belonged to the gentleman in the big overcoat on the seat opposite to where he sat, and that that gentleman was not in the train.

"I say, here's a fearful thing!" exclaimed Archibald, in dismay. "I do hope the man won't think I've stolen it. He seemed such a bloodthirsty creature. Fancy talking about half killing anybody? However, I suppose the best thing I can do is to hand out the bag to the officials at Plaxton Market, and let him call for it. I wonder how he got that injury to his face?"

Mr. Timbury, on that wearisome journey to Plaxton Market, slept. His dreams must have been pleasant ones, for he smiled in his sleep more than once. When finally the train drew up with a jerk at the little country platform, he sprang to his feet with a beating heart, and wondered what was to be the outcome of his interview with Miss Julia Bowman.

It was really a most remarkable thing, but a vast deal of interest seemed to centre round him. There were several men gathered on the platform—men of the type of those who had seen Mr. Ben Kitson off—and they walked along beside his carriage as the train slowed up, and nodded cheerfully to Mr. Timbury. Then the door was opened, and a gentleman with a very husky voice and a huge muffler round his neck, grinned at him familiarly, and touched the brim of his brown bowler hat.

"'Ere you are, an' 'ere we are!" exclaimed the gentleman with the brown bowler pleasantly. "Pass us the bag, sonny, an' we'll step it lively. Mum's the word; the blue 'uns is all over the country."

"Sort of blight, I suppose," said Archibald, wondering what these men wanted.

"I'd give 'em a stronger name than that,"

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growled the man, seizing the bag. "Now then, boys, close round."

"But, look here," exclaimed Mr. Timbury in dismay, "you've made a great mistake. Where are you going? I don't understand at all."

"Jist like 'im," said the husky-voiced gentleman, with a sidelong wink at his friends; "trust ole Ben to 'ave 'is joke. W'en they wrote down about 'im that's jist wot they said. 'You'll know 'im,' they says, 'by 'is innercent look, an' by the way 'e cods yer.'"

"But where are you taking me?" asked Archibald, as they began to move out of the station.

"You know—to the barn," whispered the first man. "Do you want us to blab it everyw'ere?"

Mr. Timbury's brain began to whirl. The mention of "the barn" set him wondering whether, after all, Mr. Bowman—a mighty power in that part of the country—might not have heard of his proposed visit, and have actually sent, in this rough and ready fashion, to escort him to the house. Mr. Bowman's property was known as "Barn End"; this might be a mere shortening of it.

His only wonder was why these men who accompanied him and watched him so keenly would persist in feeling his muscles, and occasionally slapping him genially on the back. Outside the station stood a cart, of a very ordinary country type, and into this Mr. Timbury was assisted.

"It's all arranged," said the hoarse gentleman, "an' the ole man is waiting for yer."

"Now, that's really very kind," said Archibald, smiling happily. "Do you know if he expects me to stay?"

"Stay? The ole chap tole me, on'y this arternoon, 'e reckoned you'd stay twenty rounds an' win on 'yer 'ead."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mr. Timbury, a trifle bewildered.

"As for the Beauty——" began the hoarse gentleman in a whisper.

"I must really ask that you will not refer to the lady in that familiar fashion," said Archibald haughtily.

"You will 'ave your little joke," said the man, with a chuckle. "That's about the best I've 'eard. I must tell the ole man that. I ain't never met anybody like you before. I'll lay a pound you'll tap 'is claret fust round!"

"Well—of course, if he cares to offer me a glass of wine, I'm not likely to decline. Out of friendly feeling alone——"

"Oh—do stop; I shall fall out o' the cart, if yer don't," said the other, rolling about in an ecstasy. "I never thought it was possible for anybody as was a puncher to come out in this 'ere way. Glass o' wine! Well—I never did!"

They drove on in the gathering darkness, Archibald wondering more than ever what was going to happen to him. Save for that one memorable interview, he had no real knowledge of Mr. George Bowman; he thought it possible that he might be a somewhat eccentric individual, who had, in a hearty genial fashion, repented of what he had said to Mr. Timbury, and was prepared, in his rough way, to make amends.

After quite a long drive, they arrived at a tall, gaunt house, standing a little back from the road. This was, most decidedly, not Barn End; and Mr. Timbury began to grow suspicious.

"Here, I say—you've come to the wrong shop," he protested, when, having been assisted out of the cart, his bodyguard was thrusting him towards the house. "You've made some mistake."

"Not a bit of it; we know w'ere we are, if you don't. Come, 'urry up; everybody's a waitin'. 'Aven't I told yer it's all arranged?"

Thus the hoarse-voiced one, as he continued to shoulder Archibald along in front of him. They did not go into the house itself, but instead, turned off quickly a little to the left, until they came to a large square building in a sort of yard.

"'Ere we are—though it is a bit late. Now then, my boy. Jist a bit of a rub down, and you won't know yerself!"

They fairly ran him round to a smaller building at the end of the great barn; pulled open a door, and thrust him in. From the barn itself he could hear a great noise of shouting and whistling; could see, through the small door which communicated with the large building, a bright light showing.

"It's very strange," he said, as he sat down and looked about him. "Sort of house-party, I suppose?"

"Look 'ere, my lad, if you keep on givin' it lip quite so much you won't 'ave no breath left, w'en it comes to the show," said the hoarse gentleman. "Be funny in the right place, will yer?"

"But I don't understand," said Mr. Timbury feebly, viewing with astonishment the fact that one member of his bodyguard was down on his knees violently pulling off his boots. "Is there some sort of entertainment?"

"Will you stop coddin', or won't yer?"

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"Seems to have bin trainin' down a bit, to my mind. Look at 'is blessed legs!"

asked the man who was unfastening Mr. Timbury's boots. "I never see anythink like it meself—never. Open that there bag, Bill," he added.

The bag was opened, and from it were drawn out some strange-looking articles. In the first place, a sort of singlet; a bright blue pair of knickerbockers, very short; a pair of yellow socks; and, finally, a pair of soft leather boots.

"Now, wotever you do, boys, don't let 'im exert 'isself," cautioned the hoarse gentleman. "Peel 'im gradual an' easy. Ow' are yer feelin', sonny?" he added, looking sympathetically at the bewildered Archibald.

"Look here," said Mr. Timbury, with considerable heat, "I don't know what on earth you take me for, but in the words of the poet, I am not what I seem."

"Look here, young man," said the hoarse one threateningly, "we've got a seventy pound 'ouse, to say nuffink of the purse, an' you playin' about like this 'ere! You'd turn a man's 'air grey, you would. Come now, git yer togs off. Strip 'im, boys!"

Mr. Archibald Timbury hastily backed into a corner. "I tell you it's a great mistake," he gasped; "I'm not the man at all. What do you expect me to do?"

"Wot we expect you to do, young man, is to walk out under them ropes"—he jerked his head towards the direction of the barn, where the noise was increasing every moment

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—"and give 'Beauty' Maggs the knock-out, in summink under six rounds."

"I have no intention of fighting," said Archibald. "I tell you you've got the wrong man—and I won't."

"Oh, yer won't, won't yer?" exclaimed the hoarse gentleman, laying hands upon him. "Come, boys, orf wiv 'em; they'll pull the place down, if we keep 'em waitin' much longer."

Protesting, fighting, gesticulating, and pleading, the unfortunate Mr. Timbury was forcibly denuded of his clothes, and as forcibly dragged into those which he had brought in that unlucky bag. When finally he stood up, boiling with impotent rage, and yet remarkably cold by reason of his scanty attire, those round about him passed remarks upon his personal appearance which were not at all flattering.

"Carn't unnerstand wot 'e's bin doin' to 'isself," said one man, looking at him dejectedly. "Seems to 'ave bin trainin' down a bit, to my mind. Look at 'is blessed legs!"

"Perhaps, when you have quite done admiring me, you will allow me to resume my clothing," retorted Archibald hotly.

"We wasn't exactly admirin' yer," said the hoarse gentleman sarcastically. "It looks ter me, boys," he added, turning ruefully to the others, "it looks very much as if we'd gorn an' put our money on a wrong 'un. Bit weedy, eh?"

"Mind yer—'e *may* be all right," said another, a little doubtfully. "P'raps 'e's a dark 'orse, an' may surprise us at the finish."

"Yus, I expect 'e'll surprise us," retorted a third.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Timbury desperately, with his teeth chattering with cold and fear, "you expect me—from my costume—to do something extraordinary in the athletic line—probably a swimming entertainment, or tight-rope walking, or something of that kind. Let me assure you that I utterly decline to take part in anything of the sort."

If Mr. Timbury felt that he could win them over by humorous or sarcastic talk, he was mistaken; despite his protests, he was seized, and hurried towards the door which communicated with the barn.

The door was opened, and poor Archibald Timbury, propelled suddenly from behind, was shot into the barn, amid a yell of applause. He saw before him a small square space, neatly roped off, and well sanded; while all round, rising tier upon tier, was a great sea of faces; and—worst sight of all—in one corner of the improvised "ring," sat a man of the most villainous aspect possible.

It became evident at once that the term "Beauty" had been bestowed upon Mr. Maggs somewhat sarcastically. In face, he would have matched the gentleman of the damaged features, who had so unfortunately lost his train, pretty accurately; in figure, he was of the small bull-dog order—bowed as to the legs, and with his bullet head set well down between his shoulders.

He rose from his seat, as Mr. Archibald Timbury, assisted by a dozen willing hands, was pushed under the ropes and made to face him; and he grinned knowingly, as he noted Archibald's spare figure, on which even the bright blue knickerbockers hung loosely.

The hoarse gentleman dived under the ropes, and, removing his brown hat, explained to the waiting crowd what was to happen. In a few words he summed up the facts; that the great light-weight from the North of England was now before them, to meet an equally celebrated man, whose fame, though local, had already spread abroad.

A benighted and ignorant police force had declared that their proceedings were illegal; hence they had been obliged, gentlemen, to meet in this fashion, in order to see these two noble sportsmen have it out with each other, in a fair and open manner. The hoarse-voiced gentleman would appeal to those who were privileged to view this unique entertainment not to interrupt, and, above all, to see fair play, and to assist the management generally.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let it be understood that there was a purse of three hundred pounds, and that that purse would go to the man who succeeded in knocking out his opponent. The fight would be to a finish.

Archibald had fully made up his mind to address the crowd and explain matters; but they were already growing impatient. The gentleman with the hoarse voice had already been interrupted more than once by earnest intreaties to "cut the cackle and get on to business." More than that, before Mr. Timbury quite knew what was happening, "Beauty" Maggs had advanced towards him, and was solemnly shaking hands.

"I'm sorry fer you, young man," said Mr. Maggs in a whisper; and even as he said it and stepped back, something seemed to shoot out of him, with a large hand at the end of it, and that something struck Mr. Timbury smartly twice on the cheek.

"If you do that again," said Archibald, with what severity he could muster, after

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bringing himself up with a stagger against the ropes, "I shall certainly have to hit you If you think——"

"I 'aven't time to," said Mr. Maggs genially. "I'm out to enjoy meself. 'Ow's that?"

"That" was a resounding blow, fair on the nose of Mr. Timbury. The crowd yelled, and Archibald seemed to hit himself in several places at once on the sanded floor. But, incidentally, it may be mentioned that the crowd did not know what was in Mr. Timbury, any more than, probably, he knew himself. Something was roused in him that had not been roused before.

In a most surprising fashion, he got to his feet; in a still more surprising fashion, he made a rush at "Beauty" Maggs. It was wholly unscientific, and that perhaps accounted for the failure of Mr. Maggs to stop the rush.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, Archibald shut his eyes, and dashed at the other man blindly. But he hit out with all the strength that was in him, and nearly dislocated his wrist in doing so. When he opened his eyes he couldn't see Mr. Maggs anywhere, and there was a deathlike silence. Looking about him in a bewildered fashion, he saw the "Beauty" lying curled up, and looking rather ghastly, on the floor.

The hoarse gentleman was down on one knee beside Mr. Maggs, with a watch in one hand, and was counting laboriously. Archibald hadn't the least idea what he was doing it for, or what it meant; but he reached a number, and paused, and still Mr. Maggs did not rise.

Then the whole place seemed to break loose, and men came scrambling over the ropes, and insisted on shaking hands with Archibald—one or two, in fact, almost embracing him in their fervour. Finally Maggs was carried away, and Archibald, more dead than alive, was hurried into his dressing-room.

"What has happened—is he dead?" gasped Mr. Timbury.

"Dead!" said the hoarse gentleman contemptuously. "Not 'e. Young man"—he held out a large fist to Archibald—"I take back all I've said. You *are* a dark 'orse, an' no error. An' now I 'ave much pleasure in 'anding to you the purse you 'ave so nobly won, an' I 'ope——"

The speech was cut short by an appalling cry. It came from an excited man, who rushed in, panting, and ejaculated one word—

"Police!"

In a moment everyone seemed to be flying in different directions, and everyone seemed to be falling over everyone else. Lights were hurriedly put out; and, amid the blowing of whistles, and the running of feet, and the overturning of seats and boxes, Mr. Archibald Timbury found himself alone in the darkness. Realising that he was in very real danger, he hurriedly struggled into his overcoat, on which he happened to be sitting, and which was the only garment he could find at the moment; and, still grasping the small leather pocket book which had been put into his hands, dashed out, clad in that ridiculous fashion, into the night.

He never stopped until he had run quite a couple of miles; and then, panting and exhausted, and wondering what on earth was to happen to him, he sank down on a bank by the roadside; and decided to wait there until daylight.

Meanwhile, in the home of Mr. George Bowman, a certain small plot had been afoot. Mr. George Bowman had a son, an only son, of some twenty years of age, with sporting instincts. It does not concern us to know how he came to hear of that secret business at the barn; suffice it that it seemed to be wafted to him, as it were, in quite a natural way, by a whisper here and a whisper there.

Finally, a groom gave him the actual information he sought; and, in a wild state of excitement, Mr. Jack Bowman prepared to attend that little "mill," in which our friend Archibald Timbury was to be so intimately concerned.

Jack had a friend staying with him, a friend who belonged to the same college, and who was spending a week-end at the house of Mr. George Bowman. Breathlessly he imparted to this friend—a certain Mr. Clement Hatton—the news of what was to happen; secretly they set out to see the fun.

Paying liberally, they got in, and waited as impatiently as everyone else for the coming of the man who was to be matched against Mr. Maggs; with his entrance, Jack Bowman laid a hand suddenly on the arm of his friend, and gasped.

"Heavens! it's old Timbury!"

There was no time to say more. As has already been recorded, Mr. Timbury had to get to work rather hurriedly, and the fight was over in a matter of seconds. Then had come that alarming cry, and Jack Bowman and his friend had scrambled out into the darkness with the other fugitives. Going across country, literally by leaps and bounds, they came to that very spot where poor

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Archibald Timbury, in his incongruous dress, sat lamenting.

Mr. Timbury was half asleep. Added to that, he was very wet (for it had begun to rain), and very cold and hungry. He answered carelessly the questions put to him, as to what had induced him to occupy such a position.

"By Jove, Archie, you're a lion!"

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Timbury sleepily. "I'll be jolly glad to forget it."

"Finest thing I've ever seen," said Mr. Clement Hatton admiringly. "Only one blow, you know. It was wonderful. Why didn't you play with him a bit, and give us something for our money?"

"Play with him!" exclaimed Archibald wildly. "He played with me. I've never had such a riotous game in all my life. I hope he'll recover."

"We were there, you know," said Jack. "Saw it all from the beginning. Whatever made you do it?"

"Oh, just a freak, you know," said Archibald, smiling wanly.

"You caught him right on the proper spot—the peak of the jaw," said Clement.

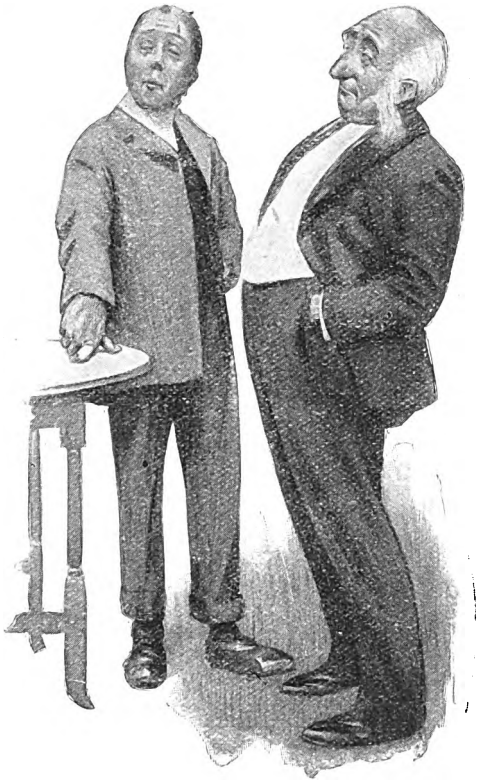
"Well, it wasn't my fault," said Mr. Timbury snappishly. "He was very rude to me."

"I say, won't Julia be pleased to hear of this!" began Jack enthusiastically. "She's always said, you know, that you——"

"I know—you needn't remind me," said Archibald. "To be candid, Jack, I was on my way to see her to-night, when this—this little business occurred."

"And you couldn't resist having a go at Maggs, eh?"

"Exactly. Now I should like to know what's going to happen to me. I've got practically nothing on, except an overcoat, and I really feel——"



"You appeal to me, sir, as one of the fine old fighting-stock, who were the makers of our great nation."

Naturally, it ended as might have been expected. The two young men insisted on carrying him off, then and there, to "Barn End," and there they lent him a more becoming costume than that in which he was arrayed.

The story leaked out. Mr. George Bowman, hearing it with starting eyes, sent for Mr. Archibald Timbury, not without some trepidation.

"I think you're all making a great fuss about nothing," said the latter. "It was only—only a little amusement, to pass the time, as it were."

"Mr. Timbury, I really feel that I have been somewhat unjust to you," said Mr. George Bowman impressively. "In a crude way, you appeal to me, sir, as one of the fine old fighting-stock—one of those original Vikings, one might almost say—who were the makers of our great nation. If only it were possible for you to show me that you were a man of more substance."

"Within the last hour or two, Mr. Bowman, I have—in quite an easy way—made a little sum; it may prove to you that there are more ways of making money than you imagine." With these words, Mr. Timbury carelessly laid on the table the small pocket-book, containing the notes, to the amount of three hundred pounds, which he had received in such an extraordinary way.

"But surely, Mr. Timbury, you don't earn your living in this way?" asked Mr. George Bowman, aghast, as he examined the notes.

"Oh, dear no," said Archibald, with a smile; "I—I only do that sort of thing when I'm short of pocket money."

That evening Mr. Archibald Timbury—an honoured guest—had an interview with Miss Julia Bowman; to judge from their attitude towards each other, it must have been perfectly satisfactory.

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A ROYAL VISIT

How Grandmamma Entertained Royalty.

By Frances Clifden.

A true and vivid Account of an actual Visit recently paid to a well-known Family of Title by two Members of the Royal House.

I.

I must admit I am glad grandmamma looks like a Duchess. So few Duchesses do, nowadays. So many of the young ones imitate actresses—only well got up and refined actresses, of course—but the flattering resemblance cannot fail to strike the discriminating; while older women are really more like—shall we say, caricatures of their great grandchildren?

But grandmamma is of the old school, and young men love her, and she loves being loved by them. That is why, although we are really dreadfully poor, considering what is expected of us, Royalty comes to stay with us quite intimately sometimes, and it is said that the present King—before he was made King—once declared he would sooner spend a week-end at Sandys than at any other house he visited.

As for H.R.H. the Duke of Kemplyn, I believe he positively adores grandmamma. H.R.H. the Duchess, to whom his attention is so marked, and who is a dear gracious soul, although so much more sedate and quiet than he, once confessed that grandmamma was the one woman in the world of whom she was afraid!

Between ourselves, I really believe that they threw out strong hints that they wished to be invited to stay with us, the other afternoon when we were selling at the St. Aloysius Hospital Bazaar. The Duke opened it, and the Royal pair stopped at our stall longer than at any other—so long, indeed, that the long *queue* of ladies in hot pursuit, presumably in the hope of discovering if Royalty wore the same boots and hairpins as themselves, waxed quite impatient. I was pinning the buttonhole, which H.R.H. had just bought, into his coat, when he suddenly turned to his wife, and said something in an undertone which made her smile, and grandmamma blush so prettily that she looked like her own old family portrait, taken when she was sixteen.

It was upon that hint, I am sure, that grandmamma wrote and asked them to spend the three days of their forthcoming Laleshire visit at Sandys. Of course, we could not suggest a time—that is one of the minor matters which makes invitations to Royalty rather tiresome, for they have to be left to name their own day or days, and one's own personal engagements are necessarily unhinged until the matter is settled.

In this case, however, all fell in well with our plans, and grandmamma and I at once set to work to prepare for what was, I suppose, a chance which most girls would have envied me, but for which, alas! I had but little heart. For if the man one loves has

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been sent away from one because he is too poor to be the husband of a comparative pauper like me, it doesn't seem to matter very much whether Royalties or regicides are staying, does it? Poor Dick!

II.

Laleshire is *en fête*, and Sandys village has gone completely off its head. The children's faces and heads have been washed and washed again until they shine like ruddy apples or newly oiled barber's blocks. For days past the villagers have been mending up their "Sunday bests," and to-day every cottage garden along the line of route from the station has broken out into an epidemic of Christmas tree flags and bunting.

For days past, too, at Sandys, we have been having our hedges trimmed, clipped, "hair-dressed," as I called it, after the most approved fashion. "Extra hands" in the gardens have been trimming the side-walks, etc., levelling paths in which the eye of an engineer alone (or a drunken bargee) could have detected the least irregularity, while the head gardener has become positively pallid in his efforts to produce out-of-season blooms in the houses—which, as a matter of fact, are looking quite their worst, for everyone knows that the shooting season is not the season of the most famous exotics!

Where the ways of Royal visiting were concerned I was hopelessly ignorant, and grandmamma had to explain things to me right from the beginning. To begin with, the list of guests is much harder to make up than one would think. So many pros and cons have to be taken into consideration. Fortunately, in this instance, grandmamma and grandpapa have always been especially exclusive, which fits in with the prejudices of the Royal lady, who has invariably refused to meet anyone concerning whom there was a breath of scandal. On the other hand, H.R.H. himself has a strong bias in favour of the witty and amusing, and his interests have also to be studied. His favourite quotation is the Queen of Roumania's famous epigram, "Contradiction sweetens conversation; it is for lack of this that Courts are so dull!"

Our own list for the proposed house-party was arranged with the utmost care, and subjected to the most rigid private censorship before it was actually submitted to their Royal Highnesses for their approval by my grandmother. As on former occasions, it proved to be eminently satisfactory, and it came back without a single name being altered or even an alternative suggestion made, much to grandmamma's delight.

From that time on, the moment that the news of the approaching visit was made public, we were besieged by newspaper people; quite piteous, some of them, in their demand for news. They hung about the lanes, watching to see if any, and if so, how many, extra policemen were put on duty; they took notes of every trifling alteration in the shape of a clipped yew hedge or the felling of a tree.

As a matter of fact, so far as guarding the roads went, we had only three extra policemen on duty during the visit; had it been the reigning Sovereign who was coming, we should, of course, have had many more, and detectives as well. But H.R.H. the Duke of Kemplyn is one of the most popular of princes, and so far from any likelihood of ascending the throne, that none but the most hardened anarchist could bear him any ill-will.

You will understand how thoroughly grandmamma belongs to a previous generation when I tell you that there is not a detail in the household arrangements for this visit, but has passed under her personal supervision.

The floors of the corridors have all been freshly bees-waxed; often, lately, the whole household has been astir and at work from five o'clock. This afternoon we drove slowly over the whole line of route, the six miles drive to Sandys station, I watching one side, grandmother the other, while going, and reversing this order on our return. Grandpapa, too, has been "nursing" his shoot with the utmost care, and the excitement that has prevailed in the stables has been quite funny. The head coachman, Graves, is an ex-cavalryman, and H.R.H. is well-known to be one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the land.

Graves and I are great friends. He took me into the harness rooms this morning, and pointed with pride. "There's the real cavalry shine on it all, miss—as His Grace himself remarked this morning."

From Mrs. Markham, the housekeeper, who has been given a new black silk gown for the occasion, down to Polly, the "between" maid, there has been an air of extra discipline for the last week. Sandys Castle is always run on clockwork lines, but I believe that if during this visit one meal were a fraction of a second late, or a particle of dust found its way into the furthest recesses of—Polly's bedroom, grandmother would never recover from the shock.

"Gentlepeople do not care merely for

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what is on the surface," she assures me. "We have to set an example, and in a careless age like this it behoves us to lay a double stress upon the importance of detail. At Sandys, I expect that everything should be perfectly orderly, perfectly cleanly, and perfectly appointed, so far as is possible with our limited means."

III.

Next night.

My brain is whirling, yet I think I am possessed of but one conscious thought—I do hope grandmamma was not ashamed of me! I saw her look at me, now and again, but I really believe on the whole I "acquitted myself creditably," as she would say, for the people who knew things pulled me through.

We had a busy morning sending into the station for first one guest and then another—a number had arrived by luncheon, but a few others appeared, in driblets, in the course of the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses themselves came at tea-time, and with their arrival began my first lessons in the difficult matter of how Royalties are entertained—or rather, as to the peculiar customs which obtain in entertaining them.

To begin with, it appears that the master of the house must himself drive to meet the Royal guests at the station, whereas the lady of the house must wait at the front door to greet them. Grandmamma says that this is a little point of etiquette about which the oddest mistakes are made. Care has to be taken, of course, to insure the carriage being drawn up so as to enable the Royal lady to seat herself in the right hand corner, and red cloth is put down at the entrance.

The sending of the carriages is quite a large order, for the suite has naturally to be provided for. In our case, it consisted of a Gentleman-in-waiting, and Lady-in-waiting, with a maid and man respectively, and the Royal lady's maid and footman, and the Royal gentleman's valet and a loader, as this was a shooting party.

You will wonder, I expect, that I did not naturally know more about these small matters with which almost any "society girl" is familiar. But my ignorance was due to the fact that I had lived nearly all my life in the heart of Scotland, twenty miles' drive from the nearest neighbour, with the "minister's" wife and the doctor's sister my sole guides of information as to manners, except during the brief periods of our annual shoots, which, after all, in our benighted lodge, were composed mostly of men whose wives had, at the last moment, shirked the long journey.

While grandmamma was entertaining her other guests, preparatory to Their Royal Highnesses' arrival, I slipped away, as she had told me, to look once more at their rooms. The two bedrooms of Their Royal Highnesses themselves were, of course, the finest rooms in the west wing, which faces the prettiest view of the Park, and led out of each other.

On beyond, their sitting-room was really a dream. The Duchess is a very cultivated lady, and grandmamma had laid in a stock of the newest French and Italian literature on purpose for her. The room looked so homelike with its wealth of flowers and books and papers, so "lived-in" and graceful, with all the little personal touches which grandmamma's knowledge of the individual tastes of both her guests had supplied, that I did not wonder they liked staying at Sandys.

The Lady-in-waiting's room, too, was very nice, and, in addition to his bedroom, the Gentleman-in-waiting had an extra room placed at his service—a room we use generally as a library for that wing—with ample writing accommodation and plenty of space to keep the business papers which pursue the Duke even on his holiday.

As the Royal party entered the park gates, which are about a mile and a half from the house, the lodge keeper telephoned up to warn us of their arrival, and grandmamma took up her station at the entrance, looking more than ever like the portrait of her own great-grandmother, with her beautiful silvery hair dressed high, and her famous old Point de Venise lace carefully arranged by Elise's clever fingers.

When Their Royal Highnesses came presently into the drawing-room, of course we all stood up, and those who had not met them previously were presented. We all curtseyed, of course—what an ugly form of greeting this is, by the by!—and I hear that we are to do this practically on every occasion upon which, generally, one would shake hands—on saying good-morning and good-night, for instance, but not on entering a room in which the Royalties were, or at any odd times.

One of the minor points that had bothered me dreadfully, and about which I really was ashamed to ask, was the question of standing and sitting! Abroad, I had noticed how a Frenchman of any real social position, when meeting a lady in the street, kept his head uncovered until the lady told him to put on his hat again—and I thought, perhaps, that we ought to stand until we were asked to be seated. But I found that we ladies were

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expected to stand only when the Duchess herself was standing, in the way that one instinctively pays a small courtesy to almost anyone of higher rank or much greater age than oneself, and that when she was sitting one did just as one would have done under any circumstances.

After tea we all drifted off for walks, and the Gentleman-in-waiting, Captain Sheldon, falling to my share, I told him forthwith of the difficulties which I simply dared not confide in anyone else.

When Their Royal Highnesses came into the drawing-room, of course we all stood up, and those who had not met them previously were presented.

"You'll think me an awful idiot, I know, but I really have some excuse, haven't I? And grandmamma is so 'finished' herself that I know it would distress her dreadfully if I made some awful *faux pas!*"

Captain Sheldon laughed.

"Their Royal Highnesses would probably be immensely amused. They're the most simple folk. Don't you think what the outside world calls 'big people' usually have fewer airs and graces than the *nouveaux riches* who ape them?"

I shook my head.

"I know so little of anybody—of social lions or mice yet. Tell me this at least. When one addresses Royalties, personally, does one call them 'Your Royal Highness?' The other day, at the bazaar, I noticed grandmamma always said 'Sir' or 'Ma'am.'"

"That is the rule, in ordinary conversation. Or you can call the Duchess 'Madam,' if you like. But now and again it is polite to say 'Your Royal Highness' instead—you just chuck it in as a sort of sop to the ancient rigid laws of etiquette, which have grown so much less rigid of late years. You might say, for instance, if you were passing anything at table: 'Would Your Royal Highness have some grapes,' or something of that sort!"

Captain Sheldon was really an enormous help. He eased my mind as to the formality I had thought would be kept up, even in trifles, and which most certainly did not obtain! Of course, one or two obvious differences to general customs struck one immediately.

For instance, at dinner time, when grandpapa led off, as usual, with the Royal Lady,

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grandmamma at once followed him on the arm of the Duke instead of bringing up the rear as would have been usually the case. In leaving the dining-room, too, her exit followed immediately upon the Duchess's, instead of the general custom of the hostess allowing all other guests to leave the room before herself. She is to do this to-morrow night, too. There will be no "change" of partners for the two Royalties at this meal.

The other meals will be, of course, less formal. At breakfast and luncheon we ladies will go in together, and the men follow, just as usual, and the Duchess will breakfast in her own room, or not, as she prefers, just as any other guest would.

At dessert, I watched eagerly to see if it were really true that the old Jacobite custom of having no finger bowls for any but the Royal guests still obtained. Captain Sheldon told me that concerning this there were a great number of varying opinions, but the Duke and Duchess's own preference was in favour of all the guests having them, which was the case with us.

We have no gold plate, and, indeed, the houses in England which possess it are few and far between, but our silver plate is particularly beautiful, and we used it as far as the roasts for second course. I hate the look of it personally—it always suggests a dim flavour of plate powder! All sweets, etc., were, of course, served on china.

There was an awfully pretty little point which struck me particularly, when dinner was over and we had adjourned to the drawing-room for coffee. When it was brought in, one cup was brought upon a separate salver, and grandmamma handed it herself to the Princess. This is always done, I hear, and I think it is such a charming custom.

When the men joined us, we all drifted off for different amusements as usual, but the Duke and grandpapa, and old Lord Ainbrough and Captain Sheldon played bridge. I had heard a rumour as to "gold fresh from the Mint" only being allowed to pass when Royalty was present, but, as a matter of fact, in this instance no money passed at all, except a sovereign or two between the other guests.

I asked Captain Sheldon about it, and he said that next morning cheques would be exchanged, he having made "memos" as to His Royal Highness's losses and gains. The other idea is quite obsolete, having fallen into disuse owing to its obvious difficulties of accomplishment.

Oh dear, how sleepy I am! The Duke caught me yawning even before the move for bed was made. He is such a nice cheery old thing—not a bit like a "Personage." I was awfully ashamed of myself, and apologised very confusedly.

"If you mayn't yawn in your own home, in whose may you?" he said, laughing, and then added, with a twinkle in his eye, and a look in the direction of the old Duchess of Edlyn, who is a notorious bore, and who had just been button-holing him in a corner. "I was much more rude just now. I did it myself when I was talking to a lady, who shall be nameless—and she caught me!"

"But to His Royal Highness much may be forgiven which can't be in Betty Sandys," I retorted; and he laughed quite as if I had said something witty instead of about the most feeble remark which even I could have compassed!

IV.

A week later.

My terrors are over, and I have enjoyed these past four days so much that my only regret is that it will be so long before they can come again. Their Royal Highnesses were just the most charming visitors it was possible to have—far more considerate of their host's and hostess's comfort than any ordinary guest.

They went about exactly the same as other ordinary persons, taking part in games, walks, etc., with the rest of the house-party of thirty persons, and equally—and obviously—enjoying themselves. The Royal lady was an indefatigable Kodaker, and scoured the country for "copy," coming out with the rest of us to lunch with the guns in a little woodman's hut, full of shavings and planks, in Deadman's Copse. For telling a good story I have seldom met an equal of her husband.

I kept my eyes and ears open all the time, for I knew grandmother was secretly afraid that I might not do her credit. But she actually congratulated me at the last, and said I had "behaved beautifully!" There were lots of little points which struck me, and which I have stored up for use on future occasions—not that Dick and I—if we ever did come together by some happy chance—are the least likely to be required to entertain anyone of the least importance—far less Royalty!

One of the matters which had privately puzzled me was the question as to who should make the move at bed-time. But I noticed that, near the hour, grandmamma invariably said to the Duchess: "I fear Your Royal Highness is tired. Would you not like to go to bed?" or something of that sort.

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Everything was done quite simply—but, of course, the Kemplyns are especially simple and natural people—I daresay Royalties of less importance might make more fuss and be more formal! Their social distinction is a fact so well recognised that there is no need to lay a stress on it.

They certainly went out of their way to make everyone feel at ease and natural, and any shyness which I felt personally was removed within an hour of their coming.

At leaving I discovered what I had, of course, guessed by myself, namely, that they gave their tips to the menservants through the Gentleman-in-waiting, and to the women servants through the Lady-in-waiting. A day later we received the most charming letter of thanks from H.R.H. the Duchess of Kemplyn, accompanied by a couple of excellent panel photographs of herself and her husband, framed in solid silver with initials and signed.

Grandmother was more delighted with the wording of her letter than with her present; I believe by the way she took it that it must be the general custom; indeed, had it been the King or Queen who was staying, I believe a far handsomer present would have been sent.

Well, they are gone now, and we have settled down to the ordinary round again. Strange, how dreary it all seems! The bunting is torn down, the flags are put away, the little village has relapsed into its normal state of work and routine. Our holiday-making is temporarily at an end. For the time being it took one out of one-self. But now one has to begin again, to realise once more what life will mean in the future without Dick. . . .

V.

Two days later.

I can hardly believe it. . . . I shall bless the visit of those dear Royalties all my days. It appears that H.R.H. the Duke took a most kindly interest in me from the first, and asked so many leading questions concerning my future that grandmamma eventually told him of the difficulties of my position with regard to Dick.

"It is a sad story, for she seems a faithful little lady," he said. To which grandmamma replied with her usual dignity: "Fidelity is the characteristic of our race, Sir." He said no more just then, but later on asked for Dick's name again, and then remembered how he and his father had been boys at Eton together, and remarked that he hoped to come across the younger Richard Musgrave in the future. At the time, grandmamma paid little or no attention to the words, but to day—to-day!

To-day is so much too good to be true, that I could hardly believe it if Dick's hand weren't in mine at this very moment. The Gentleman-in-waiting on H.R.H., Frank Sheldon, has just come into his father's property, and, the post being vacant, the Duke has given it to Dick! They have been like fairy god-parents to me, those two, and when I remember how much I dreaded their coming, it all seems doubly strange and inexplicable. At this rate anything might happen. We have set our feet firmly on the first step of the ladder of happiness; it will be our own fault if we do not mount to its summit. And to think that we owe it all — to — "A Royal Visit!"

Mistress Kitty Bellairs, the new heroine of "Pearson's Magazine," who breaks a dozen hearts a day and never loses her own.

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A Perilous Passage

How a Brave American Girl Reporter Did Her Duty Against Fearful Odds.

By Mary A. Dickerson.

The new reporter sat at her desk and looked disconsolate. Also idle.

That was what called the editor's attention to her. It was not proper for anyone to be idle in that office.

So the editor looked up sharply and called: "Miss Morris!"

The girl's face brightened, and she reached for her hat.

"Yes, sir," she answered, already half way to the desk, and in another moment she was out of the door, stuffing some copy paper into the little leather bag at her side as she went.

"Where did you send her, Staley?" asked the assistant editor, glancing up from the proofs he was reading.

The assistant editor was rather interested in the new reporter.

"Elopement—South Side," answered his chief shortly. "Not much to report, but it'll keep her out from under my nose for a time. I wish the boss'd stop sending me girls to break in. They're no good in the profession—no grit and no go."

Before he had finished the assistant editor's feet came down with a thump.

"Good Heavens, Staley," he cried, "you don't know what you've done! The strike's on the South Side lines. She'll go right into the middle of it."

The editor frowned.

"There," he exclaimed, "that's just the nuisance of girls. You don't have to consider a man. He can look out for himself. Oh, well, she's new. She'll turn back if she get's scared. Don't worry, Lawton."

But the assistant editor's forehead didn't relax its anxious lines.

"You don't know her, Bob," he said soberly. "She's in this business in earnest. She's got big ideas of doing things for the paper. She comes of newspaper stock, you know, and she's got all the traditions bred in her. She won't stop for the strike, and she may get hurt."

The editor was worried, but he wouldn't show it.

"Shut up," he growled, "and get those proofs read. If she's got any sense she won't get hurt. I wasn't hired for a chaperon," and he lit a long black cigar.

There was nothing more to be said, and Lawton subsided. But he was nervous.

So was Miss Morris.

She had not forgotten the strike. She had been reading all about it when the editor called her, and she knew from the afternoon papers that it was much more serious than the morning editions had admitted.

She also knew that her business carried her right into the heart of the trouble. But she never thought of turning back.

It was hard to find a South Side car. Few were running, and when one came the windows were broken and the conductor had a bloody handkerchief twisted round his hand.

A policeman who saw her getting into the car tried to stop her.

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"Better not, miss," he said warningly. "Them cars is dangerous. They're stoning 'em over there."

She shook her head.

"I'm not afraid," she said. "You see, I'm a reporter, and I've got to get my news."

"Oh, well," said the man, "that's different," but he felt very much as Lawton did, as he saw the car swing round the corner, empty except for her.

"She's got grit, all right," he muttered; "hope she don't get no harm."

And he tramped on down his beat.

But Miss Morris was scared. The conductor, glad of a companion, came in and told her of his woes, and when people on the street yelled abuse at them, he let her know how badly it made him feel. He seemed a decent fellow enough.

Once at a street corner some boys threw stones at the car, and Miss Morris, acting on the conductor's advice, sat on the floor.

But it made her feel foolish and ashamed, and she soon got up.

When they reached the market house some men tried to block the lines, hooting wildly, and a shower of rotten fruit and vegetables came through the windows.

One hard little plum hit her on the cheek and stung her badly, and a soft tomato squashed against her shoe. But she only laughed, though the disgusting things the men called out about her made her cheeks flush hotly.

But it was all for the paper, and the rest of the ride was soon over. When they reached her street she said "good-bye" to the conductor and got off, feeling very brave and elated.

She hoped the editor would know some time how she had had to get her copy. For get it she did, and a picture of the eloping couple to boot.

Only a queer little photograph printed on tin, taken at some picnic, but priceless to a reporter. And, overjoyed with her success, she started back.

It was well on in the afternoon, and she had to wait for a long time before a car came by. It was empty, of course, and the driver stared when she held up her hand.

But she smiled and nodded, and he broke into a broad grin as he turned his controller round and stopped the car.

"Sure you want to get in, miss?" he called out. "You may see some trouble."

"Sure," she answered. "I came up all right, and it was rather fun."

She climbed herself in, and went up front with the driver.

She liked his looks. He was strong and cheerful. But the conductor was slouching and unpleasant.

More people were in the streets now, and even the women called her names as the car went by.

But no one threw anything at all, and Miss Morris was beginning to think that the ride home would be the least eventful of the two when suddenly they rounded the corner by the market house again, and she knew that here was danger.

The labouring men were coming home, and crowds of them were gathered on the pavements.

A great dray was drawn up right across the track, and when the driver rang his bell the occupant only leaned out and jeered, while the crowd yelled wildly.

Slowly the car came to a stop just as the horses, half from habit, moved of their own accord at the sound of the warning clang, and the dray swung off the line.

The drayman leaned over to lash the beasts back again, but the car had already gathered headway, and the driver laughed.

It was like fire to powder.

Every man there sympathised with the strikers. No one should laugh at them. And with one wild yell they were over the kerbstones and across the line.

"Quick," yelled the driver to the girl behind him. "They're going to throw! Get down."

But she was already crouched between the seats.

There was a crash above her, and a stone fell on her skirt. She brushed the bits of glass from her hair and crept closer to the door.

Surely the driver could go on. All about them were the cries of the men, and she could feel the heavy car rock as they pushed their way forward.

More glass was falling. And then an egg came flying through the air and hit the driver on the head before it smashed. The crowd broke into a wild cheer, and Miss Morris shivered.

From where she crouched she could see the driver's hand on the wheel and the brake. The car was moving very slowly, and she could make out the motions that controlled it, and found herself comprehending them as she had never done before.

The conductor was flat on the floor behind her, with his head under the seat, and all of

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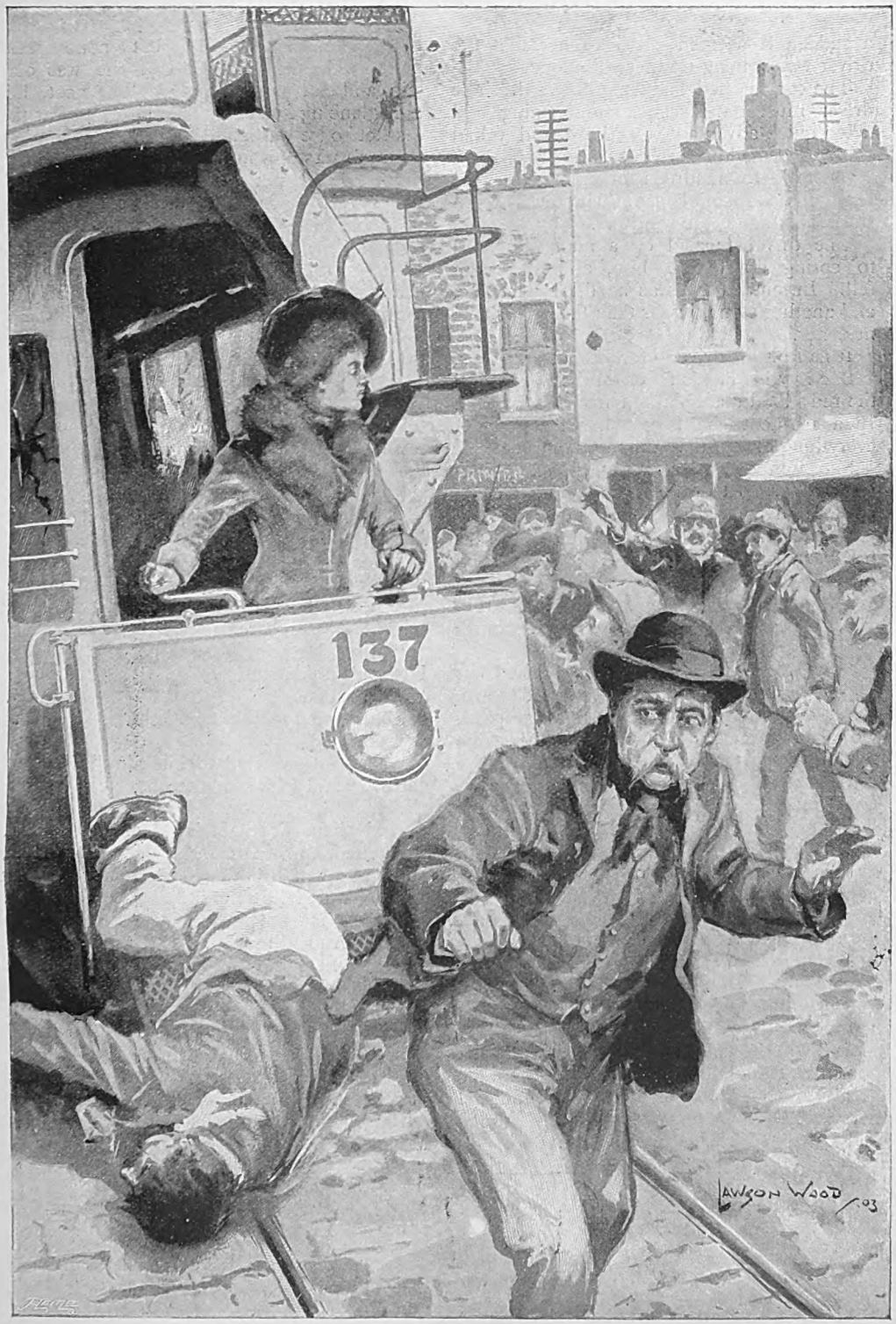

She sent the car whizzing over the track, regardless of the people who ran and stared and shouted at her.

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a sudden it seemed cruel to her that the driver was fighting up there all alone.

The car lurched suddenly forward. The driver must have seen some opening and taken quick advantage, for the crowd yelled wildly and made a savage rush forward.

There were hundreds of men about the car, and she could see their faces when she looked up at the windows.

The driver pushed off a man who tried to spring up beside him, and the man fell. Instantly there was a still louder cry, and another stone, larger than the others, fell near her.

It had hit the driver—full between the eyes.

She saw his hands falter on the wheel, and the red blood that splashed from the wound. In a moment she forgot her fear—forgot everything except that a man was hurt.

She jumped up and out, pushing him behind her, so that he fell, a huddled heap, upon the floor, and she stood upright in his place, her hand on the controller where his had been, her skirts half covering him from the angry mob.

For a moment the men were silent from utter astonishment, and she knew the worth of the silence.

"Get out of the way there!" she called, her high girl's voice reaching far out over the crowd. "Get out of the way, and let this car pass! Cowards—you cowards—so many against one man! Go, or I'll run you down! I've warned you! I mean it! I've got the power, and I mean to use it! Go, go, go!" and her heel struck sharply against the gong, sending out the warning clang the men knew so well.

It seemed to rouse them from their astonishment.

"Ah, shut up!" cried a voice. "It's only a girl. Don't let her scare you!"

And a stone hit her hat and knocked it over one ear. But she never flinched.

"Go, go, go!" she called again. "If anyone's hurt, don't blame me."

And without another word she turned the controller round, loosened the brakes, and the great car started forward with a bound, the men leaping away from the lines with shrieks and oaths as it rushed upon them.

She knew some fell, but none went beneath the wheels. Of that she was certain, and she stood grimly at her post, her eyes glancing from side to side, even after the market house was left behind and the sound of the mob was dim in her ears.

She dared not look back. She feared the driver was dead. She sent the car whizzing over the track, regardless of the people who ran and stared and shouted at her.

She saw them stop and heard them, too, but she was hurrying for help. She was going to the paper.

The line ran by the office door. She never thought of the other lines, and nearly had a collision.

She was sobbing now, and the tears almost blinded her. When they fell on her hands she remembered the blood that had fallen on the driver's strong fingers, and shuddered as she shook them away.

And then suddenly she heard her name, and knew a man was running close beside the car.

Mechanically she twisted at the brakes, and the car slid slower, slower, till it stopped just beyond the office door, as Lawton, breathless, clambered up beside her.

"Miss Morris!" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake, what is it? Are you hurt? What happened?"

She pointed to the man behind. He was groaning slightly.

"They—they tried to kill him," she said shrilly, "and I had to take his place. That's all."

And then, as Staley's face, white and frightened, appeared at the door of the car, she attempted to draw herself up proudly as she handed him the little battered tintype.

"Here is the picture, Mr. Staley," she said. "And I'll—I'll write the article—this ——" and fell towards the door just as Staley caught her.

Even then Lawton stopped long enough to say: "Well, Bob, what about girls now?"

And Staley answered grimly as she gasped back to consciousness: "I wish this one was a man. She'd make her mark—then."

But that was not what he said to Miss Morris.

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MASONRY ON THE MOVE

A very curious and interesting Article, which describes how large Houses are moved Bodily from one Place to another.

By Arthur Jefferson

With one blast of a penny whistle a man can move thirty thousand tons. This is how it is done.

Some years ago there was a row of tall brick flats in New York City which, owing to the adoption of plans for a new bridge, were very much in the way. The bridge building authorities, possessing what is known in law as the right of eminent domain, had the power to rid their path of the obstructing flats, and the owners, knowing this also, prepared to demolish their building. Needless to add, the people in the flats began to pack up their pans, kettles, and ornamental mottoes preparatory to flight. It looked as if the place that knew the flats would soon know those flats no more.

At this moment appeared the man with the whistle, or, to give him a more accurate name, the modern house-mover. The thirty thousand tons of brick and stone seemed in no way to paralyse his daring judgment, and he calmly suggested that the building might, for the trifle of £7000, be moved a sufficient distance to get it out of the way of the obnoxious bridge, and that money could be saved by doing it. "I will pledge my reputation," he said, "that the task can be accomplished without the slightest damage to a pane of glass."

It took twenty-three days to do the work. The contract included the lifting, moving, and re-location of the building, which had a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of sixty-five, and a height of five storeys. A variation of an inch would have wrecked everything, but the magnitude of the operation was, as events proved, a mere nothing.

Without going too deeply into details, it must be stated that the building did not have a straight line to travel, and special care had to be taken to get it round a corner. First it was raised from the solid stone buttresses on which it rested, to be later transferred to a platform of criss-cross beams by means of jack screws raised and lowered by an army of clever workmen, who, in turn, were controlled by the aforesaid whistle. There were over a hundred screws beneath the building, and each screw had to be turned at precisely the same instant and precisely as far, with each turn, as the others, else the

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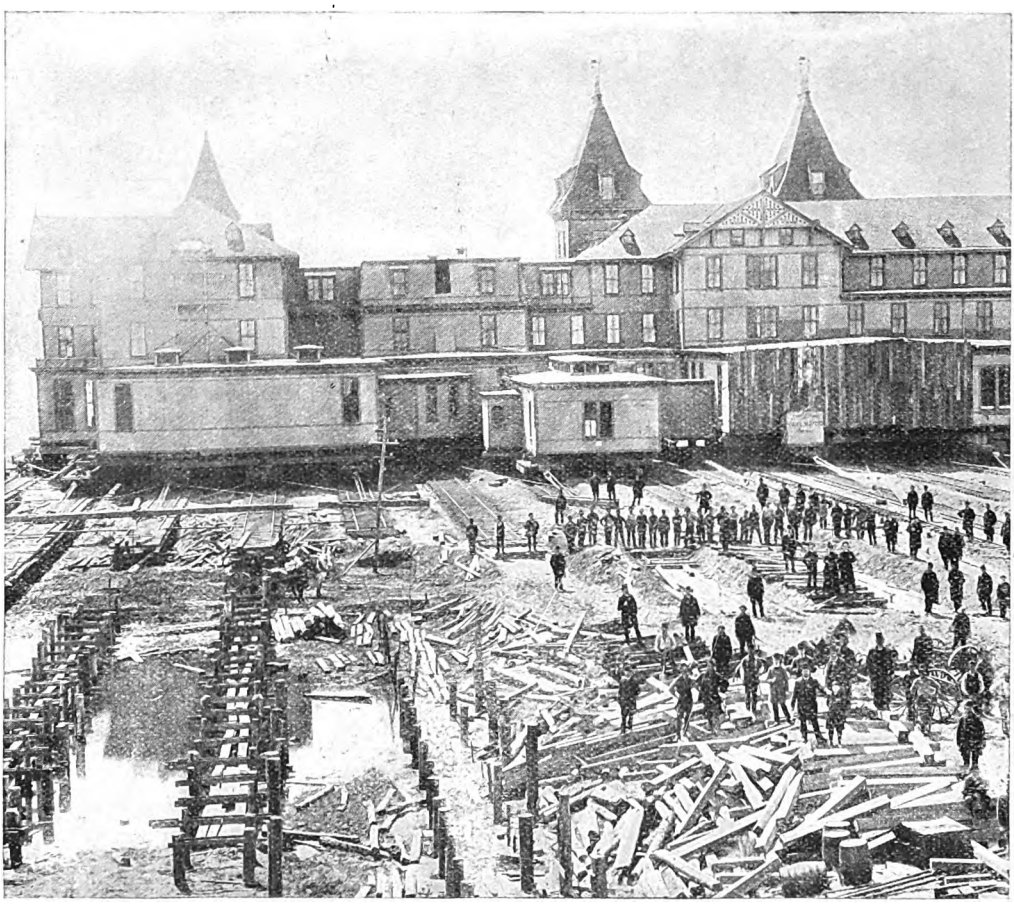

Preparing to remove the huge bulk——

In all this building weighed no fewer than 5000 tons; it was shifted 550 feet——

building would have had undue strain upon some part, and the reputation of the contractor would have been ruined.

The whistle was the signal to turn the screws, and at each blast the ponderous building moved upwards by infinitesimal parts of inches, until, after several days, it was raised four feet. When lowering it on to the greased framework underneath, the operation of the screws was reversed, and the building was soon ready for its travels.

Had this building been of wood, strong cables might have been attached to it and horses might have pulled it along the streets, by means of a winch round which they leisurely turn, a wonderful operation which those who have never seen it find very difficult to imagine. Or, to use the flowing words of an American reporter, "one common, ordinary, everyday long-eared mule could have snaked the whole outfit from the old to the new foundation in decidedly short order."

As the "outfit" was made of something more unwieldy than wood, it was found necessary to push it along by means of the screw, each turn of the rack meaning a progress of three-sixteenths of an inch. The movement was slow and safe, and when the building reached its new foundation not a window pane had been cracked.

It will thus be seen that house moving is no easy operation, and that the development of massive masonry in modern cities has done away with the "house-moving-while-you-wait" business common some years ago. It sometimes occurs that a wealthy resident of an American town who wishes to change his abode will take his house with him in pieces, at considerable expense, and

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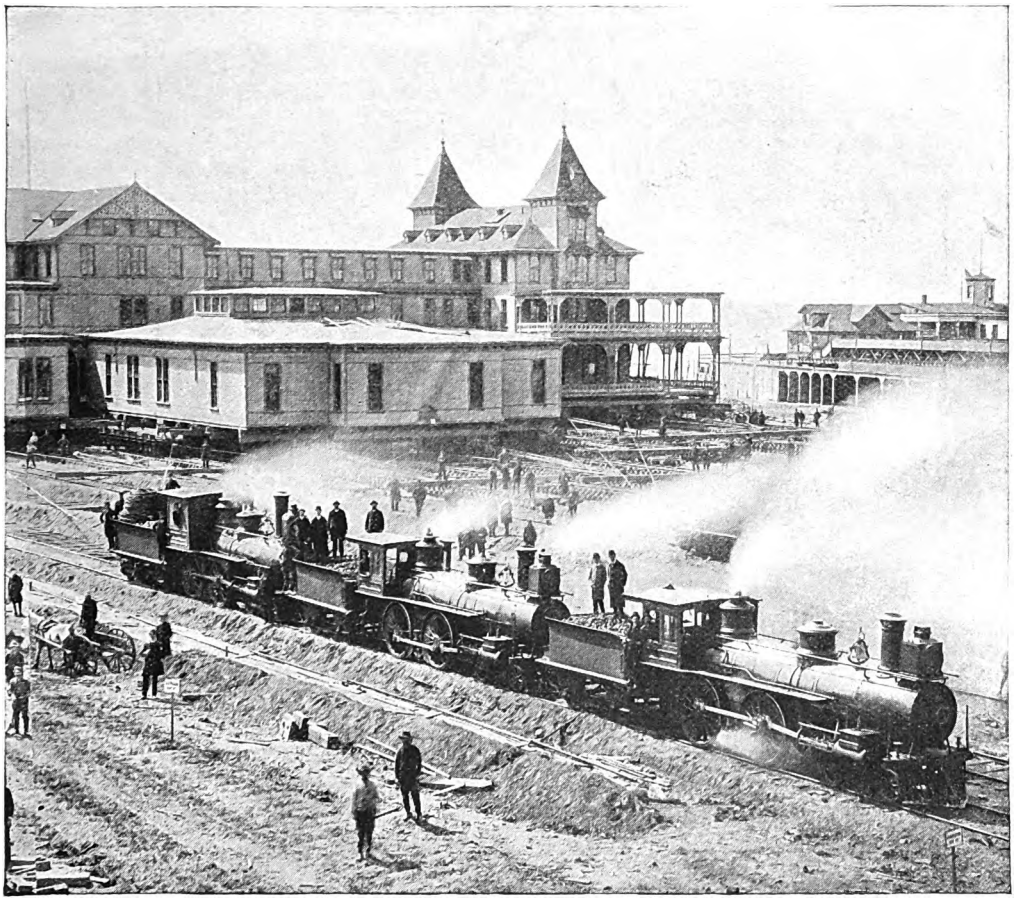

—of the Beach Hotel, Coney Island, U.S.A.

—and its removal was effected by means of several railway engines, the building itself moving over carefully laid tracks.

set it up anew, the expense of removal often being far less than the cost of a new house.

Recently a large sky-scraper in New York City has been demolished in order that it may be set up again, each piece of steel in the framework being marked in such a way that no mistake can be made in piecing together the new edifice. The whole reason for house-moving of any sort is based on expense and expediency. If you find it easier and less costly to move your building than to tear it down and build another, you do it on jack screws and rollers. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, your building, no matter how heavy, will reach its destination without damage. The contractor is ordinarily under a heavy penalty, and he sees to it for you that no damage is done.

The problems in engineering of this sort are as varied as the buildings themselves, and the methods of locomotion sometimes astonishing. When the firm of Messrs. B. C. Miller & Son, of Brooklyn, moved the Brighton Beach Hotel on Coney Island back from the encroaching sea a distance of five hundred and fifty feet, it seemed as if the ingenuity of man had reached its limit.

The building weighed five thousand tons, and was lifted on to one hundred and twelve flat cars or trucks, which, drawn by six locomotives, rested on twenty-four tracks. The feat was interesting enough to attract several thousand spectators, and the problem of preserving this long and unwieldy building of wood and turrets was solved in a manner that would have made the Pharaohs "sit up." The building was moved in one day, although, of course, the preparations for its removal had taken the time and thought of engineers for months.

What is known as "Phelan's feat" refers to the remarkable house-moving operation

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This Court-house, a building fifty-two feet high, was carried a distance of nineteen miles at the rate of eight miles an hour.

performed under the personal instruction of Mr. J. R. Phelan, superintendent of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, in moving a Court-house from Hemingford, Nebraska, to Alliance, in the same State. Here the building, fifty-two feet high from the floor to the top of the flagstaff, was lifted bodily to a flat truck in the middle of a train of coal-laden cars, and carried a distance of nineteen miles. The speed made was eight miles per hour, and little difficulty was experienced in moving the structure, except when passing through some awkward cuttings. The country was fairly flat.

This church was raised from its foundations by means of screw-jacks and bodily removed.

When hill or water intervenes, new dangers have to be considered. A Connecticut farmer recently mounted his house on runners, and, with twenty-four horses and ten men, attempted to move it twenty-seven miles across a frozen lake. The ice broke, the house dropped into the water, freezing firmly at the second storey, and horses and men narrowly escaped drowning.

Ordinarily, buildings are moved on water by means of

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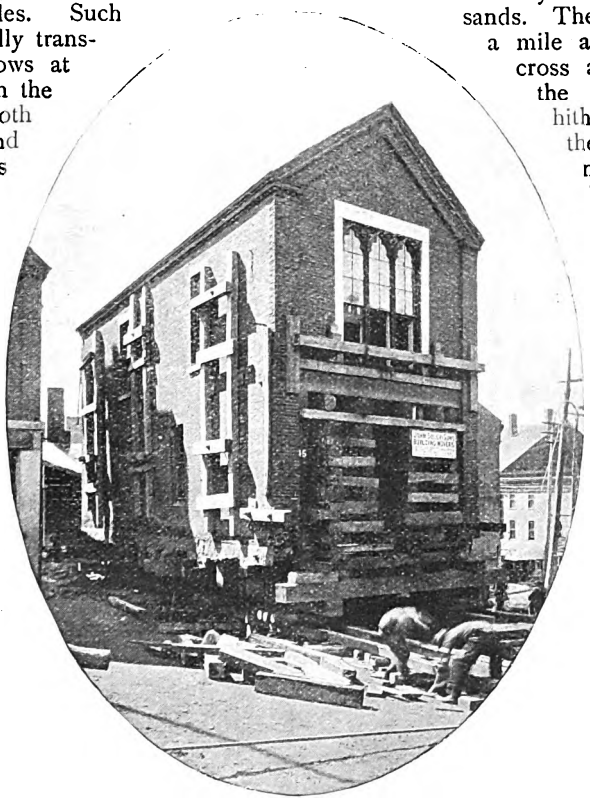
hollow metal boats, scrows, as they are called. A whole town in Washington was recently moved in this manner, the buildings being slid on to scrows, which were then towed to their destination. If a yacht club finds its present location unsuitable, it can easily be moved to another across a harbour, and, as once happened in the case of a Californian gentleman who transported his home and his household gods across San Diego Bay, the operation merely necessitated an ordinary knowledge of house-moving by means of horse and capstan, and a further knowledge of tides. Such buildings are usually transferred to the scrows at low water. When the tide rises it lifts both scrow and house, and a puffing tug does the rest.

When buildings are moved up hill or down hill, other problems have to be faced. Care is taken that a house going down hill shall not go so fast as to gain destructive momentum, and a back pull, by means of heavy hawsers, is sometimes necessary, for the house is usually on rollers and greased ways. In going up hill traction engines are often used, and it needs hardly to be added that when a large building is on the crest of a hill the nicety of detail necessary to get it from the upward to the downward slope without breakage often tries the brain of the most experienced engineer.



Often when a building is being removed it is necessary to prop up the sides with supports to prevent their cracking.

In South Dakota the position of a small town, Platte, was found to be insanitary. The inhabitants came to the conclusion that a change of air would be beneficial to the health of the community, and the town was moved several miles. The energetic house-shifters were not baulked by the huge contract before them, but set to work without delay on the hotel. Heavy timbers and jack-screws were collected. The route by which the hotel was to move was selected and a timber way laid. The first step, then, was to fix big jack-screws to the foundations and rollers to the floor beams. Over one hundred and twenty horses were harnessed to great cables hooked on to the hotel. The conductor blew his whistle, there was a cracking of many whips, a shouting from hundreds of voices and the huge cavalcade set off, followed by the cheers of thousands. The hotel was moved a mile a day, and had to cross a broad creek on the way, a difficulty hitherto unknown in the annals of house-moving.

Then followed the church. This was not nearly as big a business as the moving of the hotel, and it got over the ground quicker. Nothing was moved from the building, even the prayer books and hymn books remaining on their accustomed little shelves during the moving.

When the church had been dumped down in its new position, the contractors came back to the town, and set to work on the village general shop. As with the church, the moving was accomplished with great success. Not a particle of sugar or tea was upset, and not a single bottle broken.

In fact, it is possible that the go-ahead shopkeeper put up a notice outside his shop—"Business as usual during removal." The rest of the town soon followed, the inhabitants not leaving their houses, and even sleeping in them.

In England and the Continent, house-moving is less frequent, but not less worthy

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This £20,000 house was successfully removed from its original site in Lynn, Mass. In the course of its travels it had to be lowered many feet down an incline.

of note. In Rouen some years ago a massive coal shed was moved on little trucks or trolleys on rails, each iron support of the great structure resting on one of the trolleys, the whole being pulled along by means of men and windlasses. The delicate work of keeping the separate supports of the shed in their relative positions to each other was the main feature of this successful feat. Not a pane in the enormous glass roof of the structure was broken.

The unexpected, of course, sometimes happens. There is a true story of a house-moving operation in a New England State which took place when a circus was in the town. Everything was going smoothly, and the horses were plodding their patient way around the capstans when an escaped elephant appeared upon the scene, dashed amongst the ropes with shrill trumpetings, worked havoc with the house and rollers, made a bold dash for life through the windows of a neighbouring saloon, and ended his life with a gun shot, the victim of intemperate haste. The contractor, under bonds, sued the circus for the damage done, and got his money, the celebrated case standing on record as one of the few in which accidents have been known to happen in house-moving.

An unfortunate incident occurred in a western state in America during the moving of a large warehouse. The contractor guaranteed that the moving should last ten days at the most. But when the building had reached the eighth milestone a heavy storm set in that lasted three weeks and swelled a river that crossed the road to such an extent that the total moving lasted not ten days but ten weeks. The contractor lost heavily on that job.

A hotel that was moved without being emptied of guests. They were allowed to remain in their rooms during the moving operations just as if nothing out of the way were happening.

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A Swimming School for Horses

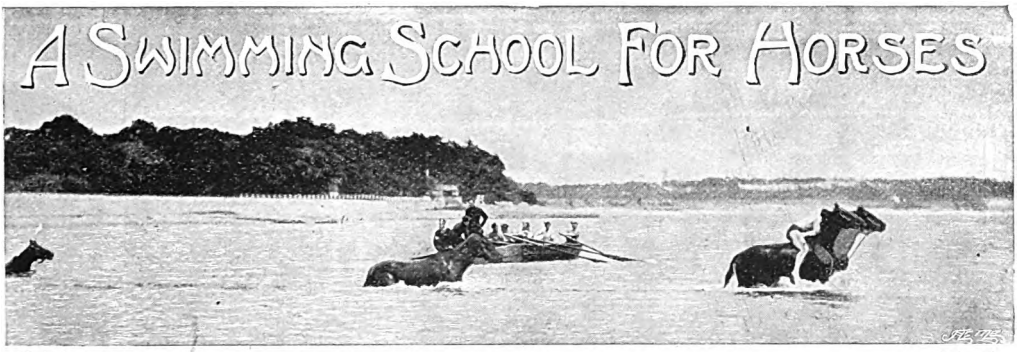

Photo by Hubgood.

How the British Cavalry Horse is taught the invaluable Art of Swimming.

By W. G. FitzGerald.

Perhaps the most interesting sight that can be witnessed at Aldershot is the annual swimming exercises of our cavalry horses; and as these animals display varying degrees of aptitude and willingness, the scene is one of great animation and entertainment.

The great thing is not to force or alarm the horse during his training, but rather to induce him by easy stages to enter the water quickly, fearlessly, and as noiselessly as possible. This peculiar form of education is given a good deal of attention at Aldershot, where horses' swimming "classes" are made up and carried out at frequent intervals during the summer and autumn trainings.

Of the many different breeds of horses that are found within the ranks of a cavalry regiment at home, there is very little difference in the readiness with which they take to the water, although it has been found by experience that the Irish horses are slightly the better in this respect, and the easiest to teach. Horses are "enlisted" on reaching their third year, but it is generally two years more before they are taken for their first swimming lesson, this being given under the personal supervision of the veterinary officer and riding-master of the regiment. Only experienced men, and the rough-riding staff generally, are allowed to assist in this important work. The utmost care is used in getting the horse into the water for the first time, for on this depend greatly his docility and readiness to enter the water in the future.

An old suit of fatigue clothes is used by the man who has charge of the horse, and he walks his timid pupil about on the first day on the edge of the water, just permitting him to wet his hoofs and fetlocks. On no account must the lesson be rushed. First impressions are everything, and if you once terrify the horse he is no use as a swimmer,

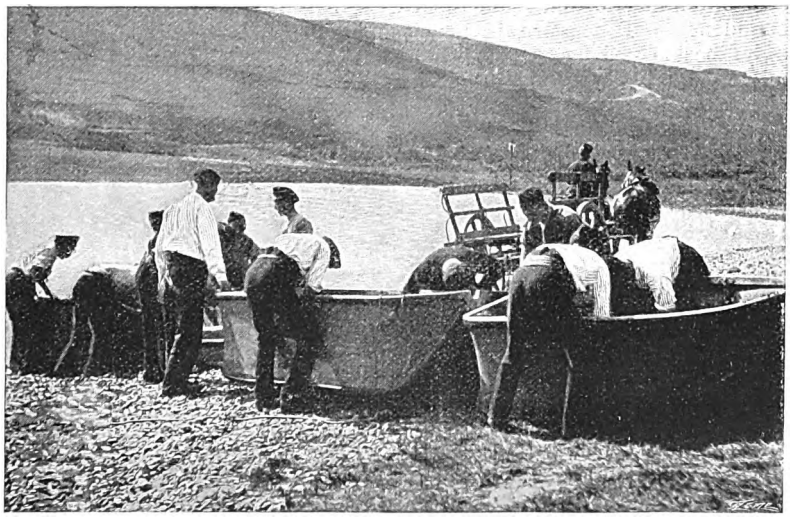

Photo by Knight.

Soldiers preparing to give their horses a swimming lesson. First of all boats have to be launched, and from these the horses are guided, and, if necessary, helped in their early lessons.

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Photo by Knight.

As soon as the boat is launched, the horses are quietly led into the water. Gentle methods only are used—it is a fatal mistake to frighten a horse at the start.

and you run a risk of making him fight shy of deep water for ever.

The next day, divested of all saddlery except a head collar and briddoon, the equine "pupil" is introduced a little further into the water—perhaps up to his body—and he is then allowed to paddle about as he pleases. In this way the horse is gradually taken further and further into the water, until at length he loses his footing, and starts swimming quite naturally, the man in charge also swimming by his side to give further confidence. The horse is next taught to swim beside a boat. This completes his tuition, and he is classed in his regiment as "proficient." He has, in fact, passed his "exam." like any cadet at Sandhurst!

The training of the horses of a cavalry regiment to cross rivers *en masse* is carried out annually. This forms part of the regimental training at the completion of the squadron training. The regiment is first of all divided up into troops. One man swims across with a line, and then a boat or raft is pulled or poled across with others, and a strong rope is made fast on the far side.

All the horses are now divested of all their saddlery except head collars and head ropes. This done the men step into the boat or on to the raft and by means of the head rope bring their horse into the water alongside. When all is ready, and as many horses arranged as the boat can control, a signal is given, and the boat is hauled across, the horses being pulled after it, whether they like it or not.

Once out of their depth the animals are

Photo by Knight.

In deeper water—but the horses are still within their depth and are as yet able to walk after the boat.

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easily managed, and give but little trouble until the other side is reached. Here, however, a pretty wet jacket awaits the soldier, for the horse shakes himself on emerging from the water like a dog, only more so.

Photo by Knight.
In the middle—the horses are now swimming. Although very powerful swimmers, they can only keep their heads and necks out of the water.

At times the horses are exercised in bearing their riders across on their backs without the aid of boats. This is generally carried out by the rider, who strips himself as well as his horse. Only the head collar and briddoon are used on these ticklish occasions, and by means of much judicious coaxing the timid animal is got into the water by degrees and so swims across.

As the horse naturally swims very low in the water, the rider's weight generally pushes him down till only his head is above the surface. The rider usually brings his own legs up along the animal's flanks, so as not to impede his swimming movements, and in this way the river is successfully negotiated.

During the Boer War the mounted troops were frequently required to cross rivers and deep spruits, often in the dead of night, and that on strange animals and amid totally unfamiliar surroundings, where neither horse nor rider knew, after entering the water, what sort of a bank fronted him on the other side, or how he was to get out when he got there. On such occasions there were no boats to ferry the soldiers across, and enable them to guide their horses in the water. Each and all had simply to take up their stirrups and cross them over the saddle to prevent them from entangling the horse's legs, and then drop the reins on the horse's neck, and take a wild plunge into unknown water, trusting to luck to get them over to the other side.

Yet, curiously enough, although this was almost the daily experience of thousands of our mounted troops, especially during the rainy season, the number of casualties that have occurred through taking deep unknown rivers in this way has been astonishingly small, thanks to the intelligent education the horses and men had previously received in the art of swimming.

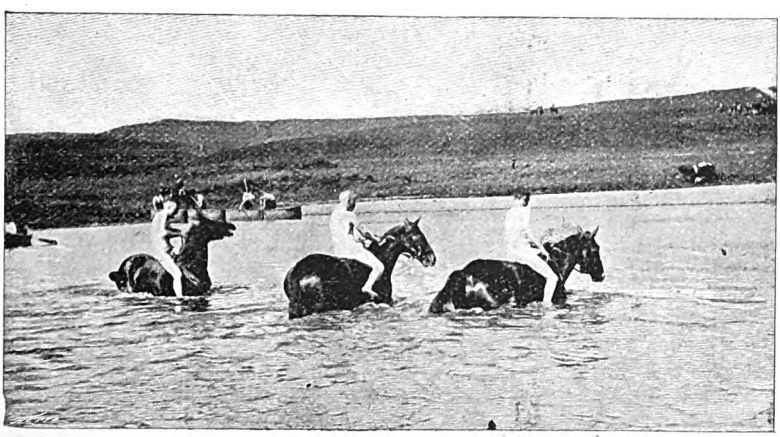

Photo by Knight.
Teaching horses to cross a river with a rider on his back. For obvious reasons, the soldiers who give the lessons ride without any superfluous clothing; they often have to swim by the side of their horses to relieve them of the extra weight.

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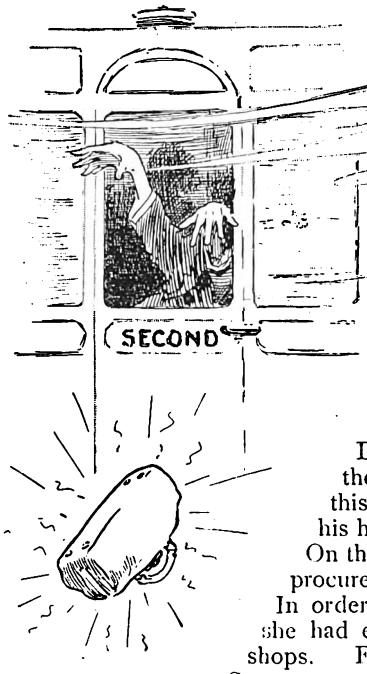

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE

By Owen Oliver.

For the past ten years it has been my custom to return home by the 5.30 from Victoria, in company with Jones of the Tintacks Office, and Brown and Green of the Tape Department, and to occupy the left-hand corner seat on the side facing the engine. I never depart willingly from this arrangement; but a married man cannot be regular in his habits.

On the morning of the 4th December my wife requested me to procure an alarm clock for the use of the new housemaid. In order to obtain one in exact accordance with her wishes, which she had expressed in some detail, I was compelled to visit several shops. Finally I obtained a suitable clock at the Army and Navy Stores.

After the attendant had shown me how to wind it and set it for 6·45, I put it in my bag and went on to Victoria.

I was nearly an hour late, and had to put up with a middle seat, back to the engine, in a smoking compartment already occupied by four persons with whom I was not acquainted. The individual on my left was a short, dark man of unpleasantly familiar manners. He asked for a light. I gave him one. He remarked that it was colder than yesterday. I answered that I was of the opposite opinion. He suggested that it would be warmer soon. I replied that I saw no reason to suppose so. He observed that he liked a chat with a perfect stranger. I told him that I did not. He stated that it improved the mind. I informed him that I did not feel called upon to improve the minds of chance acquaintances. He then had the sense to hold his tongue.

At Herne Hill he put down the window and looked out. After he had looked out for some time he announced his intention of alighting to have a drink.

"Keep the seat for me, guv'nor," he said. I stared at him.

"If you wish to retain the seat you had better put a bag on it," I told him.

"Thanks!" He took a small bag, similar to that which I was carrying, from the rack, placed it upon the seat, and went hurriedly out.

When the train started he had not returned. After it was in motion a red-faced man got in. He frowned at the vacant seat and requested me to remove the bag. I informed him that I was neither concerned in placing it there nor in removing it. A youth opposite told him that it belonged to a gentleman who had left the train and had not returned.

"That's curious," the newcomer said. "What sort of a looking man was he?"

"A short, dark, untidy chap," the youth stated.

"And this bag belonged to him?"

"I don't know if it belonged to him." The youth grinned foolishly. "But he left it here. Why don't you move it?"

"Move it?" said the man. "Not me!"

A fussy old gentleman in the far corner put down his paper and looked over his spectacles.

"He could hardly object under the circumstances," he pointed out. "He did not look a quarrelsome person."

"It isn't *him* that I mind. It's the bag."

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He backed away to a distant corner. Everyone stopped reading and stared.

"It looks harmless enough," a parson opposite to me remarked. The man wagged his finger at him.

"So did the one he blew up the cloak-room with; but——"

I did not catch the remainder of the sentence, owing to an unseemly struggle of the other passengers to the far-end of the compartment.

"Come, come!" the parson said. "Don't let us lose our nerve."

He edged in behind me, and trod on the toes of a fat gentleman, who pushed him on to the old gentleman, who pushed him up again.

"How do you know it's the man?" the youth asked.

"Know him! I'm from Scotland Yard. I was looking for him in the train when it started. He must have seen me."

"He looked out of the window," they all cried.

"Ah! It's *him* right enough!"

"The bag ought to be got rid of at once," I observed.

"Just what I was thinking," he agreed.

"If you were to put it out of the window?" I suggested.

The individual on my left was unpleasantly familiar.

"You can get at it easier," he retorted. Unfortunately I was in front.

"I make it a practice not to interfere in other people's business," I demurred. "No doubt this reverend gentleman——" I looked at the parson, but he pretended not to hear.

"You're youngest," the old gentleman told the youth. "Go on, my lad."

The youth objected that it was "a responsibility," and some one older ought to undertake it. The fat gentleman had told him yesterday that he was a man of the world, who knew how to deal with a delicate case, he observed; and the detective said that was just the man we wanted. But the fat gentleman explained that he preferred to see his way clear before he took up anything, and there was no proof that the man or the bag had meditated any harm.

"You listen to it for a moment," the detective said, "and see if you don't hear the sound of clockwork. That'll tell you."

We listened. Beyond a doubt there was a ticking sound in the bag.

"It's there!" cried the parson.

"And it's going," cried the youth.

"If you take my advice," said the old gentleman, "one of you will put it out of the window."

"That is exactly my view," added the fat man; and the detective and the youth said it was theirs also, and tried to push me forward.

"Don't be afraid," the parson told me.

"I am not," I said, "so long as whoever puts it out handles it carefully."

"That's the style," said the detective. "You'll do it all right." He pushed me a little further. "Put it out sharp."

"I can't," I protested. "The window is shut."

They all shouted that I must, and pushed me in dangerous proximity to the bag. At that moment a muffled, clacking sound started in its interior.

"It's going off!" they yelled. "Quick!"

The old gentleman jumped up on the seat and the youth climbed nearly into the hat-rack. I seized the bag courageously and threw it out. The youth yelled suddenly, and there was a sharp crash. I thought it

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We lay in a struggling heap on the floor.

was an explosion, but it was only the hat-rail giving way, and dropping the youth upon the old gentleman. The old gentleman fell on to the fat man and cannoned off on the parson. The parson grabbed at the detective and sent him flying. The detective butted me in the waistcoat, and I fell over him, and we lay in a struggling heap on the floor. We tempted Providence about a dozen times between us (six gentlemen at two apiece). Then we got up, and the parson said that we had a great deal to be thankful for.

We had barely finished dusting one another's coats when the train stopped at Beckenham. The detective got out, and the dark little man got in. They did not recognise one another.

"Hulloa!" the man said cheerfully.

"Er—hulloa!" said we.

"Just got in the guard's van," he explained. "Knew you'd keep the seat for me. Where's the bag?" He glanced at the seat and the rack over it.

"The bag?" I said. "Er—the bag?"

I looked at the others, and they looked at me, and the man looked at us all, as if he thought we had gone mad.

"There has been a slight misunderstanding," the parson said, "as is too prone to occur in sublunary matters."

"Oh!" said the man, "there *has*, has there!"

"The person who passed out as you came in," the old gentleman explained, "was a detective."

"He didn't look quite respectable," the man agreed.

"He was in search of a—a gentleman, suspected of—er—anarchical tendencies," the fat man added. "He thought that the bag looked—er—somewhat suspicious."

"Much like other bags," the man observed.

"Quite so!" said the parson. "Quite so! The same thing occurred to me."

"I've seen a hundred like it on this line," the youth volunteered.

"It is almost identical with my own," I stated.

"Still," the old gentleman remarked, "you cannot be too careful. This gentleman"—he indicated *me!*—"thought it would be best to—er——"

"Pardon me!" I remonstrated, "*you* thought so."

"Excuse me," the parson protested, "you suggested that it ought to be got rid of."

"Not at all," I disclaimed.

"Anyhow," said the fat man, "*you* put it out of the window."

"You mean to say that you took me for an anarchist?" he demanded threateningly.

"No, no!" we all said at once. "Not at all!"

"Anyhow, you thought that the bag was mine?"

"Er—yes," we agreed.

"Well," he said deliberately, "it wasn't! This gentleman advised me to put a bag on the seat. I hadn't one with me. *So I borrowed his!*"

"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "It was the alarm-clock that I was taking home for Maria!"

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CAP AND BELLS

QUITS

"Mabel," said Archibald, "now that we are engaged, we should have no secrets from each other, should we, dear?"

"No," replied Mabel, after she had assured herself that her mother was not listening in the next room.

"Well, then," he said, "do please tell me just how old you are."

"With pleasure," said Mabel. "But first, Archibald, please tell me just how much you get a week."

Archibald pondered. His mind ran ahead into the future.

"Forgive me, Mabel," he responded, "it was none of my business to ask."

* * * *

QUITE SAFE.

"Now, Reginald!" cried Mr. Smith,
"Don't point that empty gun."
"It isn't empty, father dear,
It's loaded," said the son.

* * * *

POOR CHAP!

"Percy, ma boy, I'm worwid to death about something." "What in the world are you worwid about, old chap?" "That's the twobble. For the life of me I cawn't wemember."

AN IDEAL.

She must be young, and very pretty;
She must be rich, and fairly witty;
Her waist—my arm must be its measure;
Her lips must taste of honeyed treasure;
Her teeth must be of pearly whiteness;
Her step must be of fairy lightness;
Her voice must be like siren's, 'luring;
Her love for me must be enduring.

In short, the girl of my selection
Must be—well, she must be perfection.

* * * * *

A NOVEL IN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.
Maid one.
CHAPTER II.
Maid won.
CHAPTER III.
Made one.

* * * * *

"I desire an audience with the manager," remarked the dignified, smooth-faced person, as he approached the box office of the theatre.

"Step in," replied the man in the box office. "I think he's looking for a few audiences himself."

* * * * *

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

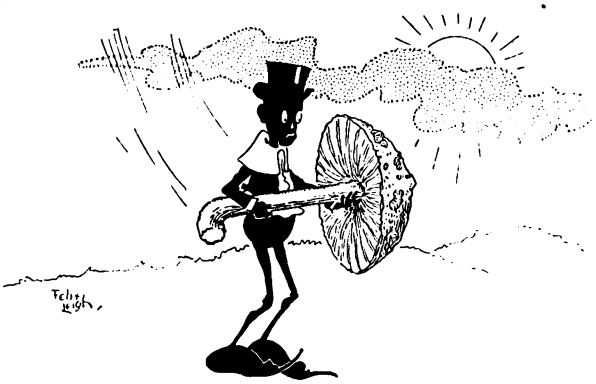
TOMMY: "Can I eat another piece of pie?"

MAMMA (witheringly): "I suppose you can."

TOMMY: "Well, *may* I?"

MAMMA: "No, dear, you may not."

TOMMY: "Bother grammar!"



A DEFECTIVE INVENTION.

Fashionable Brownie: "Here's a dilemma! When these comic artists originated the toad-stool umbrella they forgot that one wouldn't be able to shut it up when the shower was over!"

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THE ARTFUL TRADER.

In the North of Scotland a few years ago there lived an old cobbler, who, when not busy with his own work, occasionally went round among the neighbouring farms selling crockery and such like. He happened one day in the harvest time to call at a certain farm-house just as the good wife was getting the dinner prepared for the rest of the household, who were out harvesting.

"Why don't you care for tennis?"
The Widow: "I don't like any game where love counts for nothing."

Thomas liked best to call about this particular time; but that day the farmer's wife, who was out of temper, seeing him approaching, told him she did not want anything, and had no time to bother with him.

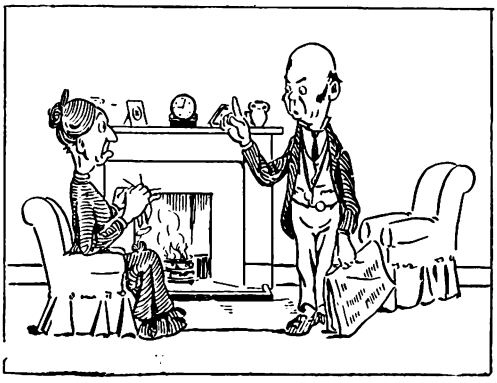
Thomas, knowing her to be very greedy, bethought himself of a plan to manage her.

Eyeing a fine rowan tree in front of the door, he asked her if she would get him a dozen bunches of rowans, and he would pay her sixpence for them.

The good wife, thinking to make something, procured a ladder and proceeded to get the rowans, Thomas telling her all the time to get the bunches right up at the top, as they were best.

Immediately on her leaving the ladder to climb up higher, Thomas slipped it away, and entered the house and helped himself to a good dinner.

After satisfying himself, he made off in



He: "Don't argue, my dear."
She: "Don't what?"

He: "I said, 'Don't argue my dear.'"
She: "Don't what?"

He: "I said, 'Don't argue.'"
She: "Don't what?"

He: "Don't strike me!"

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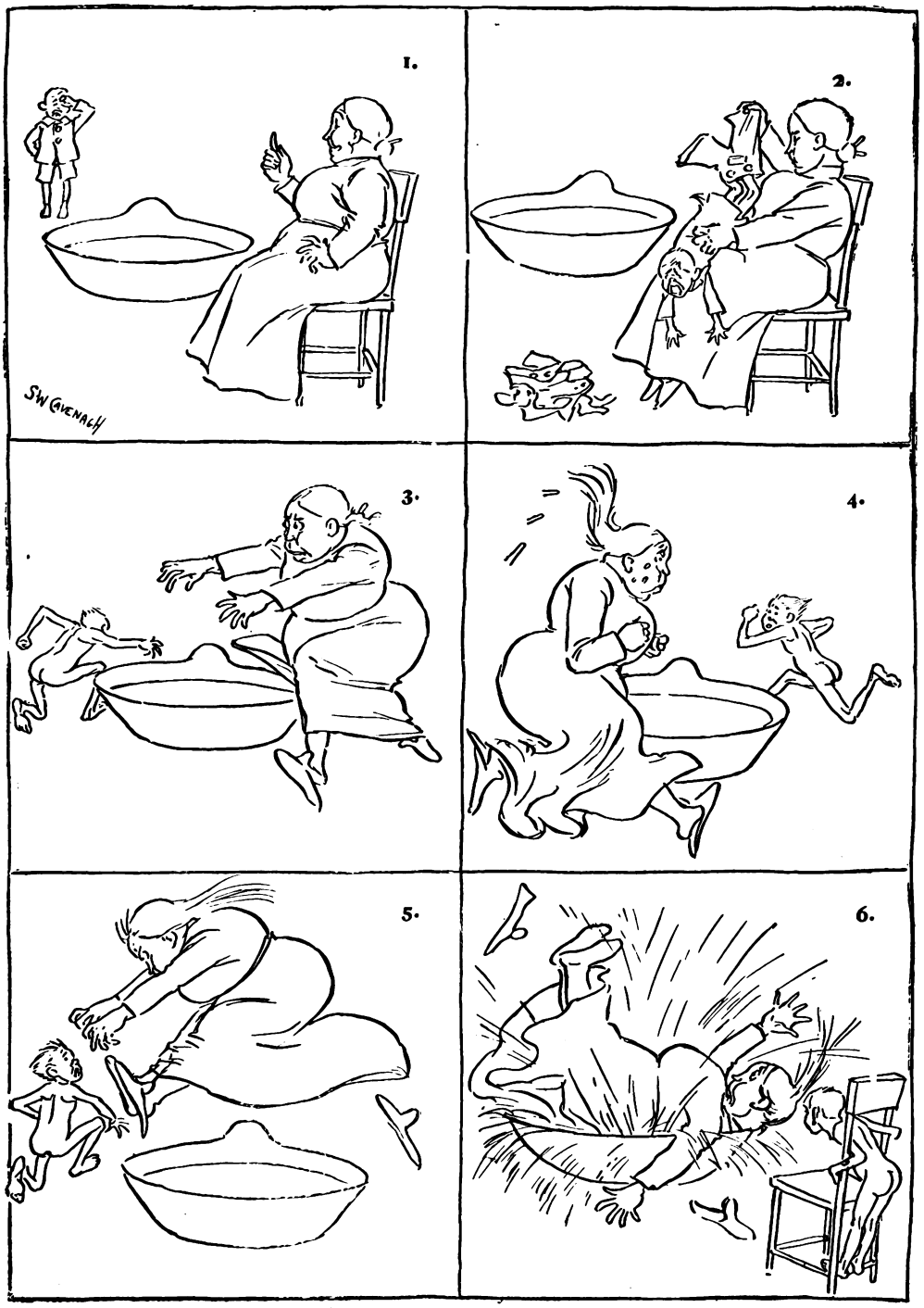
TOMMY'S BATH: A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.



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the direction of the field where the good man was at work.

The farmer greeted him by crying out:

"What's wrang wi' the gude wife the day, Thomas? I saw her waving her apron from the tree there."

"Oh, naething," replied Thomas; "only she bought a dozen cups and saucers frae me, and had nae money on her to pay for them. They're jist auchteen-pence."

Thomas got the eighteenpence, and went away in the opposite direction from the farm.

* * *

It must be a great relief to the average mother to know that the sins of the fathers are the ones that are visited upon the children.

THE FICTIONAL TYPE.

I do not want my love to be
A girl with "raven hair,"
With "roses on her cheeks," and with
"Eyes like twin stars." And there
Is one thing more—"two cherry lips"
She mustn't own, this Miss,
For if she's built like *that*, of course,
She's bound to look like *this*.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

WIFE: "I had such an awful dream last night."

HUSBAND: "Oh, well, you shouldn't mind. Dreams always go by contraries, you know."

WIFE: "I hope so. I dreamt I asked you for £5 to pay for a new bonnet, and you refused to give it to me."

* * *

"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" I asked.
She nodded her sweet permission.
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

* * *

A WARNING.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,"
A fact most unpleasantly true.
Of the cause of the laugh you only know half—
The world may be laughing at you.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NOT ALWAYS.

"I believe in beginning at the bottom and working up."

"Then you can't dig any wells for me."

* * *

HAD TO THINK TWICE.

"Oh, be not hasty, friend!" I cried.
"Think twice o'er all you utter."
"I'm bound to do so," he replied,
"I stut-tut-tut-tut-tutter."

A MYSTERY.

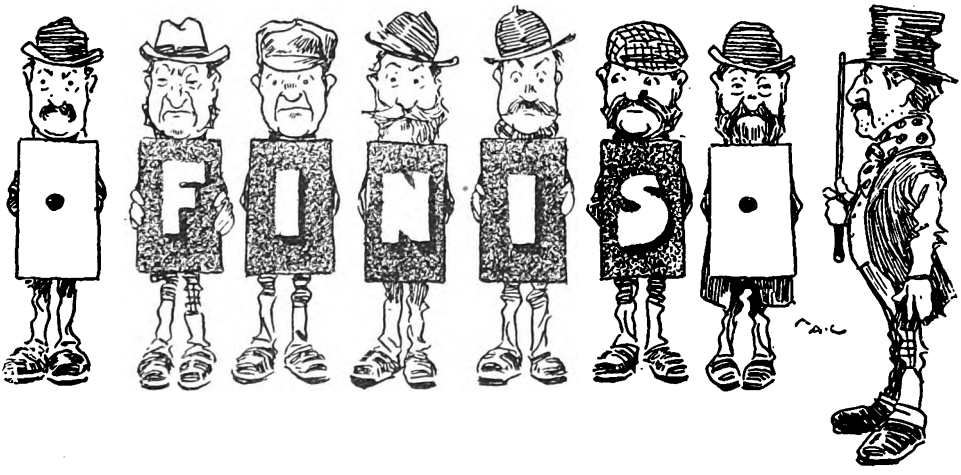
Editor: "Have you ever submitted this poem anywhere before?"

Poet: "No."

Editor: "Then how did you get that black eye?"

* * *

Everything that is bought goes to the buyer, except coal. That goes to the cellar.



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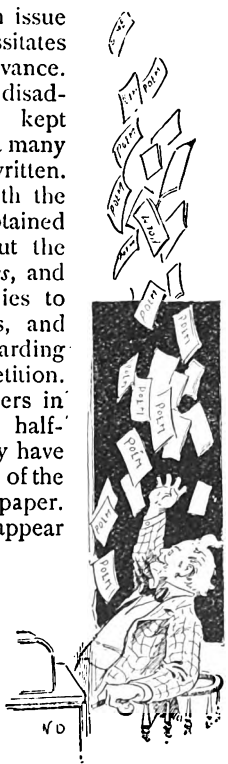
MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

HOW THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION IS PROGRESSING.

Although more than a month has passed since the closing date of the 5*s.* a Day for Life Competition, I am quite unable to say anything regarding the progress of checking the results, for the very good and sufficient reason that I am writing these words some days before the actual closing date. The time taken to produce each issue of the ROYAL MAGAZINE necessitates our going to press so far in advance. This, of course, is a serious disadvantage to readers who are kept waiting for statements of interest many weeks after they have been written. Therefore, we have arranged with the *Daily Express* (which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom), the *Midland Express*, and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a half-penny. Any statements we may have to make will be found at the foot of the first column on page 2 in each paper. The final result, however, will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE only.



MY BEST THANKS.

It seems to me almost impossible that only a short while since I was a soured individual envious of Mr. X's popularity! If all the kindly things you people have written me since these pages began are sincere—I am sure they are—I really begin to think I must be a most fascinating person. Seriously, I am very glad that we seem to get on so well together and that you genuinely look forward to the monthly appearance of the ROYAL. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have been so kind as to send me their best wishes and congratulations.

SHORT STORIES AND HOW TO WRITE THEM.

A short while ago I spoke of the poet and his writings. I told you that poets were very nice people, and that I was always on the look-out for their efforts. Since then I have had no reason to complain for want of poems. I could easily have filled three or four numbers of the ROYAL with rhyme and nothing else. But don't apologise! I brought it all on myself. Beside which, I am always delighted, honestly delighted, to read anything you may send in—novels in verse, epics in twelve cantos, odes, and elegies.

But good stories are what I want most of all, and yet they are rarer than good verses. Where's the hitch? The majority of you resolutely refuse to study the journals to which you forward your work. You send me, say, a subtly analytic study of character—an immortal work, doubtless, profoundly reasoned and exquisitely written, but so much waste paper as far as the ROYAL is concerned.

A RECIPE FOR STORY-TELLING.

The first thing to do when you have studied your journal, is to fix on a strong central idea. Then, sketch out the plot, being careful to eliminate everything that detaches from the main interest of the story; think out all the situations, till you see them in your mind; then, make a start. Don't begin with descriptions or explanations, you have no room for these, and Editors and readers have no wish to read them; begin—if you will pardon the Irishism—right in the middle.

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Grip the reader's imagination in the first paragraph, and let each succeeding paragraph tighten that grip. Avoid anything that hampers the rapid movement of the story, and be as lavish as you like with your dialogue, so long as it is always crisp and to the point. Vague and desultory chattering is worse than useless. Write in short, clear sentences and make the ending happy.

MR. VIVIAN CARTER.

Last month I told you about one of my assistants who travels to the ends of the earth in search of "copy," and I promised to give you his latest adventure. I have been as good as my word. His latest adventure you will find on page 217, together with a portrait of himself, which you are all requested to admire—the portrait on the left of the page, please remember, the frock-coated, white-waistcoated portrait. The right-hand portrait, though interesting, is not exactly attractive—indeed, it was with some difficulty that I persuaded Mr. Carter to allow me to publish it, and the reason he gave for this was really a very dainty compliment to yourselves—"I should rather appear at my best when introduced to the ROYAL readers."

IN PURSUIT OF "COPY."

Mention of Mr. Carter and the hardships he gladly endures in pursuit of "copy," reminds me of a story illustrating this trait in the character of the modern journalist which a person of very considerable importance told me lately. He was travelling some years ago with the late Marquess of Dufferin in the United States. Some political crisis was at hand at the time, and the Marquess was very much in the know. As a natural consequence the American reporter left him no peace day or night. Being a singularly courteous man he sent them about their business with the utmost politeness, expressing his regret at not being able to comply with their wishes.

But patience has its limits, and when the Marquess found his private apartments invaded by sundry reporters whom he had dismissed twice already during the day, he gave them a piece of his mind, had them turned out of the place rather quicker than they had entered it, and issued strict orders that he was "not in" to anyone of their kidney who might try to force a way into his presence.

What was the result? Next morning in one of the leading journals appeared a long article headed in enormous type, "How We Didn't Find the *Duffer In.*" setting forth all that occurred (and much that hadn't), and abusing the Marquess like an angry fishwife.

NATURE STUDY COMPETITION, NO. IV.

Again I am very pleased with the results of this competition. The attempts, as a whole, were exceedingly good, but there was still a tendency on the part of some of the competitors to retail facts which had evidently been told them and were not the outcome of their own observations. For instance, when one competitor remarks that the "cuckoow" is a "lazzy" bird he certainly writes from hearsay. Again, I notice a singular fondness for poetical quotations. These are all very well in their way, but as a substitute for original observations distinctly out of place. However, as I have said, the results were, generally, quite satisfactory. The prize winners are as follows, to each of whom I have forwarded a guinea:

CLASS I.—Aileen F. A. Masefield (aged 8 years), Rosehill, Cheadle, Stafford. Leonard Newnham (aged 7), Westmeston School, Hassocks, Sussex. Bertha Newnham (aged 7 years), Westmeston School, Hassocks, Sussex.

CLASS II.—Joan Grubb (aged 13), Castle Grace, Clogheen, Cahir, Ireland. Reginald Stafford (aged 13), Waldeck, Rideway, Enfield. Tim Mackrell (aged 11), Bracon Ash and Hethel Board School, Norwich.

CLASS III.—Claude Boyce Hill (aged 16), Radclive, Woolville Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. Joan M. Ogilvie (aged 17), Chapel, Kirkaldy, N.B. Dorothy Payne Gallwey (aged 16), Thirkleby Park, Thirsk.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Wroxall Board School, Isle of Wight, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

When the Marquess found his private apartments invaded by sundry reporters.

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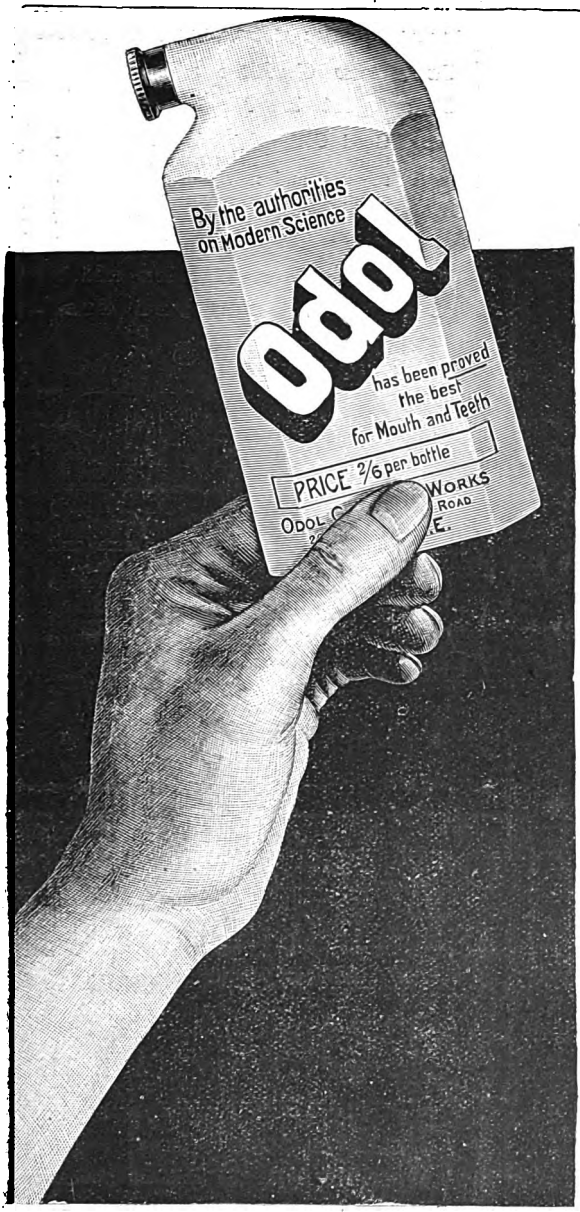

THE PRESENT ORDINARY METHOD of cleaning the teeth and mouth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes is completely mistaken. Mistaken, that is to say, if any one wishes to have sound teeth, and it must be imagined that this is the real aim of all care of the teeth. But any one who wishes to keep his teeth sound and whole should clearly understand that it will be necessary for him to accustom himself to cleansing his mouth and teeth with an antiseptic *fluid*. Cleaning the teeth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes can never protect them from microbes; and that for the simple reason that the very localities which are most liable to attack, the backs of the molars, fissures in the teeth, and interstices between them, are the places which are not purified by tooth-powders and tooth-pastes. In consequence the mischief being once set up proceeds on its way uninterruptedly. But a *fluid* can penetrate everywhere, and when it is antiseptic it destroys all the enemies which attack the teeth. The new preparation Odol is one that has a practical antiseptic effect, that is to say, it is a preparation that arrests all bacterial and fermentation processes which attack them. The certain disinfection of the mouth and teeth resulting from the use of Odol is especially due to a remarkable property which this preparation possesses, and which causes it to be absorbed by the surface of the mucous membrane, so that it here deposits a store of antiseptic matter whose action continues *for some hours*. By regular cleansing with Odol healthy teeth are kept absolutely intact, and teeth already impaired are preserved from further destruction. For this reason Odol must certainly be regarded as the best of all known preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth.

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And it will the husband please
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See how thick his hair grows.

Feel how loose the skin on your own chin is.

You Know how strong your beard grows.

The Reason:

In both instances the reason is the same—a loose fitting scalp and chin permits free circulation of blood and proper nourishment of hair roots. Age or impaired health thins and tightens the scalp, and the blood vessels get compressed. A few minutes' daily use of the SCALP INVIGORATOR will remedy this and restore a healthy tone to the scalp, clear the dandruff, which is the result of faulty circulation, and ensure a natural and normal growth of hair. Total cost 12/6. No recurring expenses. Write (enclosing a 1d. stamp for full particulars):

AUTO-MASSEUR CO. (LAWBERC & CO.),
142, West Nile Street, Glasgow.

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FAT FOLK

Should take

FELL'S REDUCING TABLETS.

Registered by Government.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY

That Reduces Weight 28lb. a Month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new and remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7LB. A WEEK.

It is Guaranteed to Reduce Weight a Pound a Day

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

FROM A TRAINED NURSE.

806. Miss J—— writes:—"I wish to add my testimonial to your list, for the benefit of people suffering from obesity. It is now three years since I was reduced 45lb. with the Tablets I obtained from Mrs. Fell; none of this weight have I since regained. I do not wish you to publish in print the name of the hospital where I am located, but I will cheerfully answer any communication on the subject from any one you like to refer to me."

824. Mrs. H—— says:—"I am glad to inform you that **I am losing weight every week.** Have suffered untold inconvenience from corpulence for the past nine years, but am now fairly on the way, thanks to the Tablets, to be **restored to my original weight.**"

810. Miss J—— writes from Buxton:—"Has taken the Tablets and is most happy to say that **she lost 6lb. in a week,** only taking the remedy once a day, after mid-day dinner."

809. Mrs. Y—— writes from Sheffield:—"I feel that it is doing me good. **I feel better in health, and have lost 5lb. with first box.**"

829. Mrs. T—— writes from Notts:—"Found it difficult to spare the money, but pleased to say am much better for the treatment."

CONSIDER IT A MARVELLOUS MEDICINE.

804. "It was with pleasure that I heard the other day from a lady friend, who has recently commenced your treatment, that arrangements have been made with Mrs. Fell to make more widely known her Reducing Tablets. I consider them **a marvellous medicine,** and every effort should be made to let sufferers from Obesity know of them."

We refrain from making known the full names and addresses for obvious reasons. Each letter has a reference number, and those interested are invited to correspond with these references, and, on request, we will place any person in communication with one or more. In this list which we publish there are many who have expressed their willingness, nay, their pleasure, to correspond with anyone following our treatment.

Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* "**Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb.**"

"MADAM" says: "Those of our readers who wish to reduce their weight should write to the Fell Formula Association for full particulars of the treatment for corpulency. Fell's Reducing Tablets are absolutely harmless, besides being pleasing to take. The tablets are by no means expensive, and a sample box will be sent free on application."

From "LADY'S COMPANION."—"To be exceedingly stout is by no means desirable, and it is not surprising that so many seek to become thin. This is by no means an easy matter if diet only is the mode. Something stronger and swifter as to results is necessary, and, judging from the testimonials before me relating to Fell's Reducing Tablets, obtainable of the Fell Formula Association, Regent Street, London, is a most excellent remedy. Therefore all those who are so stout as to be an annoyance to themselves, should write there for particulars."

"Getting Fleshier Every Day."

FREE

Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Address: FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 39, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

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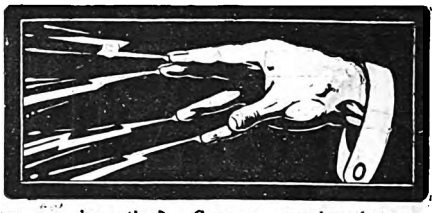
HYPNOTISM



Can you hypnotise? Can you exercise that strange influence, known as personal magnetism? Would you like to know more about these things? Then write to our London Office for the wonderful little illustrated **FREE BOOK, "The Power Within."**

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This little book deals with the most interesting and important subject in the world—the influence of the mind upon human life, health, and affairs.

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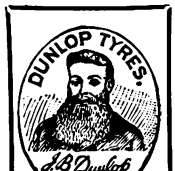

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THE AUGUST

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SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER.

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Needs must where INDIGESTION drives.

You have to avoid some favourite dish, or you do not enjoy your food and have to be uncomfortably particular about your diet. **WHY?** Whether you know it or not you are suffering from **INDIGESTION.** Instead of your stomach being the minister of your body's needs, it is impeded in its action by dyspepsia, and you are being robbed of your nourishment, your sleep, your pleasure. Now, if you wish to save yourself from, perhaps, very serious illness you will seek the aid of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and drive away the **INDIGESTION.**

A course of this famous remedy will, as certainly as water quenches thirst, impart new vigour to the Stomach and Digestive Organs. The Liver and Kidneys will be cleansed and regulated, the Blood purified, and the general health soundly re-established.

BEECHAM'S PILLS have done this for many thousands of suffering and distressed people: Why should they not do as much for you?

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Indigestion.

BODLEIAN 21.7.1903

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THE GRINDSTONE of this LIFE is PAIN and SUFFERING!

MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL.—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

THE BEST ANTIDOTE YET INTRODUCED. IT RECTIFIES THE STOMACH and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY BY SOOTHING AND NATURAL MEANS! Its UNIVERSAL Success distinctly proves that it is impossible to OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a serious illness. Its effect on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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For the Seaside.

As a Special Attraction for the Holiday Season, we are introducing

Model 1882. 6/11

A Smart Summer Outfit, consisting of Blouse and Skirt, for **6/11**, complete. The Blouse is one of our New Printed Muslins, either Heliotrope, Pink, Sky, or Grey on White Ground. The trimming consists of Paris lace insertion and tucked silk. The Skirt is of good durable Black or Navy Serge or Ecru Holland, smartly cut and trimmed with six rows of Braid. Inverted pleat at back, fastening at side. Sizes of waist are 24, 26, and 28 ins. Our special price is 4/11 for the Skirt alone, 2/6 the Blouse, or 6/11 the complete outfit. Carriage 6d. extra. The grandest value ever offered. No lady should miss this bargain. In ordering, please give size of waist and length of skirt in front. Order early to avoid disappointment. The same Blouse supplied with Holland Skirt (without the braid trimming) for **5/11** complete (carriage 6d.) New Designs in Linen Costumes from **10/6** complete. Send for New Catalogue containing 108 beautiful illustrations of Latest Fashions. Free for a post-card.

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Dishes for these Months.

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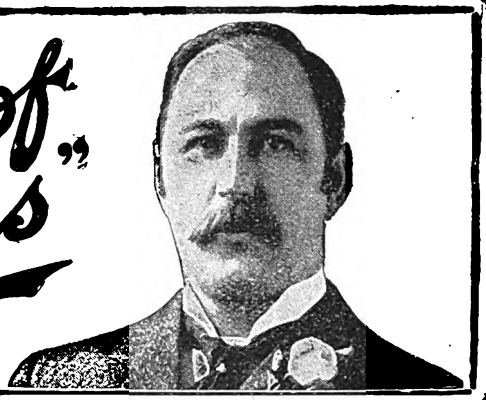

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What it means.

If your Appetite is poor and you scarcely ever eat with an enjoyable relish, you are suffering from the effects of Weak Digestion, for which there is no Remedy so safe, so sure, so pleasant as Guy's Tonic. It creates Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, makes you feel Brighter and Stronger in every way—so quickly that you will be surprised.

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When you are Tired-out, feel Weak, Food does not Nourish you, and your Appetite is poor, you need Guy's Tonic. It will revive your Strength, ensure perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, promote Appetite, and restore Nerve power. It strengthens the entire System, correcting the causes of Indigestion, Debility, and Emaciation. Following the use of Guy's Tonic, meals are eaten with zest, and there is a gratifying increase of Vigour and Vitality, because the Blood is enriched with all the Nutriment the Food contains.

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Guy's Tonic
Creates Appetite,
Aids Digestion,
Restores
Strength and Vitality.

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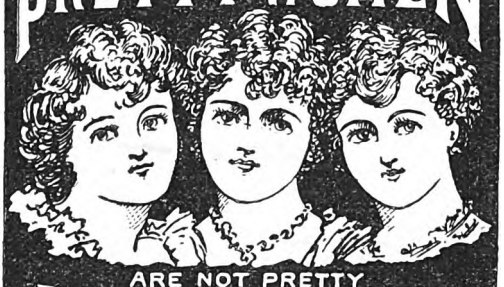

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Invaluable for sea-side, for balls, for every day.

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In choosing a pen everyone wants the Best—that is, they want the "CALTON" STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. It is the Simplest and Cheapest of its kind, and is praised by all who use it. We send it Complete in Box, with Filler and directions, Post Paid for 3s. Mounted and Chased, 5/-.

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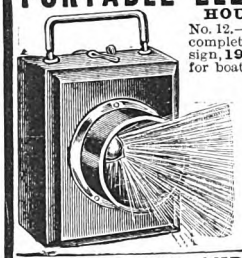
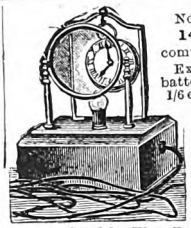
No. 12.—Highly equipped and well-made, complete with attery, **14/6.** Special Design, **19/-.** Extra Batteries, **1/6** each. And for boating, riding, cycling, driving, &c.



No. 40, **14/6** complete. Extra batteries, 1/6 each.



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Fitted with long cord so that time can be seen from a distance.

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For One Shilling.

Send a Postal Order for One Shilling, or 14 stamps, with the time, date, year, and birthplace, but if you do not know the time send the date, &c., and we will satisfy you.

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are the best fitting, most stylish, and absolutely the finest all-round value in the world. In Glacé Kid, Box Calf, or Horse Skin. For Ladies or Gentlemen. When ordering, state size usually worn, or send shape of foot on paper, or an old boot.

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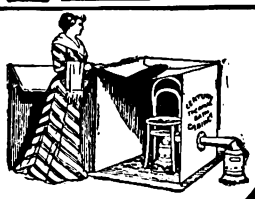

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AT ALL TIMES.

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forms the safest and surest health combination obtainable at home at a nominal cost.

FREE Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue No. 16, and Illustrated Booklets containing valuable hints on Health and Hygiene, and giving all particulars.

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A real health-giving luxury. A morning shower is a tonic to both body and brain. It exhilarates and invigorates. With the "Crescent" you can take your shower bath without trouble.

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500 New £12 Cycles for Sale,

£5 5s. Cash Only. Carriage paid. Seat before payment. Free Wheels, Plated Rims, Rim Brakes. Tyres: Dunlop and Clincher principle.—Write, FREDERICK GEORGE POTTER, Cycle Merchant, Norwich.

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£8 10s.

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New Models. Plated Rims. Free Wheels, Rim Brakes; Tyres: Dunlop or Clincher principle. Sample at reduced price. Agents Wanted.—Write, The Manager, DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE Coy. Norwich.

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Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., 38, Wilson St., Finsbury, E.C.

13/3 or 14/9 for Cash at all Stores and Ironmongers. Other Values at 9/9, 10/6, or 17/3.

Have that Positive Rotation of the Brush which ensures Good Sweeping.

A Congenial Companion for the Holidays. If it is

The "MASTA"

Then your pleasure is greater, your smoke purer, and, in fact, it is a real holiday friend.

All the mellow and rich flavour of the tobacco is experienced without the possibility of injurious moisture entering the mouth or pipe bowl. "*Worth its weight in Gold*," but sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, and upwards. Every Pipe Guaranteed. Illustrated Booklet, "HINTS TO SMOKERS," Free. The "MASTA" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists, or from The "MASTA" PATENT PIPE Co, (Dept. 4), 153, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

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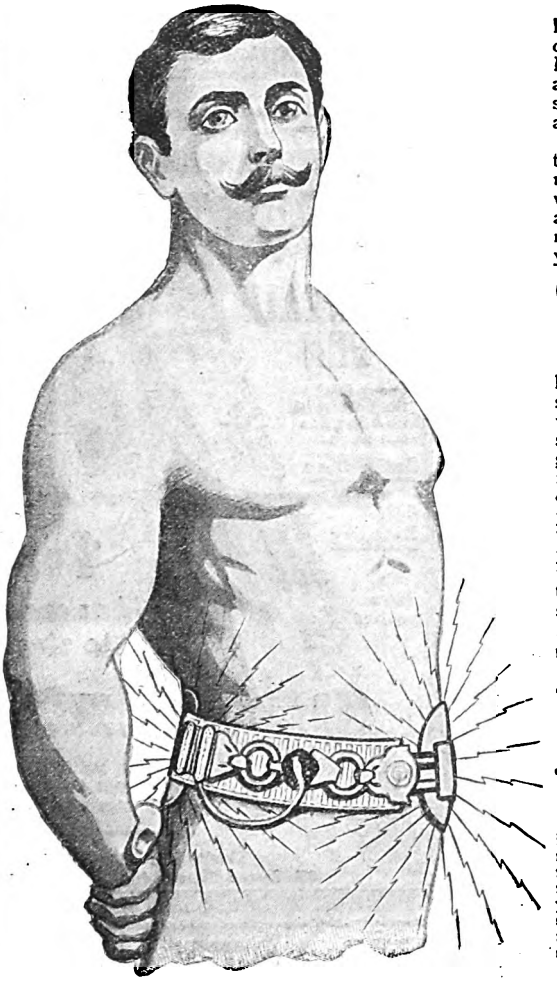
I'M STRONG ONCE MORE!

The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour has Restored His Lost Strength.



This is the way they feel, the men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them, until they came upon The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour. Now they are full of life and overflowing with joyous spirits. Pains are gone, weakness has gone, and full vigour is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel rejuvenated and invigorated. It puts steam into your run-down body, drives away pain, and renews youth.

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU!

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let us put life into your nerves; let us give a new supply of youthful energy. Let us make you feel like throwing your chest out, and your head up, and saying to yourself "I'M A MAN!" Let us give you back that old feeling of youthful fire, vim, and courage. We can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and pokey as you do now. Act to-day. Life is sweet, so enjoy every minute.

WHAT WE SAY WE PROVE.

The following is only one of the many grateful testimonials we daily receive from those whom we have cured.

"Mayfield Place, Eastbourne,
"January 31, 1903.

"The Dr. McLaughlin Co.,
"164, Strand, W.C.,

"Dear Sirs,—I write a line to say that I find your Electro Vigour has done me a lot of good, although it is only three weeks since I received it. I recommended the Appliance very strongly to a gentleman from South Africa whom I met lately at Portsmouth, and quite thought he would have been to you. A customer of mine at Brighton told me he should apply to you for a book, as he suffers very much from head and nerves. I shall call on you personally when next in London.—Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) (Mr.) E. W. HILLMAN."

One thing every man ought to know is this: Your body is a machine; it is run by the steam in your blood and nerves. When you begin to break down in any way, you are out of steam; that's just what we want to give you back.

Our twenty years of study are shown in this grand appliance. You will wear it with comfort at night, and the ELECTRICITY infused into your body cures all Nervous and Vital Trouble, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Lame-Back, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, and all forms of pain and weakness. It restores the life while you sleep, and must cure.

SPECIAL NOTICE. **Call and see this wonderful appliance if you can. Remember, when you use ELECTRO VIGOUR, you are under the care of a qualified physician. Consultation and examination free. If you cannot call, we will send you our beautiful 64-page book, with full information. It is FREE if you cut out this advt. and send it in.**

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ALL DISEASES CURED.

Are you sick? Do you want to get well? If so this offer is of vital importance to you. I can show you the way to get well. It is the way that I have proven successful in thousands of cases. As I sit writing, I can see files which contain letters from seventy thousand satisfied and grateful patients who have proven the value of my treatment by actual trial. If you could read a few of these letters telling of miraculous cures after years of suffering I would need no further argument to convince you of my ability. I have passed the experimental stage. I know what I can do. No matter what your disease. I have cured many cases of Consumption, Bright's Disease, Locomotor Ataxia, and Partial Paralysis, that other doctors pronounced incurable. No matter how many doctors or patent medicines you have tried. The majority of my patients had tried all these in vain before

DR. JAMES W. KIDD.

they came to me. I CAN CURE YOU. This is a strong statement, but I am willing to show my faith in my own ability. I WILL SEND YOU A FREE TREATMENT. You can be the judge. If you are satisfied purchase further treatment if you need it. If you don't need it, recommend me to your friends. I feel sure of my pay in either case because I know what my treatment will do.

I have no speciality. Neither do I treat all diseases. Some require the bedside attention of a surgeon. If your case does I will tell you so, and the information will not cost you anything. But do not hesitate to write because someone has told you that your disease is incurable. Every organ of the body is a perfect machine and will work perfectly if it is supplied with the proper force from the nerves, and sufficient nourishment from the blood. I have learned how to supply this nerve force and blood nourishment. This is the secret of my success. This is why I can cure where others fail.

I have associated with me four of the most eminent specialists in America. Tell us all about your case. No matter what your ailment, your correspondence will be considered entirely confidential. We will make a careful examination of it. The free treatment will be prepared and sent you by mail postage paid. It only costs you a stamp. I can use no stronger argument to convince you of my ability to cure you than this. You have everything to gain, nothing to lose. Write to-day. Address my private office as follows:—Dr. JAMES W. KIDD, 430, Baltes Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

is allowed on every cycle we sell. The full price and all carriage charges returned if unsatisfactory in any way.

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New Departure Coaster Brake, front rim brake, and highest grade genuine British made fittings and accessories throughout.

200 Good Second-Hand Cycles, **£1 10s.** to **£2 10s.**

DON'T FAIL to get our big illustrated catalogue before deciding on your 1903 machine. We save you money. **Rider Agents Wanted** in every district to buy sample cycle at special price and take orders for us. Large profits easily made in spare time.

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FREE!

This lovely Lace-trimmed **Handkerchief** forwarded to every applicant for our **Special Sale Price List.**

Enclose stamp for postage or call.

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Damask Cloths 2 by 2, from 2/6.

Table Napkins from 5/11 doz.

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Sheets, Shirts, Collars, Underclothing, etc.

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The "POST" FOUNTAIN PEN

has special features which no other pen can claim:

Self Filling and **Self Cleaning**

No filler required

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Also in different styles, 8/6, 9/6 and 10/6. All prices include leather safety carrying pocket and postage.

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Every Pen guaranteed.

When ordering please send specimen of nib generally used.

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Grand selection of Modern Breechloaders, Hammer Guns, Hammerless Guns, Ejector Guns, 12-bore pistol-grip Breechloaders from **17/6** each. Approval. Mention this paper for complete catalogue post free.

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FARROW'S "A1" IN PACKETS GREEN PEAS

Possess the Flavour of Fresh Gathered Peas. Full boiling sample post free, 7d. Write for particulars.

FARROW & CO., Dept. L, BOSTON, England.

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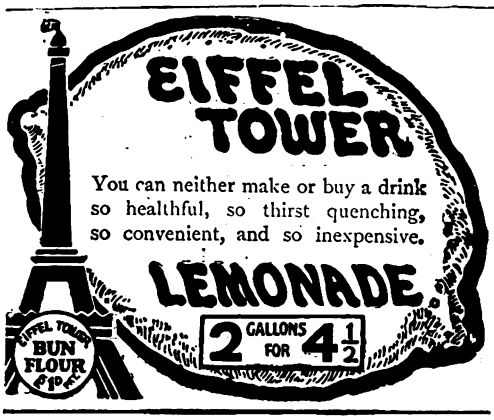
EIFFEL TOWER
You can neither make or buy a drink so healthful, so thirst quenching, so convenient, and so inexpensive.
LEMONADE
2 GALLONS FOR 4½
EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR 8½d.

SKIN ON FIRE WITH ECZEMA

If you are tortured with this terrible disease, or with any skin trouble, try "ANTEXEMA," the standard Skin Remedy—FREE.

If you are suffering unbearable torture from the burning and itching of Eczema, and have been unable to obtain relief from ordinary treatment, let us send you a trial bottle of "Antexema," together with copyrigh treatise on "Skin Troubles," and 200 testimonials, sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, if you mention the "Royal Magazine." "Antexema" is a cooling, healing cream, which gives rapid relief from the burning and itching, and completely cures the disease. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1½d., or post free from us for 1s. 3d. Be sure to refuse all injurious substitutes for "Antexema."

THE ANTEXEMA CO., LONDON, N.W.

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Mrs. GEORGE FULLER, *who saved her husband.*

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that, while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will or without his knowledge or co-operation.

This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety, and into the high road to fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 29, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. George Fuller says: "*I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him.*" With the

FREE TRIAL

Packet will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.

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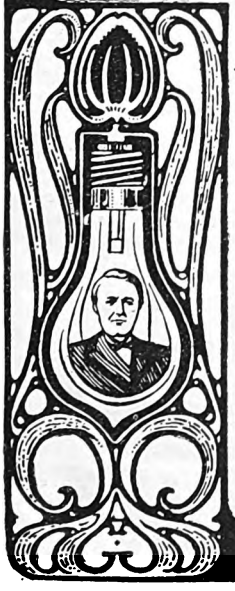

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The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

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Send an envelope (stamped and addressed), and you will learn how to remove all superfluous hair FREE OF CHARGE. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, CAPILLUS MFG. CO., 29, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

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SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC.

The Original and Best In Packets (containing one dozen) from 6d. to 2/- each *From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.*

Absolutely Necessary for Health & Comfort. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

The Greatest Modern Improvement for Women's Comfort. A Sample Packet containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 4 Towels, will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

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White Shirts with Linen Fittings, Undressed, as from Factory.

Years ago I determined to supply better shirts at all prices than could be found anywhere else. I succeeded in this aim, and my No. 1 Shirt sold for **2/3** is known all over the United Kingdom as the best value obtainable. This shirt is linen-fitted, having a body of soft cotton, and front and cuffs of *pure linen*. The fit is perfect, and the shirt is so well cut at the neck that your collar sets well and comfortably. The length is right, and there is just enough fulness in the proper place to make the shirt easy when worn.

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Try it. Your money back in a week if you are not *completely* satisfied. Of all Stationers, or send P.O. to the Manufacturers—**Burge, Warren & Ridgley, Ltd., Gt. Saffron Hill, London, E.C.**

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Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Batteries are the only appliances that have received testimonials from the leading Physicians of London Hospitals.

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Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Batteries are the only appliances that have received flattering eulogies from Physicians to Royalty, both in this Country and on the Continent of Europe.

Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Batteries are the only appliances that have received the unanimous endorsement of the Académie de Médecine of Paris.

There is nothing so penetrating, nothing so invigorating, nothing that will relieve weakness and pain so speedily and surely as the Pulvermacher Electric Belt. It assists Nature by a general reinforcement of the vital energy, by infusing a mild invigorating current of electricity into the nerves, and by supplying the system with the very essence of nerve vigour and nerve strength.

Messrs. Pulvermacher were the first inventors of Electrical Apparatus for the cure of disease, and to-day, as always in the past, they lead the way with invaluable improvements not possessed by any other makers.

Special Offer—Free to All.

We invite every sufferer before spending another penny upon any other remedy to send at once for our Book

and read therein for themselves our absolutely unique record of success in curing disease by means of galvanic electricity. *This will cost you nothing*, but as the book is a big one (on account of the large number of cures it records), and therefore expensive, we can only send it to those who are in ill-health. Therefore, when writing, please state without reserve nature of your own case, mentioning most disagreeable symptoms. Your letter will be treated as confidential, and in addition to the book we will send you a letter of advice based upon our wide experience in dealing with similar cases to your own. Remember no charge whatever is made; we desire simply an opportunity of explaining to those who are ill what we can do for them. Do not neglect this offer because it is so easily secured, but no matter what you may think about it now, write at once, and you can judge of the value of this great remedy for yourself. We shall be satisfied to abide by the result.

Call if you can and have a free personal consultation; examine and test the Belts and Batteries; every investigation and test, however searching, is invited and welcomed.

Address Letters to—

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ENSURE EASY TEETHING,
PROMOTE DIGESTION,
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FLATULENCE, AND PAIN,
PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
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"DEAR SIR,—If ever our baby girl has appeared uncomfortable we have given her a dose of 'GRIPE WATER,' and it has given immediate relief. I have proved it to be such a boon to parents and the dear babies themselves that I gladly testify to its merits.

"Yours truly,
"(MRS.) A. E. FLEMING."

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SWIFT
CYCLES.
From 10 Guineas.
Fitted with Free Wheel, Plated Rims, Two Brakes. Highest Grade Tyres. Write for No. 27 Booklet.
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IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT METALLIC & PLEASING APPEAR-ANCE

THE VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH BIRMINGHAM.

FRANZ HANFSTAENGL'S COPYRIGHTS.

High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. **Franz Hanfstaengl,** *Plaintiff, and* **Stagg and Mantle,** *Defendants.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an order was, on the 24th June, 1903, made by the Hon. Mr. Justice Walton for a PERPETUAL INJUNCTION restraining the defendants from importing, publishing, exhibiting, offering for sale, or selling copies of any of the plaintiff's COPYRIGHT WORKS, and particularly:—

1. **NATURE'S MIRROR.** By THUMANN.
2. **WOODLAND BLISS.** By NONNENBRUCH.
3. **THE VISION.** By BODENHAUSEN.
4. **MADONNA AND CHILD.** By VOGEL.
5. **THE GOOD SHEPHERD.** By FLOCKHORST.

and for payment by the defendants of damages and costs, and for delivery up of all copies.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that proceedings will be taken against all persons found importing, exhibiting, selling, or in any way dealing with infringements of any of the Plaintiff's Copyrights.

WATKIN WILLIAMS & GRAY,
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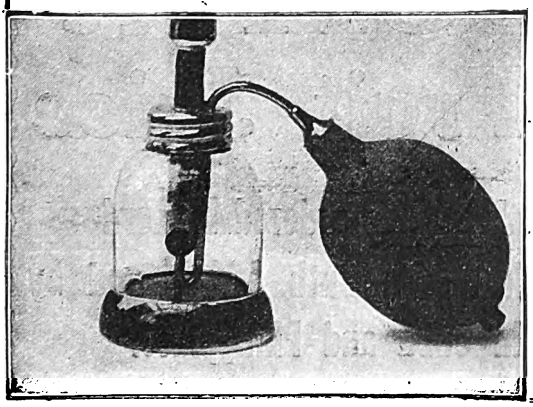

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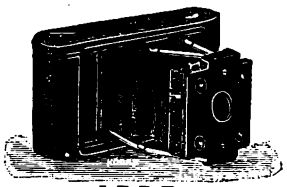

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1903.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Rossi Ashton.		
MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE ... ...

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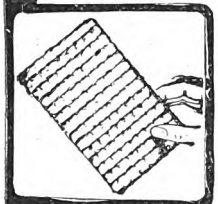

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A plain Biscuit par excellence.

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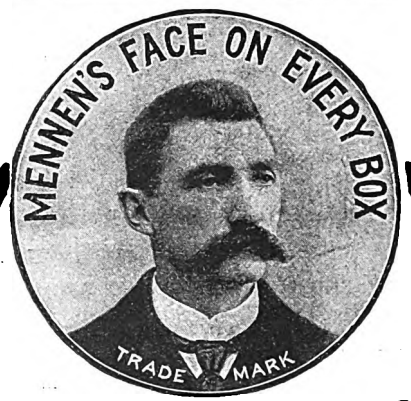

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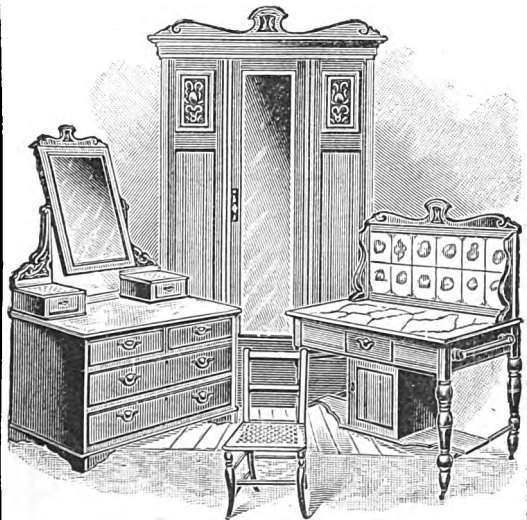

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The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels and large long drawer underneath; Dressing-Table with beautiful large bevelled mirror, two jewel drawers, two small drawers, and two extra large ones; Washstand fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, double row of majolica tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel rail; two Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black Walnut, Satin Walnut, Mahogany or Oak, and is **solid throughout,** every article being well-polished by hand labour. In ordering please say wood required.

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Photo by Elite Portrait Company.

In Celia's face the question did arise –
Which are more beautiful, her lips or eyes?

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Photo by Ellis and Wrlery.

SYBIL ARUNDALE.

Sybil Arundale is the youngest leading lady in London. It seems only yesterday that she was one of our most popular child actresses, whereas now behold her!—a grown-up lady, in grown-up frocks, and with a well-trained strong contralto voice. "What do I do when I am not on the stage? Oh, I potter about in the garden and plant things, you know; and I ride and play golf. I don't care for motor cars; they aren't what I call exercise." Miss Arundale is a great talker, and what is better still, has a lot to talk about.

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Photo by White.

GEORGE WALKER.

George Walker is the leading actor and one of the managers of the Williams and Walker Company that have lately been playing "In Dahomey" to delighted English audiences. The company is a large one, there being one hundred all told—every one of them coloured. The colour varies from the pure-bred Negro to the fair Quadroon or Creole. George Walker is the funniest fellow going, and keeps the audience in fits of laughter all the time. As a dancer he is unbeaten, for his feet are never still, and it seems that you cannot tire him one atom. He has been on the stage ever since he was a boy, mostly in small companies and in music-hall sketches. He is a capital fellow to talk to, as bright as you could wish, and as kindly.

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Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

DAISY LE HAY.

Not only has this enterprising young lady played in London and in the country for the last four years, she has been to Russia—wicked Russia—where one half of the people are sent to Siberia, and the rest have quite unpronounceable names. But Daisy Le Hay was not sent to Siberia. On the contrary, she enjoyed Russia very much, and I have no doubt that Russia delighted in Daisy Le Hay still more. She has been on the stage since she was sixteen, so, you see, she is now twenty. What a delightful age! Young, pretty, and twenty! Who could wish for more? She is devoted to animals of all sorts—rats or rabbits, tigers or tortoises.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

WILLIE WARDE.

"Infant—W. Warde." This was on a programme in 1860 of a music hall burlesque. Willie Warde, the "infant" as the programme says, was only fifteen months old at that time, and, for his age, a very good actor with a remarkably strong voice. But Willie Warde has not been on the stage ever since. He left it for several years to complete his education, and then rejoined.

When one remembers that Willie Warde is the greatest of dancers, one is apt to wonder that dancing consists of "five and no more than five" positions. Willie Warde uses at least five hundred, and then the audience want more.

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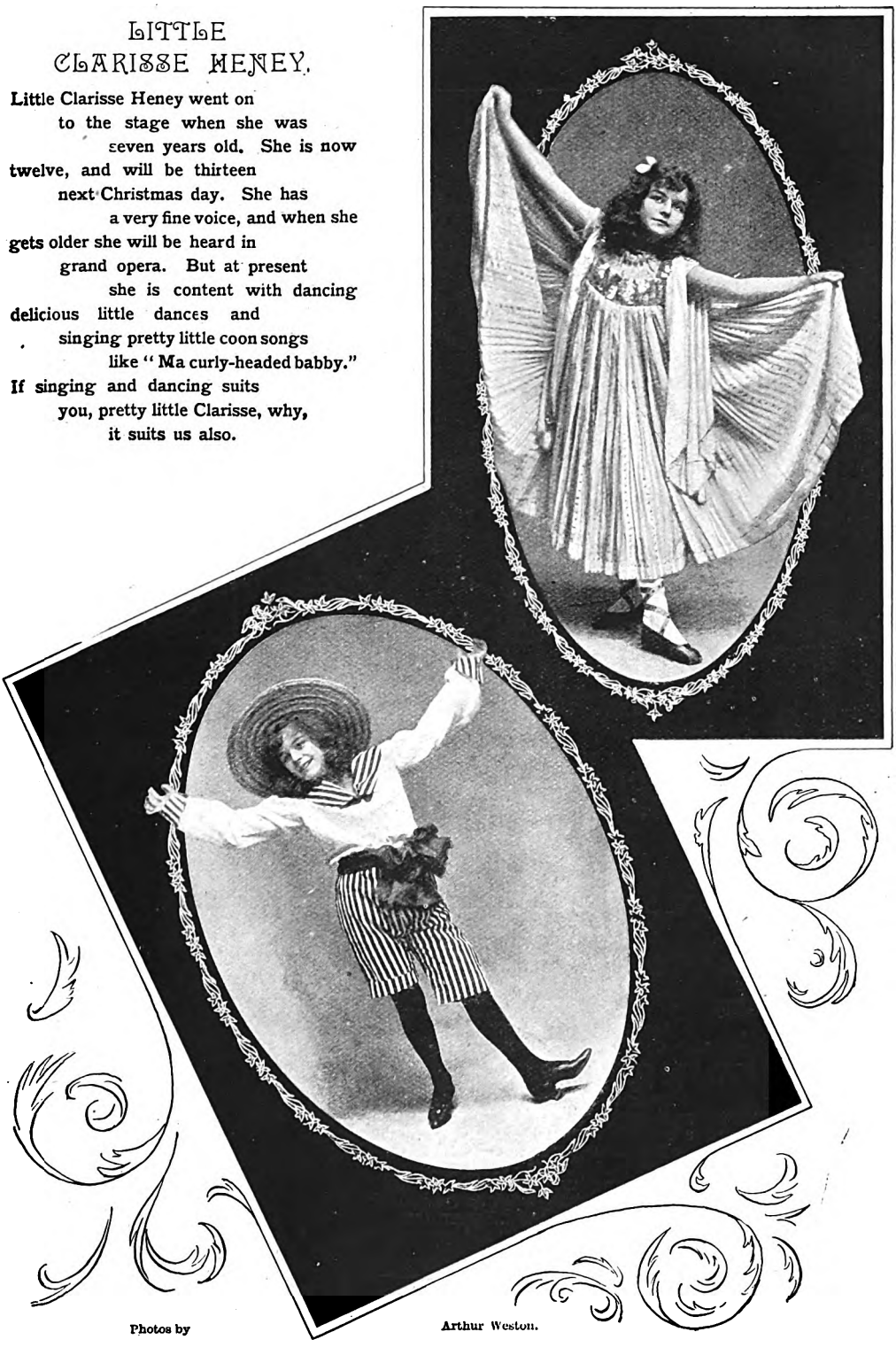
LITTLE CLARISSE HENEY.

Little Clarisse Heney went on to the stage when she was seven years old. She is now twelve, and will be thirteen next Christmas day. She has a very fine voice, and when she gets older she will be heard in grand opera. But at present she is content with dancing delicious little dances and singing pretty little coon songs like "Ma curly-headed babby." If singing and dancing suits you, pretty little Clarisse, why, it suits us also.

Photos by Arthur Weston.

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THE CURIO SALE.

Being another story of the unparalleled audacity of the now notorious Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

For nearly a month after his brief career as a non-commissioned officer had closed, Mr. Dimmock had absolutely been guiltless of practical joking. He had sighed, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, but had sighed in vain.

Then, however, chance stood his friend, and ordained that he should find the germ of suitable material for a new project, within the well-stuffed—and stuffy—interior of a first-class railway carriage.

The only other occupants of this particular carriage were a middle-aged couple whose prevailing note was that of fractiousness. First one, then the other, complained that somebody hadn't done something—Dimmock could not, at first, make out what.

But, taking an idle man's mild interest in their conversation, he was soon made aware of the fact that these two were on their way to the house of a certain Mr. Ebenezer Lindum—who happened to be well known by repute to Dimmock as an extraordinarily mean and grasping old man—there to inspect and (they hoped) purchase several of the art treasures collected by him in many lands.

Their fractiousness was caused by the fact that the auctioneer and house-agent's clerk, who was to have conducted them over the house and priced the old china, heathen gods, josses, Satsuma vases, etc., had not put in an appearance at the London terminus to meet them according to arrangement.

Mr. Dimmock heard all that he thought necessary for the carrying out of his own hastily formed scheme, and then politely raising his hat, said:

"Pray pardon my stupidity in failing to discover you at the station, but not having met you before, perhaps the mistake is pardonable. I am deputed to take you over Mr. Lindum's house. It is very lucky I should have chanced upon the same compartment as you."

The gentleman looked rather surprised for a moment. Then he said:

"Oh—well, I'm glad your firm has sent someone to meet us, but we understood that Mr. Mercer—whom we have dealt with before—was to have come?"

"Ah, poor Mercer—yes. He died in the night, you see, and——"

"Died in the night! Lorblessmysoul, did he, now?" gasped the other. "Very sudden, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, fairly so. But we're all pretty quick movers at Messrs.—er—at our firm. Do everything—even dying—smartly. I think you'll find me quite an efficient substitute for Mercer."

The gentleman bowed.

"I have no doubt of that. Let me introduce myself, Mr.—Mr.——?"

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"Bluffington," responded Dimmock promptly.

"Thank you. My name is Parkin. Mr. Bluffington—Mrs. Parkin."

Dimmock bowed, and the lady returned his salute.

"This is a very fine collection, I understand, Mr. Bluffington," said the latter.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," replied our friend patronisingly. "The old coc—gentleman—has picked up some pretty decent kickshaws in various parts of the world. We shall very soon see what they're worth. I'll put a price on everything as soon as my eye lights on it!"

"I suppose you have a large experience of this kind of work, Mr. Bluffington?"

"Should think I had!" answered Dimmock, whose knowledge of curios and china was the very slightest in the world. "Why, when the King wants any choice article of *vertu,* he loses no time in consulting me!"

Which words were literally true. The King certainly lost no time in ever consulting Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

The couple were duly impressed, and presently Mr. Parkin ventured to say:

"I suppose your firm does a large trade in this kind of thing?"

"Oh, tremendous. Our firm ('wonder what the blazes firm it is?' quoth Mr. Dimmock to himself)—our firm is quite at the top of the tree. Christie & Manson's trade is really nothing like ours."

"Indeed! Why, what a modest young man poor Mr. Mercer must have been! He never gave me the least hint that Deely & Hammerton were such important ——"

"Ah," interrupted Dimmock glibly, "Mercer's a bit of an ass, you know. He'll be coming down by a later train to-day, and then——"

"I thought you said he died in the night?" cried Mr. Parkin, in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Yes, that's his brother. They're both in the firm, you know," said Dimmock, adroitly recovering his slip. "Yes," he went on, with that dangerous tendency he had to "embroider" and generally "spread himself" when he found a "true believer," "I expect we shall have trouble in the firm over this affair of Mercer's. The surviving Mercer—Horatio Nelson Arthur Wellesley Mercer—is a great advocate for the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and he fully intends to marry the other Mercer's—Buonaparte Plantagenet Bugg Mercer's—deceased wife, although he—H. N. A. W. Mercer—is himself a married man. It's an unfortunate state of the law this, isn't it?"

"Very," gasped the other, struggling vainly, and with aching head, to follow and make any sense of the wild farrago so glibly spun out by Mr. Dimmock, whose solemn eyes never even twinkled during the process.

Mr. Parkin thought hard for a minute or more, and then began slowly: "Er—but if—er—Horatio Bugg Mer—I mean Plantag—er—Horatio Mercer's wife's sister is deceased ——"

"Deceased wife's sister," corrected Mr. Dimmock.

"The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill——"

"Not Bill—Buonaparte," interrupted Dimmock again.

Mr. Parkin gave it up. With a gentle sigh he betook himself to a perusal of the money article in the *Times*, and spoke no more until the train pulled up at Watbury Station, where they were to alight.

They hired a fly, and, after a ten minutes' drive, were deposited at the door of Mr. Ebenezer Lindum's residence.

That gentleman was about to give up housekeeping, sell his Lares and Penates—privately, if possible, as by that means he hoped to obtain higher prices—and travel abroad for some considerable time.

He was a very rich man—a fact which only seemed to make him all the more grasping for money. All this Mr. Dimmock knew well by common report, although he had never yet met the man in the flesh.

"A difficult person to deal with, Mr. Lindum," whispered Dimmock to the couple he was conducting as they ascended the front steps. "Perhaps I had better interview him alone before you see him. I may induce him to take more reasonable prices than he would accept from you."

The Parkins assenting to this, they were shown into the library, whilst Mr. Dimmock, piloted by the butler, was ushered into the presence of the owner of the house.

Dimmock having introduced himself as the agent of Deely & Hammerton, Mr. Lindum's crafty eyes were quickly fixed on his visitor's face, and he said:

"You must put a good price on my treasures, Mr. Bluffington—a good price, sir! I tell you what I'll do"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'll make it all square with you afterwards, you know, if you'll—if you'll stretch a point in my favour—price the things rather higher than they're worth. I'll give you—ah—um—yes, I'll give you a

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sovereign for yourself, over and above what the real commission may be."

"Sir, your generosity overpowers me," replied Mr. Dimmock, without the least suspicion of sarcasm in his tone. And Mr. Lindum rubbed his skinny hands, and fondly imagined that he was already in a fair way to over-reach the prospective buyers then waiting in the library.

"But I had better do all the bargaining, sir?" said Dimmock, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

"Not unless I'm present," promptly responded the other. Mr. Lindum would not have trusted his own son—had he had one—where his pocket was concerned.

"H'm, that's rather awkward, though, isn't it?" rejoined "Mr. Bluffington" doubtfully. "You see, if you are present you'll have to do the bargaining yourself."

"No, I won't. You professional gentlemen can always screw a bit more out of buyers than anyone else. He, he, he!" grinned the old miser.

"Ha! I've an idea!" exclaimed Mr. Dimmock. "You *can* be present, and by shamming to be deaf and dumb, avoid taking any part in the actual negotiations. How does that strike you?"

"Splendid!" cried the old man greedily. "I suppose you're a really good judge of Satsuma, old china, Chippendale, Buhl——"

"Oh, of everything, sir," cut in Dimmock, with an airy wave of the hand. "I can correctly value anything, from a second-hand alligator to a railway assistant. But you must leave yourself entirely in my hands."

"Very well. But mind you, young man, I expect you to *earn* that sovereign I've promised you. 'Guineas don't grow on gooseberry bushes,' you know," and the miser wagged his lean head sapiently as he spoke.

And, by way of reply, Mr. Dimmock laid one finger alongside his aristocratic nose, as though to assure the old man that he was quite alive to the advantages to be gained by "besting" the unsuspecting purchaser wherever feasible.

It was agreed between them that the drawing-room should be first exploited. That apartment was beautifully furnished with Chippendale, whilst within the inlaid cabinets reposed some rare old china and specimens of Japanese art.

Mr. Ebenezer Lindum at once betook himself to this room, whilst the sham valuer sought out Mr. and Mrs. Parkin, and personally conducted them to meet the owner of the house.

"Rather awkward," murmured Mr. Dimmock. "Mr. Lindum is deaf and dumb, so we shall have to conduct the buying and selling without his intervention. I ought to have warned you of this, coming down in the train, but I quite forgot it. However, I have had previous dealings with him, and can always understand what he means."

A moment later they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and after a brief introduction by Dimmock of the "high contracting parties" he began the proceedings by saying:

"Everything you see here is for sale, Mr. Parkin. What do you fancy? Now, this pair of Satsuma vases—what do you think of them?"

Mr. Parkin examined the articles in question with a critical eye, whilst Ebenezer silently rubbed his hands and waited greedily for the naming of the price.

"I think they are very fine specimens," began Mr. Parkin, with the cautious reserve of the would-be purchaser, "but all depends on the pri——"

"One and fourpence the pair," broke in Dimmock with an authoritative wave of the hand. "Shall I book them to you at that?"

If Mr Parkin stared in astonishment at this announcement, it may fairly be said that the luckless owner of the vases nearly choked with fiery indignation. He glowered at "Mr. Bluffington," but that gentleman nodded to him blandly, feeling quite secure in the knowledge that he had effectively muzzled Mr. Ebenezer by the "deaf and dumb" trick.

"Oh, by all means put them down to me," said Mr. Parkin eagerly.

"Certainly," and Mr. Dimmock promptly produced a piece of stamp paper, pencilled "Sold, one and four," on it, and, despite Mr. Lindum's furious looks, wetted it, and stuck it on one of the Satsuma vases. He was about to turn his attention to some priceless old china when Ebenezer seized a pencil and wrote some words—quite unfit for publication, I regret to say—on a scrap of paper, and thrust it into Dimmock's face.

The latter cast his eye over the message, and turning to the Parkins, said:

"Dear, good old fellow that he is! Says he's afraid you're giving too much for those vases. But you're satisfied, aren't you?"

"Perfectly, perfectly!" exclaimed Mr. Parkin hastily. "I trust that there are many more such bargains to be obtained to-day."

"Oh, plenty," rejoined Dimmock cheerfully, whilst Ebenezer could hardly restrain himself from resorting to personal violence.

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But once having professed to be deaf and dumb, he did not dare speak, or he would have stood confessed as an impostor.

"Do you like this china bowl?" continued Mr. Dimmock. "It has a great historic value as being the identical one in which Confucius washed his face on the only two occasions when he was ever known to have stooped to such trifling. Now, that would be very cheap at a hundred pounds, eh?"

Mr. Lindum suddenly recovered his lost temper, and almost betrayed himself by silently rubbing his hands together in satisfaction. This, he thought, would bring him compensation for the "giving away" of the Satsuma vases.

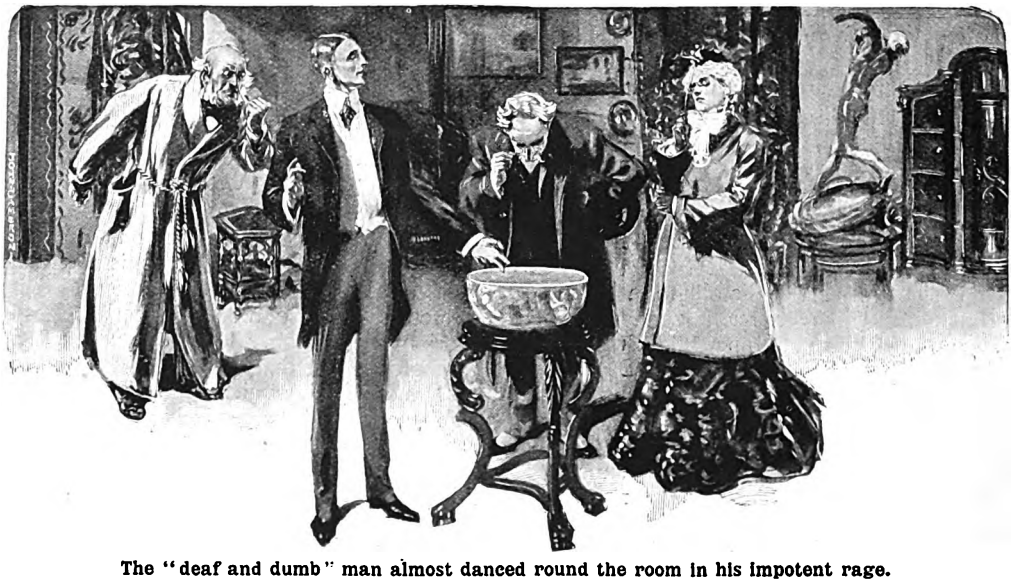
Mr. Parkin shook his head decisively.

Mr. Dimmock again stuck a piece of stamp-paper bearing the legend "sold" on the article just disposed of, and proceeded to the next thing that caught his roving eye.

"This beautiful little Buhl cabinet, now. Our excellent host, who was always a great speculator"—here Ebenezer turned his eyes up in sheer amazement at his visitor's glib lying—"bought it after making a great deal of money as a Buhl—beg pardon, Bull, I mean—of railway stock. He gave eight hundred pounds for it—but, to-day, you can have it at half that sum."

"Why at half?" asked Parkin, somewhat suspiciously.

"Er—oh, why—because, you see, he has had a considerable amount of wear out of



The "deaf and dumb" man almost danced round the room in his impotent rage.

"Quite beyond my price, Mr. Bluffington," he said. "Such a sum as a hundred pounds——"

"Make it twenty, and the little bowl is yours," cut in Mr. Bluffington, politely.

But still Mr. Parkin shook his head, astonished though he was at this very sudden drop in price.

"Thank you, no. Show me something more within range of a moderate purse, and——"

"Do not let slip this chance of securing an interesting memento of the late Confucius, Mr. Parkin, I beg. A fiver down, and——"

"Oh, certainly—yes, I'll give that willingly," said the latter. And the "deaf and dumb" man almost danced round the room in his impotent rage.

it. Not a purchaser? Ah, well, I'm sorry. At two hundred pounds——"

"You said four hundred just now."

"Did I? Only my way of putting it, you know. Twice two are four, and then, if you divide the original cost—eight hundred—by two, that brings it to four again, and there you have it—four hundred pounds, as I said at first, only you *would* have it your own way. However, don't apologise. I quite see how you came to make the mistake, though it's rather a stupid one on your part, isn't it?"

"I don't care about the cabinet, thank you. Are there any more pieces of china that you can take a small price for? Now, there, in that corner, I see a lovely piece of Worcester, which I should like."

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"Three-and-sixpence, and it's yours," responded Dimmock, with cheerful alacrity. "Like to take it away with you, or shall I send it round in the morning?"

But here an apparent miracle was worked, for the dumb spake! Unable even for a single instant longer to control his overwrought feelings, Ebenezer Lindum, casting prudence to the winds, burst forth in a veritable tornado of wrath and fury.

"No, sir!" he spluttered out. "No, sir, you will *not* 'take it away with you,' nor will you have it 'sent round in the morning.' Perhaps, sir," he went on, witheringly, "you and your client would like to buy my gold fish pond, and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Perhaps, sir,

Mr. Ebenezer Lindum was so completely taken aback by the cool impudence of this address, that he sank on to a sofa and gasped like a fish out of water.

you'd like to buy my ten acre field, and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Would you like to take the whole house for, say, fifteen and sixpence—that seems to be in proportion to the prices you are coolly putting on all my other goods and chattels—and have *that* 'sent round in the morning!' Listen to me, you rascal. You are a villain, a scoundrel, sir, and I shall take steps to have you prosecuted for this day's work."

And the miser, who, in trying to over-reach others, had been so completely tricked himself, fumed up and down the room in his furious rage.

Mr. and Mrs. Parkin, though greatly agitated by this outburst, stood

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mute and staring in wonderment. What were they to think of this startling ebullition on the part of a man they had supposed to be deaf and dumb?

Alone of the party Dimmock stood unmoved, his solemn eyes calmly following Ebenezer's agitated movements. After a brief pause he spoke:

"I am afraid, Mr. Parkin, that we have very nearly been made the victims of a singularly heartless and fraudulent scheme on the part of this person," pointing to the wretched Lindum. "He has tried to excite our pity and enlist our sympathies by pretending to be deaf and dumb."

Mr. Dimmock made an impressive pause and then continued.

"Now that we have witnessed the unmasking of that gross imposture, I should really not be surprised to find that all these articles of *vertu* are as worthless as their owner. Those Satsuma vases, for which you were willing to pay the sum of one and fourpence, may be, and very likely are, cunningly contrived imitations of the real thing, and positively valueless.

"That china bowl—I daresay that Confucius never *did* wash his face in it, after all. But this unscrupulous person would have ruthlessly taken your five pounds all the same. And that piece of Worcester—three-and-six would probably have been far too much for such an article. But would this—this bald-headed miscreant—I strive to use the language of moderation—would he have hesitated to take your money? Oh, dear, no!"

Then, turning his glance full upon Ebenezer, he added reproachfully:

"It is more, sir; in sorrow than in anger that I address you. You have either endeavoured to obtain money improperly from this gentleman, or else you have been guilty of what I, in my plain-dealing way, think quite as reprehensible—that is, trying to play a practical joke. Nothing, let me tell you, Mr. Lindum, could be in worse taste. I have seen as much of practical joking as most men, and if this be indeed a joke of that nature, let me tell you plainly, sir, that it is a very sorry one, and that I blush for you!"

And Mr. Ebenezer Lindum was so completely taken aback by the cool impudence of this address that he sank on to a sofa and gasped like a fish out of water.

For a few moments a chill silence fell upon the party; then a servant entered the room and announced:

"Mr. Mercer, sir," and Messrs. Deely & Hammerton's clerk walked in.

Dimmock nodded to him familiarly, and then, turning to Mr. Parkin, observed, *sotto voce:*

"I told you he'd be down by the next train."

"But this is——"

"No, this is not the one that died in the night; it's the other fellow, you know, Buonaparte Plantagenet Bugg Mercer, the cousin."

"Cousin? I thought you said brother——"

"Yes—well, not exactly brother; brother-in-law, I meant——"

"But they are both of the same name—" began the mystified Parkin.

"Well, my dear sir, you don't suppose that two men mayn't share a name between them, do you? Name of Mercer's quite an ordinary one, I assure you."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, now I must leave you," interrupted Dimmock, and then in a whisper, he added: "A rule of our firm, you know. They never allow two of their *employés* to do one man's work. Oh, they're very smart, Deely & Co. I shall leave you in Mercer's hands; but really, after this disgraceful *exposé* of the deaf and dumb fraud, I shouldn't have anything to do with old Lindum. However, I leave you to settle all that with Mercer. Mercer's a very good fellow, a very good fellow—only one weakness, you know—the solitary flaw in an otherwise perfect character—you mustn't believe a word he says, that's all.

"Picture to yourself," he went on, warming up to a final burst of eloquence, "a man who is a dyer of lamb's wool—a lamb dyer—well, Mercer is a—just the reverse of that!"

And, snatching up his hat, Mr. Dimmock had vanished from the scene before the mystified Parkin had recovered either his breath or his astonishment.

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WATER LITTLE SPRITES

An Article, particularly dealing with juvenile for the Children, Joys at the Sea-Side.

By A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Photos by Sheaf.

The wonderful day arrives at last!

It's simply delightful. The train goes at about twelve o'clock, so you get up between five and six in order to be in good time. This is always done; though there is a horrible story about a little girl who overslept herself on the day she was to have gone to the sea-side, and so caused the whole family to miss the train—but we won't go into that, it's too melancholy.

Well, of course you don't eat any breakfast. No one could possibly eat breakfast on a morning such as this. No; you rush wildly about the house, getting in everybody's way, collecting the few treasures which you cannot possibly leave behind, and, in between whiles, gazing anxiously out of the window for that cab which will *not* come. But it does come at last—really; and in you all get and off you go.

By-the-by, I'm told that it's an excellent plan to have a good look at yourself in the looking-glass just before you start, and to have a look at your legs, too, because you won't see that pink and white face, or those white legs, again for ever so long. When you come back your face will be more like one of those little brown apples with burnt red cheeks than anything else I can think of; and as for your legs—well, just wait and see.

A water sprite indulges in contemplation of the seascape.

And, oh, for goodness sake don't forget to take with you a pair of old, last year's sand shoes—shoes that you can wear in the water, I mean. You can run over stones or anything then, whereas, if you've only your naked feet, it's often very painful.

Of course, I know how delicious it is to feel the wet sand squishing up between your toes, but just ask someone about that story of the little boy between whose toes a piece of glass squished as well as the sand. He spent the remainder of his holidays in one of those deck-chairs, which wasn't in the least what he had intended. *He* never forgets to take a pair of old shoes now, I can assure you.

I read somewhere the other day that there can be no doubt but that the sea-side—that is to say, the sands—was made specially for children. It is a pretty idea, and, I think, a true one. For, after all, who make any use—any real use of the sands except yourselves?

Parents? Most assuredly not. Parents always seem to think that the sands were made solely and wholly for the purpose of sleeping upon. Have you ever noticed the number of middle-aged people who lie about asleep at every

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A shrimping trio.

sea-side resort? Count them any day this summer and you'll be horrified.

But this reminds me that I know of at least one middle-aged parent who will never again go to sleep on the sands—never, and it is because of the horrible fate which overtook him last year. You might like to hear about it (and make your grown-up relations read it, don't forget that).

It was at a very crowded watering-place on the Sussex coast. There was a family of children of my acquaintance staying there—they were Irish, and wild wasn't the word for them. Their landlady called them—but no, perhaps I'd better go on with the story.

Well, one very hot day the sands were so crowded with diggers—and where there were no diggers there were sleepers, which is much worse — that they could not find a suitable spot in which to carry out their own excavations. They drove away one set of children, but the outcasts returned with an immense muster, who speedily put the invaders to flight; and then, at last, they remembered a beautiful secluded spot beyond the rocks which was very seldom occupied, and thither they dragged themselves, very hot, very tired, and very angry.

"I do hope there won't be anyone asleep there," said Rhona.

"If there is," said Dugald—"if there is, we'll bury him."

Well, there was, and they did.

He was a very fat man, and he was lying on his back, so the job was a hard one. But they stuck to it and covered him to an incredible thickness, all except his face, so that when, just as they were finishing, he awoke, he couldn't move; which, if you think of it, was an uncommonly lucky thing for his buriers. They sat around him in a solemn circle until his rage became too awful. Then

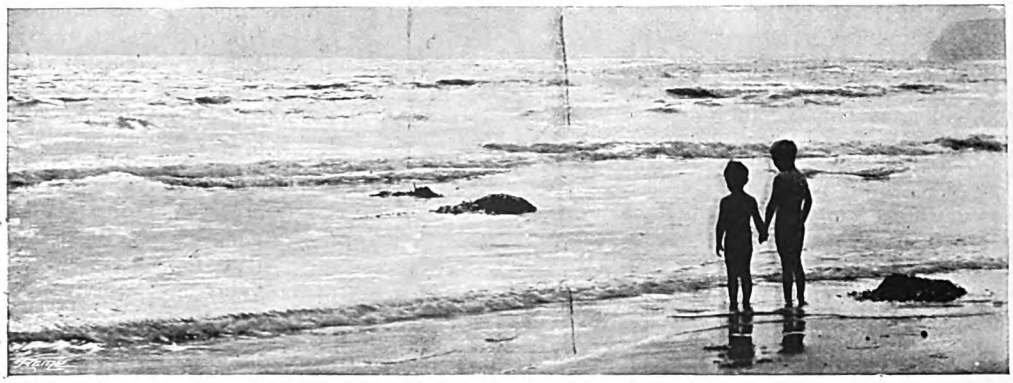

Photo by Sheaf.

Dare we venture?

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they fled. It was a quiet spot, and, for all I know, he is there now (you might look if you go to Sussex), but it is quite certain that if he did get away he will never sleep on the sands again—never.

But I was saying: Who makes any real use of the sands except yourselves? Parents we have disposed of—they sleep. What about the grown-up brothers and sisters?

Well, their movements are a mystery. They don't come and enjoy the sands, that is quite certain. What do they do? They go off in (mixed) couples directly after each meal, and never appear again until the next, when your brother comes in late and not a bit hungry; doesn't seem to enjoy his food, seems to be thinking of something else all the time. It is something absolutely interesting, there's no doubt about that. I wonder if you heard that horrible story about the brother who was persuaded to take his little sister in a "trailer" whilst he went for a bicycle ride with a girl staying in the same house? It happened (I think) at Felixstowe, and really I hardly like to repeat it. They had proceeded about two miles, the brother and the girl talking very earnestly all the time, when suddenly the "trailer" became unhitched. Neither of them noticed it, they just rode on whilst the little girl sat in the "trailer" and cried. About three hours later the two riders reappeared—still talking. When the brother saw his little sister all he said was: "Hullo, have you pulled the 'trailer' right out here? I'll tow you home if you like."

Photo by Sheaf.

She wonders why she can't see the steamers.

Photo by C. Cozens.

A young lady who is fat and five.

Photo by Sheaf.

A youthful Holbein.

No, no; the sea-side for the children, and the children for the sea-side. It's a very good plan, if it can be managed, to arrive at the sea-side at night. Then you wake up fresh in the morning, and see—and see—well, come along, and I'll show you.

The very first thing to be done is to make someone take you to a toy-shop and buy you those buckets and spades. It is not likely that you will have kept the old ones from last summer. Only the Very Best children do that, and they (I hear) are getting scarcer and scarcer every year.

Now, I know perfectly well that your great ambition is to have an *iron* spade; but, as a matter of fact, the wooden spades are much better. All the best diggers use them. The

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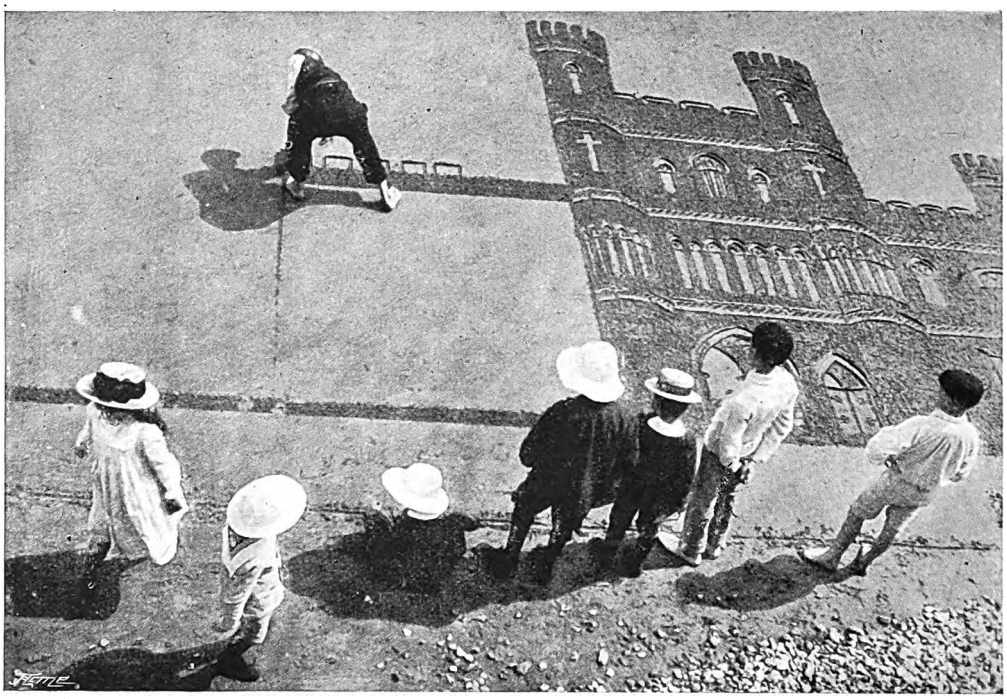

Photo by J. Coster.

It seems a pity that such a marvellous fairy castle as this should be washed away by the next tide, doesn't it?

iron spades, as soon as you try to raise an extra large lump of sand, bend backwards, and are useless for evermore. All iron spades do this. I don't know why, but they do. Ask anyone. Another trick they have is to lie edgeways on the sand for you to step on or kneel on. I don't know why they do this, but they do. Ask anyone. So see that you get a wooden spade.

Having procured these invaluable necessaries, you will now be conducted to the sands, all dotted over with other children, your shoes and stockings will be taken off, and you will be turned loose.

First, however, you will have an immense pair of waterproof paddling-knickers fitted on to you. If you are a little girl, all your skirts will be packed into this and firmly tied down, giving you the appearance of an exceedingly large humming-top—all bulging out in the middle and very thin at each end. It's a little bit uncomfortable at first, but in time you grow so fond of it that you can't bear to have it taken down.

In fact, I heard (I don't know whether it is true or not) that there was a little girl last summer who tried to insist on going to *bed* in her humming-top shape. How she imagined she was going to sleep while raised up on that hump, I don't know. But she stamped her foot and said she *would* go to bed as she was—and what happened after that isn't very interesting; but it only shows how quickly one grows to like a thing.

Well, the only fault that is ever found with these days by the sea is that they aren't half long enough. Your father may say he is worked to death when he's in town, but it's *nothing* to all you have to get through whilst you're down here——.

Commence after breakfast. There's bathing. (Have you ever thought what a funny thing it is that you dare to go out much farther when you're only paddling than when you're actually in your bathing-suit? It's that ducking that does it. It's all very well for grown-up nurses and people to stand on the shore and tell you that you'll catch cold, or sunstroke, or something, if you don't duck—they're not in the water with waves taking their breath away every two seconds—you are. But, as a matter of fact, all the best bathers duck, and it isn't half bad fun after the first time.)

Well, then, after you've bathed there are the singers and the niggers (they put it on with burnt cork) to go and hear. You all sit around on the hot sand, and join in

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Photo by Sheaf. A happy party on the breakwater.

the chorus—it's splendid fun. And then, immediately the niggers have finished, you rush off and commence to dig. You've hardly even planned your castle, however, when you are called in to dinner. It *is* annoying, I know. But, after all, it's *dinner,* and you do get hungry down by the sea.

Immediately after dinner you have to rush off again, and—if the tide is low—do some shrimping (for goodness' sake, look out for the crabs). It's splendid fun, and the shrimps enjoy it, too. I heard of a little boy once, by the way, who really did catch a shrimp on one such occasion. The excitement was so tremendous that the shrimp escaped. But, still, he *did* catch it. In after life he became a bishop, and really this was only to be expected —everyone knew he had a big future before him.

Well, when you grow tired of shrimping, there is your donkey-ride to have. I really think the donkey rides are the best fun of all (for goodness sake, little girls, undo that humming-top thing before you get on, or you'll fall off for certain). You'll find it frightfully hard work to make the donkey go from where you hire him, but he simply *flies* back, and you bump about like a tennis-ball—it's delicious. It has always seemed to me such a pity that the donkeys don't have a home at both ends of the sands, so that they'd always be going home, and so would always gallop.

By now, it's probably between four and five, so there's tea to have. Much the best fun is to have it out on the sands. The sand gets into everything and it's simply delicious. There's a peculiar flavour about jam eaten on the beach that it never seems to have anywhere else. I suppose it's the sand.

Immediately after tea—if the tide is coming in—the great thing to do is to get as many friends as you can to help you and proceed to build an *enormous* fort to keep the sea out. Make the walls of wet sand because it sets as hard as bricks, and make them frightfully thick and high—thick enough to walk on, and so high that you can hardly see over the top. Soon, the first thin little wave runs up and just touches the fort, the next gets a little further, and the next is bigger, and the next is stronger, and so on until there is water all round the walls and until one huge wave comes *splash ! wop !* into the fort—fly !

Well, all this shows how busy you are, doesn't

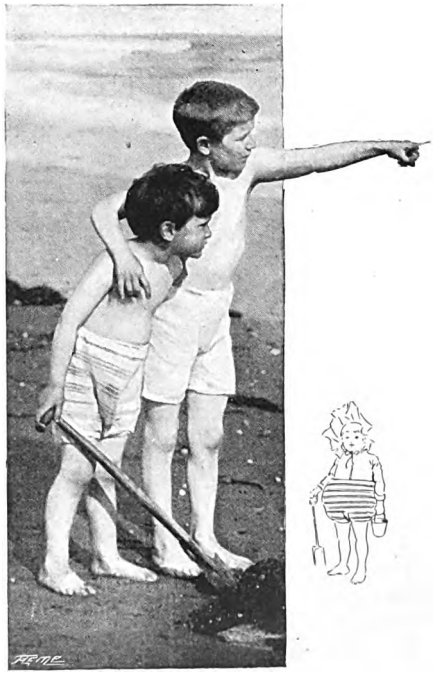

Photo by Sheaf

A sail! A sail!

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Photo by Sheaf.

The break-water walkers.

it? Bathing, niggers, digging, dinner, shrimping, donkeys, tea, forts, and even then we haven't *mentioned* the man who draws magnificent pictures on the sand with a fork (for goodness' sake don't walk over them, it makes him so frightfully annoyed) —or the old fisherman who sits on the lobster-pots and has had the most wonderful adventures *you* ever heard of. A little boy I know once met one of these fishermen who said he had known Robinson Crusoe *intimately*—but I never quite know whether to believe that or not.

Photo by Sheaf.

If laughter weighs anything, this is a heavy load.

And now it's evening. And the shadows are coming out from under the rocks and cliffs where they sleep and are creeping further and further across the sand. And the sand turns from yellow to grey. And you (although you won't confess it) do feel the wee-est bit sleepy, so they take you home and give you some supper, and you climb up to bed and sleep like a top and wake the next morning to do the same things, and the next, and the next, and the next.

There now! I've got you all off to bed, and yet I find that, after all, I have forgotten something. One of the most extraordinary properties of the seaside air is the amount of forgetfulness it causes. Little girls, who in London are the smartest of the smart, forget to have their hair done, forget to tie up tapes, forget everything except that always and always they must be off down to the shore; and as for the little boys, they become simply hopeless. Imagine, for instance, forgetting to do the tiniest scrap of lessons every day just so you sha'n't lose everything you ever learnt.

You'd think it was impossible to forget a thing like that, but it is done year after year at every watering place in Great Britain. As I said, it's the sea air that does it. and merely writing about the sea has had the same effect on me; only just in time have I remembered a most important thing—landladies.

Seaside landladies are most peculiar people; they're always surpising one so. Contrast, for instance, the day on which you arrive, with the day, the horrible day, on which you depart.

You drive up to her house, and there she is—all smiles and kindness. She calls you a little dear, and she seems to positively enjoy seeing you convert the drawing-room carpet

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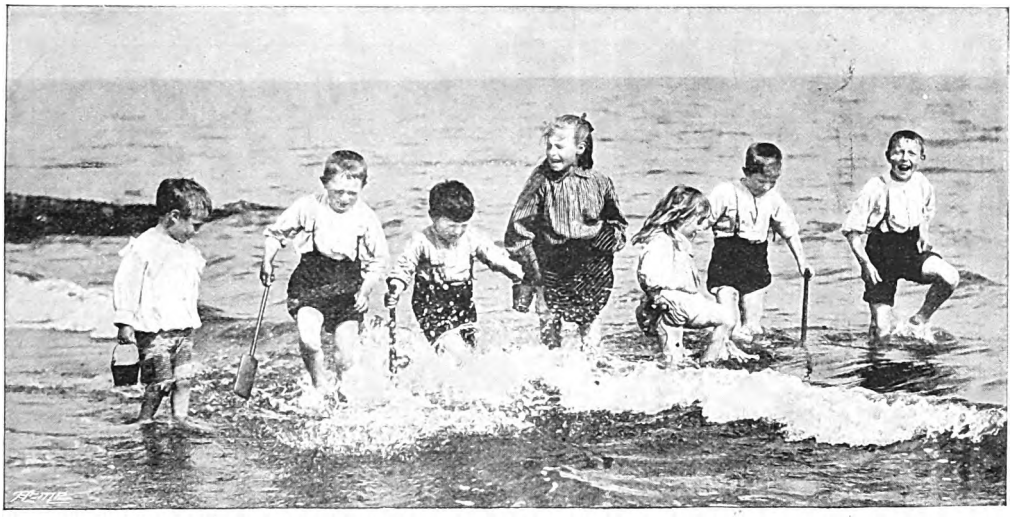

Photo by Sheaf. The greatest delight of the sea-side is a splash through the spray——

into a kind of miniature beach with sand, and seaweed, and shells. You think she's the kindest person in the world! and so she is, only she is so frightfully changeable.

The very next day you fill the bottom of the umbrella stand with sea water and put in two of the dearest little crabs; then, remembering how interested she was in your dressing-room collection on the first day, you run and tell her about this new delight. She's not pleased in the least. She gets the tongs and hooks out the crabs, and throws them into the street. Then she rushes upstairs and tells your mother her ideas on the subject—such funny ideas.

It gets worse and worse every day. Why, I heard of a landlady who objected to having little eels kept in the vases on her mantelpiece; and of another who made quite a fuss because someone pressed seaweed underneath his mattress. You've got something to boast of, I can assure you, if your landlady stands smiling on the steps, and still calls you a dear, as you drive off to the station. For goodness sake don't annoy your landlady. It's worse than if it rains all the time.

Well, I've talked such a long time that I'm quite out of breath. Of course there's any amount more to say. I'd tell you, if I hadn't told you so much already, all about boating and sailing and learning how to swim—and all sorts of things that both of us enjoy.

Photo by Sheaf. —— and then a gallop over the sands to get your feet dry again.

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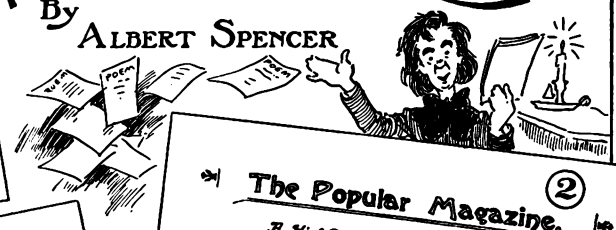
A TRUTHFUL LYRE

By ALBERT SPENCER



(1) 2

MAGAZINE.

In addition to the attractions already mentioned we hope to make high-class poetry a feature of special interest in our new volume. We are aware that "Magazine poetry" has become a term of reproach. It will continue such while editors affect jingling shyness of the "light and pretty" order, written to order. In lieu of such meretricious productions we shall seek for lyrics which are the outcome of deep and genuine emotion, unsoiled by taint of lucre. We trust to prove to our numerous readers that true poetry, inspired by true feeling, is not yet extinct in these isles.

Besides these novelties, the old-established features of the Magazine, such as the Mothers' Correspondence Column, Tabitha's Table Talk, and the Little Lambs' League, will be continued, and a Competition of a new kind will shortly be announced.

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(2)

The Popular Magazine.

A High-Class Journal for every Home.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "INKSTAINS."

17A, SCRIBE COURT, E.C.

4th. Feb., 1903

Dear Mr. Rimer,

As you will see from our Notice to Readers we are anxious to make genuine poetry a special feature of the new volume. Can you let us have a short and sincere poem by the 6th., for the March No. ?

Yours faithfully,

A Smudge.

Quetus Rimer, Esq.,
103, The Mews, S.W.

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(3)

103 The Mews
S.W.
5. 2. 03

Dear Sir,

It is a red-letter day in the annals of literature when you unlock the poet's store, allow him to pour out the golden treasures of his heart. I have great pleasure in enclosing a poem upon the subject of love, & can guarantee its absolute sincerity in every particular.

Yours faithfully,

A Rimer.

P.S. I presume the terms will be somewhat higher than for ordinary verse

A.R.

A. Smudge Esq.

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(4)

TO CLARICE

I gaze into your pale blue eyes,
O Clarice sweet, O Clarice fair!
And dream I see the summer skies,
The sunbeams on your golden hair,
The blushing roses, could they speak,
(Alas! that roses never do!)
Would own the flush upon your cheek
A rival to their pale pink hue.
Your voice outsings the song of birds,
Like larks that trill so pure and clear
There's music in your laughing words,
O Clarice sweet, O Clarice dear!
From London all the way to Paris
There's not a maid so fair as Clarice

103, The Mews, S.W.
7-2-

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(5)

103 The Mews
S.W.
7. 2. 03

Dear Sir,

Upon reflection I have decided that my little poem would more accurately represent my feelings if it were slightly amended as in the enclosed copy.

Yours faithfully,

A. Rimer

P.S. In fixing the honorarium you will no doubt remember the exhausting nature of emotional poetry

A.R.

A. Smudge Esq.

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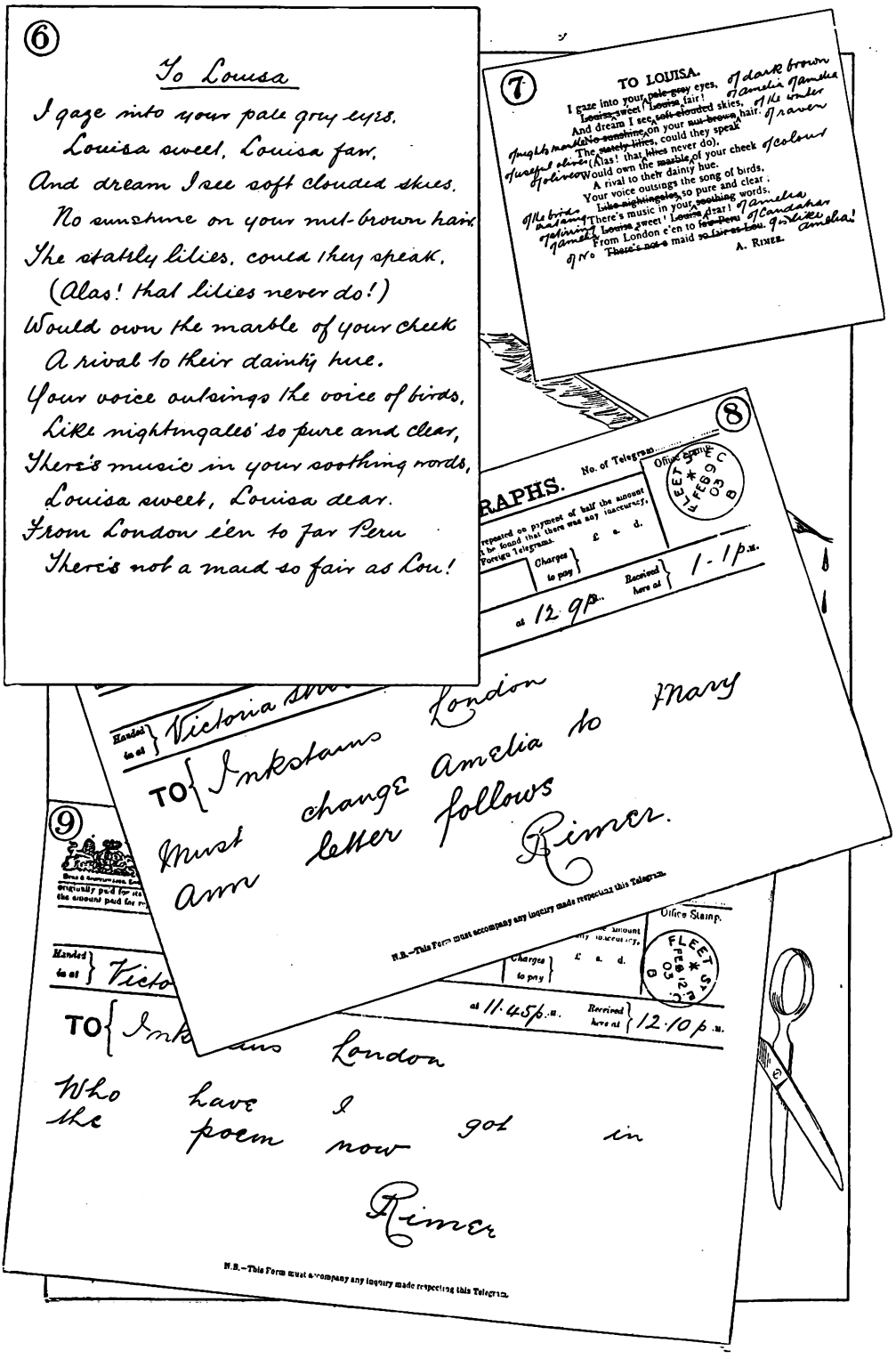

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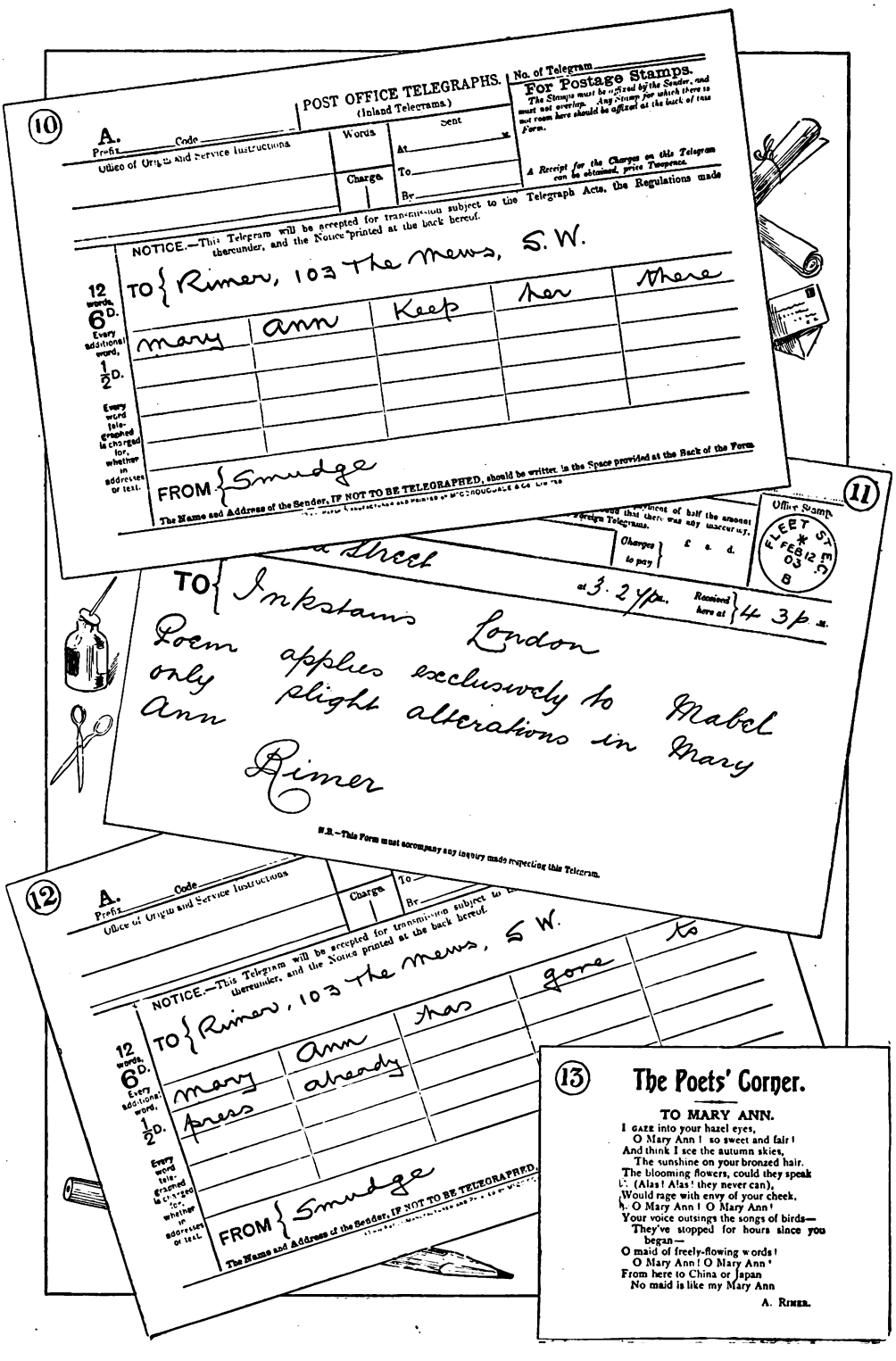
10
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12 words, 6D. Every additional word, 1/2D.
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mary ann keep her there
FROM { Smudge
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at 3.24 p.m.
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Poem applies exclusively to Mabel
only slight alterations in Mary
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TO { Rimer, 103 the mews, S.W.
mary ann has gone to
press already
FROM { Smudge
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13
The Poets' Corner.
TO MARY ANN.
I GAZE into your hazel eyes,
O Mary Ann! so sweet and fair!
And think I see the autumn skies,
The sunshine on your bronzed hair.
The blooming flowers, could they speak
(Alas! Alas! they never can),
Would rage with envy of your cheek,
O Mary Ann! O Mary Ann!
Your voice outsings the songs of birds—
They've stopped for hours since you began—
O maid of freely-flowing words!
O Mary Ann! O Mary Ann!
From here to China or Japan
No maid is like my Mary Ann
A. RIMER.

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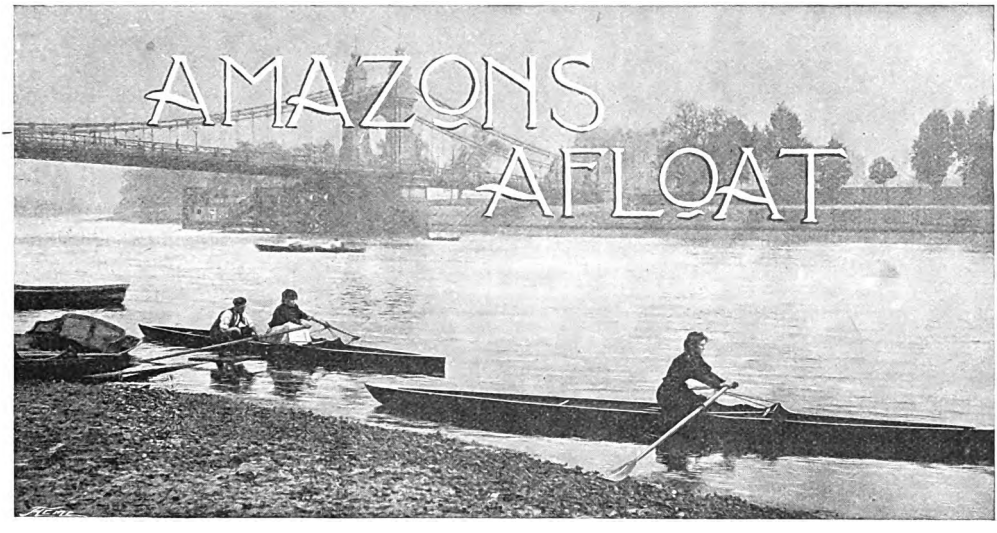

The River by the Boathouse.

When work is over for the day, the members of the Furnivall Sculling Club for Girls spend many healthful happy hours on Father Thames.

By J. A. Middleton.

There is no prettier sight than a crew of women in becoming boating costumes sculling in perfect time between the long, green banks of a river. Boating, like golf, cycling, and every other healthy outdoor sport, has found great favour in the eyes of the modern woman, for there is no healthier or more graceful pastime, and the present fashion of leaving London in the hot, stuffy summer months and emigrating to bungalow-land is one of the most sensible customs imaginable.

But bungalows are an expensive luxury, and riverside cottages are only for the few. A day on the river now and then is the most the average woman who works can hope for. When she is there let her make the best of it by learning how to manage a boat, for sculling is one of the best exercises a woman can have. It strengthens the muscles, braces up the nerves, invigorates the system, and chases away what our grandmothers were wont to call "the vapours."

As for punting, it is better than all the physical drill in the world, and, to take another point of view, a woman never looks to better advantage than when handling the punt-pole gracefully.

There is a great deal of bad sculling, too much of it, among the Amazons of the Thames, but every season the quality, as well as the quantity, seems to improve, while the entries for the ladies' races at the various regattas grow larger every summer.

To those who work all day long in crowded shops and noisome factories the fresh clear breezes of the river are an incalculable boon. The glimpses of country scenery, the whiffs of sweet-scented air as it blows over the meadows and hayfields, have an intensified charm for the London worker, who appreciates the contrast between the stifling streets and the cool willow-grown banks of Father Thames.

It was the realisation of the need of some good open-air exercise for the working-girl which prompted Dr. F. J. Furnivall to found the Hammersmith Girls' Sculling Club in 1896.

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The captain is cox—

The fee was fixed at 1s. 9d. per month, so as to enable members earning only moderate salaries to join. There was no club-house, so the members met, somewhat romantically, under a willow tree. The scheme prospered from the very beginning, and now Dr. Furnivall has the pleasure of seeing his thoughtful efforts on behalf of the working girls living in the vicinity of the river crowned with success.

The present club-house, 19, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, is very comfortable and commodious and quite suited to the requirements of the club, which now numbers seventy-five members.

Meetings and social gatherings are held in a large room on the first floor, which is well-furnished and contains a piano. On the walls hang portraits of Dr. Furnivall, Frederick Denison Maurice, Sir Walter Besant, the late Vice-President, and other prominent benefactors of the club.

Below, on the ground floor, is the scull-room, which is also used as a bicycle-house

—and when out in mid-stream is busy coaching.

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Training for the double sculling match.

Its racks contain a formidable array of sculls and there are often many bicycles, for the members are nearly all cyclists and enjoy a spin on the tow-path, besides using their machines as a substitute for the train or 'bus when riding down to the Mall.

The windows of the club-house overlook the river, and afford a fine view of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

Of course, Saturday afternoons and Sundays are the days most available for members, but many of them contrive to meet for practice during the week. The Sunday outings, which are a special feature, begin in April, and are continued throughout the season. Sometimes they consist of a garden party on some green sloping river-lawn, among the willows and pretty red May and rhododendrons; sometimes of a hay or orchard party, or an impromptu picnic on some far-away island. The members have many invitations, and both receive and dispense much hospitality.

Not one of the least admirable of the characteristics of the club is its unselfish kindness to little children, into whose joyless lives the excursions in the boats often carry bright gleams of happiness.

The general meeting held some while since agreed that the future name of the club should be "The Furnivall Sculling Club for Girls and Men," and that men should become regular instead of honorary members as heretofore, but in consideration of the original purpose of the club its captain should always be a girl, and the number of girls on the managing committee should always be one more than that of the men. This plan has been found to work admirably, as the following extract from the latest report shows.

"The girls always preside over the tea tables and do much to add to the sociability of the club in providing music, singing, and in other ways adding to the comfort of all.

"Thorough friendliness has prevailed between the sexes, and the presence of each has added to the gratification of the other."

The men-members also add to the brightness of the social gatherings, which are almost as much enjoyed by the members as the river trips. Sometimes these take the form of an impromptu dance, sometimes of a musical or dramatic entertainment. On winter evenings, when the river has lost its charm, and looks cold and dreary, the members meet in the cosy club-house and amuse themselves with music and games until closing time. This is one of the great advantages of keeping the club-house open the whole year round.

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A long pull and a strong pull.

The members can truly say:

"Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time."

The club choir, under the direction of Mr. Perry, contains many good voices, and the practising and singing of glees is one of the favourite recreations of the members.

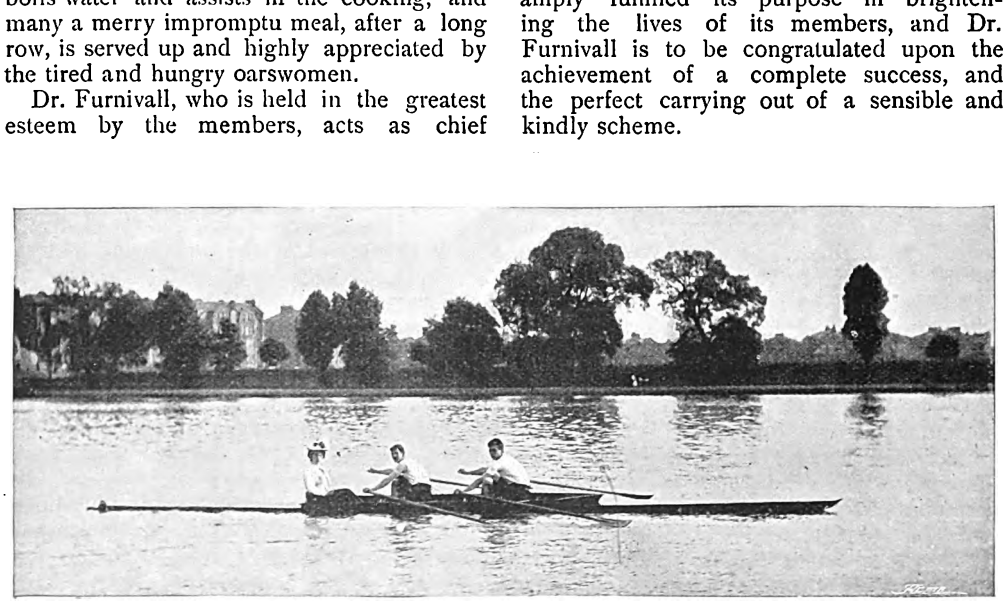
The club-house has no regular dining-room, nor special provision for meals; but, as one of the members happily expressed it to the writer, "the men go out and buy things, and we stay at home and cook them."

There is a caretaker on the premises who boils water and assists in the cooking, and many a merry impromptu meal, after a long row, is served up and highly appreciated by the tired and hungry oarswomen.

Dr. Furnivall, who is held in the greatest esteem by the members, acts as chief financier to the club. He selects and buys the boats, pays the rent of the club-house, and takes an active and generous interest in all that concerns the welfare of the club.

They are also fortunate in their captain, Miss Julia Sutton, whose untiring efforts on behalf of the club have shown excellent results.

The continued usefulness and prosperity of the Furnivall Sculling Club prove that such an institution was much wanted, and as it is the only club of the kind, it possesses a peculiar interest. It has amply fulfilled its purpose in brightening the lives of its members, and Dr. Furnivall is to be congratulated upon the achievement of a complete success, and the perfect carrying out of a sensible and kindly scheme.



A lady at the helm.

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

THE COACH-AND-FOUR ADVENTURE.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

A further smuggling Escapade of Sir Nicholas Vyse, known to his Associates as Captain Contraband, and Josephine Willoughby, his Lady Confederate. This Yarn describes how they together fool the Sheriff, and succeed in carrying a vast Prize of Contraband to London under his very Nose.

Nick Vyse, king of the smugglers, was never content just to land forbidden cargo, to store it in some cave, and afterwards to dispose of his goods to honest merchants; it was the sport of the thing, and not the profit, which, to his thinking, gave a zest to smuggling, and for this reason he took many a risk that lesser men would have avoided.

Sometimes there were two ways of running his cargo, the one quite simple and free of danger, the other hazardous; and in these cases he chose always the more risky venture, especially if it had a touch of humour in it. And this trait in his character, as it chanced, all but led to his undoing in the matter of the coach-and-four adventure.

It was the custom of the St. Thanes smugglers, once their cargo was safely landed and concealed, to send it at their leisure to London, either by waggon—hidden under innocent loads of hay that brought a whiff of country honesty and sweetness to the dwellers in the City—or else in the carts which market-gardeners affect.

These latter were used only for the carrying of lighter stuff—lace, cigars of rare quality and price, and so forth—and the precious packages sat snugly under the covering of cabbages, broad beans, and lettuces. Nick Vyse had used these carts and waggons to good purpose during his career as a merchant of smuggled lace and Schnapps; but on a summer's day he bethought him of a likelier method, if one more hazardous.

The day in question—fresh and balmy, with a playful breeze from the sea—had brought Josephine Willoughby out of doors, and Sir Nicholas met her on the chalk cliffs.

"We've been quiet of late, Captain Josephine," he said, alluding to those escapades which the slim, bonnie lass had shared with him.

"And shall be quieter still," she pouted, with a shrug of petulant despair. "My father writes that I must go to London by the coach to-morrow."

"What, to stay for some time there?" put in the other, his merry face growing long as a fiddle.

"For ever, so it seems. You see, Sir Nicholas, I was exiled to St. Thanes here in order to grow wise—in order, that is, to learn how proper a gallant my cousin William is, and how good a husband he will make—and —and somehow the country has only taught me to hate cousin William more—and now I am to stay in town until I find my senses, as father puts it. And, you see, I shall never find my senses—and so——"

Nick Vyse had gripped her hands before she guessed his purpose.

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"Josephine, you have played long enough with me," he said, "and now you are going to marry me."

"Oh, but indeed, Sir Nicholas—I——"

Sir Nicholas was masterful, however, and would take none of the excuses with which she had evaded many a declaration of his love. To be sure, he had reason to be masterful, for her secret was plain to be read in the frightened, tender eyes she raised to his.

"Marry me, dear, and I'll see to these precious cousins, fathers, and what not," he said, with a low, buoyant laugh. "Say you will marry me as soon as I can get the license."

"Oh, not so soon—I could not——"

"Well, then, if I will give you time—say, a month ——"

"Three months at least. Oh, Nick, it must be three at least."

He made a wry grimace. "And you'll keep your word in three months' time?"

For answer her hands stole into his, quite naturally and snugly. "Dear," she whispered, "it is true that—that I love you, and—and, indeed, I'll keep my promise."

So Nick all unexpectedly had found his happiness this morning, and it was for this cause that he grew devil-may-care and light-hearted as a boy, and hatched the madcap plan which nearly brought him into the Sheriff's clutches. For, Josephine, in spite of the morning's avowal, insisted that for the present she must obey her father, must go to London in two days' time, and for a while at any rate must deal with Cousin William as best she could.

"What will happen when father knows about you, Nick, I cannot guess," she said. "If you ask him for my hand as Sir Nicholas Vyse, he will know you for an old friend of the Regent's, and he loathes the Regent and his ways. If you come as Captain Contraband, king of the smugglers, you'll be in no likelier case——"

"Perhaps I shall," Nick interrupted. "Yes, I think as king of the smugglers I can come boldly to your father."

But what he meant, and why he smiled so quietly, Josephine could not learn. Try as she would, with all a lass's tricks of coyness and persuasion, he would not explain his words; and so she had to rest content with his promise that things would go well with them when he asked her father for her hand.

"And now, sweet, you're going to town on Thursday by the coach," he said, when they stood at the cliff-edge to say good-bye.

"Yes, and—and somehow, Nick, I—I don't like going away from you. Oh, I am shameless to confess as much, but I'm afraid—for the first time in my life, I think."

"I'm coming with you."

"You—are coming with me?" she echoed.

"Just that. Listen, Josie. You know that for months past we've been storing lace in the cellars underneath your house. Well, there's too much of it, and the quality's too good to trust it to the usual carrier. Get every travelling-box you have, and fill them all—half with lace, and half with your own wearing-gear. Send it all to the White Hart Inn at Silverton to-morrow, in readiness for Thursday's coach."

"But, Nick, my boxes would fill all the body of the coach!"

"True; and the coach will be driven by myself. Gad, I think Sir Nicholas Vyse is well known enough as a whip to secure a driver's place on the London road! Think what a jest 'twill be, Josie—you will give out that you are returning with all your baggage to London to stay for an indefinite time; you have chartered all the inside of the coach for your luggage, and the seats beside the driver for yourself and your dowager."

Josephine laughed eagerly. The venture was one in keeping with the heedless devilry which had carried Nick and herself through many a wild night's storm and danger.

"My dowager does not accompany me," she said, with sudden demureness. "She stays, by my father's wish, to over-watch the servants while I am *coming to my senses*, dear, in London."

"So much the better. You take two seats, and your dowager is prevented by illness from accompanying you, and you and your driver have the front to themselves. Josie, we can be together all the way to town—and all the way we shall know that a few thousand guineas' worth of lace lies underneath us in the coach!"

"We'll do it!" cried the girl, holding out her hand in the old, frank way that had been the seal of many a smuggling bargain between them. "We'll do it, Nick, and you will book the seats and make arrangements, will you not?"

"No, you must send a servant over in the morning to the White Hart. Till we're safely married there must be no coupling of your name with mine. I am to drive the coach for a whim; you are to book the seats knowing nothing of Sir Nicholas Vyse or any of his cantrips."

"There's only one drawback to the

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scheme," laughed Josephine; "we shall meet with no dangers by the way—no Revenue cutters, no Gauger Ralph, no Sheriff's soldiery!"

"Oh, but we may!" cried Sir Nicholas gaily. "We'll hope for the best, Josie."

So they parted till late that evening, when Nick went to the caves beneath Vyse House, and carried the packages of lace, two by two, to the sliding panel, where Josephine waited to take them from his hands.

"You'll pack them safely?" he whispered, when the whole pile lay on the floor, high as Josephine's waist. "Good-bye, then, till Thursday. We'll have blooded cattle, Josephine, to take us up to town."

Nick carried the packages of lace, two by two, to the sliding panel, where Josephine waited to take them from his hands.

On the morrow, soon after midday, he rode across to the White Hart Inn, and found the landlord standing at the door, his coat off, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Lazy as the host was, however, he straightened himself as Nick approached, and bowed with genial gravity.

"Give you good day, Sir Nicholas; a morning of June, Sir Nicholas, and brighter for your presence. How can I serve you, sir? A stoup of claret, now——"

"Ay, a stoup of claret, John; and while I'm drinking it we can discuss my business. So!" he went on, as the landlord ushered him into a trim parlour, and set a brimming measure down before him. "Has this paid duty, John?"

"Tut, tut, Sir Nicholas. The quality must have their jest. Am I like to harbour smuggled goods?"

"As little likely as myself, eh? Still, by the taste of it, this claret never saw the King, as the saying is—or it would be sourer for the sight. That's by the way, though. What I want is to get to town, good host."

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The other glanced sideways at him, for Sir Nicholas was known and loved all up and down the London Road—known for his horsemanship, his courage, and his boy's glee in a frolic.

"What's in the wind?" asked John, in guarded fashion.

"Thistledown, to be sure, and I want to catch it. I'm always trying to catch thistledown, Jack; I was born that way. See, now, I have to go to London to-morrow morning, and I'm weary of sitting behind or beside the man who holds the ribbons; the fancy takes me, host, to drive the coach I go on."

"Certainly, Sir Nicholas; nothing easier; I have a coach here at your service——"

"Nay, 'twould be dull to drive an empty coach. It's the London coach I want to drive; d'ye know the driver well enough to persuade him to change hat and coat and wig with me?"

The landlord stroked his chin, and the smile broadened on his pippin-coloured face.

"The driver is Long Will of Stainbury," he said, "and I fancy he'd do aught for Sir Nicholas Vyse."

"Long Will, is it? Never say I haven't King's luck, Jack! Yes, we've shared a jest or two in times past, Will and I; tell him from me that I am going to drive his coach for him to-morrow, and he shall be a passenger for once."

"I will, sir; but you'll be crowded a bit, I fancy, on the journey."

Nick hid his face in the tankard awhile.

"How's that?" he asked, when he emerged.

"Well, there's the lady from Vyse House—you'll know her likely?"

"Indifferently well—yes. Tall, is she not, and slight? Yes, yes, I have met her once or twice."

"She is going back to live in London, judging from the pile of baggage that came over this morning, and she has booked two seats on the coach. Lordy, you should see the boxes, sir! They'll fill the whole inward parts of the coach, and so I told her manservant; and he said his orders were to pay for all the inside seats, as well as the two outside ones. Well, well, Miss Willoughby has the money—or her father has—and she can follow her whims, I suppose; but it seems a queer fancy to take a coach-full of dresses and what not by way of private baggage."

"It does," Sir Nicholas agreed; "but then she is young, so far as I remember, and maids are full of whims."

"Full as a gorse bush is of prickles, sir. You'll be taking another stoup of wine, or——"

"I've no leisure, Jack. Look for me at noon, and I'll drink to your good health. And remember that Long Will must give the reins to me." And Sir Nicholas rode off in his wonted slap-dash, heedless way.

At half after eleven or thereabouts on the next day Sir Nicholas came riding in again to the White Hart, stabled his nag there, and passed through the sunny garden into the inn parlour, where Jack, the host, was waiting with the promised flagon. Nick took a pull, then shook his head.

"No duty paid yet, Jack. As I'm a magistrate, I'll have this looked into. You've seen Long Will, I take it?"

"To be sure, sir. The coach starts from here, sir, as you know, and Will slept here and went to bed as mellow as his wont. I settled all with him—but there! You can ask him yourself, Sir Nicholas, for here he comes."

Long Will, a great red-headed rogue with a roving eye, stood in the doorway and touched his forelock.

"Well?" said Sir Nicholas.

"Oh, you're welcome," laughed Will. "I always did say there were only two whips between here and London—Long Will and Sir Nicholas Vyse. Proud to ride behind for once, sir."

"Well, then, shut the door, and off with your wig and the rest of it. Gad, though, you've got a—well, a *mellower* face than I, Will. They'll never mistake one for t'other."

"I've earned it, sir," said Will, with a tender glance towards the flagon.

Sir Nicholas, accepting the hint, nodded to the host to bring liquor, and meanwhile busied himself with the exchange of wearing-gear.

"You needn't heed the face, sir," suggested Will. "When we get to Belle Sauvage, in London, I'll just take the reins, and no one the wiser. As 'tis, you cut a likely figure, and they'll think the London coach has changed her driver—no more, no less."

Nick Vyse, for all that, was not content with the disguise of coat and wig and hat; he took a little box from his pocket, and turned to the mirror; the box was full of patches, such as were used by the highwaymen and fighters of the time to hide their bruises, and Nick, when he turned round again and showed his face to Long Will and the host, was changed completely by the

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addition of a long black patch above the right eyebrow, another running down his left cheek, and a third at the angle of his jaw.

"It calls old days to mind," chuckled Will. "D'ye remember, Sir Nicholas, how we held up the Duke's carriage?"

"Hush, man! Those were early days, before my reformation," put in Nick Vyse, with a droll grimace. "Now, if you're ready, Will, we'll be going to the coach; she's timed to start at noon?"

Will nodded, and began to look to the priming of two pistols which lay upon the table.

"What are you at?" asked Sir Nicholas. "We're to drive a peaceful trade this journey, Will."

"That's as may be, sir; but we've ways of knowing what the highwaymen are thinking of, and there'll be trouble between here and London, take my word for it. One of your fares to-day is filling the inside of the coach with her baggage, and a rumour of it has got about, and the gentry of the road mean to have a peep inside those boxes."

"Ay, and more," put in the landlord, taking a second pair of pistols and a supply of ammunition from the corner cupboard, and handing them to Nick. "'Tis the worst band of cut-throats, they say, that ever made the roads unsafe—the band that my lord Sheriff has been seeking for a week past."

"Ah, my lord Sheriff!" murmured Nick. "He has tried to take sundry rogues from time to time and always failed."

"True, as Captain Contraband would tell you if he were here; but even Captain Contraband may take his pitcher once too often to the well some day."

Sir Nicholas drained his flagon, and laughed his great boy's laugh. The humour of it tickled him, for he himself was Captain Contraband, and at this moment, had the landlord only known it, was engaged upon an enterprise which the Sheriff would have liked to know of. Sir Nicholas laughed, and laughed again as he buckled the pistols in his belt, and strode out into the courtyard of the tavern; yet the Sheriff was nearer than he thought, and much was to happen before the day was out.

A crowd of idlers stood round the waiting coach, with its mettlesome team of four; and they were peering with great interest into the body of the coach, where Josephine's baggage crammed every inch of space.

Yet not quite every inch, for a dog's face, hairy and alert, showed at the near window, and Sir Nicholas recognised Ponto, that old friend of Josephine's and his, and a smuggler from his puppyhood. Whenever one of the crowd came over-near the open window,

Nick Vyse was not content with the disguise of coat and wig and hat.

Ponto would bare his teeth in a grim smile that carried persuasion with it, for Josephine, when she had set him atop the baggage a few moments since, had whispered "Contraband," and Ponto knew his duty.

Josephine herself, bright and fresh as the glad June morning, was waiting near the off-leader's head, and Nick came up to her and saluted with his whip.

"For London, madam?" he asked in a harsh voice.

Josephine looked doubtfully at him. "Yes, but—but are you the driver?" she stammered. "I thought——."

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"So my disguise holds good, even with the lass who has promised to marry me?" Nick whispered. "Josephine, have I not planned it well?"

Her doubts were merged in fear, now that she knew him for her lover—now that she saw the three ominous patches on cheek and brow and chin.

"Nick, Nick, you're hurt! What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing at all, dear lass. It is just a part of the disguise."

"And you are well and whole, Nick—quite well?"

"As well as the sweetest maid in England can make me," he answered, well pleased by this solicitude of hers, new-found and insistent. "There, the idlers begin to wonder why we talk so long, and I must help you to your place."

He half-lifted her to her seat and clambered up to the driver's box beside her. Long Will had already seated himself most unostentatiously in the most rearward place, and all about the inn door were would-be passengers. As though born to the road, Sir Nicholas flourished his whip and ogled the prettier of the women-kind, and cried: "Who's for London? Who's for Belle Sauvage? A fair June day, and seventy miles of decent road. Who's for London?"

First one and then another of the women came and asked for seats inside; but Nick blandly told them that they could not sit on top of the baggage, and there was no other way of obliging them.

They grumbled, muttered that they dare not ride on the top, and went back into the tavern to wait for the next coach; so that, when at last Nick had gathered the reins into his hands, there were none but men behind himself and Josephine—a bishop, to wit, who did not like the loneliness of travelling by chaise; a buck of twenty who used strange oaths and wore a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and half-a-dozen nondescripts whose pallor was accounted for by the rumours of highwaymen—the rumours which were going up and down the town just now so briskly.

"Well, is it good, sweetheart?" Nick whispered, as they sped through the summer-hearted country, between the hedges heavy with wild rose and honeysuckle, through villages where the grass lay cool and trim upon the greens, past forges where the blacksmith dropped his hammer to watch the coach swing buoyant as a bird in answer to the willing team.

"Good? It is being alive, Nick. And we've enough lace beneath us to buy a village with; and nobody knows that I'm pledged to marry the driver; and—and I'm very much alive, dear."

Nick moved a little nearer to her and looked long and happily into her eager eyes. They were well-matched, he thought, for open air and open swift adventure were the two things needful to them both. Highwaymen and sheriffs were alike forgotten; the pompous merchant-father and dull cousin William, each waiting for the girl in London, did not occur to her; she and Nick were together, with a fiery team in front and dancing hedgerows and a merry wind flying past them on the right hand and the left.

Only Long Will, seated far behind them, thought of highwaymen; and when at last they reached the gloomy, uphill stretch of road that wound through the Westbury Wood, he eased both pistols, and grasped their butts with either hand. The wood was full of cypresses and firs, and was darksome even on this summer's day; but Nick Vyse did not seem to heed the gloom, and he was whispering some lover's folly to Josephine when they turned the corner known as Murder's Whynn. He looked up to see twelve men, masked and armed, who stretched across the road, and he gave a low whistle of surprise.

"We're in for it, my dear! Are you afraid?" he said.

But Josephine's eyes were brighter than before, and her laugh was scornful.

"You and I—have we not come through bigger dangers?" was all she said.

So Nick was sure that once again they would come through, and quite coolly he set about the framing of a plan. His first impulse, to rouse his team to a gallop and crash through the highwayman, was not to be considered; the horses were not so fresh as they had been—indeed, their post-house was not a league away, and already they were sniffing the hay and oats waiting them, and the hill, moreover, was especially steep and awkward at this gloomy Murder's Whynn.

The highwaymen were not a hundred yards in front, and there was little time for reflection, but Nick knew the road so well that every wayside nook was familiar almost as his own garden, and he remembered a chalk quarry, old and disused now, which flanked the right hand of the way some score yards further up the hill.

The quarry was in the form of a wide semicircle, with sheer, thirty-foot sides, that sloped a little outward as they rose; and it was the recollection of this vantage ground

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which made Nick laugh outright, to the horror of the passengers behind him. These, sufficiently alarmed already by the gentry of the road, at once assured themselves that the driver was in collusion; the bishop, not without some loss of dignity, slipped down the side of the slowly moving vehicle; the youthful buck lost his assurance suddenly and followed suit; and, before the twenty needful yards were covered, Nick and Josephine and Long Will were all that were left upon the roof.

The dozen scoundrels, seated motionless upon their nags, let all these smaller fry escape. Their business was with the lady's baggage, and they were certain of their spoil. To be sure, they were nonplussed a little when Nick shook his team into a sort of shuffling trot, and seemed to be advancing straight upon them; but still they waited, willing to fire at point blank range if necessary, and not disposed to waste their powder.

Yard by yard Nick mounted the hill towards them; then, with a deft handling of his horses, he turned into the narrow lane that led into the quarry, wheeled round as soon as he gained the wide semi-circle of the quarry. and brought the coach broadside on to the only place from which attack was possible.

"Lord Harry, it was neatly done," cried Long Will, who, like Nick himself, was merry at the thought of battle.

Nick Vyse had already sprung to the ground, and Josephine had given him her hands, and had dropped lightly by his side. Long Will was soon beside them, and all three lay prone along the ground, with a clear view before them of the opening to the quarry. Had he chosen the place of the encounter, Nick could have done no better; the cliff rose so sheer behind them and on the flanks, and over-hung its base so curiously at the summit, that an attack on their rear was out of question.

The horses, moreover, were out of the line of any fire that could come from the lane, and were protected, not only by the curving quarry-face, but by a thick growth of underwood that hid all but the tips of their twitching ears. Nick was glad of this, for he hated to see a horse in agony, and it lessened the danger, moreover, of panic among the team. It was this danger which prompted Long Will to roll two heavy stones beneath the wheels.

"They can pull as they like," he muttered, "but they'll not drag the coach over these bits of pebbles."

"When they come, *aim*," growled Nick. "Don't fire at random, for we have to find bullets for twelve of these obtrusive gentry."

Even as he spoke the first two of the outwitted band appeared on foot at the opening of the quarry, stopped dismayed, and looked about in search of the defending force. One of Nick's pistols spoke, and one of Long Will's, and the highwaymen dropped quietly where they stood.

'Oh, the poor fellows!" murmured Josephine, with a sudden sob.

"Silence, lass!" snapped Sir Nicholas, in a quick, stern voice that was new to her. "This is men's work. Keep close behind me, and look at anything but what goes on in front."

There was a tense calm, a sense of waiting, and then half the remainder of the band came with a rush through the opening. Three went down, and the other two, when they retreated, were dripping crimson stains upon the clean chalk floor.

"The fools wait till we've had time to reload," said Long Will, as he rammed a fresh charge of powder home. "How if they find wit to rush us at a faster pace?"

"Well, there are only seven left and two are wounded. The odds are prettier than they were."

Another pause, and then a muttered growl from Nick. The unwounded five were racing into the quarry, not on foot, but on their horses. Knowing where the enemy lay, and bringing their startled wits to bear upon the matter, the highwaymen had shown wise generalship; it was useless for the men beneath the coach to fire, for the roof came down so low above them that only the horses' legs were in view.

"Wait," counselled Nick.

Round the left corner of their ambush came the horsemen, not emptying their pistols, but letting their horses' legs take the erratic shots of Long Will.

"Now, you canny rascals, we've got you like flies in a dish of treacle," snarled the leader. "Throw out your pistols and then come out yourselves, or, by the Rood, we'll shoot you now instead of later."

There was no way out of it, as Nick saw clearly enough. What had formed the security of their ambush was now their undoing, for, prone as they were, with unloaded pistols, they were completely at the mercy of their adversaries. However he found himself placed, though, Nick Vyse could be gay and *debonair*, and never more than when things showed at their worst.

"I am quite at your service, gentlemen,"

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he said, getting to his feet, and confronting the five surly pistol barrels. "Moreover, I shall get the better of you, for it happens to be a way of mine."

"Ah," sneered the leader of the band. "And your reasons for this great security?"

"Why, just that the tide is at its lowest ebb and that now it's bound to turn."

"You talk more like a well-born fool than any driver of a coach I've met with yet."

"That may be. Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I can tell you that very briefly. First, to see what is inside that coach full of boxes, then to shoot you and this other rascal at six paces out of respect to the memory of our fallen comrades, then to take the girl with us, for I never saw a face and figure more——"

Sir Nicholas was *debonair* no longer. He took his empty pistol lightly by the barrel, threw it, and caught the highwayman full on the mouth.

"Now for the end of a merry life," groaned Long Will, as he watched the leader shedding loosened teeth. "They'll give us a short shrift after this."

But Nick had heard a fat, round voice that somehow sounded familiar. From the space in front of the coach it sounded, and the cry, "In the King's name!" was unmistakeable.

"In the King's name!" roared Nick, in answer; and, taking Josephine by the arm, he hurried her, followed close by Long Will, under the noses of the restive team and round to the front before the highwaymen had recovered from this new confusion.

At the entrance of the quarry he saw the Sheriff—his own loved Sheriff, who had given him many a jolly midnight jest at smuggling times—and with him a score of mounted Regulars.

"You are just in time, my lord," said Nick drily, "and the rats you seek are sulking yonder at the rearward of the coach."

The Sheriff glanced at Nick. "Who are you, sirrah?" he demanded.

"The driver of the London coach, and like to be a dead driver, too, had not you come up."

"Ah, so! And who are your companions?"

"Passengers from Silverton to town—the only two, in fact, who did not run away when first we were attacked."

"Humph, humph! How comes the London coach to be quartered in the chalk pit here?"

"I drove it here, my lord, when I saw the highwaymen drawn up across the road. It was our only chance."

"You're a brave fellow. Yes, yes, I shall mention it in the proper quarter," began the Sheriff pompously.

He did not continue, however, for the five rogues penned up between the coach and the blank wall of the chalk pit were growing desperate, and one of them, peeping round, had spied the Sheriff, and sent a pistol ball within a half-inch of his head."

"Hunt out the rats!" roared the Sheriff, with sudden spleen—for he was as choleric as he was brave and self-sufficient.

His men rode quickly round the coach, the bullets pattering about them; but these gentry of the highway were rarely marksmen when it came to the pitch of danger, and in a moment they were secured and pinioned.

One of these same prisoners, however, had been setting his wits to work. Something in Nick's manner, something in the sly glances interchanged between the girl and him, had roused suspicion in the man, and he had begun to wonder if, after all, that pile of baggage were not even richer than he had thought—were not, in fact, most precious contraband.

In a trice the rogue had made up his mind. He would swing gallows-high to a surety, unless he could turn King's evidence of some sort, and it was worth hazarding a guess as to the contents of the coach. So he asked speech of the Sheriff, saying that there were men here no better than himself.

"Speak out, man," said the Sheriff. "It is my duty to listen to every man who has a charge to bring."

"Well, then, ask the driver there what is in the lady's boxes"—the highwayman paused, and saw Nick's momentary confusion, and knew that his random shot had hit the goal—"ask him if the King would value his services so much if His Majesty guessed that he used a public coach for contraband goods. It may be Schnapps, but that would take too much room; more likely it is lace."

Nick Vyse looked helplessly at Josephine. In a flash he saw that the Sheriff's coming in the nick of time had been, as it were, a leap from the frying-pan into the fire.

The Sheriff noted his confusion, and became three times as pompous and as fussy as he had been before.

"I must examine this baggage," he said.

"It is not legal, my lord, to tamper with the baggage of an innocent passenger who

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goes by public coach," said Nick in desperation.

The hint of smuggling was as rousing to the Sheriff as the scent of the fox-brush is to hounds.

"The law must be stretched a point at times, my man," he said, "and never more so than now, when Captain Contraband goes to and fro with such impunity. 'Tis just one of the Captain's barefaced tricks, to carry his goods to London by aid of a public coach. So, so! It may be I've caught two rascals—two greatly-needed rascals—on the same day."

He strutted to the coach, and was about to open the door when Ponto, quiet till now and more than a surprised spectator of the fight, awoke to his responsibilities. With a growl and a snap he started from the pile of baggage, and the Sheriff retreated just in time.

"Shoot the dog!" he ordered furiously.

But Josephine stepped quietly in between Ponto and the soldiery.

"The baggage is all mine, my lord," she said, with a haughtiness that, coupled with her beauty, played havoc with the Sheriff. "The baggage is mine; you dare not touch it. It—it is full of women's things, my lord, and these rough men——"

"Still, I shall examine it," my lord declared, concealing his weakness under a great show of strength, as men do when pretty women try to wean them from their duty.

Nick knew that, having pledged his word so openly, the Sheriff could not retreat. The soldiery had heard all the discussion, and would gossip, laugh at their leader behind his back, if he yielded to the persuasion of a woman's eyes. And so, perforce, Sir Nicholas played his last card and his best; one by one he removed his hat, his wig, the three black patches on his face; then he laughed in the fat Sheriff's face and spoke, not in the gruff driver's voice he had assumed, but in his own suave tones.

"A jest's a jest, my lord," he said, with engaging frankness, "and this has been long enough for both of us, I fancy. This lady is Miss Willoughby, whose father rents my own property, Vyse House; and I, for a whim, have driven the London coach to-day—partly, I confess, because I have heard too many rumours of this band of highwaymen. I knew that Miss Willoughby meant to carry many of her valuables with her, and I was vain enough to think that I could give her better protection than perhaps she might find upon the coach. That is all, my lord. Examine the baggage if you please, but allow me to suggest that it is scarcely a compliment when paid to a lady on the public road."

The Sheriff grew very red about the gills. The surprise of finding Sir Nicholas masquerading here in such a guise—Sir Nicholas, whom he knew as a magistrate and a man of first importance in the county—was too much for him. He could only bow, and bow, and bow again, to Josephine, and stammer his apologies; and the last they saw of him, when at last the coach was on the high road again, was a plump figure of a man who bowed perpetually. For in truth the Sheriff was afraid that the jest would get abroad, and he was minded to propitiate Sir Nicholas.

"You asked for an adventure, lass," Sir Nicholas whispered, as he shook the team into a quiet trot up the hill, "but did you look for such a one as this? Oh, I shall laugh when I have leisure—I shall laugh till my sides ache—to think how near the Sheriff came to capturing Captain Contraband."

"You have the strangest luck," the girl answered breathlessly.

"Why, so I have, sweet—for you are going to marry me."

One glance she gave him—quite full of love, and witchery, and zest in the late frolic—and then he gave the team their heads at the hill-top, and they went like a merry wind along the London road. And when at last they came to London streets, and pulled up with a flourish at La Belle Sauvage, they wished the journey just begun again.

Josephine's father was waiting to escort her home, and in a spirit of pure devilry she told him how kind the driver of the coach had been, how courteous and attentive on the road.

"Here's a guinea for you, my man," said old Willoughby solemnly, coming near to Sir Nicholas and slipping the coin into his palm.

Sir Nicholas touched his hat.

"Thank you, sir. It's not the first guinea I've received from you," he said.

Old Willoughby looked twice at him, and started visibly.

"Gad, man, you don't mean—eh——" he began.

"Take care of your daughter's boxes," was all Nick answered.

And Josephine, with one last glance, had followed her father between the reeking kennels of La Belle Sauvage; and the subtlest jest of all, to Nick's thinking, had crowned a jolly day.

"Life's life," he muttered, as he passed the ribbons to Long Will, "I wonder if old Willoughby will have the face to grudge his daughter to me one day."

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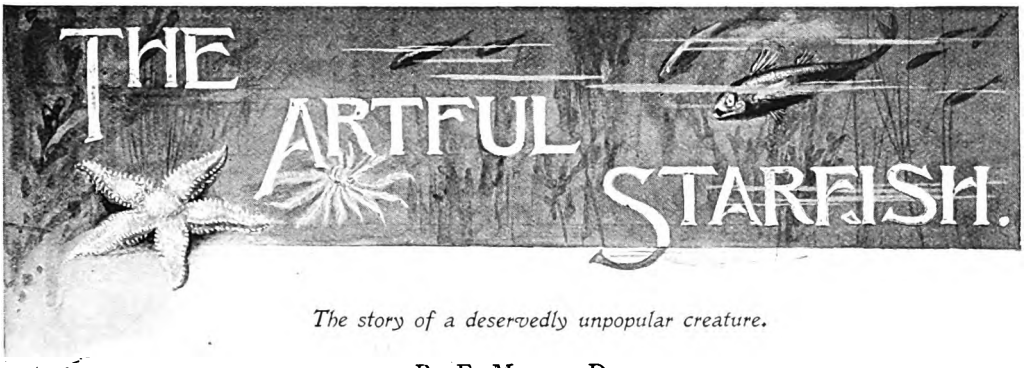


THE ARTFUL STARFISH.

The story of a deservedly unpopular creature.

By F. Martin Duncan.

Left by a receding wave, stranded on the seashore, the starfish, with its plump, tapering arms extended to all points of the compass at once, looks an innocent, harmless sort of creature, quite incapable of much power, movement, or strategy. Yet for ways that are strange and dark the average starfish would quickly and easily put the heathen Chinee to shame.

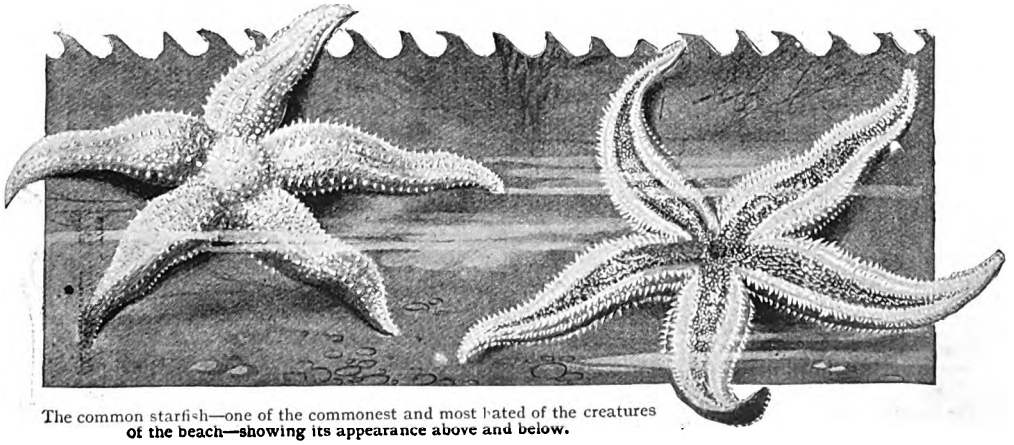
Its peculiar shape has gained the starfish many names even round the coasts of Great Britain, such as "crossfish," "sunfish," "old five fingers," "five-fingered Jack," "cramps," and "devil's hand," or "devil's fingers." By the two latter names it is known round the coast of Ireland, where it is held in superstitious dread and horror by the simple fisherfolk. In Cornwall there still lingers an old legend that the starfish, if it gets the chance, will seize hold of the too intrepid bather, and winding its cold clammy fingers round his feet or ankles, bring on the fatal spasm which has gained the creature its Cornish name of "cramps."

But if we want to hear all about the starfish and his bold bad ways we must pay a visit to the oyster fisheries, for he is the greatest enemy the oyster grower has to deal with. It will be quite sufficient to utter the words "starfish," or "five-fingered Jack," to start master and man eloquently discoursing on the crimes of their foe.

And this is not surprising, when we learn that the starfish, owing to its infatuation for "natives," is responsible for an annual loss amounting to several thousand pounds sterling. All the world over, the starfish shows the same love for the oyster. On the coast of America, for instance, between Cape Cod and State Island, the starfishes are estimated to account for 100,000 dollars worth of choice oysters annually.

At first, it seems incredible that a comparatively soft-bodied, lethargic creature, without anything at all resembling a knife, should be capable of extracting a living oyster from between its closely clenched shells. How is this apparently impossible feat accomplished?

Well, to start with, the starfishes for countless generations have had abnormally large and healthy appetites, and, consequently, in



The common starfish—one of the commonest and most hated of the creatures of the beach—showing its appearance above and below.

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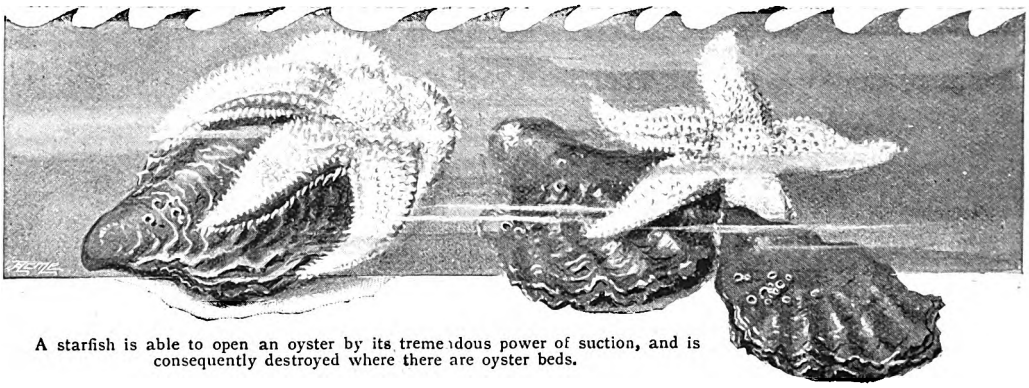


A starfish is able to open an oyster by its tremendous power of suction, and is consequently destroyed where there are oyster beds.

the course of ages of devouring, have evolved most remarkable stomachs, specially adapted to keep pace with the aforesaid healthy appetites.

Now the stomach of the starfish not only fills pretty nearly the whole of the round disc-shaped body cavity, but it extends for some distance up each of the five arms or rays, as they are called; while, should circumstances arise which would make it advantageous to do so, this remarkable stomach can, without pain or inconvenience, be withdrawn from the five rays, and literally expelled, inside out, through the mouth of the starfish!

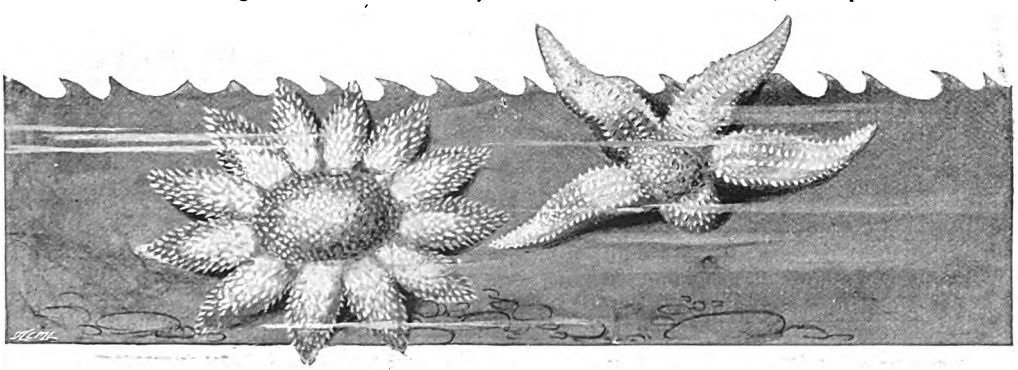
Supposing lunch-time finds the starfish in the vicinity of a fine fat oyster, whose shell is too large to be crammed into even his elastic mouth. The starfish will lovingly embrace the "native," folding his arms tightly over the unhappy shellfish, and pressing his mouth against the edges of the upper and lower shells. The oyster, bashful and suspicious, shuts its shells tight, and anxiously awaits results.

Finding that kisses are thrown away, the starfish begins to protrude the lower portion of his stomach through his mouth. Slowly but surely this is pushed farther and farther out of the body of the starfish and over the oyster. The starfish is in no hurry. At last the poor "native" is exhausted by the suction going on all round his shell, and allows the valves to open, only to find himself engulphed by his foe. The starfish, having wrapped his lunch up in his stomach, swallows both at his leisure.

Enraged at the depredations of their many-armed foes, the fishermen formerly were wont to vent their spite by tearing their enemies limb from limb, and then flinging them back into the sea to wriggle and writhe to death—as they thought.

But, strange to say, the more the fishermen hacked the creatures asunder the more from year to year the starfishes increased in numbers, until in some seasons, so numerous had they become, that as many as 2500 individuals would be caught in a couple of days on the oyster beds.

And what alarmed the worthy fishermen even more than the rapid increase in the number of their foes was the weird uncanny shapes which many of the starfishes assumed. Some would have large corpulent bodies,



The sun starfish and one of his common, ordinary starfish cousins, who has lost a fringe or ray, and is proceeding to grow a new one; it takes more than the loss of a limb to kill a starfish.

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with ridiculously small arms, others would have one-half of the body and perhaps three of the rays the normal size, while the other half of the body and two remaining rays would be disproportionately smaller; or others, again, would have one huge ray with an absurdly small body and four tiny rays.

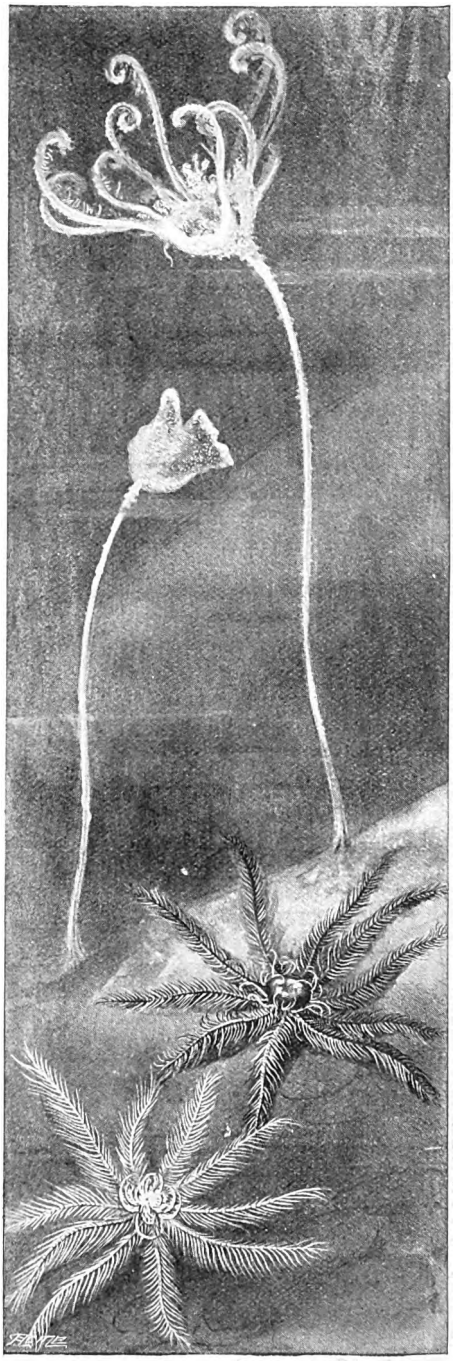
As a last resource an appeal was made to the scientists for advice. To the well-trained scientific man there was nothing terrible or uncanny in these grotesquely-formed starfish. In fact, they were the key to the whole mystery of the persistent increase of the starfishes.

Observation and experiments very quickly proved beyond all possible doubt that it was the worthy fisherfolk themselves who were alone responsible for the rapid increase of their foes. For, instead of the starfishes being killed when they were torn in half and thrown back into the sea, each severed arm or ray, to give it the proper name, settled down comfortably on the floor of the ocean, and started to grow into a new starfish, with the natural result that where perhaps only one starfish originally existed its severed rays grew into five active, oyster-devouring starfishes!

It is from this wonderful power of reproducing lost parts that the starfish has acquired such a noble appetite, for an enormous amount of food has to be consumed and digested to rapidly build up the new tissues. Nor is the oyster the only dainty which our greedy friend will eat. Cockles, mussels, clams, crabs, anemones, worms, all alike are eagerly devoured. Needless to say, the starfish, now that his artful little ways are better known, is no longer torn to pieces, and thrown back into the sea; but he and his brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles, are stowed away in the bottoms of the boats, and brought ashore to be sold as cheap and valuable manure for the farmer's land.

Now, although the starfish is such a sorry rascal, he is in many respects a very interesting creature. When the tide is up it is quite astonishing how easily he climbs up the slippery rocks and transports his somewhat ungainly body from one place to another. All down each ray and around his mouth are hundreds of fleshy, short, round tubes, and these he uses as sucker-feet, hauling himself up over the rocks, and holding on tight to his slippery prey by their aid.

As a baby he does not in the least resemble his parents, either in appearance or mode of life; but is a graceful, soft-bodied little creature, wonderfully active and restless, swimming about by means of long delicate hairs or cilia, with which certain portions of his dainty semi-transparent body are clothed. As he grows he gradually changes his form and mode of



The evolution of the rosy feather-starfish. In early life it grows on a slender stem attached to a rock. The blossom at the end of the stem expands, and the starfish gradually grows out of it.

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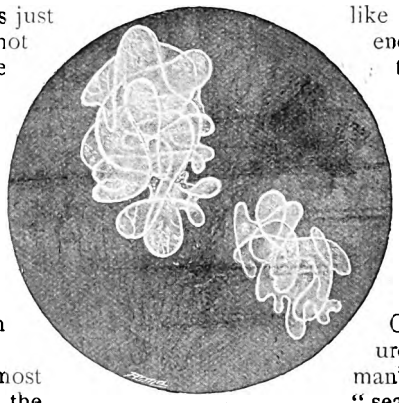
life, until at last he becomes just like his parents. It must not be supposed that because the common five-fingered starfish is such a foe to the fisherfolk all other starfish are objectionable creatures. Indeed, many of them are very beautiful, both in shape and colouring, and, acting to a certain degree as scavengers, play a useful part in life.



These strange, nebulous, diaphanous creatures are young starfish; they are certainly more handsome than their parents.

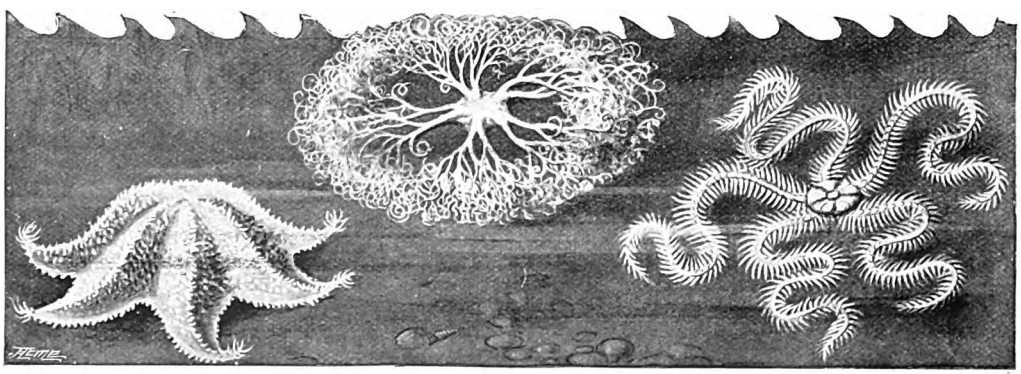
Perhaps one of the most beautiful and interesting is the rosy feather-star, a particularly graceful, slender-armed creature, to be found on the rocky coasts of Devon and Cornwall. Its beautiful, long, spiney arms vary much in colour, sometimes being deep blue with rose-coloured spines, or white or grey banded with pink. It is much more active than its cousin the common starfish, and propels itself slowly through the water by rhythmic waving of the slender rays.

If alarmed, or at all roughly handled, the little creature will fling off all its rays in the most reckless fashion, leaving only its disc-like body in the hand. However, if put back into the sea the feather-star will soon grow itself a new set of arms, for, like all its kind, it has the wonderful power of rapidly replacing lost parts.

Now this delicate little rosy feather-star-fish forms a particularly interesting link with the long past geological ages of the earth. For a certain period of its early life this feather-star leads a comparatively sedentary life, growing on a long slender stem attached to a rock or weed. At first only the body of the baby feather-star is to be seen, something like a closed acorn cup at the end of the stem. Gradually the "cup" opens, and as it expands the long graceful feathery rays grow out from its edges.

The starfishes have many queer relations, which, at first sight, at least, appear to be destitute of any family likeness to their five or more rayed cousins. One of these is the sea-urchin, variously called "sca'ad man's head," "sea-egg," and "sea-hedgehog."

Perhaps the strangest cousins of the starfish are the queer, worm-like, elongated bodied creatures called holothurians, "sea-cucumbers," "trepangs," or "*bechés de mer*." Many of them are very beautiful in colour, and their long cylindrical bodies may measure anything between a couple of inches and three feet. Their bodies, unlike those of the starfishes, are soft and pliable; while embedded in the skin are numerous limestone plates, often singularly regular and beautiful in form. Their chief way of moving is the extension and contraction of their bodies, which by the aid of powerful muscles are constantly changing in shape. Round the mouth, arranged in a circle, many of the holothurians have very numerous and beautiful branched arms, which are chiefly important for breathing purposes. Down the sides of the flat, cylindrical body are frequently to be found five regular zones of tube-feet by means of which the creature can hold on to objects and climb over rocks. These are a few of the starfish's many relatives.



Various starfish, not often seen, but nevertheless to be found by careful searches on British beaches.

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My Nephew "Max"

By Fox Russell.

Being the Extract from a Married Uncle's Diary.

Having decided to spend a month at Shellscombe-on-Sea, dear Mollie and I invited my niece Eileen—the elder sister of Max and Tommy—and Captain Welwyn, to whom she is engaged to be married, to stay with us.

Dear Mollie finds the happy couple rather dull company, for on the few occasions—mostly at meal times—when we see anything of them, they invariably sit in each other's pockets, surreptitiously clasping hands under the table and gazing mutely into each other's eyes.

To put the matter in its mildest form, this is not exhilarating for the rest of us, and dear Mollie suggests—I suppose as counter-irritant—asking Max and Tommy to stay a week, saying:

"They always make things lively for us."

They do. No chance of a dull moment whenever they are present.

With some misgivings I assent, and write invitation, and in reply receive following effusion from Max:

"Righto! Uncle Charlie. Will we come? By golly, I shood jest think we wood. We are throughly homesick (I spose that's the propper egspreshun wen your sick of home, aint it?) And there's another reason too, why we dont want to be at home jest now.

"The fackt is, Ive had a littel accerdent. I mean that I accerdently found myself in old Wobbles's orchid, and I spose in apsense of mind I climed up a froot tree and shook it, wile Stinker" (when will the boy cease calling his brother "Stinker"?) "stood below and cort the apples ass they fell. Well, of coarse, I egsplaned to the Bobby wen he took me by the coller (orfly roodly) that Ide no idear this was privet propperty, and mistook it for a publick place. But he was one of those thick-hedded Bobbies and thought himself orfly clever, and he sneerd and sed: 'If you thought this was a publick place, why need you clime over the wall?' I sed: 'I climed over for eggsersize,' and he sed 'Rats!'

"Well—I forgot to tell you young Stinker bunked derectly he saw the Bobby coming, for wich I jolly well smakd his hed afterwards.

"Wen I come to think of it I dessay *I* shood have bunked if Ide bin on the ground insted of up a tree—however, I can't *un*smack his hed, can I? So it's not *my* fault, is it?

"The Bobby walked me along till we got outside the orchid—I diddent hit him or knock him down, of coarse I diddent want to hurt the feller—but soon as we got out of the orchid, I suddinly renched myself away and bunked off down the lane like old boots!

"The Bobby was a fat feller and by Gum! I did run! After two feelds he had to give it up and I saw him drop down on a furrow in a plowed feeld quite eggsauceted.

"But the orkward part of it orl is, I left my coller in his hand wen I broke away, and Ime blowed if I know wether its got my name on it or not! That's rather beasely for a feller, aint it?

"So it's jest ass well to get out of the place for a bit. Ime always eggspecting I shall either run into that Bobby's arms, coming round a corner, or that heel call at our house

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—if my name *is* on that coller—with a summens. Our love to Aunt Mollie. I spose Eileen and that ass Welwyn are still staying with you, aint they?

"Your affectshuntly,

"MAX."

"P.S.—I do hate Bobbies, dont you? thare so afishus."

Next day, whooping and shouting, my nephews arrived in open fly. Noticed with sinking heart vast quantity of luggage. Hope this does not mean prolonged stay. So wearing. Max rushed up to me, saying:

"Uncle Charlie, will you pay the cabman please? The Gov'nor gave me a sov. for expenses, but as I was just spinning it up and catching it again, by the open winder of the railway carriage, blowed if I dident miss it, and it fell out on the line!

"I pulled the alarm thing and presently the train stopped and the guard came running along the line asking what was the matter? So I said, 'Keep your hair on—I've dropped a sov. about a mile back—will you go and try to find it or shall we?' He only swore and asked my name and address, and said he'd summon me for stopping the train without due cause. I *was* surprised!

"Well, I thought the Gov'nor would be in an awful wax if he heard of it, so I just gave *your* name, Uncle Charlie, instead of my own"—I groaned—"I knew you wouldn't mind."

Cheering prospect this, to start with. Sent boys into house, and jumped into fly, telling driver to hasten back to railway station. After elaborate explanation to Station-master, waiting two hours for return of train, and presenting substantial tip to outraged guard to induce him to refrain from summoning Max—or rather *me!*—returned, hot and tired.

Directly after dinner, boys insisted on dear Mollie and me playing Blind Man's Buff with them. So trying. Hate rapid moving just after meals. So bad for digestion. Knocked clock off mantelpiece, in addition to breaking window pane. Then Eileen and Welwyn came in from their evening stroll. Both assumed superior air, and Eileen said to me with a faint sneer:

"Really, you are *too* good-natured"—meaning that I was an ass—rather inclined to agree with her, personally.

Tommy, from behind his sister's back, puts thumb to nose. Whereupon, somewhat to my surprise, he is rebuked by Max, who says:

"Stinker, it's beastly rude to cock a snook at anyone. You've got the rottenest manners I've ever seen." I afterwards discovered this remark merely made to gain time, as Max had not quite finished pinning tail of Captain Welwyn's coat to tablecloth. The next minute, that long-suffering young man moved abruptly away from the table, and brought everything on it down with a sweeping crash.

Welwyn evidently wanted to swear, but dared not. Glared at me instead. Why me? Why does every victim of these wretched children's pranks always select me as scapegoat, and stare me out of countenance? So distressing. Hurry them off to bed, Tommy grumbling and remarking: "I could do a regular tuck-in, Uncle Charlie, now. I haven't had anything to eat since—oh, since dinner-time."

Which had been an hour and a half beforehand!

Sigh, and ask what they'd like.

"Something hot!" suggests Max.

Explain that I dare not ask landlady to cook, at that time of night, and finally compromise supper question by sending them off with large slice of cake and two apples each.

Dear Mollie next morning asks: "How shall we amuse them to-day, Charlie?"

Reply feebly: "Oh, on the sands or something, I suppose."

"Take them out in a boat, fishing," she suggests.

"Not if I know it," I reply promptly—Decline to upset my internal economy in heaving boat, even at shrine of avuncular duty.

"Well, then, fish with them from off the pier," she says. Assent. Pier quite steady, anyhow.

Boys down early in breakfast-room, and finding no one there rang for meal to be served. They tossed up for who should have the eggs and who the bacon, with the result that Tommy ate the six poached eggs and Max disposed of all the bacon.

"By gum, Uncle Charlie, I quite forgot about you!" exclaims Max, with his mouth full. "Afraid you'll have to wait for a fresh supply. Come on, Stinker, we needn't stop while the rest eat, need we, uncle? We'll just cut out and chivey that black cat down the road!"

And with a wild war-whoop they disappeared, leaving but the barest wreckage of breakfast behind them. Fortunately, a haddock had escaped their voracious eyes, and on this we, perforce, made our meal.

In ten minutes boys back again, cat having

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That long-suffering young man moved abruptly away from the table, and brought everything on it down with a sweeping crash.

escaped, and an hour later, we were on end of pier, armed with nets, lines, and peculiarly revolting lot of lobworms, ready to commence fishing.

Max plunges hand into wriggling mass of lobworms. I shudder and draw back, but not in time, as Max, yelling out: "By gum, how they tickle my hand!" gives convulsive jerk, and accidentally shoots the nasty, messy thing right into my face! I could have shrieked, and *did* give vent to—to a hasty expression.

Perfectly clear we could not fish without previously baiting hooks. This involves handling lobworms. Most unpleasant—never thought of that before. Max volunteers—I consent, at same time retreating well without range of any further worm-throwing.

Max's one idea seems to be that of hooking extreme end of worm's tail. Sure we shall never catch any fish, but determine to try. At Tommy's first throw, the leaded hooks catch Max in the seat of his knickerbockers. Max wrathful, and threatens to shove Tommy off the pier. Look severe and reprove him—Max sulks. Try to coax him back into good humour by offer of sixpence. Tommy sulks—wonder why? Find it is because I have not given *him* sixpence. Do so, and harmony at once restored. So glad.

Fish steadily on for half-an-hour. No result. Max thinks it rather slow, whilst Tommy says: "Oh, let's chuck this rot!" and throws down his line in despair.

He wanders off, and five minutes later, blood-curdling yell from bottom of pier steps sends me bounding off in that direction. Tommy evidently been playing about in fisherman's boat, and unfastened painter. Boat rapidly drifts seaward, poor Tommy meantime uttering most appalling and fearsome shrieks for help. What am I to do?

Was ever distracted uncle placed in such a painful position? I also begin to shout, and am fortunate enough to attract attention of boatman loafing on pier-head. He spits leisurely, and then asks:

"Wot are you a-goin' to stand if I fatches the young gent back?"

Distractedly offer half-a-crown.

"'Arf-a-crown?" he says. "No, not me at 'arf-a-crown!"

"Half-a-sovereign, then?" I cry, and in ten minutes Tommy has been rescued, and is standing safe and sound (though wholesomely frightened) on pier again.

Insist upon relinquishing fishing and returning home. Fishing too wearing for delicate system. Think I shall run up to

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town for day or two—nerves temporarily shattered by morning's *contretemps*. Dear Mollie agrees, saying, with her usual good nature, she will take charge of boys in my absence. Boys really too much for me.

Ran up to town in afternoon and stayed at club. Felt relief immediately. Dined—rubber of Bridge—to bed 10.30. Two days of this quiet, and felt so much better I almost determined to return to Shellscombe. Rose early third morning—canter in Park—back to breakfast by nine—letters—ha! one from Max:

"DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,

"Ime afrade you must be missing us and feeling orfly dull in town so Ime writing you an account of our doings, jest to cheer you up.

"Youll be glad to know weer throughly amewsing ourselfs. Yestiddy we went early to the sands and cort sum small eels. I wantid to keep them, but Stinker sed 'No, he'd spare wun of his—the liveliest wun—' to put in the milk can, witch the feller always leaves for a time outside our gate. So he dropt it in and he sed it riggled orfly wen it got into the milk.

"After breakfust we went down to bathe. Stinker dident want to ware bathing drawers, he sed it crampt his arms for swiming. I sed 'What a whopper,' and he sed 'Shut up, Ugly,' so I held his hed under water for about a minnit, and he came up garpsing for breth, and then he hit me in the stum— chest, and then *I* garpsed for breth.

"We had a fite in the water, and then it was so beasely cold, we cut back to the shore, and blowed if I hadent forgotten the number of our bathing machine. I tride sevril and at last I jumped into wun I thought was ours and banged the door, and then I dride myself and then wen I went to put on my close, I found they weren't mine!

"Well, I haddent got my own close so of course I *had* to put on the close I found. I drest in the blue sute of sum very fat old gentleman and had neerly finished wen the reel owner came hammring at the door and sed I was to 'come out at wunce immejetly.'

"I sed 'I shant,' so he sreeked out 'Give up my close, you horrible boy, and open this door at wunce!'

"I sed 'Don't be so unreecenable. I *must* take your close now and you can go and find mine. I'll lend them to you.' And he sed the most orfle things! his langwidge was most unrespectable and I told him he oughter be ashamed of myself.

"All this time Stinker was in the sea, shiffering with cold. My eye! he was turning blue! and now he's in bed with a chill, and the Dr. ses he thinks its New Moanyer—if so, we shant have to go back to school, shall we? Cos I spose its catching, aint it?

"Well, the end of it was that the old gentleman yelled for the Bathing Machine man, and he came out and sed I oughter apologise to him, and that I must give up his close at wunce, and I sed 'I shant,' and dashed past him into the sea, and made for the beach, drest in the blue sute much too big for me. I splashed through the water, and the bathing chap splashed through after me—then I cut along the shore and rite up the street, home, but the bathing feller came to the house, and asked for my name and address—so of coarse I gave yours again, Uncle Charlie" (I dropped my head on my hands and groaned aloud), "so you can make it all rite with him wen you come home.

"The evening before—I forgot to tell you—Eileen and Welwyn went stroaling on the sands, and it being dark, I follerd them to what the silly fool calls 'their inchantid iland,' witch is simply a groop of big rokes. I hid behind wun of them and lissend to the rot they talked. Dreckly they sat down—I notissed he took the comftablest seat—he began squoting potry:

'Oh, I remember it, do you remember it,
Out on the rokes wen the tide is slow,'

or 'Wen the tide is low,' I dunno witch he ment. And then, as soon as he shut up, Eileen prest his hand (its as big ass a leg of muton), and sed: 'Ah, Alfred, how happy I am. I sumtimes think this is too good to last.'

"And so it was, for jest then a wave slopped all over them both, and they had to cut it. Wen they settled down again, she side hevvily, and sed: 'Alfred, tell me you have never, never, never loved ennywun ass you love me. *You*, dearest Alfred, are the only, *only* man who has ever moved *my* hart!'

"I neerly burst.

"Then the silly ass began: 'Oh, my Eileen——' and then I couldn't stand it enny longer, and yelled out:

"'Oh, my aunt! aint I glad *Ime* not in love, or enny of that tommy rot! Why dont you talk about criket or football or sumthing sensble insted of all this blither?' and I shide a lump of seaweed at 'dearest Alfred' witch cort him full in the weskit, and then I bunked. I was in bed and prettending to be asleep by the time they returned.

"Now Uncle Charlie, do come back again

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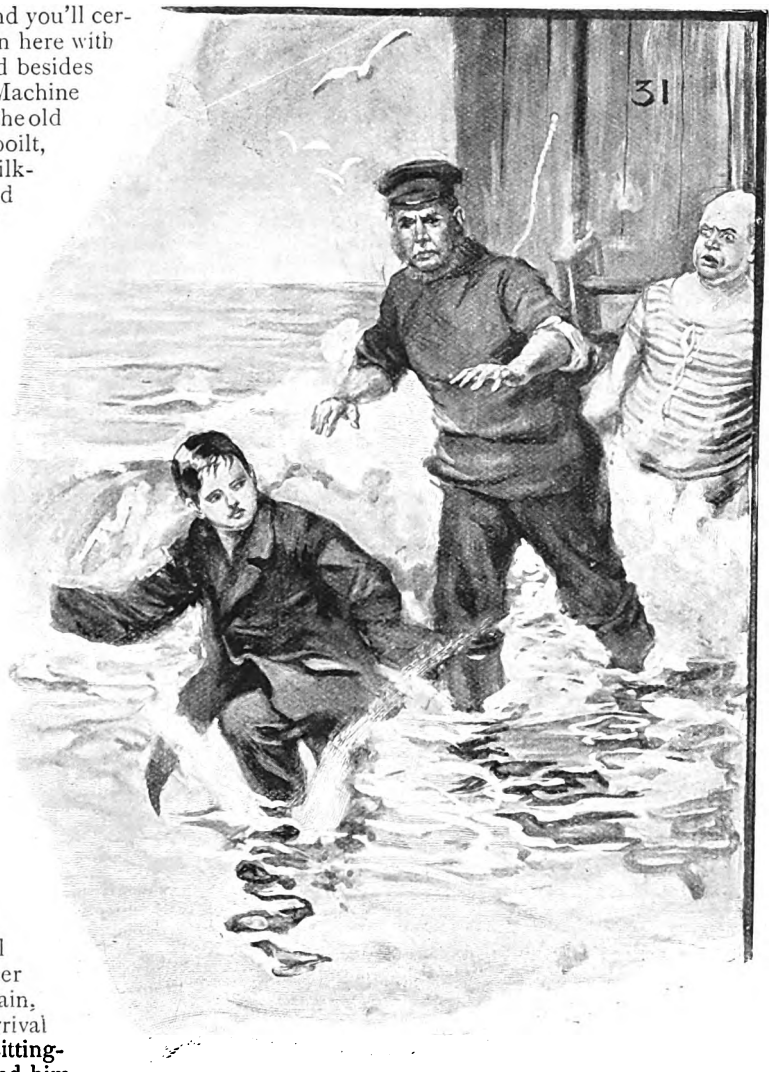
—you *must* be dull, and you'll certainly not be that down here with us (true, too true!) and besides there's the Bathing Machine feller to settle with, and the old chap whoose close I spoilt, and jest now the milkman called to dermand compensayshun for ruenning his milk by putting an eel in it. I dunno *how* he found out it was us did it—rum, aint it?

"Oh Reevoyr, ass the Germans say,

"Your affecshunt nephew,

"MAX."



"I splashed through the water, and the bathing chap splashed through after me."

Although feeling agitated and nerves upset by this disquieting letter, determined to go down by afternoon train to Shellscombe and—and punish this horrible boy for all his wickedness. I—I—I would be very firm—oh, very firm. But hardly knew quite what to do, for all that. Revolved matter very seriously in train, going down, and on arrival sent for Max to my sitting-room. Severely lectured him—pointed out trouble he was continually involving me in. Max, with hands in pockets, said he thought I liked it. Sighed and frowned—no effect—wished he would dissolve into tears, and I could forgive him, but, alas! no sign of such thing. Continue lecture.

Max finally asks whether he couldn't "take the rest of it" next day, as he wanted to go out prawning now? Brilliant idea seized me. I forbid him the prawning expedition, and say that, as punishment, he shall go to his room for rest of day. Max says: "Oh, all right, *that's* nothing!" and walks off upstairs. Light cigar, with feeling of intense relief at having sternly carried out my duty. Half-an-hour later catch sight of Max climbing out of window and shinning down rain-water pipe, evidently on way to take part in the prawning. Rush down and intercept him—order him back again. Max mutters: "Well, this *is* a jolly sell! Thought you were a sportsman, Uncle Charlie!" and then, with hands in pockets, retreats sulkily to room again.

* * * * *

For once in a way I have triumphed. But I don't feel altogether happy. The boy's sure not to let me rest on my laurels. He'll get equal to me in some way or other—I know it.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

How To Spell Cat.

BROWN: "I had a letter from Smith this morning, and I bet you five shillings you don't guess in half-a-dozen guesses how the ignorant beggar spelt cat."

JONES: "I bet I do."

BROWN: "All right then, fire away."

JONES: "C-a-t-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "C-a-t-t-e."

BROWN: "No."

JONES. "K-a-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "K-a-t-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "K-a-t-t-e."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "C-a-g-h-t."

BROWN: "No."

JONES: "Well, how did he spell it?"

BROWN: "C-a-t."

JONES (angrily): "But you said he was an ignorant beggar."

BROWN: "So I did, but it is not likely that he would be so ignorant as not to be able to spell cat."

Poor FitzNoodle.

FITZSMART: "Do you know how to make a Venetian blind? It is really very easy."

FITZNOODLE: "I always thought it was quite a long business, such a lot of material you know—wood and all that, you know."

FITZSMART: "Not at all, not at all, throw a little sand in his eyes, that's all."

Tom's father and Ted's father were brothers, yet Tom said he was not Ted's cousin. What was he?

A liar.

A Question.

"How do you pronounce 'organisation?'"

"Or-gan-i-sa-shon."

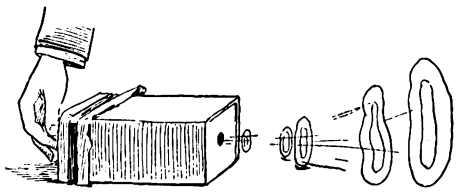
"How do you spell it?"

"O-r-g-a-n-i-s-a-t-i-o-n."

"Oh, 'i-t' would be simpler, surely?"

How to Make Smoke-Rings.

Take a cigar box, knock one end out, and stretch tightly over this end a piece of white paper. In the opposite end bore a round hole about one half inch in diameter. Then fill the box with smoke by burning brown paper in front of the hole which has been



bored. Then hold the cigar box in a horizontal position and tap the paper covered end gently. Smoke-rings will issue from the hole in great numbers. If a larger box be employed, the smoke-rings can be projected right across a large room.

A Sticky Problem.

A. asks B.: "What is the difference between a millionaire's son, a monkey, and a glue-pot?"

B.: "Don't know."

A.: "The millionaire's son is an heir to millions, and the monkey has a 'million hairs.'"

B.: "Well, what about the glue-pot?"

A.: "Ah! That's where you get stuck."

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More Catches.

"Have you heard of the terrible explosion?"

"No; what?"

"The wind blew up the Strand."

"Do you know that they are not going to make the 'Tube' cars any longer?"

"No. Why?"

"Because they are long enough."

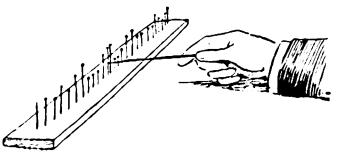
"Have you seen the Ho?"

"No. What Ho?"

"She bumps!"

Music with Pins.

Procure a piece of soft wood about a foot long; drive a pin into it and test the pin with your finger until it rings true to the first note of the piece of music which you wish to play. Then drive another pin into the wood



for the second note and test it in the same way. It will be found that the deeper you drive the pins into the wood the higher the note. When all the pins are in position draw a hat pin along them and you will get a very fair resemblance of the chosen tune.

Not too Obvious.

Supposing you were asked which you preferred—a half-yearly rise of £5 or a rise of £20 a year—which would you choose?

Which weighs the heavier—a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?

A Question of Relationship.

A blind beggar had a brother, and the brother died. What relation was the beggar to the brother?

The answer to this is *sister*, whereas nearly everyone answers, "Oh, brother, of course," quite forgetting the probability of the beggar being a woman.

A New Version.

"I say, B., I see that yesterday's *Times* publishes a list of the names of those people who will never again travel first-class."

"Is that so? Well, I must have a look."

He goes over every column, and confesses his inability to discover the list.

"I can't find it. Aren't you joking?"

"No, I saw it with my own eyes."

"Then point it out to me."

"Man, alive, read the list of 'Deaths.'"

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS.

A Sensible Alphabet (*page* 50).

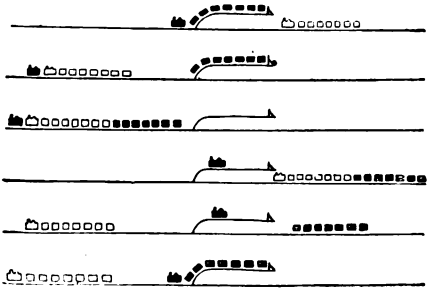
Short sensible sentences containing all the letters of the alphabet are difficult to make.
Here are some of the best:

Jump dogs, why vex Fritz Blank Q.C. (26 letters.)
Frowzy quacks jump, vex, and blight. (28 letters.)
Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. (29 letters.)
Why mix up five dozen black quart jugs. (31 letters.)
Why jumped vile fox on big quartz rocks? (32 letters.)
John quickly extemporized five tow bags. (34 letters.)
The men quickly viewed a box of prize jugs. (34 letters.)

The winner of the Five Shillings is Miss Mabel J. Bradley, Mill House, Epsom.

A Railway Puzzle (*page* 51).

Here is a simpler solution than the one already given on page 141 (for which Mr. X thanks many readers).



A Request (*page* 247).

"Twelve Sentences" and "Select new events" contain exactly the same letters.

What are the Missing Letters? (*page* 247).

E—L—R—S—T—U, and the words to fill the spaces: Sutler, Ulster, Lustre, Lurest, Rulest, Rustle.

Three Posers (*page* 247).

(1) Six dozen dozen = 864.
Half a dozen dozen = 72.

(2) In Roman figures twelve is XII., which, cut in two leaves two VII.'s, one upside down.

The Arithmetical Questions (*page* 247).

£	s.	d.
1	17	11
9	15	11
11	13	10

Miles.	Furs.	Poles.	Yds.	Feet.	Inches.
1	6	32	5	1	5
2	4	13	1	2	7
4	3	(0) 6	1½	1	0
or 4	3	(0) 6	1	2	6

Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.	Lbs.	Ozs.	Drs.
6	17	2	23	12	13
3	14	3	18	11	11
10	12	2	14	(0) 8	(0) 8

On the two following pages will be found a remarkable series of topsy-turvy sketches.

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A reversible judge.

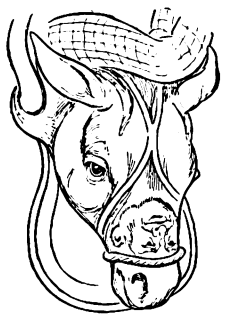
IN THE REALM OF TOPSY TURVY.

Turn these Two Pages Upside Down, and look at the Pictures.

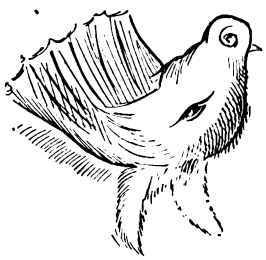
An imp and a dancer in one.

EVERYBODY remembers the story of the young lady who was looking through an artist's sketch book, and admiring each in turn. When she came to a particularly charming water-colour drawing she held it at arms' length and cried out: "How perfectly sweet!" "But it would look sweeter if you held it the right way up," said the artist.

Well, here are a group of pictures that can be looked at upside down and the proper way, and show you a face or a figure whichever way you look at them. So they really cannot be put upside down, for they have two right sides. Examine each picture, and try to think how it will look when reversed. You will find it very hard to get anywhere near correctness. You know that there will be a face or a head when you look at the picture the other way round, but for your life you can't make out which protuberance is to form the nose and what little marks make the eyes. The mouth is a terrible puzzle to you as well.



An ox that is easily turned into the semblance of a man.



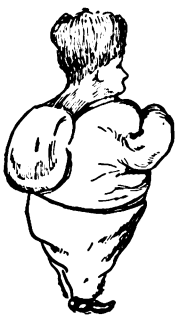
Looked at from above, this bird becomes a donkey.

Take, for example, the learned judge with his wig and spectacles. What will he turn into when put upside down? His nose, you say, will probably make the nose of another face and his mouth the eyes. But that doesn't seem to work very well. Turn the picture round and see for yourself. The chin of the man of law becomes the nose of, as far as we can judge, a lady, and the chin of the lady was originally the nose of the judge. The wig becomes a thick travelling cap of warm fur.

See what you can make of another of the reversible pictures. That horrid gnome with a huge mouth and wicked eyes, long, flat ears, and the most villainous of frowns on a forehead that is surmounted by a silly top-knot. This will be a puzzle to you. I gave it up at once. Turn it round and behold the daintiest of little dancers tripping away delicately on the light fantastic toe. That is a surprise indeed.

The fat man with the bundle over his shoulder becomes a very strange creature. I expect he is a half-brother to the horrid gnome I have just been talking about. The severe Scotchman with a beard and a tam o' shanter on his head changes his character considerably when he is turned upside down. He forgets all his melancholy, and becomes a merry clown with a bag full of jokes and a fool's cap on his head.

One of the best of the reversible pictures gives a tangible proof of the Darwinian theory that we are all descended from monkeys. Look at the innocent little baby with wide open, questioning eyes, and a slightly puzzled expression. Turn him round and you have a horrid, ugly monkey with a snub nose and a huge, grinning mouth.



Not a handsome person; but better than the demon you may see by looking at him upside down.

A severe Scotsman who can easily be made to smile.

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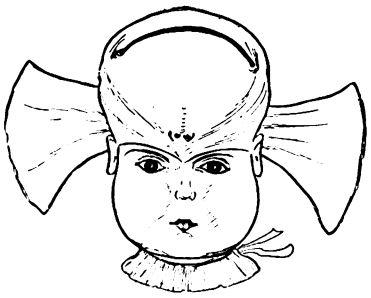
I once came across a young man who had seen a few of these reversible pictures. He was so struck with them that he conceived the brilliant idea of becoming a reversible picture himself. So he dressed himself up in a very strange costume and spent all day standing on his head in front of the looking-glass trying to see if he looked like a human being the wrong way round. I saw him a few weeks back. Poor fellow, he was in a private lunatic asylum, and the moment he saw me he cried out: "Look here, old man, I am a pig with a sun bonnet on now, and if I stand upside down I become"—and he came very close to me and whispered—"*Jojo, the elastic-skinned Kaffir.*" But he was really quite harmless. I only tell you this because you might be tempted to go and do likewise. It softens the brain.



A baby that proves the Darwinian theory when you turn this page upside down.

One of these pictures is rather unkind. It is the one of the foolish-looking gentleman in the smoking cap and the huge, long, bifurcated beard. I can't conceive why he wears his beard like that. It is very unbecoming and certainly doesn't improve his personal appearance. I shall fully expect to hear that when he has seen his portrait upside down—such a pretty picture of a donkey, that harmless and much maligned animal—he will hasten to the nearest hairdresser's shop and have that beautiful double beard and those soft silky moustaches shaved off as fast as the barber can do it.

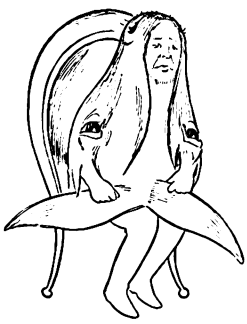
The anecdote of the painter and the young lady at the beginning of this article should really suggest an idea to those people who make a living with the brush and pallet. Why not always paint two pictures in one? An artist of average intelligence would find it almost as easy as the painting of an ordinary picture. And even if it did involve some extra work, he would be certain to reap his reward.

Imagine the amazement of customers and picture dealers on being shown a reversible painting. The artist has a picture to sell on, let us say, Julius Cæsar landing in Britain. The dealer turns up his nose. "No good, my dear sir. We want pictures of modern life—pretty, affecting domestic scenes."

"How will this suit you?" replies the artist. And he turns round the picture of Julius Cæsar to confront the astonished dealer with a charming domestic scene, entitled "The Sailor's Return."

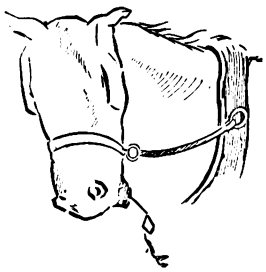
And that painting would fetch a decent price, you can bet your bottom dollar!

Why is this cat like a pansy?



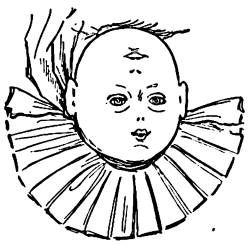
Which way up looks best?

This gentleman undoubtedly looks a bit of an ass; turn him the other way up, and he looks a complete donkey.



Puzzle: Find the dog Toby and his pipe.

Remarkable from any point of view.



This child is not a Siamese twin, but merely a freak of the artist.

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THE MISHAP ON THE UNDERGROUND

A Weird and Wonderful Happening on the Metropolitan Railway.

By Quintin Waddington.

Steve Taylor, driver of engine No. 4511 on the Inner Circle, scarcely gave a glance at the substitute stoker as he stepped on the cab at Mansion House Station.

"Here, mate, you may as well finish this job," was all he said, as he handed to the new-comer the shovel with which he was throwing on coal. Steve was always regarded by his fellow drivers as a morose and taciturn man. Money troubles and a suicide in his family were supposed to account for his gloomy demeanour.

And this afternoon he was particularly unapproachable, for he was both anxious and annoyed. The first because his engine mate of long standing, one of the very few people for whom he had ever been known to show any sign of affection, was ill.

He had been seized by some sort of fit, and nearly fallen on the line, little more than an hour ago; and on Steve bringing up his train at the Mansion House, had been at once taken off to the hospital. He was annoyed, because in consequence of this mishap his train had been put on the siding to wait till a new fireman could be procured; and Steve had always prided himself on his regularity above all things, and did not relish this break in his record for punctuality, even though it was not due to any fault of his own. He was waiting now only to be put on the circuit again in his proper place, having missed a complete revolution round the circle.

The Whitechapel to Wimbledon started, then he saw engine No. 3207 come in, and he knew that he was next in rotation after the half-hourly train from Mansion House to Broad Street *viâ* Willesden had gone through.

"Next circle train from number two platform," yelled the porter, much to the astonishment of those who knew the station well.

They repeated his words as a question. "Circle train from number two?" To which he vouchsafed no other answer than the repetition of the same phrase with an intensified stress on the word "circle," in a tone which reminded his hearers that it is useless as well as impious to question the decrees of Fate.

At Blackfriars a good number of business men boarded the train, for it was the hour when the evening exodus from the City begins, and at the Temple the Law Courts provided quite a large gathering of home-goers. Steve was leaning from the cab of the engine, which was half in and half out of the tunnel, looking back along the platform for the raising of the guard's arm, when his new companion spoke:

"What went wrong with your mate?" he said. "Some said he died suddenly on the engine, and others that he had been drinking. Which was it?"

At the other's voice Steve turned towards him sharply. Was it merely with surprise that the voice of the unshaven, coal-grimed fireman was that of an educated man?

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Mechanically he pressed the lever, and the train moved slowly forward into the blackness of the tunnel, but his gaze was fixed upon his companion, trying to see his face. What was it that had frozen him rigid, so that he forgot to breathe, so that the heart stood still in his breast?

It was a voice which he had heard before too often, the voice of the "gentleman" who, with specious promises and fair words, had persuaded his old father to intrust to him the hard-won savings of a lifetime; and then had disappeared, leaving the old man, his mind unhinged by the blow, to seek refuge from his despair in death by his own hand.

The other turned, so that his face was illuminated by the red glow from the open fire box.

"Great God," cried Steve hoarsely, "it is you."

The fireman's startled cry scarce reached his lips, for his throat was seized in a vice-like grip. One leg he threw around the other's in an instinctive effort to save himself, and one arm round his waist. But Steve's weight was too much for him. For a moment he delayed his fall, as his free hand, clutching wildly, caught hold of the lever, while he clasped his antagonist in a straiter embrace.

The front guard, just as he was in the act of entering his van, which is immediately behind the engine, heard Steve's cry, and saw that something was wrong. So without the loss of an instant, he opened the opposite door, and made his way, not without difficulty, to the tender. As he reached the engine, the lever to which the desperate fireman clung, gave, and the two combatants, locked in each other's grip by hate and fear, cannoned against him, sweeping him from his precarious foothold, and all three rolled from the cab upon the six-foot way.

Throughout the whole length of the train the passengers were thrown violently forward upon those on the opposite seats, as the engine leapt forward at full steam. They righted themselves not much the worse, and looked at each other apprehensively.

All this, although it takes long to tell, had happened so quickly, that at the moment when the train gave its wild lurch forward, the rear guard was still standing on the platform with his furled green flag in his hand, and one arm outstretched, ready to swing

He raced madly along the platform, but there was no chance of his overtaking the train.

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himself into the brake-van as it came up to him.

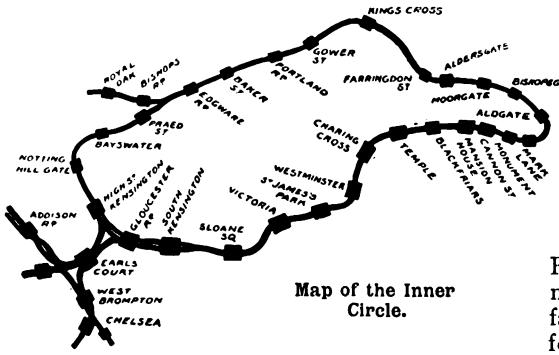
The sudden jerk the train gave as the lever, pulled by the falling man, released the pent-up steam, and sent it rushing into the pistons, wrenched the commode-rail, on which his fingers already rested, from his grasp.

For a moment he staggered, as though about to fall; and when he recovered himself, it was too late. He raced madly along the platform, but there was no chance of his overtaking the train, and as he reached the end of the station, the two red lights of the driverless, guardless train, disappeared round a curve into the murky gloom of the tunnel.

At Charing Cross consternation and surprise, as the train, now settling down to its best pace, dashed through the station, for a moment paralysed the officials. Their frenzied wire to St. James's Park reached that station just too late to warn the North-Western train, which was due there at the same time as the runaway at Charing Cross.

Fortunately for all in both trains the message, "Runaway train behind. Full steam ahead," overtook the one in front at Victoria. For the run between that station and Sloane Square is so much longer than the others, that, had the train proceeding at its usual leisurely pace, left Victoria unwarned, the uncontrolled Circle Train would probably have had time to overtake it before it reached the station.

As it was, the meaning of the message was not grasped until the signalman's practised ear heard the train thundering through St. James's Park, only the space of one station, instead of the regulation two, behind the preceding one.



Map of the Inner Circle.

Meantime, the operator at Charing Cross had not been idle, but had sent the news on westwards, so that South Kensington and Gloucester Road had a moment or two longer in which to decide what was best to do.

Eastwards, instructions were sent to stop all trains on the outer line, for those who had seen the runaway go past expected every moment to receive the news of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable.

At the signal box just outside South Kensington, where the line for Earl's Court really branches off, there being a double set of rails thence to Gloucester Road, the Circle Train ahead of the North Western had passed when the news came, and the pointsman, who received an excited telephone message, thought that the next behind this, *i.e.*, the North Western, was the runaway. He dared not send this along its proper route, as it would be nearly sure, passing through Earl's Court, to dash at Addison Road into one of the trains coming from West Brompton and Chelsea. He accordingly left the points as they were, and sent it along the circle after the last, hoping for the best.

It uttered a shrill whistle as it passed as though to ask why it was sent along this unaccustomed route, and close behind it clattered the true cause of all this confusion.

When the first Circle Train passed through High Street news of its approach had already been sent on to Notting Hill and Queen's Road. On the line from Hammersmith and Royal Oak, which runs into the Circle at Edgware Road, all trains were at once stopped, though one had unfortunately just passed before tidings of the mishap arrived at the latter station.

At Farringdon Street the instructions to keep all trains in motion clashed with those coming round the other way not to let anything proceed. For a few moments the stationmaster hesitated what to do; but the whistle of a locomotive approaching from King's Cross left him no choice, and he sent forward the train he had been keeping back, and thus fairly started that awful race which will pass down into history in railway annals as one of the most thrilling, and, for those who were in any way concerned in it, one of the most alarming episodes in chronicles which contain no small number of thrilling and exciting tales. For the start of the Farringdon Street train meant the start of the trains in front of it as far as the Temple, where the first train to follow the runaway still stood. Every train on the outer line of the circle was now in motion. Those newly started moved slowly at first, those in charge not realising what was taking place.

It was not until the driver of each heard the warning shriek of the train behind him

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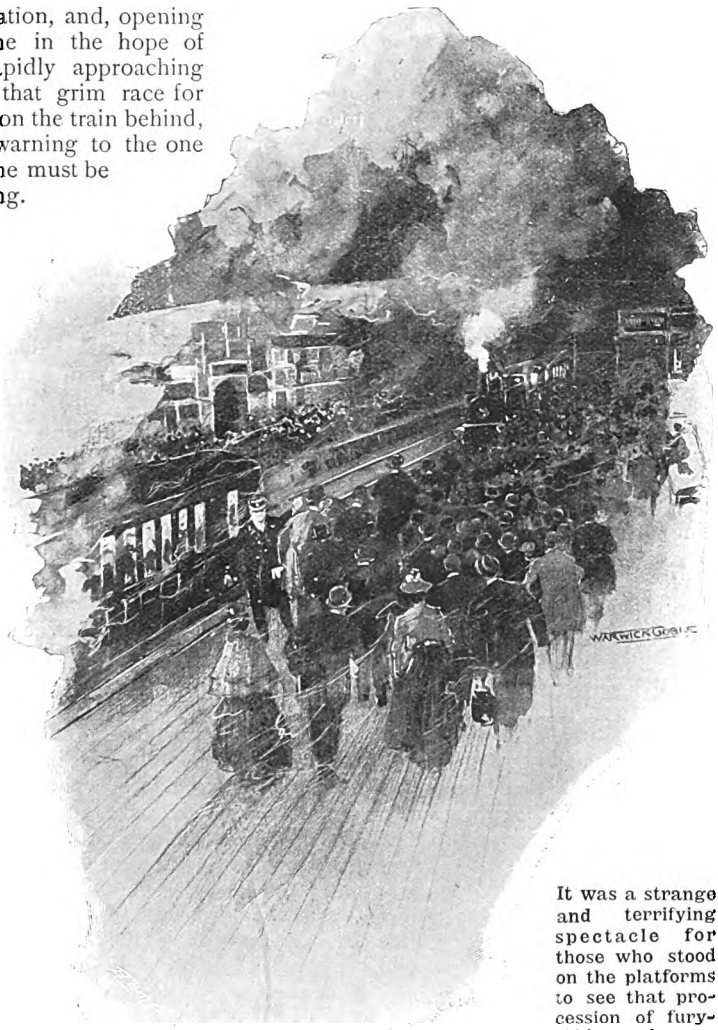
that he grasped the situation, and, opening the throttle of his engine in the hope of keeping ahead of his rapidly approaching pursuer, settled down to that grim race for life. Thinking anxiously on the train behind, he blew his whistle as a warning to the one before him, which he felt he must be only too surely overtaking.

The feelings of the passengers may be better imagined than described, as their train passed through a station without stopping, and then, instead of slowing down, increased its pace. Every passenger probably thought that there was an accident to his own particular train; that the brakes had refused to act, or something of that sort.

And they sat, breathlessly waiting for the crash, which they knew must come as they dashed into the rear of the preceding one, stopping at the next station. Probably the guards and the drivers themselves did not realise the stupendous character of the approaching disaster so fully as did the crowds of would-be passengers who were soon collected on the platforms of the stations.



It was a strange and terrifying spectacle for those who stood on the platforms to see that procession of fury-ridden trains.

The driverless engine, with its fire banked up, a large pressure of steam in its boiler to start with, and its valves open to their fullest extent, naturally kept increasing its speed, and as a consequence the North-Western train in front went faster and faster too, in its efforts not to be run down; and faster and faster went the Circle Train in front of it, and faster the one in front of that.

A strange and terrifying spectacle for those who stood on the platforms it was, to see that procession of fury-ridden trains dash, in ever closer order, from the darkness on the one side, through an ever thickening fog of smoke and steam, into the darkness on the other. The illuminated windows of each train were blurred into one long streak of light, in which, with difficulty, could be distinguished the blanched faces of the doomed passengers within.

Occasionally might be distinguished, as he was flashed by, a stoker throwing more fuel on his fire in the hope of postponing for a little longer the fatal moment when the train behind should overtake that on which he rode.

Those who had come down on the platforms as intending passengers, and who remained there now, waiting in breathless horror for the catastrophe, saw what seemed to them an endless procession of trains.

Of course, it is easy now to point out what might have been done to lessen the number

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of trains, and consequently of lives involved. Had anyone been in a position to grasp the situation as a whole, and to issue instructions simultaneously over the whole system, some of the trains might have been switched off the circle between Sloane Square and South Kensington. One might have been put into the siding at Moorgate, into which the Great Western trains used at one time to run. A second might have been stowed in the Liverpool Street tunnel, which branches off just before Bishopsgate is reached, a third in a siding at Bishopsgate, and another at Aldgate.

But soon after the rush had started it became impossible for anyone to distinguish which was the uncontrolled train, so that no attempt at shunting could be made. Very soon, even had it been possible to distinguish one train from another, the spaces intervening between them had grown so short that, travelling at the pace they were, there would have been no time to re-adjust the points again after switching one off before the next arrived.

So passengers and spectators held their breath and waited. The engines, unaccustomed to the high rate of speed, jolted and strained; the carriages swayed and rocked.

Soon something must give way. An axle would snap, a bolt would start, a piston rod would break, and then—! It was fancying what would happen *then*, in the darkness and confinement of the murky tunnel, when, for any reason, one of the trains ceased to be able to maintain its speed; when, one after another, the succeeding ones threw themselves and their living freights with all the momentum of their tremendous speed upon that flaming, steaming, hissing pile of wreckage, that caused even strong men's nerves to give way.

At every station painful scenes were witnessed. Fainting men and women were carried up the stairs to the fresh air above, while ladies and schoolgirls, bereft for the time of their wits, made their escape from the stations, and fled shrieking through the streets.

In several instances men were only after a desperate struggle prevented by their fellows from throwing themselves upon the line under the wheels of the trains. At first the calm imperturbability of the regularity of the trains on the inner line, travelling in the opposite direction, picking up and setting down passengers in the ordinary way, almost accentuated the horror. But soon, realising the terrible danger which these trains, too, ran, this traffic was stopped and the passengers were made to alight.

At first an attempt was made to clear the stations, but this proved impossible. Fascinated with horror, the bulk of the people refused to move, and remained waiting to see the end. Some indeed obeyed the officials' instructions, and left the stations. The appearance of these bewildered crowds streaming from the exits, only added to the excitement above ground which had already been aroused by the spectacle of fainting men and panic-stricken women being brought into the open air.

We know now that taking part in that fearful chase there were, besides the seven Circle Trains, the Mansion House to Broad Street train, one from Bow to Putney, a Hammersmith, a Richmond, and a New Cross to Wimbledon—twelve in all—and it has been computed that they carried some three thousand passengers.

And at one time it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could prevent all, or at best a large proportion of them, from becoming involved in a collision which would be the most deadly in all the long tale of railway disasters.

We know, too, now, that the miraculous did happen. That out of all that apparently doomed multitude not one suffered so much as a broken limb, though a good number of those who participated in the ride will, it is to be feared, be a long time before they quite recover from the effects of the protracted strain on their nerves.

The only serious casualty in connection with the whole affair was the death of Taylor and the stoker, who in their struggle got on to the inner line of rails, where they were both immediately cut to pieces by an incoming train.

Twice round the fourteen miles of the circle the pursuit grew swifter and wilder, and the trains were now no longer scattered at intervals along the route, but formed one long procession. Then it was noticed that the pace had begun to lessen considerably.

What happened was this:

A Circle Train in front of the procession ran out of steam. She had been due to refill with water at South Kensington, and her boiler began to get low. She kept her pace up nobly as long as she had a drop of water to turn into steam. But at last her speed began to slacken.

The driver of the train behind—the Bow to Putney—who was fearing the same thing for himself before long, found he was gaining on her only too rapidly. He had been husbanding his power, and wasting no particle of steam

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but when he saw the red lights of the other's brake-van only ten yards ahead of him he pulled the lever and made his engine emit three piercing shrieks.

The guard of the train in front leaned from his window, and made signs to him to slacken speed; but a glance behind him at a curve showed him that his follower was even now gaining upon him.

The interval between him and the red lights grew less and less.

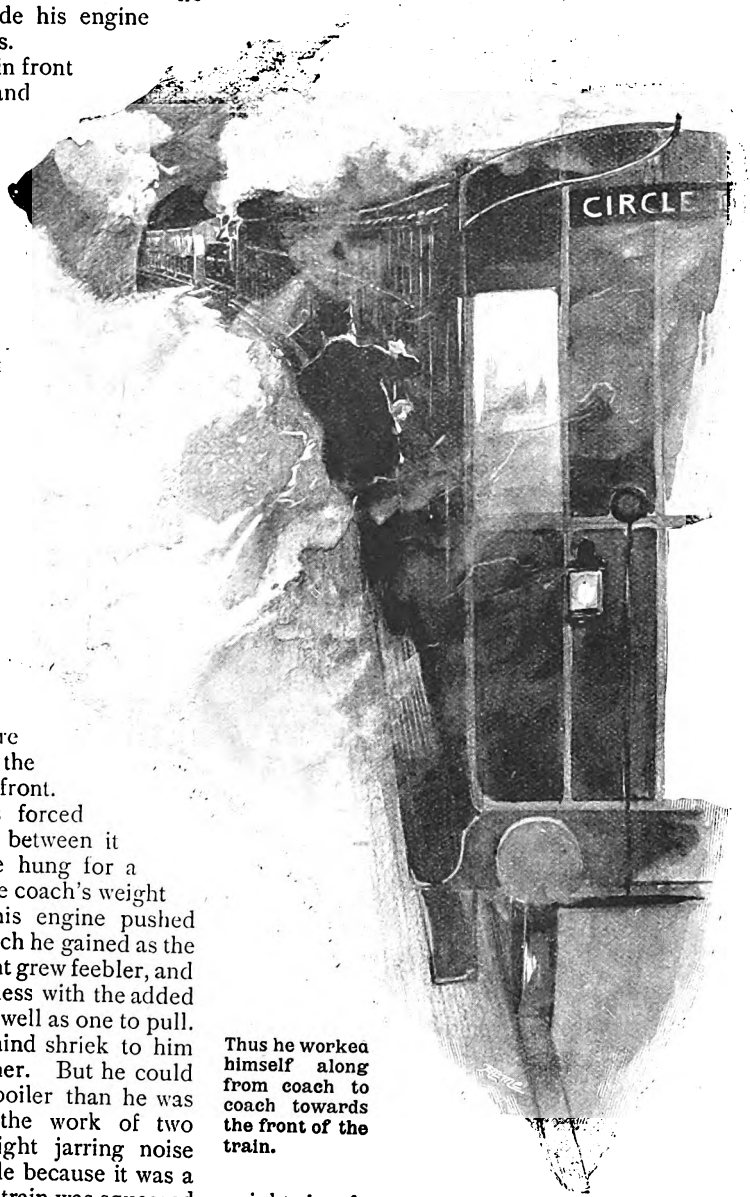
He whistled again. Only two yards divided the trains as they passed through a station, which he thought must be Gower Street, though he had lost all count of exactly where he was. An answering shriek came from the engine of the train which followed him. At King's Cross his buffers were lightly touching those of the guard's van of the train in front.

Gradually the van was forced forwards. The couplings between it and the rear-most carriage hung for a few moments limp, then the coach's weight was added to that which his engine pushed before it. Coach after coach he gained as the efforts of the engine in front grew feebler, and he felt his own pace grow less with the added weight of a train to push as well as one to pull.

He heard the engine behind shriek to him as he had done to the other. But he could get no more out of his boiler than he was doing; was it not doing the work of two already? He heard a slight jarring noise behind him—distinguishable because it was a new one in the din—as his train was squeezed up by the one behind, as the one in front had been by his. Then he saw the first second-class coach gaining on him till it touched his tender, and he knew that he was no longer pulling, but was himself being pushed along.

And thus came salvation. Train after train was driven forward by the inexorable run-away, upon the one preceding it.

And now, fortunately in reality, other engines began to give out, and thus the dead weight in front increased, and gradually retarded the speed of what, in time, became one long united train forced forwards at an ever-slackening speed by the original cause of all this confusion.



Thus he worked himself along from coach to coach towards the front of the train.

When the pace had grown so nearly normal that it was possible to distinguish one train from another, it was found that the driverless one was not any longer quite at the tail of the procession, two others having made such good speed that they had overtaken it.

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The cause of the disaster was now known all round the line, and on every platform were servants of the company watching for an opportunity to do something to put an end to the situation.

Had nothing been done, it seems probable, that now that the closing up process had commenced without mishap, the trains, left to themselves, would in time have come to a standstill.

This desirable consummation was, however, brought about eventually by a driver who was at Blackfriars Station. As the long, close-packed train passed, he distinguished the fact that the cab of engine No. 4511 was tenantless, and, although the pace must still have been something like twenty miles an hour, he succeeded in boarding the train.

The length of the platform gave him just time to leap on to the footboard, open a door, and spring in among the terrified passengers, before the door was shattered and slammed by the brickwork of the tunnel's mouth.

Opening the door opposite to him he stepped out on to the footboard, on the side where the six-foot way gave him plenty of room to stand without risk of being swept off his precarious foothold, and thus worked himself along from coach to coach towards the front of the train.

This was a proceeding not unattended with grave risk, as the coaches jolted against each other round the sharp curves; and he had a long piece of it to do, as he had boarded the train far back.

But at last it was safely accomplished, and he scrambled to the rear of the engine and laid a controlling hand on the lever as they passed through Charing Cross. At Victoria he had slowed her down enough to shout the news of his capture of the runaway to the anxious crowd on the platform, but the presence of the two trains behind did not allow him to pull up anything but very gradually.

It was not till he reached Sloane Square that the wheels of the engine ceased to revolve, and the first passengers to alight stepped out, shaken and scared, but otherwise none the worse for having participated in what will always rank as one of the most remarkable railway journeys that was ever made.

I shudder when I think of it—
The time when Ethel had a fit.

She stopped, and stared, and sighed "How sweet!"
And then she fell in Regent Street.

She fell—and yet she did not drop;
She had the strength to reach a shop.

'Twas there—I groan to think of it—
That Ethel had a "lovely" fit.

She's now recovered, I may say—
For which recovering I pay.

J. J. B.

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HEARTS & HEADS

The Story of some Fools and a Phrenologist.

By Gertie de S. Webster & Horace Wyndham.

I.

Things were not going well with Professor Craniumino, the "World Famous Phrenologist" in public life, and Mr. Samuel Jones in private.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy of Breakwater, as well as the occupants of less exalted spheres in local society, evinced an uncompromising attitude of indifference towards the benefits of phrenological science. The Professor characterised it as criminal, but the Breakwater community heard him unmoved. Even his handbills and posters, in which were set forth in the largest type procurable the manifold and lasting advantages to be derived from patronising him, failed to carry conviction.

In despair the Professor shifted his "studio" to the residential quarter. Securing a large room over the most fashionable tea-shop on the Parade, he hung it with art-muslin draperies; arranged a few paper fans over the mantelpiece, and placed in one corner a Japanese screen specially imported from his Brixton home; on the rickety table stood a second-hand and much-repaired plaster cast; while at intervals round the wall were fastened several occult-looking charts of the human frame.

He even drew up a fresh advertisement, in which it was conclusively demonstrated that Mr. Pierpoint Morgan's commercial success was entirely due to a liberal patronage of phrenology. For all the results, however, that this effusion effected, he might have saved the eighteenpence which the *Breakwater Herald* charged him for inserting it in its columns.

Professor Craniumino regarded the situation gloomily. It was evident that people took more interest in the less important portions of their anatomy. It was disheartening, certainly; still it had to be faced.

"There's no satisfying the public nowadays," he declared, as he glanced with despondent feelings at a letter from his landlord intimating that the rent must be settled or the premises evacuated before the end of the week. "Five years ago I started as a chiropodist, and no one can say that I haven't worked my way up since then. I'd have stopped when I got to their hands if it hadn't been for the law. Palmistry wasn't half a bad lay while it lasted."

A knock at the door interrupted the Professor's reflections. Hastily opening it, he was handed a note by a small boy waiting outside. In less than a minute he had read the contents:

Grand Hotel, Breakwater.
Tuesday morning.

Sir,—

Some time to-day—probably during the afternoon—I shall call upon you, accompanied by a lady, for the purpose of having my bumps read. As I am particularly anxious to appear in a favourable light before my friend, I shall be greatly obliged if you will refrain from discovering anything of a detrimental nature in the course of your examination. At the same time, you will enlarge upon any good qualities revealed by your science. In the event of your delineations giving *complete* satisfaction, I shall be prepared to acknowledge your tact and skill in a suitable fashion. For this purpose I will pay you a second visit to-morrow morning.

Yours faithfully,
Bertram Dalmeney.

P.S.—This communication is *strictly private*, and is not to be alluded to in any way this afternoon.

As he replaced the letter in its envelope, the cloud departed from the Professor's brow.

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"You're on velvet, Sammy, my boy!" he exclaimed delightedly. "This might be worth a fiver to you." Then his business instincts asserted themselves, and he rapidly thought out his plan of campaign. He searched his memory for the masculine attributes that would be most likely to appeal to the average woman, and generously determined to invest his prospective client with all of them.

II.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Professor's visitors arrived—the lady cool and self-possessed, the man obviously ill at ease. It was evident that the latter had been brought by the former, for he subsided into a chair at once, and left his companion to explain the object of their call. She was quite equal to the situation.

"We have been told how clever you are with other people's heads," she commenced ingratiatingly; "and, as this gentleman is anxious to know all about himself, he has called to have his bumps read."

Carefully avoiding his eye, lest an answering glance of recognition should betray to the girl that the consultation was not unexpected, the Professor ran his fingers lightly over the other's head. Then he stroked his ears meditatively.

"You will live to a very great age," he announced in impressive tones, "and," as his fingers wandered over his chin, "I observe an indication that you ought to marry without delay. Moral and religious sentiments are strongly marked. The most prominent of these are liberality, firmness, conscientiousness, intelligence, modesty, hope, spirituality, wisdom, veneration, honesty, benevolence, and—er—conjugality."

At this point the lady looked out of the window, while her companion purred appreciatively.

"Anything more?" he inquired.

The Professor coughed discreetly—a cough eloquent of an assurance that his science could reveal even nobler qualities if its efforts to discover them were suitably recognised.

"Well," he continued, gathering assurance from his client's glance, "the protuberance behind your right ear shows that you would be a good husband, and the one behind your left ear indicates that you are abstemious, truthful, and imbued with a consciousness of the sublime, the vast, and the magnificent. The development of your forehead proves that you are devoid of any meanness where money matters are concerned, and that you are extremely generous towards those who promote your interests by the resources of—er—science. Altogether, it is quite evident that you are a person to be trusted, respected, honoured, and loved, and that anyone whose life may be connected with yours may rest assured of finding an anchorage in safe and pleasant waters."

As he concluded his peroration, the Professor noted with astonishment that the signs of pleasure which he had confidently expected to find on the lady's face were absent. It almost appeared, indeed, as though the expression that rested in her blue eyes was one of disappointment. The man, however, was simply bubbling over with self-satisfaction.

"Well, Mr. Craniumino," he remarked complacently, "that's the best five bobs' worth I've had for a long time. I must look in again to-morrow and hear about the rest of my virtues. I dare say you will think of some more by that time."

Regarding this as a delicate allusion to the promised "acknowledgment," the Professor beamed. Then he politely bowed his visitors from the room.

As they were about to descend the narrow flight of stairs leading to the street, the girl turned back suddenly.

"I think I have left my handkerchief behind me," she observed. "If you go on, I'll follow you directly."

The Professor came forward, inquiry written on his brow.

"Didn't I say enough?" he asked anxiously.

"Quite," replied the other promptly. "Almost too much, in fact. I came back, however, to tell you that I shall be here again at half-past eight to-night."

III.

Punctual to the moment, Professor Craniumino's feminine visitor appeared. She was attended however, on this occasion, by another cavalier. The new comer was a tall well set up man, in every way as different from his predecessor as could be conceived. Frank blue eyes replaced the shifty ones of the last caller, and the expression on the face was one that instinctively inspired confidence, instead of distrust.

To Professor Craniumino, however, all this was as nothing. His Napoleonic mind grasped the evident situation at once. Client No. 2, was, of course, a rival of Client No. 1 for the hand and heart of the lady who had brought them both to his studio.

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His one course of action was plain—to earn the "suitable acknowledgment" delicately hinted at by Mr. Bertram Dalmeney. To do this, he must discover no attractive qualities in the character of the new-comer. At all costs, Phrenology should be equal to the trust reposed in it.

"Pray be seated," he remarked in his most professional tones. "Is it the lady or the gentleman who desires to enlist the aid of science."

"I do," returned the man. "My friend is merely anxious to hear what you may be able to read in my bumps."

The Professor's fingers moved rapidly over the other's brow. It was a little awkward, certainly, to inform a well-built and healthy man that his character left much to be desired; loyalty to his first client, however—coupled with the prospect of a handsome cheque—nerved him for the task.

"You are cautious," he observed, "to a marked degree. The general contour of your head indicates a pronounced fondness for feminine society. I regret to find an entire absence of faithfulness or conjugality." Here a surreptitious kick from the "subject" spurred him to higher efforts. "Liberality," he went on in severe accents, "is absent from your nature, while extravagance, cowardice, gluttony, cunning, meanness, stupidity, conceit, and ill-temper, are all unduly developed. The bump immediately above the right eye-brow shows—"

Client number two jumped hastily to his feet.

"Never mind what that shows," he said curtly. "You needn't trouble to tell me any more. I've heard quite enough. I expect you have, too, Miss Masters?" he added, turning to the girl who had been gazing intently out of the window while the consultation was proceeding.

"Quite," she returned icily.

The Professor felt uneasy, judging from the disappointment plainly intimated in the lady's features that the second delineation pleased her no more than the first one. There was no satisfying some women, he reflected sadly. It scarcely mattered though, he decided, for Mr. Dalmeney's wishes had to be observed.

"I am sorry," he began, "but a conscientious scientist is bound to lay bare esoteric truths, no matter how uncomplimentary they may be."

"No doubt," returned the girl shortly. "It is always best, too, to learn the truth. We need not detain you any longer. Good evening."

"I observe an indication that you ought to marry without delay."

The glance that her cavalier threw at the Professor as he left the room was disquieting. Whatever it indicated was certainly connected in no way with an appreciation of mystic truths.

IV.

When the following morning came, and brought with it no fulfilment of Mr. Bertram Dalmeney's obligation, Professor Craniumino took a jaundiced view of his fellow-creatures.

"It's disgraceful," he exclaimed angrily.

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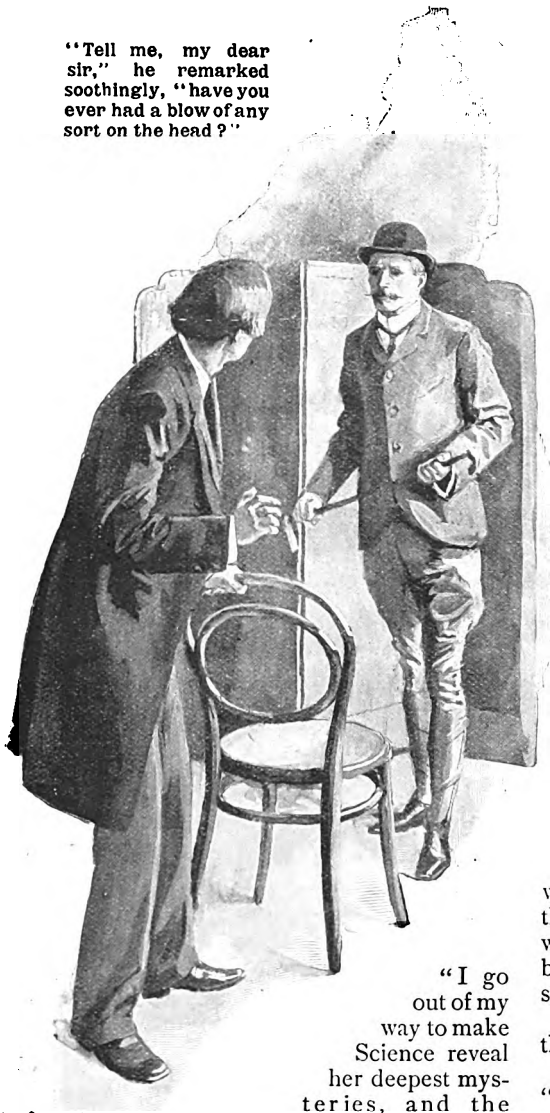

"Tell me, my dear sir," he remarked soothingly, "have you ever had a blow of any sort on the head?"

"I go out of my way to make Science reveal her deepest mysteries, and the fellow hasn't even the grace to say thank you. I'm glad I took my ordinary fee in advance, but I wish I'd told the girl the truth about him. If ever she marries him, though, she'll find out what a low, mean-spirited, stingy, unreliable, intemperate, dishonest, selfish, conceited, lazy creature he is. She won't want a phrenologist to tell her that!"

He turned to his correspondence in disgust. There was but one letter for him. Its contents were a little disturbing:—

DEAR SIR,—

Can Phrenology ever make mistakes? I felt much distressed by your revelations of yesterday evening, because I had hoped to hear nothing but good of the gentleman who accompanied me on that occasion. The delineation you gave the friend whom I brought to your studio in the afternoon is, on the other hand, of very little interest to me. Notwithstanding the ardent promptings of my heart, I naturally hesitate to contemplate the possibility of a union with one who possesses the lamentable traits you mentioned during my second visit.

Any hope you may be able to give me, will, even though its nature should cast a doubt on the genuineness of your science, be regarded as strictly private by

Yours faithfully,

CLAIRETTE MASTERS.

P.S.—Should you contrive to ease my mind, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding a suitable mark of my appreciation.

Professor Craniumino stared at the letter blankly. "Well, I seem to have put my foot into it this time," he muttered. "Still, in the light of her friend's instructions, what was I to do?"

Before he had time to settle this question satisfactorily, the door was flung open and the visitor of the previous evening burst into the room, a business like hunting-crop under his arm.

"What the blazes did you mean by it, you swindling idiot?" he demanded angrily.

The Professor placed a chair between himself and his questioner.

"I don't understand you," he stammered uneasily.

"Then you're a fool, as well as a rogue," was the reply. "I write you a note, saying that I would call with a lady, and that you were to give a *flattering* delineation of my bumps. Instead of doing anything of the sort, you——"

The Professor collapsed nervously into the chair.

"Did you write that note?" he gasped. "The one signed Bertram Dalmeney?"

"Certainly I did. Then you got it after all?"

"But, my dear sir, you said you were coming in the *afternoon*."

"I said *probably*, you idiot," answered the other with a withering glance. "Miss Masters preferred the evening. Still, that has nothing whatever to do with it."

The Professor rose to his feet.

"It has—everything," he replied, "Of course I took my afternoon visitor for you and gave *him* the character I had intended for yourself."

"Whew!" exclaimed Bertram Dalmeney. "That is why that little counter-skipping bounder, Jonas Studd, looks so pleased with

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himself this morning, is it? Now, my friend, having got me into this mess the best thing you can do is to get me out of it again—and jolly quickly, too," he added threateningly.

"But how?" ejaculated the Professor feebly.

"By your infernal phrenology of course. Miss Masters doesn't know anything about it, or else she'd never have made me consult you. Consequently, she'll believe anything you like to say. I'll trouble you accordingly to write and explain that you made a mistake yesterday. Now then, don't waste any more time."

The significant manner in which his visitor brandished the hunting-crop he carried was not lost on the Professor. It inspired him to action.

"Tell me, my dear sir," he remarked soothingly, "have you ever had a blow of any sort on the head?"

"When I was a boy I was hit by a cricket-ball. I know someone else, though, who will be hit by a hunting crop directly, if he asks me any more silly questions."

"Pray, don't be so hasty!" answered the other, edging nearer the door. "One question more, have you ever mentioned this accident to Miss Masters?"

"Frequently, but what the—"

"Then everything is quite simple. Now, sir, I have only to tell Miss Masters that this fact completely reverses my delineation of yesterday's date."

"Well, write the letter at once."

The Professor required no second bidding. Hastily snatching up a sheet of paper, he wrote a few lines on it and then read them to his now somewhat mollified client:—

DEAR MADAM,—

With regard to my delineation of the character of the gentleman who accompanied you yesterday *evening*, I omitted to state one important fact. This is, that if by any chance your friend has ever received a blow on the head from a hard object like a cricket-ball, my reading of his bumps must be *entirely reversed*. Consequently, where I mentioned cowardice, greed, cunning, meanness, and ill-temper, etc., there would really exist qualities that are *precisely opposite* to these. I may add that my private conviction is that your friend *has* experienced the accident I refer to, and that a question from you will elucidate this fact.

Concerning the gentleman whom you brought to me in the *afternoon* I would like to say in *entire confidence*, that the delineation I made of him was not in *strict accordance* with the real state of things. In the presence of a lady, however, I was unable to go into details at the time.

The fact is, there are moments when it is best for Phrenology to dissemble.

Relying on your further patronage, I inclose herewith a few of my business cards, and beg to remain,

Yours obediently,
CRANIUMINO, F.P.I. (Fellow Phrenological Institute), A.S.S., (Associate, Society of Science), E.T.C., (Et Cetera).

"That will do," remarked Mr. Dalmeny briefly. "I'll post it."

Extract from the *Breakwater Herald*:

Mr. Jonas Studd has left Breakwater and returned to Clapham.

Extract from Professor Craniumino's correspondence:

Aldershot, *January*, 1903.

Dear Mr. Craniumino,—I send you herewith a small cheque for £5 5*s*. (five guineas) as a slight acknowledgment of your skill as a character-delineator.—Yours gratefully,
CLAIRETTE DALMENEY (MASTERS).

Army and Navy Club, W.
January, 1903.

Captain Bertram Dalmeney presents his compliments to Professor Craniumino, and begs to enclose cheque for £10 10*s*. (ten guineas) on account of services rendered.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

We meet to-day,
To-morrow we are parted—
You go away
Another *rôle* to play,
And I am sad, alack-a-day,—
Quite broken-hearted!

A year goes by—
To me it seems unending;
Bereft, I sigh
Because you are not nigh,
Yet, all the while (I wonder why?)
My heart is mending.

We meet once more,
To find our notes miscarried—
We meet once more,
But sigh not as before,
Because *another I* adore—
While *you* are married!!!

ARTHUR ANDERSON.

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VERE ARDAGH AND HER TROUBLES.

A true Glimpse of the envied but unenviable Life of a Society Girl, showing how She is debarred from many childish Pleasures, and made old before Her Time.

By Frances Clifden.

I.

I EXPECT you have all seen little Vere Ardagh, exquisitely dressed—and dressed "correctly"—whether for coroneted motor, pony-cart, victoria, or brougham, driving in the park, or on her father's coach at Ranelagh where she holds a miniature court occasionally in the season. I have no doubt, too, that most of you have envied her. The average child—the average "grown-up" for that matter—might well be excused the desire to change places with her. A life lived in pleasant ways hers is at present, and as it bids fair to be "for ever after," it looks remarkably like a "fairy-tale come true," on the surface.

Her father, Lord Mendell, has a house in Park Lane, a moor in Scotland, a deer park in S——shire, and "show-place" which is thrown open to an envious public on certain days of the year. I went there once, *incognita*, for an hour's amusement last summer to listen to the comments of the crowd. Of course, the rooms which the family generally frequent—the rooms which, as an old family friend, I knew best—were closed to the outside world. But a door which led upon Vere's suite of apartments happened to be ajar, and the draught blew it wide to the gaze of an amazed and admiring throng of spectators.

"Just look at her toys!" an envious mother murmured, as her eyes wandered slowly over the bright-looking living-room, with its rich carpet, and comfortable chairs, chief amongst which stood out Vere's own specially dainty little "baby-chair" inlaid with gold-leaf and mother-of-pearl.

"What a schoolroom too—how a child must delight in those swings and bars and pummelling bags—why, it's a regular gymnasium! Do you see those fencing-foils, don't they call them, over in the corner? And oh——!" A long drawn sigh of admiration. "Of course, this is her bedroom—did you ever imagine such daintiness? All white and blue—just look at those brocaded curtains! That silk was never bought under eight-and-sixpence a yard, I'm sure. What a lucky little girl she is—just think of her having nothing to do, and such a lovely place to do it in, all day long!"

"Nothing to do?" That's all you know about the matter, poor, harassed, middle-class mother, whose own children are probably happier far than little Vere Ardagh, for all her aristocratic features, and the wealth and social position which you covet!

II.

Vere does not easily make friends. Nor does she confide in many persons.

I was at school with her mother and am one of a chosen few to whom Vere unfolds occasionally. One morning in Park Lane when she found me curled up on the lounge in

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the drawing-room looking down upon the ever-changing scene immediately below, which will spell fascination for me to the end of all time—the contrasting worlds of omnibus land and motors mixing as one at Stanhope Gate in a sunny interval in the season—she broke out:

"Didn't your Miss Burton ever scold you when you sat like that?" (Miss Burton is the governess, and a terror.)

I looked down; uncrossed my legs, rather hurriedly, and sat up straighter, instinctively. Meanwhile, with much forethought and care, Vere disposed herself bolt upright on the settee, with her feet stretched out, in the position of lady-like discomfort to which we must hope custom had inured her.

"It's so long since I had a Miss Burton that I'm afraid I've forgotten."

Vere brightened.

"Perhaps I shall be let forget when I'm as old as you?"

I was glad of the lapse. Miss Burton has taught Vere to enunciate her words with the precision of a combined grammar and elocution lesson, and the child's naturally pretty voice bids fair to be "cultivated" out of all its early simplicity.

"Miss Burton says that lots of children envy me," she went on thoughtfully after a minute. "Do you think that's true?"

I considered.

"You have a lot of treats, Vere, you know. Just think of all the parties you go to, and the lovely presents you are given. Why lots of grown-up ladies haven't got such pretty sets of gold-backed toilet-things as you have. Your room always makes me think of the Wonder Book story of King Midas' 'Golden Touch.' You remember everything he touched turned into gold?"

There was a pause.

"His little daughter didn't very much like King Midas having the Golden Touch, did she?" Vere suggested politely.

I went on hastily.

"You visit at beautiful big houses, which

Every day in the life of a Society child her hair is brushed for at least half-an-hour.

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other children would give their heads even to see. Then think of the splendid seat you had at the Coronation—inside the Abbey, by a special privilege—lots of children either didn't see it at all, or if they did, had to stand in the crowd for hours. Then look at the bazaars you've danced at, and the concerts you've sold programmes for, and the tableaux you've acted in. That pretty photograph of mummy and you, and the Royalties you played with at Hatworth, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has been published in nearly every weekly journal in the land, I should think. Lots of children would think that great fun, as well as a great honour."

Vere's eyes opened wide.

"Would they? How funny!" She gave a little sigh, and relaxed the studied stiffness of her attitude a tiny degree.

"It's all so tiring. Why, the ordinary days are tiring enough—but those extra days, that start like fairy tales and go so wrong, are —worse than any."

I looked at the dark lines under the big eyes and cut short the moral lecture I had almost started on, then and there.

"Suppose you tell me all about them, Vere."

"The nights are the worst," she said, after a moment's pause. "Sometimes at night I'm so tired I don't know what to do. The nurse I loved so said once it wasn't healthy tiredness, and—and then she was sent away." The sensitive mouth drooped a little. "I was so sorry. I liked her. She used to call me 'poor Baby,' sometimes. Miss Burton said that wasn't quite polite. I can't see why, can you?"

I waited.

"The tiring times start with the morning," Vere went on. "They're such a lot of fuss and worry. Mummy has never let my face be washed with anything but milk for my complexion, you know, and it has to be kneaded and massaged very gently afterwards, and that takes such a time. Then I have some lotion stuff dropped into my eyes—it makes them bright, Nurse says, and some day I'll be glad—but it makes morning dressing very long and tiresome. Then my hair is brushed for a whole half hour always, and that is such a bother on sunny days when you'd like to go out in the gardens if you're here, or in the deer park at home." (Mendell is always "home" to Vere.) "Then my nails are manicured for a quarter of an hour every morning, and a whole hour once a week, and then, too, before breakfast, I have a whole half hour's gymnasium practice to 'improve my figure.'

"Breakfast comes at last—I do want it by that time!" She laughed. "It's oatmeal and fish and fruit all the year round, you know, except when I'm ill. Children coming to stay with me are often allowed bacon and kidneys, and chicken done up, and nice things like that, but mummy says too much meat is coarsening. So I only have it once a day. Then I have three hours of lessons with Miss Burton—you said once they were really quite hard ones, didn't you?

"When morning lessons are over, I go out for a walk in the park, but that means dressing up again, and all the time Miss Burton is watching if I lounge or stoop—and it makes it feel so lessonny again. After dinner, I lie down in the dark for half-an-hour with my arms close to my side. Miss Burton says it makes 'the muscles relax and so I sha'n't get lines in my face before my time.'

"Then there are the afternoons. Those are all classes, nearly—riding lessons, dancing, elocution." She stopped again. "Leila and May" (Leila and May are Vere's cousins, and their mother, Lady Heatherly, is a sensible woman and brings them up in the country, letting them run wild in the garden and be as noisy and dirty as their hearts desire) "Leila and May often make things in wax and putty, and I wanted to, but mummy wouldn't let me. She said I was careless enough about my fingers as it was—mummy is always so 'special' about fingers.

"After tea in the summer time I have another walk, and that means dressing up again, you see. Or I drive with mummy." She paused. "I like that—sometimes. Not when we only drive in the park. You never get anywhere, and it's all the same—and people stop you all the time and talk and talk. People do spoil things so, don't they, Miss Clifden? Ranelagh and Hurlingham would be nice if it weren't for them."

"You like Mendell best?" I suggested. "There's the pony there, and you like riding him."

Her face lit up.

"Dandy's a dear," she said. "I love riding to the Meets—oh, that *is* fun, I went to nearly every one last season—and sometimes mummy rode with me, and sometimes she drove in the motor or the big waggonette when there were an extra lot of people staying, and almost everyone wanted mounts. I like coming back and having a lovely hot bath, just like mummy's. Once she gave me

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some nice smelling violet stuff to put into it, and it was so good.

"And then the hounds are so nice. We've got one or two baby hounds now—such dears. Nurse called them 'little dogs' once—and wasn't it dreadful of me? I laughed at her! She didn't seem to know the difference between dogs and hounds! We've got a hospital for the sick ones, you know, just out beyond the kennels, where the healthy ones live. You haven't been down to Mendell since daddy was made Master, have you, Miss Clifden?

"The stables are lovely now—we've got all the hunt horses as well as our own, and daddy and mummy and I take visitors round to see them after church on Sunday."

"You had lunch with some of the shooting parties last year, didn't you?"

Her face glowed.

"Yes, that was fun. Lord Darroll took care of me—and he kills his birds so clean, you don't mind. But the gun on his right that day was an American——" she shuddered. "Oh, he was dreadful. One poor cock pheasant was blown nearly to bits; he came tumbling down right at my feet—I can't think how he struggled so far." She grew pale at the recollection.

"What do you do when you come home?" I asked, to turn her thoughts.

"Change my things first, of course, Mummy says people ought to look very

"What an extraordinary attitude for a young lady in your position."

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Lady Heatherly went up to the bed, and knelt beside her.

dainty after being out shooting. I like those big shooting teas, don't you? Mummy lets me come down to them sometimes. Once when you were there, you made all the people come on into the schoolroom afterwards and play 'Piladex' with me, didn't you?"

In her excitement she had curled herself up quite naturally beside me. For once the big eyes were thoroughly bright and "awakened," but in a sense they seemed to accentuate the delicacy of her face.

"And—and then?" I asked.

But the light died out as I looked, and the child's whole figure stiffened perceptibly. Beyond her at the open door Miss Burton stood waiting.

"Vere!" A long pause. "What an extraordinary attitude for a young lady in your position."

"Position be hanged!" I said mutinously. I am rather a privileged person in the Mendell household. "We were quite happy, weren't we, Vere?"

"Quite happy, thank you, Miss Clifden," said the sedate, prim little voice, which always makes my heart sink.

III.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Vere is—almost dying. . . . I can hardly write about it. They have nearly killed her between them all—with the rush and drive of this last season. They have fussed and worried all the pleasant youth out of that sad little face with their endless efforts to make it more beautiful by unnatural means—as if the sunburned, healthy complexion of a child who is let loose in the open were not an infinitely more beautiful thing than Vere's hot-house "fragility."

I really thought I should almost kill Lady Mendell the other day. Vere had been selling "souvenirs" at a big bazaar all the afternoon—ands uddenly she fell down in a dead faint on the ground. Lord Darroll happened to be standing near to the refreshment stall; he seized hold of a glass of water. Would you believe it? Even at that moment Lady Mendell's ridiculous "crank" on the subject of complexions asserted itself. She literally ran forward and caught it from him.

"Get milk, for Heaven's sake!" she panted. "I have never allowed Vere's face to be touched with anything but milk."

Lord Darroll gave her one look. The next instant——

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"It will be now," he said, and emptied a whole jugful over her.

* * * * *

The doctor has just been again. She has day and night nurses. They fear the brain is affected. She wanders all the time, and always about being "so tired, so very tired, mummy! Must I do my exercises quite so long?" or "My head does ache so, nurse. Must I have my hair brushed for quite a whole half hour?" and things like that.

Lady Mendell is distracted, and I think Lord Mendell is heartbroken. Perhaps they are beginning to see what a mad fetish Vere's little life and brain have run the risk of being sacrificed to. That the child may be one degree more beautiful in the future, and so make one degree more brilliant a marriage, they have spoiled half her natural charm and enjoyment of life now.

There is something positively vulgar in the way that some modern society children are written up and paragraphed, and their doings reported, almost to as great an extent as those of their elder sisters. Now and again a delicate one pays the penalty of living a life beyond her years, and just "goes out."

LATER IN THE WEEK.

The Heatherlys were wired to the day before yesterday—Lady Heatherly is devoted to her little niece. From that moment Vere seemed to revive. She knew her almost at once: she is the first person whom she has definitely recognised. There is now a faint flicker of hope. . . .

STILL LATER.

Vere has turned the corner, and is "doing well." Lady Mendell came in and told me, and broke down utterly. She is so cold and hard always, I never knew it was in her to feel so. And presently Lady Heatherly came in with even better news. So well was Vere progressing, that, humanly speaking, she is now quite safe.

"I looked at the appointments of her room, and at her toilet-table, and almost shuddered," said Lady Heatherly. "So much done for her on the surface—so little really done. May and Leila have moments of envying Cousin Vere—they think she has such an 'awfully good time,' but I think they understand better now. I've tried to make them give up things for their amusements—and they've grown healthy and hearty in their love of real sport. Vere has apparently always done things easily—and that's the hardest way in the end. She has never been talked to even of the real 'things that count.' Like so many others, she has been brought up to think that a blemish in the complexion was a matter of as great—or greater—importance than a lie. No wonder that half the modern Society girls turn out so badly—that they live only for pleasure as wives and mothers—when they have been taught in such a school!"

From the sick room somebody called us. It was night, and the softly-graded shades of the electric light shed a faint glow of colour upon the waxen face of the sick child.

Lady Heatherly went up to the bed, and knelt beside her. I stood near.

"Isn't it lovely, auntie? Mummy says I may go away with you and May and Leila for ever and ever so long when I'm well," I heard the faint voice murmur.

And I think, perhaps, only I heard Lady Heatherly's reply.

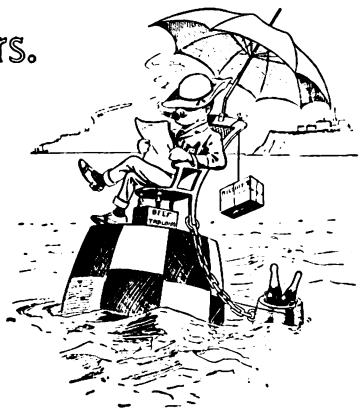
"Thank God! Perhaps He'll show me how to make you forget you're 'a Society child,' Vere darling."

Something Novel for Holiday Makers.

The Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is tired of hackneyed holidays; he thinks that the seaside, the ordinary sort of mountaineering, tours on foot, cycle, or motor, are all played out. What he wants to hear about is a really original holiday—a holiday spent in a way a little different from any other man's holiday.

He is so keen on hearing about holidays of this sort that he is offering a prize of £50 for an account, illustrated with photographs, of the most original holiday: full particulars of expense, etc., should be given: and, other things being equal, a cheap holiday will have an advantage over an expensive one.

For fuller details see the current number of ***PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.***



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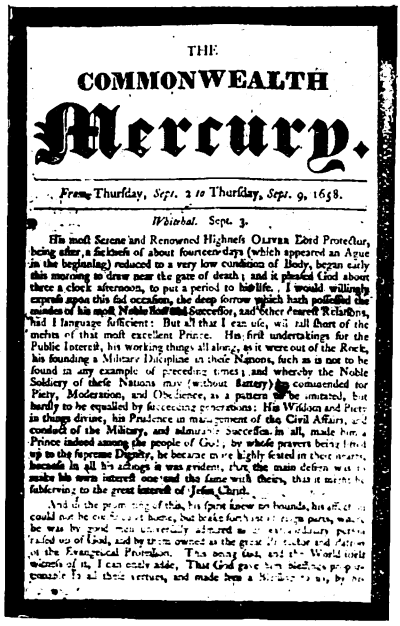

THE
COMMONWEALTH
Mercury.

From Thursday, *Sept.* 2 *to* Thursday, *Sept.* 9, 1658.

Whitehal. Sept. 3.

His moſt Serene and Renowned Highneſs OLIVER Lord Protector, being after, a ſickneſs of about fourteen days (which appeared an Ague in the beginning) reduced to a very low condition of Body, began early this morning to draw near the gate of death; and it pleaſed God about three a clock afternoon, to put a period to his life. I would willingly expreſs upon this ſad occaſion, the deep ſorrow which hath poſſeſſed the ſpirits of his moſt Noble Houſhold Succeſſor, and other neareſt Relations, had I language ſufficient: But all that I can ſay, will fall ſhort of the merits of that moſt excellent Prince. His firſt undertakings for the Public Intereſt, his working things all along, as it were out of the Rock, his founding a Militare Diſcipline in their Nations, ſuch as is not to be found in any example of preceding times; and whereby the Noble Soldiery of thoſe Nations may (without flattery) be commended for Piety, Moderation, and Obedience, as a pattern to be imitated, but hardly to be equalled by ſucceeding generations: His Wiſdom and Piety in things divine, his Prudence in management of the Civil Affairs, and conduct of the Military, and admirable ſucceſſes in all, made him a Prince indeed among the people of God, by whoſe prayers being lifted up to the ſupreme Deity, he became more highly exalted in their hearts, becauſe in all his actings it was evident, that the main deſign was to make his own intereſt one and the ſame with theirs, that is mainly adhering to the great intereſt of Jeſus Chriſt.

And as the proſecuting of this, his ſpirit knew no bounds, his affection could not be confined at home, but brake forth into foreign parts, where he was by good men univerſally admired as an extraordinary perſon raiſed out of God, and by them owned as the great Aſſerter and Patron of the Evangelical Proteſtion. This among Gods, and the World will witneſs of me, I can eaſily adde, That God gave him ſucceſſes proportionable to all their ventures, and made him a Bleſſing to any, by his

A newspaper nearly two hundred and fifty years old, announcing the death of Oliver Cromwell.

Picture Paragraphs

The Editor Wants Anyone in Possession of Photographic Curiosities to send them in. Those suitable for Publication he will pay liberally for.

A wonderful natural picture in the grain of a log of wood.

AN ANCIENT NEWSPAPER.

HERE is a curious old newspaper. It is the *Commonwealth Mercury,* published for the week, Thursday, 2nd to the 9th September, 1658. It tells how the Most Serene and Renowned Highness Oliver Lord Protector, having been ill for fourteen days, died. Then there is a eulogy of the great Cromwell, couched in the warmest terms.

You will see the old-fashioned form of the letter "s" written f.

LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DISTANCE, PLEASE.

The original of the picture reproduced here was painted by a Vienna artist. I don't admire his taste, for the subject is not pleasant. The little girls that you see here innocently playing with their toys on a balcony, will to-morrow, perhaps, be better portrayed by the picture looked at from a distance. You will then see a hideous skull, with big caverns where the eyes used to be, and a row of grinning teeth. The eyes are formed by the children's heads, the nose by the head of the favourite dog, and the toys represent the teeth.

By permission of *Heck, Vienna.*

Look at this picture from a distance. You will see a death's head, quite as vividly as you could wish. Then take a closer and more careful inspection of it.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE IN THE GRAIN OF A PIECE OF WOOD.

Nature is full of fads and fancies. Here is an example of her waywardness. It shows Nature as a photographer. The representation of a man's face in the grain of a piece of poplar wood is no faked design from the pencil of an artist, but the genuine work of Nature. No explanation can be given of the phenomenon. It is simply a freak of Nature.

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Photo, Davey Photographic Company.

The native women of the Sandwich Islands ride astride on their shaggy native horses.

THE LADY RIDERS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

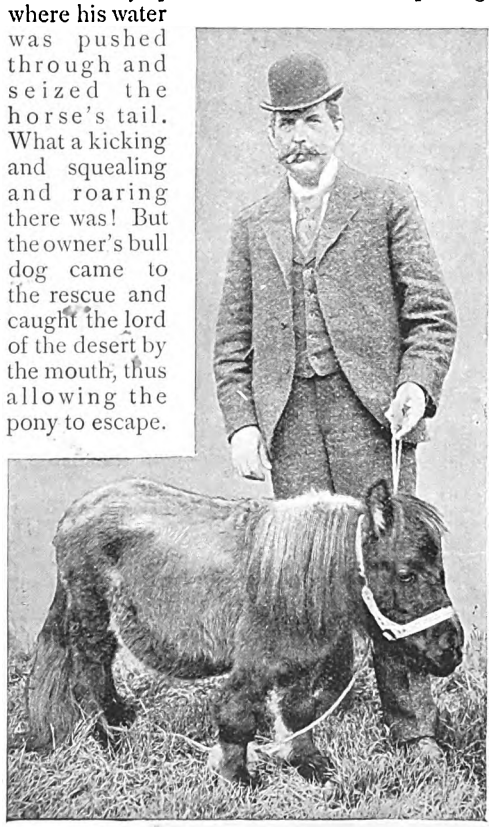
In the Hawaiian or the Sandwich Islands, as they are usually called, the men and women are great riders. The women ride astride, dressed in a kind of divided skirt, which is like the old-fashioned riding habit of this country in that each skirt hangs down almost to the ground on either side of the horse. The riding habits are of the brightest colours imaginable, and the women make a fine show for themselves when mounted on their strong country ponies, whose long manes and tails are always carefully combed and brushed. The natives of the islands are coloured like half-castes, and many of them are strikingly handsome.

THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.

Age, seven years; height, twenty-two and a half inches; weight, seventy-three pounds, in other words, five stone three pounds—those are the measurements of the smallest horse in the world. Then there is his history, a career of wild and thrilling adventure. Lilliputian, as his name is, was born on an island off the coast of South America. He lived on top of a cliff with a lot of other small horses. He was much admired by the natives. But one day a man came along and stole him and another pony, lowering them over the edge of the cliff into a boat that was moored at the foot.

The natives made a hot pursuit in their canoes; the thief, however, got safely off with his spoil. But one of the horses unfortunately died, and Lilliputian was left without a mate.

He soon recovered from his loss, and was sold to a circus manager. He is now greatly admired and leads a happy life save for a little difference of opinion between himself and the lion, a big black-maned fellow with no manners. Lilliputian was browsing too near his cage one day, and the lion stretched out a hairy paw into the small opening where his water was pushed through and seized the horse's tail. What a kicking and squealing and roaring there was! But the owner's bull dog came to the rescue and caught the lord of the desert by the mouth, thus allowing the pony to escape.



"Lilliputian" is the smallest horse in the world. He is only twenty-two and a half inches high.

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HOW TO KEEP FIT

A most beneficial exercise for getting the body into trim. Stand erect, heels together, then raise the thigh till it is at right angles to the body——

——then swing it backwards and forwards as far as possible, occasionally changing legs.

Showing how Rational Exercise is the Royal Road to Health.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

Public opinion as to what constitutes exercise varies considerably. To some, a dreary country walk, with no object in view except to cover a certain distance in a given time and imbibe a certain amount of fresh air, fulfils every possible requirement in this respect. Others, again, consider it necessary to half-kill themselves by violent gymnastics.

There is no excuse for anybody, man, woman, or child, who fails to get a sufficient amount of exercise. But I hear someone remarking, "exercise is merely a modern craze. Our grandfathers got on very well without it, and so shall we."

These benighted persons, daily, I am glad to say, decreasing in number, go on their self-satisfied way—fortunately for them getting a great deal more exercise than they are aware of and so preserving a fair standard of health. But intentionally these people avoid exerting themselves; they drive or go by train everywhere, and are occupied with more or less sedentary pursuits during the day. If bad health should set in they have only themselves to thank.

What is known as physical culture would be almost unnecessary if everyone made the most of the natural gymnastics that lie at their very front doors, so to speak.

The very mounting of the steps that lead to that front door is a commendable form of exercise; the turning of a latch-key develops the wrists. But it needs a good deal of strength of mind laboriously to go through, time after time, day after day, a series of arm and leg exercises; even breathing exercises cease to be amusing after a time, and unless a thing brings a certain amount of enjoyment in its train not half the good is done that may be reasonably expected.

Let everyone, therefore, before resorting to set gymnastics make the most of their opportunities. What restless nights arising from rumpled sheets and hard pillows might be averted if men and women made their own beds, and what splendid arms they would develop as a just reward! The girl who would possess a figure to rival the Capitoline Venus should sweep, dust, and thoroughly turn out, whenever occasion demands, her own room. I won't suggest that mankind should seek to enter too easily into woman's domain, for the over-domesticated man is a terrible nuisance, but he may, with advantage, carpenter and garden to his heart's desire.

A good old-fashioned romp with the children before their bedtime will benefit the grown-ups quite as much as the little people themselves. But everyone cannot find time or opportunity to indulge in domestic gymnastics, and for those that cannot simple exercises are invaluable.

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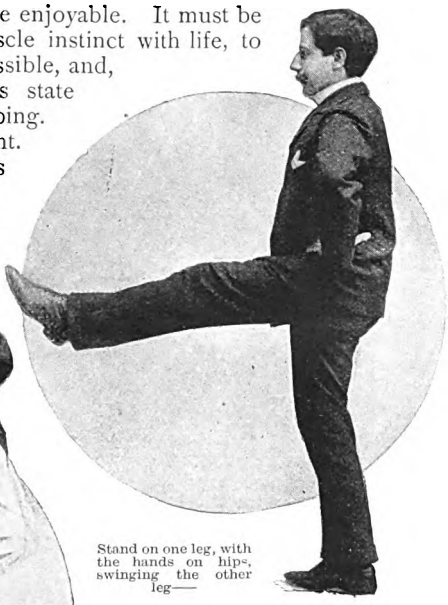
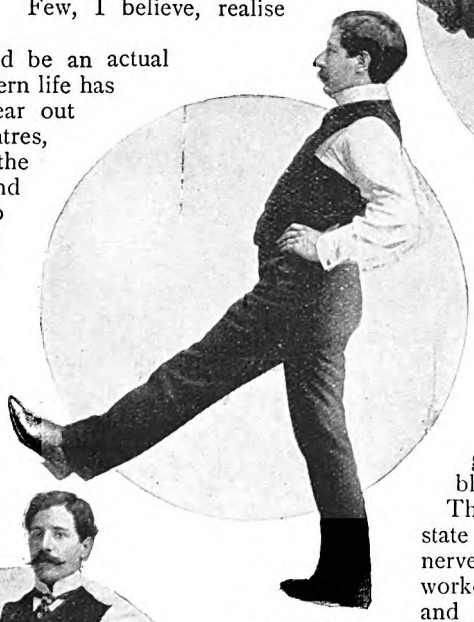
I have before said that exercise to do good must be enjoyable. It must be regular, and the aim should be to make every muscle instinct with life, to raise the standard of health to as high a level as possible, and, having found the level, to maintain it. Clearly this state of things will not be brought about by overdoing. Physical culture is a craze at the present moment. Its devotees proclaim that by varied exercises it is possible to cure every ailment under the sun. It is, of course, manifestly absurd to regard exercise as a quack medicine, though, undoubtedly, wonders may be performed by very simple means. Many people know that exercise is necessary to their well-being. Few, I believe, realise why.



Stand on one leg, with the hands on hips, swinging the other leg——

Exercise should be an actual recreation. Modern life has a tendency to wear out certain nerve centres, and meanwhile the disused organs and muscles fall into decay through want of use. The consequence is that the individual becomes in the condition known as below par, and is pretty sure to suffer from some or all of the following complaints: Colds, constipation, corpulence, skin troubles, biliousness, stiffness of joints, low spirits, liver, dyspepsia, nervousness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, general debility, and poverty of blood. Truly, an alarming list!



——backwards and forwards as far as possible, but keeping the knee-joint straight.

The remedy for this deplorable state of things is, then, to rest the nerve centres that have been overworked, and exercise the organs and muscles hitherto lying idle. Naturally, it is useless to prescribe the same treatment for everybody, but a few general rules may be laid down and adapted to each individual case for the betterment of things. Especially do I advocate the following method of procedure to those whose occupations are of a more or less sedentary nature.

Man, speaking generally, was not intended for office life; but civilisation demands that a large section of humanity shall spend their lives upon an office stool. Consequently, then, their muscular development leaves something to be desired and some of the ailments already enumerated are pretty sure to beset them. Now, brain and muscle, muscle and brain act and re-act on each other in a most marvellous way, and, not only are the voluntary and involuntary muscles of the body developed, but also the mental powers are increased by systematic suitable exercises. Indeed, to quote a well-known authority, "sufficient exercise is necessary for the perfect performance of mental work."

Vary the above exercise by occasionally swinging the leg from side to side, describing as much of a circle as possible.

While the beneficial effects of exercise are so great, it is necessary to remember that an appalling amount of harm may be occasioned by suddenly indulging in violent gymnastics

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An ordinary game of "catch ball" is a wonderful aid to health and physical fitness.

or sports of some sort or description. The ordinary professional or business man and woman, when away on a holiday, are too apt to indulge spasmodically in exhaustive exercise, and they are much surprised that they feel extremely ill after their well-meant, but misplaced endeavours.

The cause is this. The unaccustomed movements produce a state of things known as "Blockage," which means that the heart and lungs are not working in unison. The lungs fail to absorb a sufficient amount of oxygen, consequently the arteries become blocked with impure blood. In gentle, regular movements, on the other hand, the arteries have to accommodate themselves to the incessant heart action and the lungs, realising what is expected of them, act like gentlemen.

Professor Ling, the greatest authority on such matters, recommends that system be adopted, so that culture of one muscle is not developed at the expense of others.

I. Commence with a breathing exercise.
II. A leg movement.
III. An arm movement.
IV. Abdominal movement.
V. Trunk movement.
VI. Another leg movement.
VII. Complete the course with a leg exercise.

The effect of such judicious exercises are to quicken and deepen the breathing.

This accelerates the circulation and increases the chest measurement. Breathing and arm exercises have already been described in a former article in the ROYAL, but in order to refresh the memory I will briefly state that one of the simplest and best exercises is as follows:

Lie perfectly flat on the floor, the legs straight, the arms lying by the sides, palms uppermost; raise these slowly over the head till the finger tips touch the ground at the back, taking in a long breath meanwhile. As soon as the fingers touch the floor the return movement should be commenced and the breath slowly expired.

A leg movement which is most beneficial is as follows: Stand erect, heels together, toes out. Raise the thigh till it is at right angles with the body, then repeat the movement, substituting the left leg for the right; perform this exercise twelve times.

The leg exercises are as follows, and are easily understood by a careful study of the accompanying photographs. The second photograph depicts the reverse movement of the first, the heels in this case should touch the thigh, the leg as far as the knee remaining perfectly straight.

The third exercise once more depicts the entire leg at right angles to the body, and again stretching it as far out at the back as possible.

The next is a swinging exercise and acts upon the abdominal muscles, and has a most beneficial result on the internal organs as well. The hands should be placed on the hips and the leg to be exercised swung to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, the knee kept rigid meanwhile. This is varied by describing as much of a circle as possible with each leg, while standing. The lady who is unduly stout will find this an invaluable exercise for inducing thinner proportions.

Next, lie upon the floor and, holding the hips firmly, describe as complete a semi-circle as possible with each leg alternately. This, too

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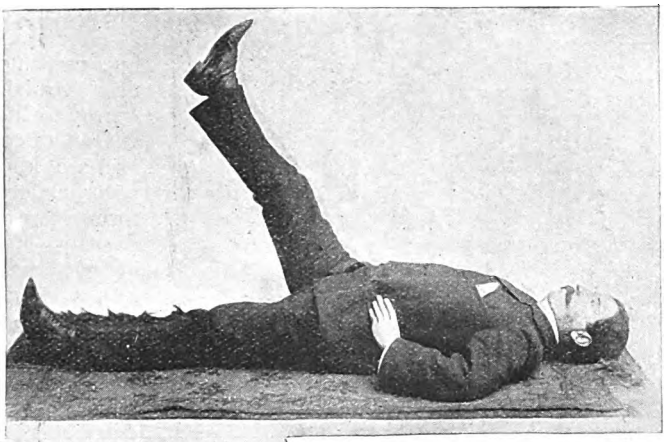
is wonderful in its effects upon the involuntary muscles, and by the involuntary muscles I mean those muscles that act day and night without the will of the possessor.

The next series of exercises are to be taken entirely for the benefit of the internal organs. Lie on one side, the arms tightly clasped, the knees drawn up, and roll briskly from side to side twenty times,



A splendid exercise for nearly all the muscles in the body is this. Be careful to keep the body rigid, as well as the leg which is raised into the air.

Assuming this position, roll rapidly from side to side twenty times. It is a splendid remedy for liver ills.

seeing that the whole of the body moves in unison, and not in detachments. This is an excellent medicine for a fit of the blues brought on by a liver attack.

Now, it always seems to me that it is a distinct effort strenuously to set to work and go through a series of gymnastic exercises. I therefore append a few movements which are marvellous in effect, and which combine exercise and pleasure at the same time. Battledore and shuttlecock is a game over which it is possible even for an adult to get up a certain amount of enthusiasm. It exercises and brings into play nearly every muscle in the body during the various evolutions. The arms and legs come into conspicuous use, and the abdomen and the trunk movements are not neglected—especially in the act of stooping to pick up the shuttlecock. Also lightness and grace are

Shuttlecock is a game that need not be despised even by adults.

The different movements—bending down, reaching high up, and so on, are splendid muscle and figure developers.

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Cricket is a great game both for men and women; overhand bowling especially is wonderfully good for the general well-being of the body.

cultivated at the same time in no small degree.

Ball, again, should be played by every man and woman in the empire. Learn to throw over arm if you would possess a physique fit for a Greek goddess. The Greeks recognised the value of all games and pastimes, and saw that their youths and maidens were proficient in them; running, leaping, wrestling, hurling the lance, fencing, the game of ball, lifting and carrying weights, and boxing, were all among their accomplishments.

Running, by-the-by, is a most excellent thing, but it is necessary to train for it. This you must do regularly and not by fits and starts. You must be lightly clad and run a short distance, for about two hours, after which increase the time daily.

Variety is one of the charms of exercise and the more change to the movements, the more lasting is the good done likely to be. A game of cricket with the children, gardening, carpentering, and so on, are exercises that invariably add zest and health and energy to life.

One, of course, of *the* very finest forms of exercise known is horse exercise, though, unfortunately, in London, it is an expensive form of recreation. However, during holidays it is possible for those of limited incomes to hire a horse occasionally, and riding is well worth considerable denial in other things, for it is health-giving in a marvellous degree.

Fortunately, that fickle dame, Fashion, has lately made walking the popular pastime. There are few better forms of exercise. The exercises given in previous numbers of THE ROYAL, as well as those of this issue, will so strengthen the muscles of the body and the lungs and heart that walking will become a pleasure to those to whom it has aforetime proved a burden.

But like everything else under the sun, there is a right and wrong way of taking ever so simple a thing as a daily peregrination. Just watch the ordinary passers-by; how many of them move easily and gracefully? How lamentably few possess even the semblance of a good carriage! There is a good old-fashioned method of learning how to walk that might with advantage be adopted by everyone. Stand erect, balance a book on the head, pass a walking-stick through the elbows, and clasp the hands across the waist; then, throwing out the feet well in front, stride up and down the room, or, better still, the garden, for fifteen minutes at a time. Persevere for six weeks or so, and the improvement will be most noticeable.

"What a well set-up man!" or "What a finely-grown girl!" will be the comments heard on every side. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to point out how much boots and shoes, to say nothing of stockings, have to do with the comfort of the pedestrian. The sole of a boot should be flexible and made for the particular foot that is going to occupy it, and stockings should be of fine, soft wool, and fit exactly.

Cycling, too, is beneficial, though I cannot help thinking that it is infinitely inferior to walking. In the latter exercises the trunk and arms come slightly into play in a manner which it is impossible for them to do in the former.

But, above all things, remember that it is well-nigh impossible to obtain physical and mental perfection without ***exercise.***

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A MARKET-RIGGER.

A Story of Dishonour Among Thieves.

By Walter Wood.

"Even if you'd as fine a fancy as a poet," said the skipper of the *Saucy Sarah*, "you couldn't call this winter aught but a dead horse. There 'asn't been a catch o' fish worth 'aulin', an' not so much as a sight of a lame duck. I doubt if the *Saucy Sarah's* made workin' expenses for three months, an' I can tell you I'm fair sick of it. You may take my word for it—honesty 's played out in trawlin'."

"What are lame ducks?" asked a stranger in a corner of the room. He looked like a Hebrew, spoke like a German, and was a mixture of both nationalities.

"Lame ducks," the skipper explained, bitterly, "are things you don't see as often as you see able-bodied ducks. They're ships in distress—wind-jammers or steamboats. But wind-jammers aren't worth pickin' up, as a rule. If you want a really good thing, you want a liner with passengers on board. Now I wish no feller creature 'arm, but I can tell you I couldn't listen to more joyful music in the *Saucy Sarah* nor a lot o' cabin passengers hollerin' for help from a liner that's lost her propeller in the North Sea. It makes you thirsty to think of it."

The stranger took a seat beside the skipper, and looked long and hard at him. Then, with a smile, he ordered more beer, of which he drank none himself. When the rest of the smacksmen had finished their own drinks, and found that the stranger did not invite them to share his, they withdrew to the harbour, and the stranger and the skipper of the *Saucy Sarah* were alone.

"Now," said the stranger suddenly, "do you want to make your fortune?"

"Does a missionary want to nab the 'eathen?" asked the skipper. "You give me the idee for makin' a fortune an' I'll hug it closer nor a brother."

"Do you know what rigging a market is?" continued the stranger.

"I know what riggin' a ship is," replied the skipper, "but I never heard o' riggin' markets."

"The idea is the same," the stranger assured him. "Both are rigged to make them swim and go. I'll tell you what I've got in my mind. It's a thing I've thought out very carefully, and it's this: Say there are fifty fishing boats in Rockborough, and yours is the fiftieth. Now suppose you could bottle up forty-nine and do the work of the whole fifty yourself, you'd take all the profits of the lot, for the time being, wouldn't you? You follow me?"

"Not quite," said the skipper. "At present you talk like a fog—there's no seein' through it."

The stranger looked warily round, to make sure that the tap-room held no unauthorised listener, then he proceeded, in a lower voice. "Since I came here from London a week ago I've been studying your fish market, and thinking of a way of rigging it. As you see, I've hit on an idea, the bottling up business; but I'm not sailor enough to work it out. Will you take a share in it and help me?"

"Is it legal?" asked the skipper cautiously.

"It is a perfectly fair game," declared the stranger. "The only thing is we mustn't be found out. That's the great rule of a speculative business like mine."

"On condition that we both keep our mouths shut," said the skipper, "I'll join you. The way to work the thing out is this." He made a rude drawing on a slip of paper, and showed it to the stranger. "There's only one entrance to the 'arbour, just by the Lighthouse Pier, is there? You've noticed that? Well, it's the way out, too; so it follows that if you can bung up that entrance, with the other fishin' craft inside, they can't get out, can they? Well, with them bottled up, an' the other one—say, the *Saucy Sarah*—outside, she can fish as 'ard as she likes, 'an run in to market, can't she? If she can run into market five times before the bottled uns can get out, an' can make, say, £200 a trip—because, mind you, fish would rise to famine prices—she's doin' a tidy little thing, isn't she?"

"Rather," said the stranger, with a laugh.

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"Now the first p'int is," continued the skipper, warming to his subject, "you must wait for bad weather to bottle 'em up, an' there's plenty o' that. Then you'll want a cork for the bottle, an' that cork, in the shape of a fine old yawl, is now at the top o' the 'arbour waitin' to be put in. I buy that old yawl cheap—I know 'er owner well—an' when all the other steamboats are safe in the 'arbour I run her ashore, slap in the fairway, so that no craft can come in or go out, an' my brother Tom works the *Saucy Sarah* on the nearest fishin'-ground for all she's worth. That's what I take you to mean in riggin' the market."

"Whew!" whistled the stranger, drawing a long breath. "And I was told that North Sea smacksmen were flats!" he thought.

For some time the skipper said nothing further. He was a tall, strong, heavy skipper with an unwashed face—a good layer of muck, he was accustomed to say, was equal to an extra coat, and it was winter. His sharp, clear eyes were almost hidden by bushy brows, and they looked searchingly at the stranger. At last he spoke. "Do you know what I'd do to a man 'at tried to do me?" he inquired.

"What?" asked the stranger.

"*That!*" exclaimed the skipper. He crashed a great fist on the table. The mugs danced and rattled, and the stranger jumped from his chair. "Sit down," ordered the skipper. "Now we understand one another. For a five pound note on account I'm your man. Name your conditions."

"Well," said the stranger, "this is rather sudden and unusual."

"You don't expect me to work for nothing, do you?" asked the skipper. "If you do, say so, an' go an' catch some other flat."

The stranger produced a Bank of England note.

"That clinches the bargain," he said. "How much will the yawl cost?"

"Twenty pound, an' for a matter o' twenty more you can patch her up an' send her out as a trawler," replied the skipper.

"Would men sail in her?" asked the stranger.

"Sail in her?" echoed the skipper. "Why, times are that bad they'd sail in coffins if they were big enough."

"Couldn't she be insured?" the stranger asked, lowering his voice.

"You could try," said the skipper meaningly, "but if you'd take my advice you wouldn't. The least said soonest mended in a case like that."

"Very well. What about the *Saucy Sarah?*"

"I'd take the yawl out, an' bring her back, an' pile her up, an' my brother Tom 'ud see to the *Saucy Sarah*. You could depend on him just as much as you could on me."

The stranger demurred against the idea of a third partner, but on the assurance that the brother, being a twin, would come in as two at the price of one, he waived his objections, and the arrangement was concluded.

When the stranger withdrew to go to his lodgings the skipper hastened into a neighbouring cottage, where his brother Tom was sleeping—in his clothes and on the hearth-rug.

"Wake up, old Tom," shouted the skipper, giving the prostrate form a friendly kick.

Tom rose to his feet, stretched himself, and yawned. He also was tall, strong, and keen of eye. He was singularly like his brother, but more unwashed. Another point of difference was that he wore silver rings on his fingers and in his ears, being something of a dandy, a bachelor, and much sought after by the women.

"Tom," continued the skipper exuberantly, "I've made the biggest 'aul of my life. I've caught a mug. The fun of it is, the mug thinks he's caught me."

"He was judgin' by your looks, I suppose," said Tom, sourly.

"I was allus considered the spit image o' you, anyway," retorted the skipper tartly. "But listen. He wants to rig the market—as he calls it—this way." He briefly outlined the stranger's scheme. "An' it's that rotten old yawl o' yours, which you gave ten pound for, that I've sold 'im," added the skipper triumphantly.

"By George!" exclaimed Tom slowly. "I didn't think you 'ad it in you."

"No, I'm surprisin' a lot o' folk," said the skipper placidly.

The skipper acquired the yawl in a public manner, explaining that he had no luck in steam, and was going back to sail as a trial; and his brother Tom, with certain well defined instructions, took charge of the *Saucy Sarah*.

The yawl went out as far as the Dogger, and came back and hugged the coast. But there was no chance of bottling up the steamboats in the harbour, because the weather was fair and they were on the fishing grounds, and doing good business, too. The *Saucy Sarah* was hovering about the coast also, waiting for her chance. Fish was scarce

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inshore, and the master of the *St. Swithin*, the little fisheries protection boat, was known to be keeping a watchful and suspicious eye on steamboats.

There came from the north-east a strong breeze, with fog and a nasty sea. The skipper rubbed his hands. "This is the weather for me," he said, and set the head of the yawl for Rockborough. The wind got round to the east, and the yawl rushed on before it, like a phantom in the fog. When the skipper sighted the Castle Hill, he made an exclamation of disgust, because the weather was clear and fair. It was a late January afternoon, and the dull sun shone on the hill and the blue sea. A little procession of steam trawlers passed him and hailed him — rather jeeringly, he thought.

"Dash the weather!" he exclaimed, for the first time in his life condemning warm sun and pleasant sea in winter. The wind had changed again, and was blowing gently from the shore. He put the yawl about, and headed back for the region of the Dogger.

"What cheer, old Joe?" shouted one of the steamboat men. "Got anything?"

"Nothing but a bit of offal," he replied, by way of keeping up his character as a hard-working smacksman.

"Why not chuck fishin' and go seekin'?" queried the friend. "That old yawl's just the thing to pick a liner up an' give her a tow." He pulled a scornful blast on his syren, and steamed away to the east.

Again the skipper ran into fog and heavy weather. His crew murmured. "Put back," they said, "or we shall be done for. We don't mind fair odds, but this old yawl's rotten from truck to keel."

"I'm goin' to put back," said the skipper, "an' what's more, I'm goin' neck an' crop for 'arbour, even if we take the ground."

The yawl swept on, the seas following and hitting her savagely. One pooped her, and burst her port bulwarks. The skipper, who was at the tiller, was struck to the deck, and the tiller was torn from his grip. Then he was hurled to the side by a heavy lurch, and when they reached and picked him up the left arm was useless.

"Go below," said the mate gruffly.

"Not me," replied the skipper. "My place is 'ere. I brought you all out, an' I'm goin' to take you all in."

He stuffed his arm into his pocket, and with set teeth and grim purpose held the yawl on her course. Late in the afternoon he made the harbour. Seas were sweeping over the breakwater, and a fire was made and blue lights burned to warn him off.

The skipper crashed a great fist on the table.

"There's no gettin' in," shouted the mate.

"Oh, yes there is," roared back the skipper. "It's neck or nothing."

"See the fire—they're burnin' us off," added the mate.

"Let 'em burn," replied the skipper "Now, my lads, if you never hung on before, hang on now, for I'm goin' to knock the stuffin' out of this old yawl. Go below—if she'll float at all I can manage her."

He let her go on the top of a roaring,

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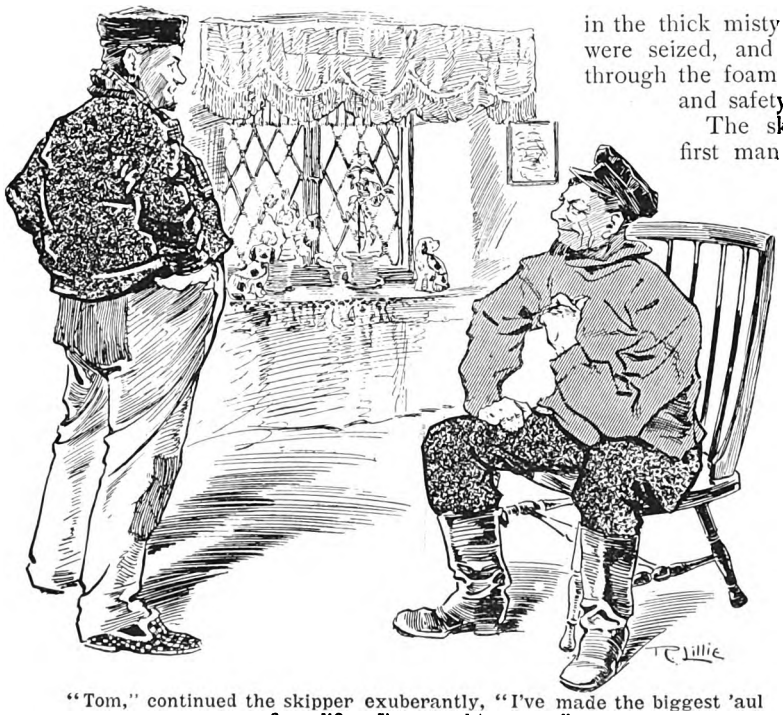

"Tom," continued the skipper exuberantly, "I've made the biggest 'aul of my life. I've caught a mug."

crumbling sea. She rose up, bows to the skies, and stern wallowing in the trough. She was beaten by the solid water and lashed by the flying spray, and in the wild smother of it all she was rushed towards the harbour. On her right was the breakwater, deluged by the sweeping seas, on her left were rocks and broken water; almost ahead was her only hope of refuge. It was nearly low water, and the skipper knew that the chances were that he would be swept from the deck, and that the yawl would be smashed to matchwood before anything could be done to save them. The lifeboat was useless, and the rocket apparatus was still in its shed on the foreshore.

He held on to the tiller, gave it a fierce strong turn, then jammed it against the side and clung to the mizzen rigging. The seas roared on and over, smothered the man and the yawl, and swept her onward to the entrance. A great roller lifted her up, ran under her, drove her forward, and dropped her with a thud in the very mouth of the harbour.

When the sea had passed the skipper had risen from the deck, to which he had been hurled again, and the crew were tumbling up from below. Voices were heard above the tumult of the gale, and ropes were uncoiling in the thick misty air. The whirling ends were seized, and the men were hauled through the foam and spume to the piers and safety.

The skipper came last. The first man to greet him was the stranger.

"I'll talk to you," said the skipper, "when I've been to hospital. I'd better come an' see you at your lodgin's."

At the hospital they attended to his damaged limb and would have detained him.

"I can't stop," he told them. "I've got my livin' to earn an' some work to do."

He went to the stranger's lodgings on the North Cliff, and in a room, the windows of which overlooked the troubled sea, he said that he had carried out the first part of the programme. "The steamboats are in an' the yawl's stuck in the fairway. The *Saucy Sarah's* outside, bucketin' about."

"Then we've got 'em on toast!" exclaimed the stranger, jubilantly. "They can't get out, can they?"

"Not the same way they came in," replied the skipper, with a strange look in his eyes. "An' they won't do that till the yawl's either blown up by gunpowder, or smashed to matchwood by the seas. An' she'll take a lot o' destroyin', I can tell you. They knew how to build ships when that old yawl was built."

"We've rigged the market this time properly!" exclaimed the stranger. "Captain, drink to yourself, to your brother Tom, to the *Saucy Sarah*, and to me."

The skipper obeyed. "Now, mister," he said, "I don't know your name, an' I don't want to, because it doesn't matter. Let's do some more business. I've 'ad one five pound on account. Can you let me have some more? You know that yawl's crew's got to be paid, an' there's the *Saucy Sarah* to think of."

"We'd better wait till we've got the *Saucy Sarah's* first cargo in," said the stranger, "then I'll give you several fivers."

"If it's all the same to you, I'll take a few

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on 'em now," said the skipper. "Come, I'm playin' my part of the game fair, you play yours ditto, which is financin'. Market-riggin' isn't sprat-catchin', you know. You take pretty nigh all the plunder, so you must shell out. It'll all come back to you."

More by reason of the skipper's size and the power of his eye than because of his eloquence or reasoning the stranger was moved to make another advance. After all, being a small company promoter, he had been concerned in far wilder schemes than this. "But, look here," he said, "you must let your brother know that he must run in at once with a cargo of fish. Now's the time to begin the rigging of the market."

"When this breeze has gone down—an' that'll be about mornin'—my brother Tom'll do his work," replied the skipper. "You see that mast'ead light bobbin' up an' down off the 'ill?"

He went to the window, and pointed to a white light out at sea, which was in violent motion.

"Yes," said the stranger.

"Well, that's the *Saucy Sarah*, an' near that light is my brother Tom."

"Is he fishing?" demanded the stranger eagerly.

For a moment the skipper was speechless. "Fishin'?" he repeated in scornful amazement. "Fishin' in a breeze like this—an' within the three-mile limit! I don't think he's fishin' so much as hangin' on with his feet an' fists to the wheel of the *Saucy Sarah*. Do you think *you'd* be fishin' if you was aboard that steamboat? I think you'd be more on the cabin floor, if you ask me."

"Can't a man fish within the three mile limit?" asked the stranger.

"Not if the *St. Swithin* sees 'im," answered the skipper. He lowered his voice. "It's illegal," he added, "but it's done. That little hooker's so low in the watter that you can tell 'er lights miles off an' get your gear up before she can steam up an' nab you. I've done it—so's Tom."

"An' where's the *St. Swithin?*" inquired the stranger.

"Bottled up with the rest, I 'xpect," said the skipper.

"Then she can't get out! That leaves the *Saucy Sarah* an absolutely clear field! By George, captain, but I think we've done them all this time! Suppose you go down to the harbour and see how things are progressing, and I'll go and have a look at the fish market, and calculate profits."

"Very well," said the skipper. He walked over the Castle Hill and down the Dykes, and reached the "platform" at the head of the harbour, where the smacksmen were assembled, smoking and talking. Some of their loud comments reached him, and he paused to listen. They were all concerning himself, and were exceedingly unflattering to his skill as a seaman.

"The breeze is droppin'," said one, "an' I was determined to get out wi' the mornin' tide."

"So was I," said a dozen other voices, and the rest agreed. A remarkable fit of energy had come over all since the blocking of the harbour. The laziest skippers were the most vociferous in their clamouring that something should be done to release them. That was because they felt assured that they would be held prisoners for several days.

"An' there's that drunken twin-brother Tom outside," shouted one skipper, "with his gear all ready for shootin'. It makes me sick to think o' the catch he'll get."

"An' the prices," said another skipper. "You can bet he'll shoot his trawl to-night, inshore or not inshore, an' he'll run in in the mornin' an' send his fish ashore in cobles. He'll risk bein' caught by the *St. Swithin*, if she runs up from Burlington."

The skipper was chilled with a sudden fear. The fisheries protection boat at Burlington! That was only twenty miles away—a two hours' run, and he thought she was safely locked up with the rest in the harbour. And there was a new master, too, a man who was said to be a terror at devising traps for honest fishermen.

The skipper walked to the Lighthouse Pier, and tried to slip past the harbour master and the deputy, who were deciding what should be done now that the fairway was blocked.

"What made you blunder in that way?" said the harbour master. "You were burnt off, and there was nothing outside to hurt you."

"I suppose you thought you were an Arab pilot running a tramp into Alexandria," said the Deputy. "I think that considering the mischief you've done you ought to lend a hand."

"What at?" asked the skipper.

"Unshipping the booms, of course. You don't suppose that we can keep all these steamboats in just because the yawl's in the fairway, do you?"

Again the skipper was chilled.

"There's been a man down here looking for you," added the Deputy. "He looks as if he came from Whitechapel, and as if his

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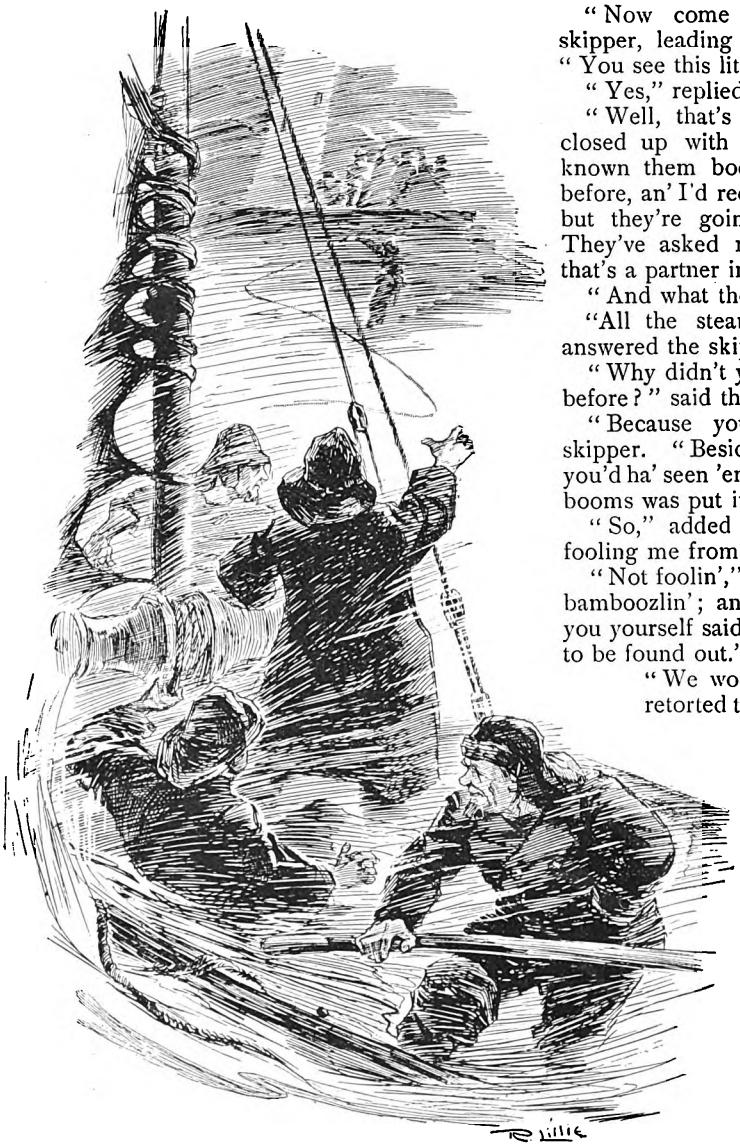

"Now, my lads, if you never hung on before, hang on now."

name might be Moses. Ah! Here he is."

The stranger advanced to the skipper and took him aside.

"Come this way," said the skipper in suppressed agitation. They went to the head of the pier. "Look here," he said. "You see the entrance is choked up with the yawl, don't you? There's no getting in an' there's no gettin' out that way."

"Exactly," agreed the stranger. "That's what delights me."

"Now come *this* way," continued the skipper, leading him round the lighthouse. "You see this little bridge, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the stranger wonderingly.

"Well, that's another entrance which is closed up with timber-booms. I've never known them booms be taken up in winter before, an' I'd reckoned on 'em keepin' there; but they're goin' to get 'em out to-night. They've asked me to 'elp; *me*, mind you, that's a partner in the market-riggin'."

"And what then?" asked the stranger.

"All the steamboats 'll go out to sea," answered the skipper.

"Why didn't you tell me about the booms before?" said the stranger furiously.

"Because you didn't ask," replied the skipper. "Besides, if you'd used your wits you'd ha' seen 'em. You didn't suppose them booms was put in for ornymant, did you?"

"So," added the stranger, "you've been fooling me from the first?"

"Not foolin'," corrected the skipper, "only bamboozlin'; an' you must remember that you yourself said the only thing to do was not to be found out."

"We won't split hairs about words," retorted the stranger angrily. "Well, you've had your shout—now I'll have mine. I'll tell the whole of the fishermen of Rockborough about the precious scheme, and your share in it, and then we shall see what happens."

"It doesn't need a prophet to tell that," the skipper assured him quietly. "They won't listen to a word you say against a feller smacksman—an' as for you, why, they'll send you back to London with a sight less 'air an' clothin' nor you came in. You take my advice; lay low, and give Brother Tom a chance. I've a notion 'at he'll put money in your pocket, even yet."

Brother Tom, anxiously watching the weather moderate, had his gear ready for shooting. His chance came, and he took it. In the darkness of the early morning his trawl went overboard within the three-mile limit. It was a black night, and he kept his masthead light and sidelights burning, with the object of showing the people ashore that he was still dodging about, waiting for the tide.

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The master of the *St. Swithin*, running from Burlington to Rockborough, was showing no lights at all. A telegram had warned him to keep a sharp look-out for poachers and he detected the *Saucy Sarah* at her felonious work.

Full speed ahead he chunked through the darkness, and was alongside the *Saucy Sarah* and had caught her red-handed before the skipper's brother Tom could collect his wits and get his gear up.

"It's a fair catch," admitted Tom, "an' I'll come quietly; but if there's law in England I'll nail you for bein' under way without your lights burnin'."

"I'll try an' get you let down as easily as I can," the master promised pacifically. "It's my first catch, an' I'll be merciful."

A bright sun shone on a blue North sea swell when the ball was hoisted on the Lighthouse to indicate high water. The booms had been craned out of their sockets and placed on the breakwater, and there was a clear exit for the imprisoned craft.

A long procession of trawlers steamed out, with much hooting to signalise their deliverance.

The *Saucy Sarah* and her captor were just outside in the bay, waiting to come in when the harbour was cleared. The captive Tom was on the bridge, smoking and wondering what gaol was like.

"Why don't you come with us, old Tom?" shouted the skipper of a squattering paddle-boat, from the battered bridge of his effete craft. "There's millions of sole an' turbot pantin' to be catched." He gave a prolonged blast on his whistle, and in the uproar of it Tom's heated rejoinder was not heard.

"Now, they all seem to be off," said the master of the *St. Swithin*. "We'll go in an' get our little business settled comfortably."

As the *Saucy Sarah* entered the harbour the skipper was on the pierhead.

Tom stepped ashore and joined his brother. "Where's the Jew?" he demanded briefly.

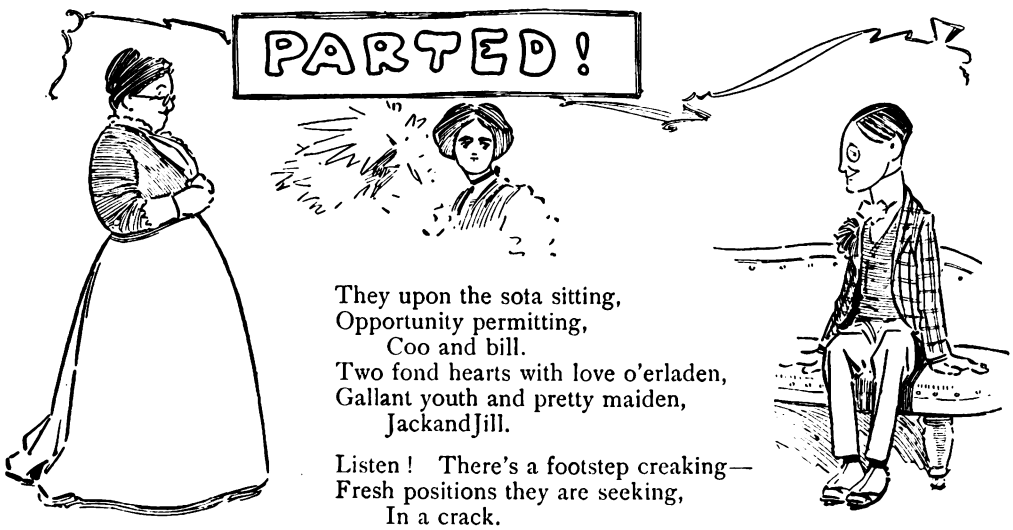
"Gone back to London—went in the night," replied the skipper. "I 'appened to meet 'im, an' we said what we thought about each other."

Tom sighed, after the way of a disappointed man.

"Did you want 'im to bail you out?" inquired the skipper.

"No," said Tom, breathing hard. "*He's* the one who'd ha' wanted balin' out. I was goin' to chuck 'im into the 'arbour, as the cause of all this bother."

"Don't bear malice, Tom," said the skipper soothingly. "It isn't Christian, an' it isn't right to do wrong. Besides, even when we've paid your fine, what with the profit on the yawl an' the money I got out of 'im as partner in the market-riggin', we're well in pocket. Attemptin' to make a poor fisherman dishonest an' bottle up his pals! Let some more on 'em come, either from London or Jerusalem, an' try it on! I'd like to see 'em!"



They upon the sota sitting,
Opportunity permitting,
Coo and bill.
Two fond hearts with love o'erladen,
Gallant youth and pretty maiden,
Jack and Jill.

Listen! There's a footstep creaking—
Fresh positions they are seeking,
In a crack.
When her mother, smiling sweetly,
Enters, they're arranged discreetly—
Jill and Jack!

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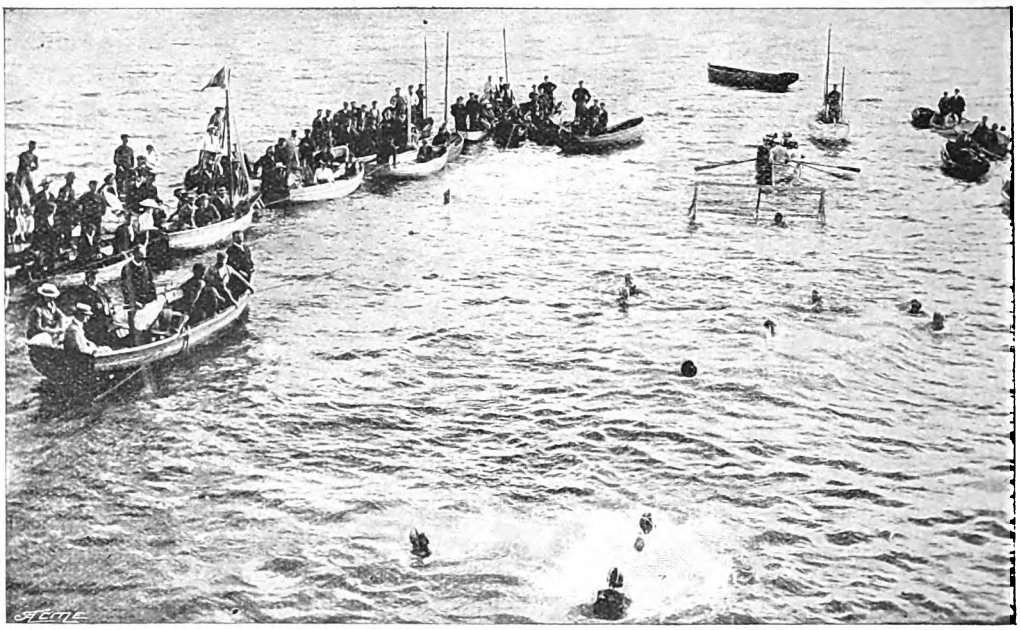

Photo by Denney.

A game of water polo is one of the severest tests of swimming possible, as the players often have to keep moving up and down, backwards and forwards, for twenty minutes, without touching anything but water—and the ball.

THE DELIGHTS OF A DIP.

A Chatty Article on the most popular Summer Pastime.

By Reginald Maingay.

When the summer comes round with the holidays—those short fourteen days, all that most of us poor hard-working people get—it is to the sea that the majority turn their faces. Why, the very word quickens the pulse—the sea! It calls to mind nothing but what is invigorating, beautiful, and pleasurable—keen salt breezes, exhilarating like champagne, wide, rolling downs, towering cliffs, broad stretches of sand and shingle, picnics, boating excursions, and above all, bathing. It is bathing more than anything else which so attracts people to the sea. Inland you can get, of course, a very delightful dip, but the difference between a fresh water bathe and a sea bathe is much the same as between roller skating in a roofed and inclosed rink and real skating on a vast sheet of ice.

When you read these lines many of you will be at the seaside—indeed, I hope I shall be there as well; but there's no knowing! As I write, bathing and the sea seem to be very far off (there's a heavy south-easterly wind blowing sheets of cold rain against my window panes). So in lieu of reality let me play with fancy a moment, and describe, if only for my own pleasure, that most heavenly time in all the year—the first bathe on the first morning of the holidays.

You have travelled seaward overnight, left the dirty, hot city behind you, swept through the sleeping summer country, and towards midnight arrived at your destination, no matter where—some snug and unfrequented village, for preference, nestled among the hollows of the downs and overlooking the sea. You are tired and happy; the rich air, while it puts new life into your veins, seems to pull down your eyelids. So, having eaten your supper and taken, perhaps, a stroll through the village just to get a glimpse of the sea, you make for bed and are soon sound asleep.

You have given orders to be called early, and at seven o'clock or thereabouts a sharp rap at the door calls you from dreamland. Another day of drudgery? Time to get up? Bother! Then you remember where you are

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and the glorious prospect before you. You are out of bed in a twinkling, make a rush for the window, draw the blind—and there, spread out to the far horizon and sparkling in the morning sunshine—the sea! the sea!

Oh, and believe me it's not long before you're dressed and out, nor very long either before you're undressing again in some secluded part of the bay (there are no bathing machines in my fancy village—certainly not!) shivering a little because the air has not yet been thoroughly warmed, but as eager for the sea as though it were your natural element. This is not one of those bays where you have to wade a quarter of a mile through shallow water before you get out of your depth. You have only to take a plunge, then good-bye for the time being to *terra firma!*

But before the plunge there's a moment of hesitation. You know it—a horribly delicious moment? You long to be in the sea, yet your warm body shrinks from its chilly embrace. However, that's overcome soon enough, and in you go, head-foremost if you're a diver—with an ungainly leap if you're not. The violently cold shock of that final plunge! My word! It drives away any vestige of sleep that may be still clinging about you. The sea closes with a roar over your head. You have a rapid impression of green water and rushing bubbles, and the next instant you draw a deep breath, and open your eyes.

The sea is beneath and around you, above you is the blue sky and the sun, and in you the joy, the vigour, the strength of ten men. You shake the water from your eyes, turn impatiently from the land, and make with long, powerful strokes for the open sea.

It is very calm save for a long ground swell—the remains of last week's storm—that breaks upon the beach in great foaming waves. To you who are in the sea this swell is wholly delightful. It lifts you on to its back, and drops you into its hollows without in any way impeding your progress. The spiteful little surface waves slap your face, but that only adds to the zest of the thing. You cut your way through them, pushing them contemptuously aside. If they were fifty times larger and more spiteful you'd show them what you were made of, you'd master them! You're not a mere man this morning—you're a god or something of the kind!

But, all the same, after a while your breath comes in shorter pants, and you begin to feel that your muscles would be all the better for a little relaxation. You've had a long turn at straightforward swimming, then a spell of the sidestroke when the water hissed and gurgled in your left ear and your body seemed to be shooting with inconceivable rapidity along. Yes, a little rest—you've the homeward journey still to make—and, my word! the shore's a long way off.

So over on your back, and there to lie for a while motionless save for some quiet paddling with your hands. It's a wonderful sensation this floating quite alone and far out at sea. The only sound is the chatter of the

Photo by Magrini.

A happy party of bathers on the shores of the Mediterranean.

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Photo by Magrini.

Horses are very powerful swimmers and can carry a man for miles.

the Baltic, where tidal fluctuations are almost imperceptible, they are able to accommodate the bather very much better. There you find the so-called fixed bath-houses erected on the brink of the sea, with steps leading into the water, and large, airy, well-lighted dressing-rooms. The bather is very well treated in these establishments from the moment he enters them to the moment of his departure, which is gladdened with a *petit verre* of cognac or Kümmel—a very pleasant sequel to the cold waters of the Baltic at any rate.

Another method of bathing—and, personally, I prefer it infinitely to any methods connected with machines or houses even of the most palatial—is to hire a boat, put out to sea, and, when far away from land, plunge boldly into the depths. Of course, you must be a very sure and confident swimmer before you try this on! The water is rougher so far from land—and unpleasantly deep, if one should lose one's nerve or be suddenly overtaken with cramp.

But don't you venture forth without anyone to look after the boat while you are disporting yourself in the waves! It is a most hazardous thing to do—an opinion which a young acquaintance of mine would heartily second if you asked him. Friends implored him to abandon his foolhardy project. He laughed them to scorn. "The boat can't fly away," he said. "It can only drift about a little." And so he hired his boat, without, of course, telling the owner to what uses he meant to put it, and started on his adventure.

Well, the boat *did* drift about a little. When he was enjoying himself about fifty yards away from it, it managed to get into a rather rapid current that wound about the corner of the coast—a current of whose existence he had been sublimely ignorant. The fifty yards became very nearly a hundred before he fully appreciated the situation. Then he started in pursuit with might and main.

But he never reached that boat. For, having made an angle of the coast, it seems to have encountered another current and a considerable amount of wind. Our young friend saw that the distance between him and his desire looked suspiciously wider, and judged it better to make for shore. Eventually he arrived, but in a state of cold and exhaustion which was amply deserved.

I almost wish I could add that he was forced to walk home minus his clothes, but, alas, for the story! a kindly Providence intervened in the shape of those friends, whose warnings he had scouted. They had come round to see the fun—and they got more fun than they expected, though I hardly think the misguided hero of this episode quite saw the humour of it The boat was rescued that same afternoon.

Photo by Magrini.

A brigade of Italian soldiers giving their horses a dip.

With a solitary exception my boat bathing experiences call for no special comment—on the principle that "no news is good news." They have been eminently successful. The solitary exception? I'll tell you about it, though I hardly think it will seem to you who

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A natural swimming bath on the South Coast, largely frequented by school-boys.

Photo, Mill,

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read it so exciting as to the man who went through it a few summers ago.

I was in Sark at the time. One morning the whim took me to hire a boat and get a sailor to row me round the island. The sun was intensely hot, and later on, in what appeared to be a sheltered and very inviting inlet, a second whim seized me—to undress and try the water. In a few moments I was disporting myself like a dolphin.

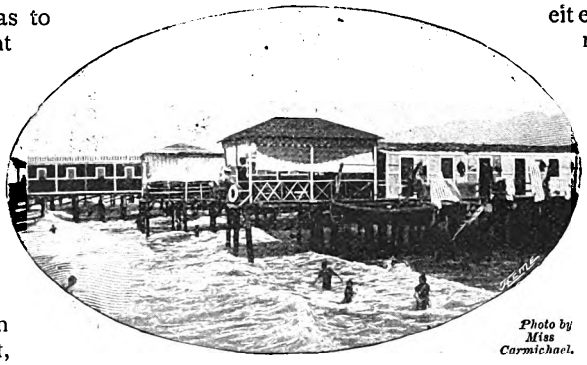

Photo by Miss Carmichael.

A bathing establishment on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Now, I think the man in charge of the boat must have been something of an ass. He knew every inch of the coast, and yet when he saw me swimming into danger he never warned me until it was too late.

Here's the situation. About fifty yards from where I sprang into the water was an island separated from the shore by a channel some fifteen feet across at high tide. At low tide it was calm and shallow; as the tide rose—and the tide was rising at the time—it became a very rapid current—so rapid that—well, that it nearly killed me.

This is what happened. Blissfully ignorant of the danger, I struck out towards the channel. Already some yards away from it, I began to find swimming remarkably light work, and, growing uneasy, was just about to turn when a warning shout from the boat reached me.

Too late! An attempt to break from the now irresistible current proved abortive, and, willy-nilly, I was swept right into the channel. I merely kept myself above water, thinking it better to keep away from the rocks on either side. Had I maintained such a course I should certainly have been drowned, for at the other end of the channel there were sundry whirlpools that only a very powerful swimmer could have withstood. The boatman shouted to me to make for the side if possible, and hold on to anything that came into my reach. I still think it a miracle that I managed to do this and come off in the end with nothing worse than a few bad cuts on my knees and arms.

Have you ever tried mixed bathing? And what do you think of it? Personally, I don't like it at all, and as it is practised in such places as Atlantic City, in the United States, I think it must be perfectly abominable. Just look at the photograph on page 375! It only shows a portion of the bay; the rest you may be sure is quite as crowded.

And what are all those people doing?

Half of them have no more thought of bathing than you or I have of flying. They simply promenade up and down the beach, gossiping, smoking, looking at each other, as if for all the world they were in their Sunday best and strolling about some park or public gardens. Fancy wasting your precious holiday mornings and afternoons in such a fashion! And then, even if you take to the water, I, as a man, protest against those abominable costumes, which propriety compels you to wear, at a seaside place where mixed bathing obtains. Really you might just as well bathe in a fine frock coat and silk hat.

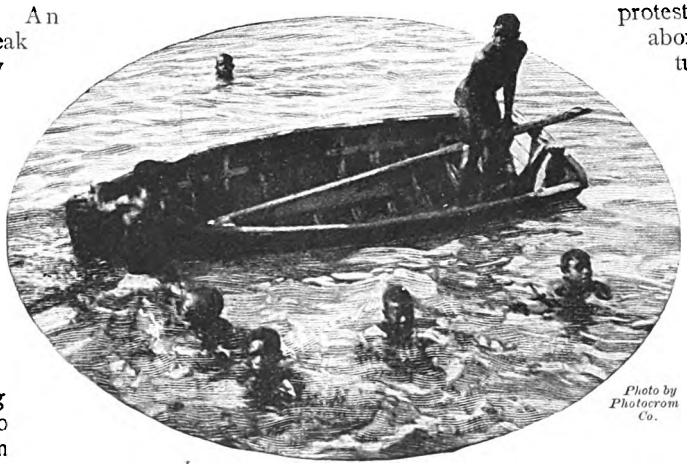

Photo by Photocrom Co.

Seven little nigger boys enjoying a bathe from a boat

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Cap and Bells

PROOF POSITIVE.

"And are you sure you love him?"

"Am I sure? Do you see this dress?"

"Of course I do. What of it?"

"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present styles?"

"Well, really it—er—it——"

"It doesn't!"

"No."

"And I am wearing it because he likes it!"

* * * * *

SOME SATISFACTION.

"What are you doing?" said the manager of the hotel. "Do you want to asphyxiate yourself, and die on our hands?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"You've gone and blown out the gas."

"Nuthin' of the kind. I am entitled to the use of this gas, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't get any satisfaction by lighting it. The only way I can get my money's worth is to sit here and smell it!"

* * * * *

AFFABLE ARISTOCRAT: "Well, the fact is, my name is not Gibson. You see I'm travelling incog. There's my card."

OUR MR. TUPPINGS: "Glad to hear it. I'm travelling in pickles. Here's mine."

THE RHYME OF A BATSMAN.

HE looked so big, he'd talked such piles—
The fieldsmen simply stood out miles:
( )
But his first balls he played so strange,
They soon came in to shorter range:
( )
I'd call attention, here, that he—
Was guarding wickets numbering three:
| | |
The fifth ball bumped and caught his head—
Behold the things he saw
* * * * * *
and said!
! ! ! ! ! !
The last ball wandered round his bat,
Two stumps felt ill and lay quite flat:
| /
And as he hurried back he saw
Upon the board this hideous score.

O

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

* * * * *

AN ERROR IN NATURE'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

Fuzzy Caterpillar (perspiring freely): "Ah, no wonder you're *so* gay and chirpy, Mr. Grasshopper. *You* don't have to wear furs all through the year!"

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THE PARTING.

"Do not leave me!" she brokenly murmurs.
Her eyes seeking his, in despair.
And her voice is the voice of affliction,
Of one overburdened with care.
For the sorrowful words have been spoken—
"Good-bye, love! Good-bye!" he has said.
Yet again and again "Do not leave me!"
She murmurs, with down-drooping head.

And with him, as the parting draws nearer—
How fares it, one wonders, with him?
It is plain that to youth as to maiden
The struggle is gloomy and grim.
Yet his face, though as white as a snowflake,
Is resolute, e'en through its pain,
And, unclasping the arms that enfold him,
He bids her "Good-bye!" once again.

Are they parting for ever, these lovers?
Is this, then, the final farewell?
Does life lie before them in sadness,
Nor hope for the future foretell?
One must needs, to behold their emotion,
At such a conclusion arrive—
Till he adds as he finally leaves her,
"Good-bye—till to-morrow at five!"

Jessie Carr.

* * * *

NOT BUYING.

AUTHOR: "You seem to be out of humour."

EDITOR: "That's all right; you can't sell me any."

* * * *

It's a great thing to have an indulgent husband, provided he doesn't indulge too frequently.

* * * *

THE WEATHERWISE UNCLE.

Above, Miranda Jane
Began to cry
Because her wallflower looked
Disposed to die.

Below, her Uncle John
Was seen to stop,
And heard to mutter: "Rain!
I felt a drop!"

A BAD BREAK.

"I played a game of golf with my wife the other day."

"Which won?"

"Sir! How many wives do you think I have?"

* * * *

IGNOTA.

Dwell she in Arctic land
'Mid northern gales terrific,
Or upon coral strand,
Girt by the warm Pacific;
Live she in wealthy palace,
Or in a humble cottage,
Her dish a lordly chalice
Or pewter plate of pottage;
Beneath whatever sun,
Dwelling in land whatever,
Somewhere, I know, there's one
Made for me only, ever;
One I shall love, caress,
Nor, while I live, forget her;
One—but I must confess
As yet I've never met her.

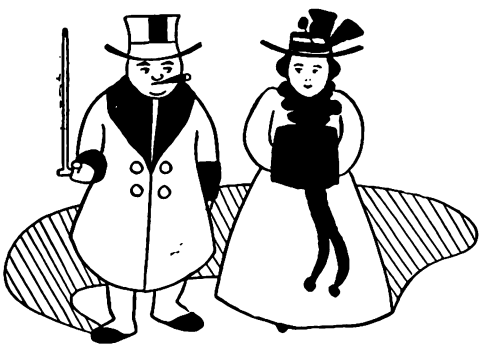
She may be plump or slender,
Her stature short or stately;
I care not, so she's tender,
Yet loves not *too* sedately;
She may be dark—if blindly
She bow to my protection,
Or fair—so she be kindly—
As Cupid's own complexion;
She may be stately, queenly,
To bold advances stormy—
On me she'll smile serenely,
And save her kisses for me;
And ah! when once I find her,
No stroke of fate shall sever
Our lives—but, slight reminder,
As yet I've met her never.

K. Sugden.

* * * *

Yours is a hard case, as the jellyfish said to the oyster.

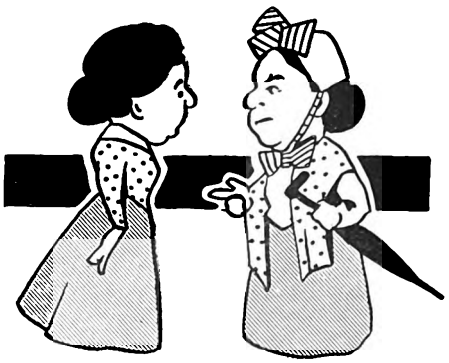
* * * *



A GRATEFUL WIFE.

Husband: "You and the girls pass your summers in Norway and your winters in the Riviera, and all this comes of my making so much money."

Wife: "You're a dear boy! Why, if we were poor, think of it, we would have to stay at home with you!"



REASON ENOUGH!

Mrs. Gossip: "The Corkers are going to move out of this neighbourhood a'ter being here a year."

Hossip: "That's strange. Why, people are just getting to know them now."

Mrs. Gossip: "That's why they're going."

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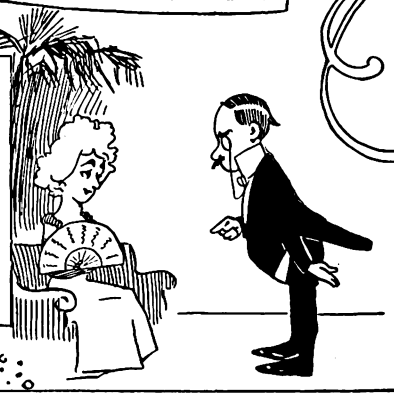
HER·FIRST·WALTZ

I MET her one night in the Isle of Wight
When the frosts of winter nipped.
Her face was fair, and her fringe of hair
Was a fanciful nondescript.

Some sickening chance made me advance
For a dear little waltz to pray.
She said, with a sigh, she would like to try.
She never had learnt the way.

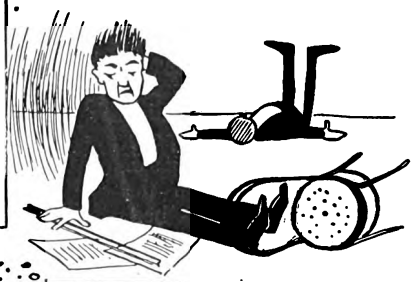


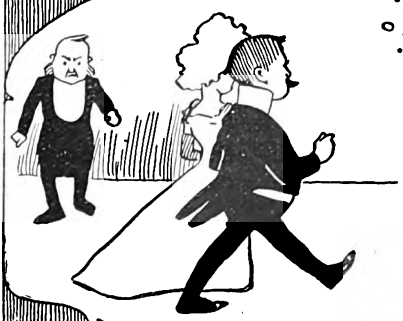
We lingered apart and found the start,
As everyone does, the crux,
Like an engine fine on the railway line
That tugs at a string of trucks.

Now here, now there, now everywhere,
With many a bang and scratch,
We whizzed along with an impulse strong
That looked like a wrestling match.

A couple too stout we squandered about.
With a smile she said it was grand.
With a thundering crash, we landed, splash!
In the midst of the frightened band.

In a second or less we ruined a dress
Whose owner went off for repairs.
Like a nightmare dream with a frantic scream
We shot down a flight of stairs.





Then a wild M.C. came up to me
With a look that was somewhat pained.
I tried to be nice, but he gave advice
That made the relations strained.

So I said good-night in the Isle of Wight
And trotted my partner back,
Past sundry wrecks of either sex
In the wake of our meteor track. T. HAY.

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"CUPBOARD LOVE."

She pretends it is love,
But it means a new bonnet.
Why kind as a dove?
She pretends it is love,
But I am above
All such guile and frown on it.
She pretends it is love,
But it means a new bonnet.

* * *

HER JUST ANGER.

She confronted him like an angry tigress. "Never," she cried, "darken my doors again!"

He cowered before her glance.

"After"—her voice was harsh with resentment—"I had told you to be so particular to finish all the woodwork in light effects."

In silence he proceeded to mix his paints anew.

* * *

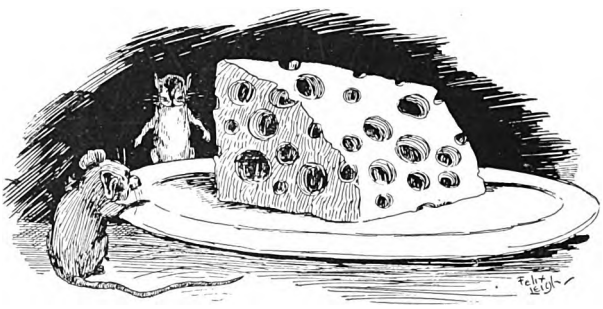
There was a young lady from Kent,
Who always said just what she meant;
People said, "She's a dear!
So unique—so sincere!"—
But they shunned her, by common consent!

* * *

A certain mother was the proud possessor of twins which were as much alike as two peas. One night she heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighbourhood of the twins' bed.

"What are you laughing at there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths, and Alice none."



A VERY SUPERIOR CHEESE.

This lovely cheese," so Daddy Mouse informed his son and heir,
"Is made in distant Switzerland, and it is called Gruyere.
It's nicer far than bacon rind or crumbs of breakfast rolls,
And if one wants to hide, you know, it's full of handy holes!"

A WONDERFUL SINGER.

Orlando clearly *has* a voice,
Although he warbles out of tune;
He once produced a note so *high*
That people heard him in the moon!

Most girls who are engaged wonder why men in real life don't make love as they do in novels.

* * *

Ability is that to which a man owes his own success. Luck is that to which all others owe their success.

* * *

MISS MABEL (in tearful burst of confidence): "Mamma, I'm so disappointed in Horace! You can't think!"

MAMMA: "What's the matter now, dear? Have you quarrelled?"

MISS MABEL: "No, but when I told him my birthday came on December 25th, he said, 'Dearest, let us be married on that day!' I do believe he was thinking how much money he would save in making presents if all our anniversaries came at Christmas!"

* * *

RATHER ABSENT-MINDED.

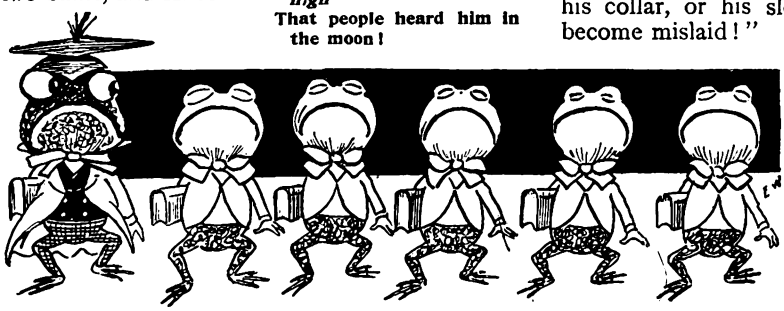
WIFE: "A man has just dropped in front of our door. He says he is dying of starvation."

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "I have no time now, darling. Tell him to call again in a week's time."

* * *

"Your husband dresses very quietly."

"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his sleeve-links become mislaid!"



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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION.

I am sorry not to be able to give you any definite news of the 5*s.* a day competition. The solutions are being most carefully checked by a special staff of clerks, and the progress in such a gigantic undertaking is necessarily slow.

THOSE IMPUDENT JOURNALISTS!

Last month I retailed a yarn told me by a Person of Great Importance concerning the late Marquess of Dufferin and sundry American reporters. Here's another story from the same source told me on the same occasion.

"Yes," said the Person of Great Importance, whom we may call the Duke of Z., "yes," he said, *à propos* of the Dufferin incident, "journalists are the most impudent people on the face of this earth."

I suppose I looked very concerned and apologetic, for he hastily qualified the statement, adding, with a wave of his hand, "I am, of course, alluding to American reporters. They have no sense of decency whatever. Some years ago I was staying in New York. My wife had occasion to visit what, from unimpeachable sources, she understood to be the most select and most discreet of costumiers in the States. She was ushered into a very private boudoir, and her measure was taken by women who appeared to be discretion personified.

"But"—here the Duke leaned forward and eyed me severely—"they were nothing of the kind. They were reporters in disguise. For the next morning there appeared in one of the least disreputable of New York journals an article under the heading—the type was at least an inch high:

"'Blue Blood and Frocks and Frills."

"In this article, which ran to over a column, my poor wife was literally dissected. Her every word, gesture, movement, and article of clothing were described, not to mention many things she didn't do and say and wear. And right in the centre of the article, in type so thick that a blind man might have deciphered it several yards away, appeared the sensational information:

"'The Duchess of Z. has Five Vaccination Marks on her Left Arm!!!'"

The Duke leaned back in his chair and literally glared at me.

"Perhaps," I hazarded rather feebly, "the women were not to blame."

"I'm not blaming them in particular," retorted His Grace, "I'm blaming American reporters generally. It's quite on the cards that some male members of this infamous species had concealed themselves in the room while my wife's measure was being taken!"

And quite unexpectedly the Duke gave a short laugh. Perhaps he noticed the modest blush that suffused my cheek at his appalling suggestion.

MR. *DAILY EXPRESS.*

I, too, have done reporter's work in my day—but little of it, thank Providence! For I'm a shy and retiring man—no brazen Yankee—self-conscious, and not very quick of speech.

It was, I remember, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral I went through an experience which many a reporter would have revelled in, but I look back on with horror.

The Editor asked me to report for the *Daily Express* all that might occur on a certain portion of the route along which the funeral

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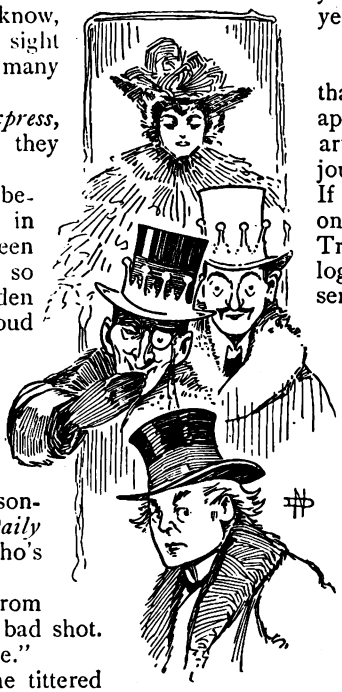
procession was to pass. A very fine seat had been provided for me at a fashionable photographer's, and at some unearthly hour I made my appearance there—pocket-book, pencil, and all.

Soon the balcony on which I sat began to fill up with the photographer's guests—a most select company, terribly select, so select that after a while I became uncomfortably aware that I was the only commoner present. Isolation, but hardly splendid, was mine amid a brilliant galaxy of duke and earl, countess, baron, and lady.

Then my hour of torment arrived.

Some lady, pointing to a detachment of passing soldiers, asked my host what they were. He didn't know, looked about him, caught sight of me and shouted, over many aristocratic heads:

"Now then, Mr. *Daily Express*, you'll be able to tell us who they are!"



I think, had I even belonged to the regiment in question, I should have been quite unable to name it, so flustered was I at the sudden challenge and the many proud eyes that turned with supercilious inquiry in my direction. I mumbled excuses and subsided into uncomfortable silence.

But my host was by no means done with me. A personage rode past. "Well, Mr. *Daily Express*," he yelled, "who's that?"

I didn't know the man from Adam, but hazarded a bold bad shot.

"General Trotter, I believe."

A gilded youth behind me tittered and remarked to the company at large that I was mistaken, unless, of course, General Trotter and Sir E. Bradford were one and the same man!

The laugh that followed gave my host the cue. He would make me the butt of the assembly, and he did so with a vengeance. I was required in more or less facetious terms to identify everybody who passed. An ambulance detachment, for instance—"The Royal Artillery, Mr. *Daily Express*, what?" A squad of policemen—"These are Beef-Eaters, Mr. *Daily Express*, I suppose?"

It was a cold day, but I was never hotter, I assure you!

ARTICLES AND HOW TO GET THEM UP.

Last month I told you about the kind of story I want and how to write it. Now let me give you similar information concerning articles. And you needn't trouble to thank me. In the long run I am serving myself, you may be very sure of that—though at first thought it does seem a somewhat quixotically generous thing to do—to present you with the recipe for a dish and then pay you (liberally) for the dish—concocted from the recipe! No, don't bother to be grateful. I would feel mightily uncomfortable at receiving undeserved gratitude. You never credited me with such fine feeling? Ah, you and I don't know each other yet!

THE RECIPE.

In the first place, the golden rule that I laid down for story writing applies equally to the writing of articles. Make a study of the journal you wish to contribute to. If you have an eloquent disquisition on "The Influence of Buddhist Transcendentalism on the Theological Theorists of Dalmatia," send it to *Punch* or the *Times*, but please don't send it to me. What I want you can find out for yourself if you glance through a few back numbers of THE ROYAL.

When hunting up subjects—and they are really not so difficult to capture if you keep your eyes and ears open—remember that every article must be capable of illustration, photographic or pictorial. A lack of literary ability need not trouble you at all. If you can write so much the better, if you can't there are men on the staff, regular dabs at scribbling, who, in the Rev. Sir Owen Kettle's words, will handle your article in a way that will astonish you. But what you must do is to get hold of all possible information bearing on your subject—fact and anecdote—before you take up your pen. You can't have too much. Subsequently, you may have to reject much, but that needn't worry you. If the article is to be photographically illustrated, be sure that your photographer can take clear, bright photos. I have often had to reject articles because the photographs were unprintable.

Well, now you've got the recipe, cook the dish, and—I'll eat it.

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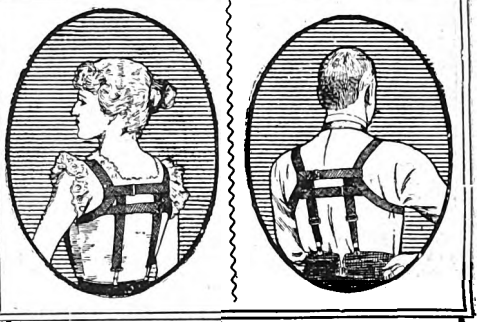

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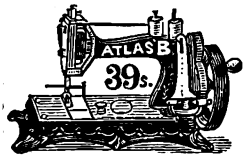

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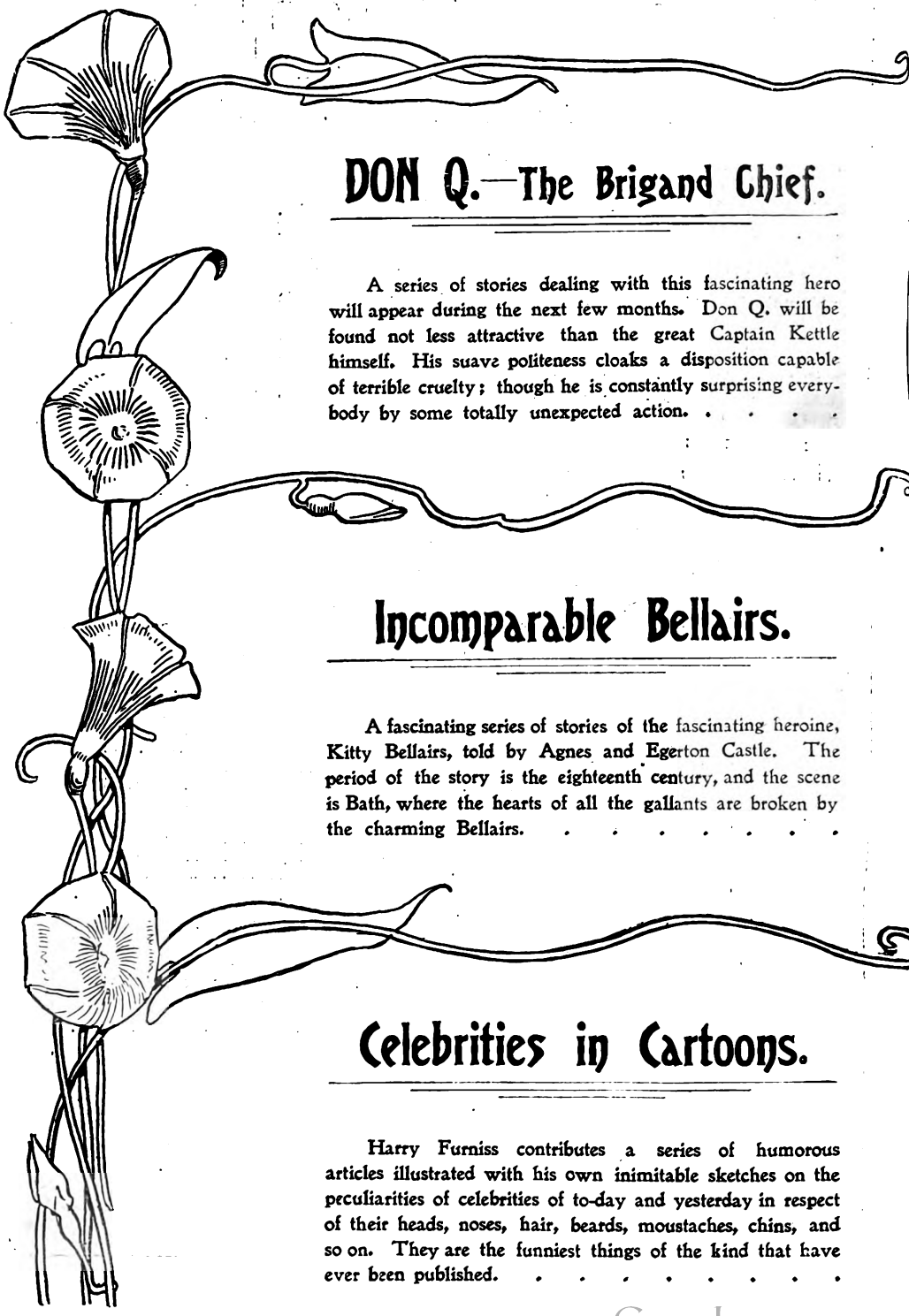

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THE GRINDSTONE of this LIFE is PAIN and SUFFERING!

MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL.—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

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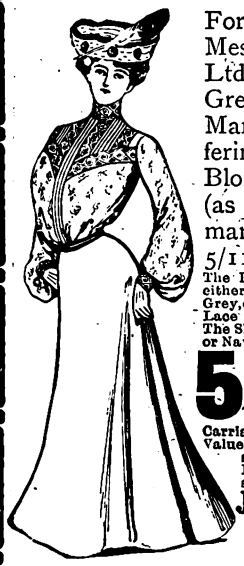
John Noble's Great Offer.



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The Blouse is of fancy muslin, either Heliotrope, Pink, Sky, or Grey, on a white ground. Trimmed Lace insertion and tucked silk. The Skirt is of good durable Black or Navy Serge or Brown Holland. Quite the latest style: inverted pleat at back; fastening at side. Sizes of waist are 24, 26 and 28 ins. only. Price **5/11** the complete Outfit.

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Yours truly—*(Signed)*, C. F. POWELL.

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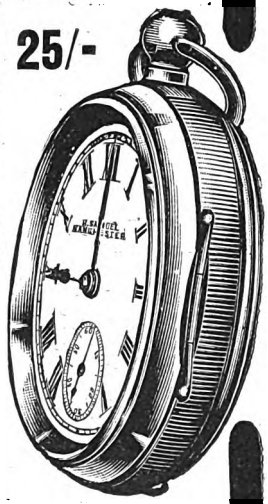

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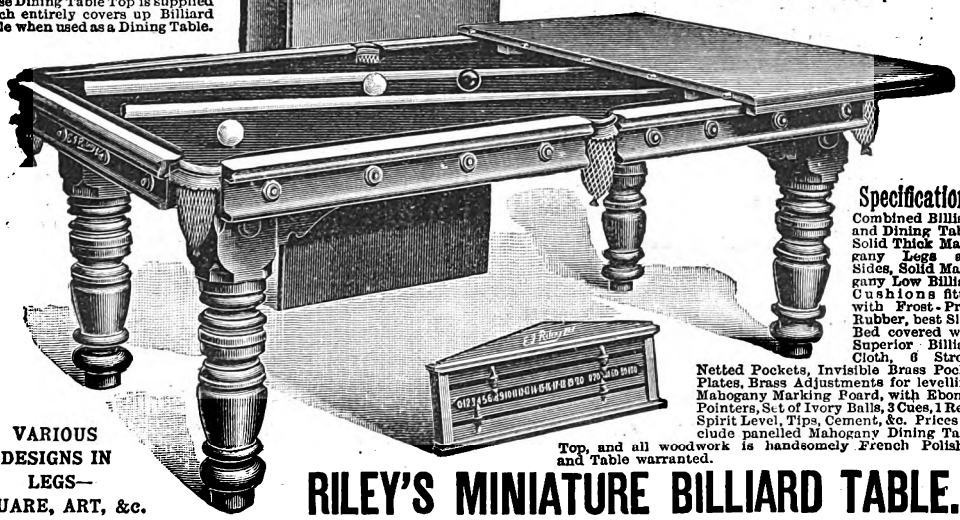

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MIXTURE

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Can't Pass the Doctor

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brings the benefits and delights of Turkish Bathing within the home; no home should be without one.

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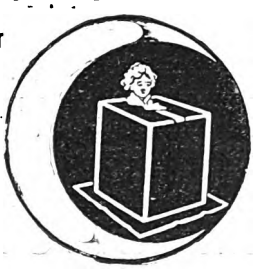

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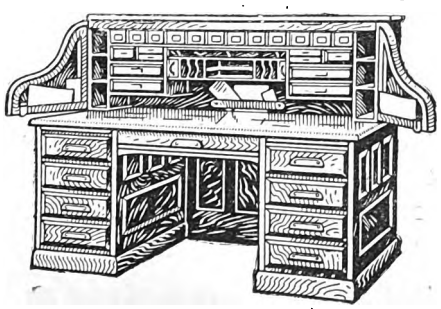

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"Fagged-Out"

YOU NEED

Guy's Tonic.

"It is as Good as New Life in its Recuperative Results."

When you feel Exhausted, haven't ambition or strength to do anything, and your Appetite is poor, take Guy's Tonic. It will revive and Strengthen you in a most gratifying manner. It improves Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, overcomes Weakness, and increases the capacity for hard Mental and Physical labour. Guy's Tonic removes "that Tired feeling," gives new Life, new courage, Strength and Animation. Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere at 13½d. per bottle. You are urged to give it a trial—It never fails.

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"An Invaluable Pick-me-up."

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There is nothing whatever "just as good."

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The basis of the cure is the liquid, which, while perfectly harmless to the general system, possesses extraordinary properties in the cure of **Asthma, Hay Fever, and Nasal Catarrh, etc.** It is converted by means of the **NEBULIZER** into a fine vapour like steam, and sprayed on the affected parts, instantly relieving the bronchial irritation and effecting

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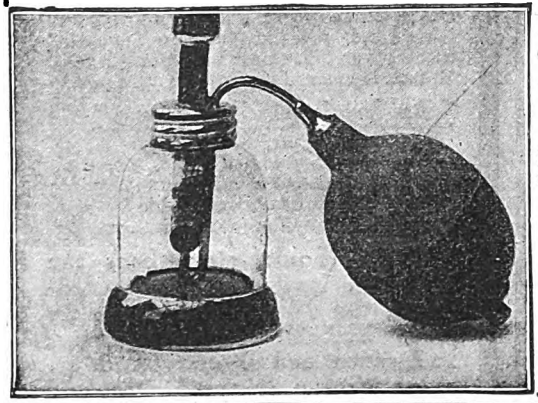

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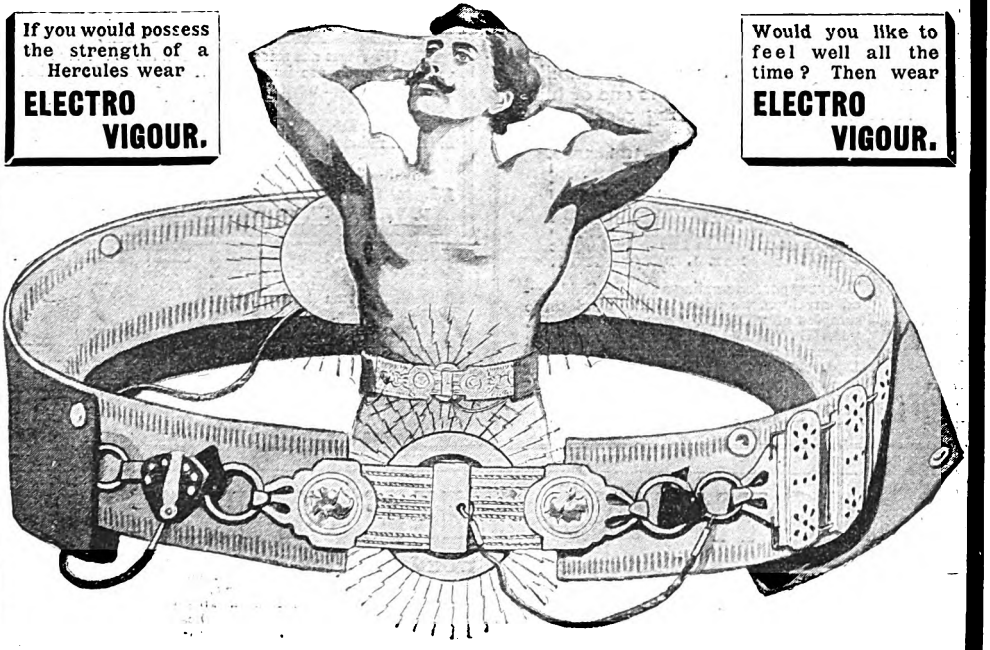
If you would possess the strength of a Hercules wear **ELECTRO VIGOUR.**



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CURES Nervous Disorders, WEAK BACK, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, and Bowel Troubles, "Come and Go" pains, and that tired feeling, AFTER EVERY OTHER TREATMENT HAS FAILED.

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Invaluable for sea-side, for balls, for every day.

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Obtainable by *all*, whether of active or sedentary habits, by simply using the "Century" Thermal Bath Cabinet and the "Crescent" Portable Shower System. Does away with that languid and tired disposition. Nature's own remedy—removes all ill-effects of day-time perspirations, and permits perfect sleep at night.

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Wear twice as long as Ordinary Shirts.

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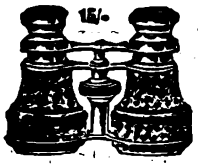

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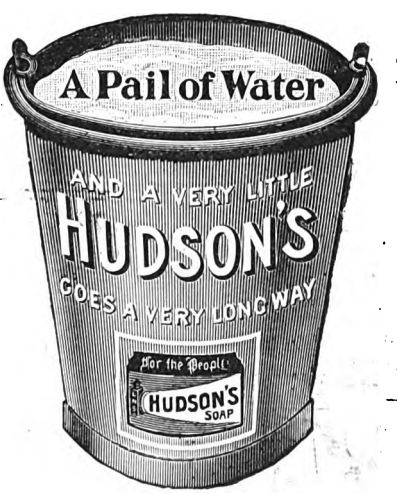

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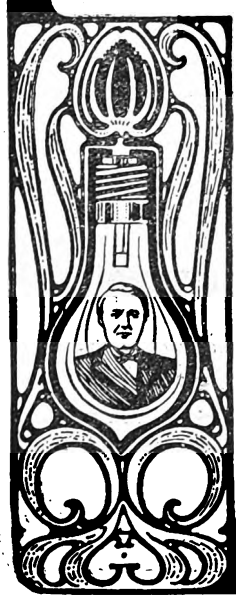

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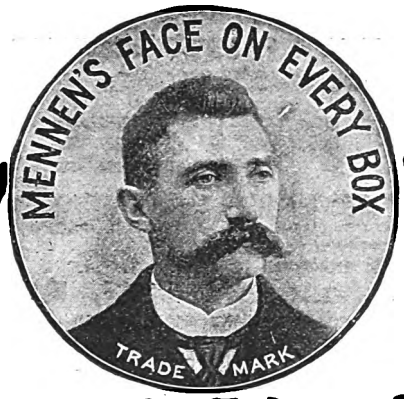

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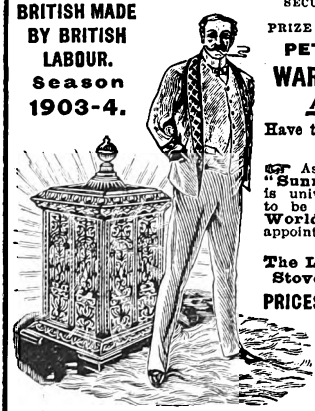

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are inclosed, will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I. to VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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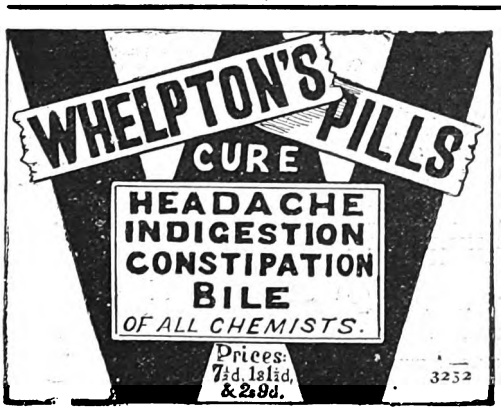

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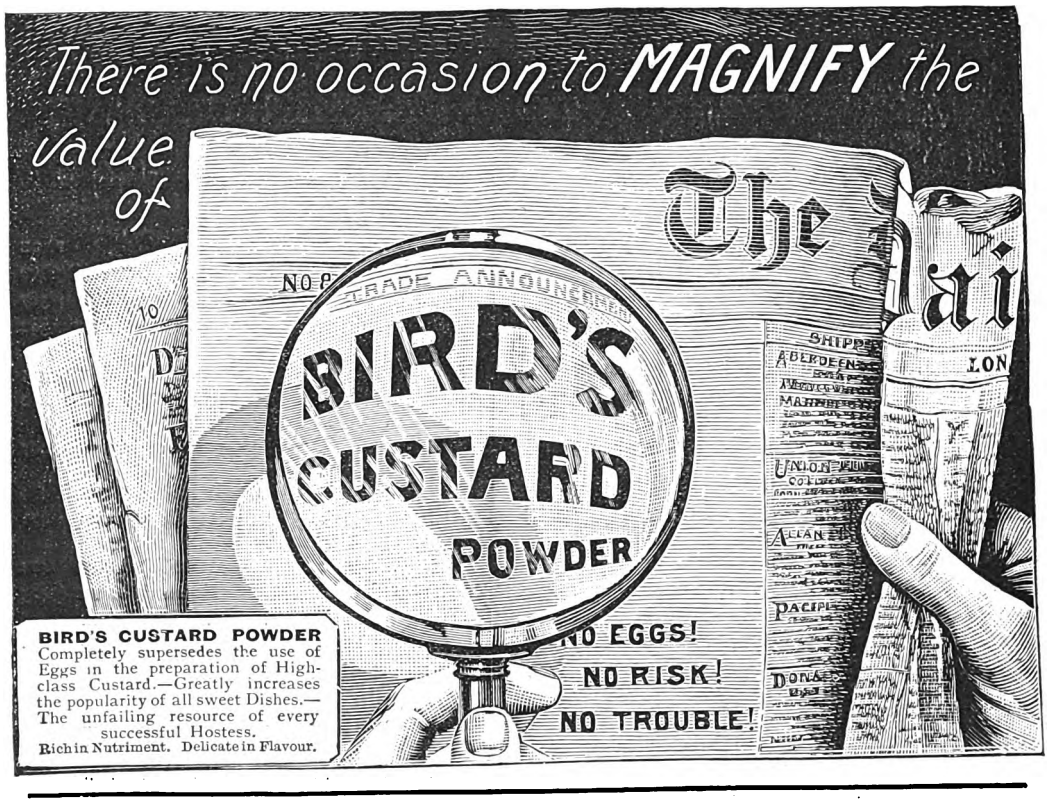
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Photo, Fellows Wilson.

I wonder if you keep a roll
  Of men who simply can't forget you?
If so, pray add me to the scroll—
  I love you, though I've never met you!

Vol. X.—September, 1903.—No. 59.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo by White.

AIDA OVERTON WALKER.

A member—more, the leading "star" lady—of the Williams & Walker Negro Company, who have been charming London audiences with "In Dahomey," Aida Overton Walker is a delightful lady and a brilliant dancer. She plays the part of a naughty child, ever eager and ready to get into any sort of trouble that comes handy, from putting on some smart young lady's new ball dress to smashing all the crockery just as the dinner bell is ringing. Aida Walker is a born actress, and could shine in serious parts, and even Shakespearian drama. But singing and dancing are her great points. She is the wife of Mr. George Walker, who is part manager of the company.

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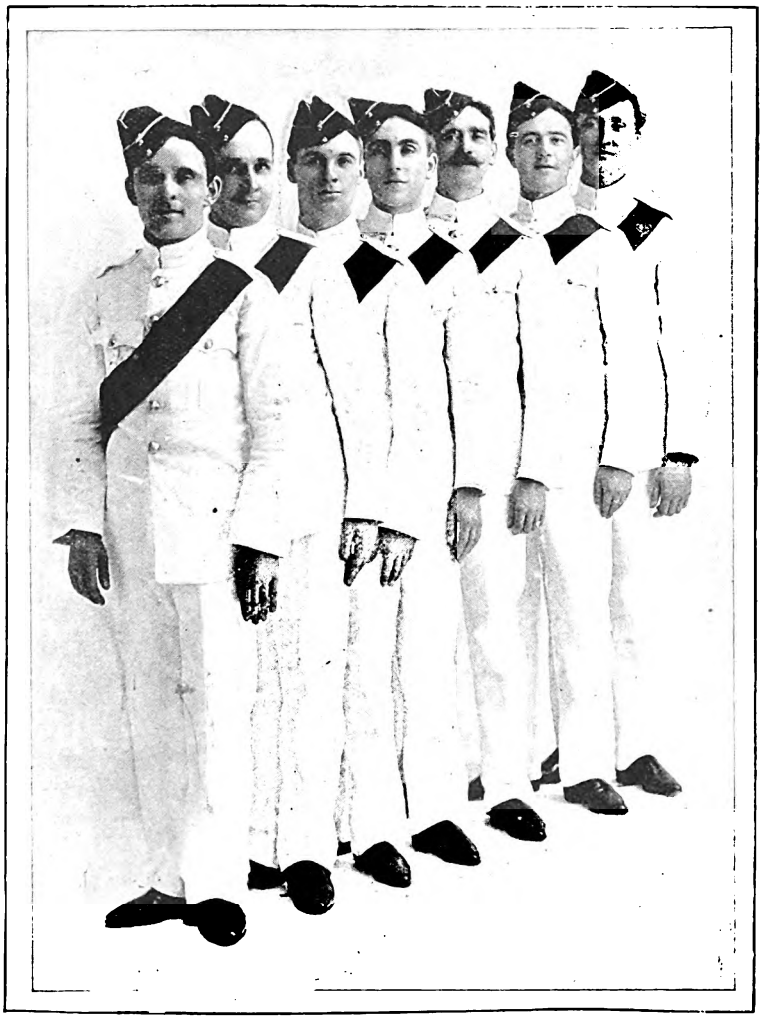

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

THE "M.I." CONCERT PARTY.

This is one of the two "M.I." (Mounted Infantry) companies produced by Messrs. Harry Grattan and Herbert Clayton. The members have all first-class voices, and they sing, talk, and act with the greatest success. Says Mr. Harry Grattan: "We hold the view that there is nothing too good for the public. We started the 'M.I.'s' as a good music-hall turn. They were enormously successful, and we were delighted to be engaged by the managers of the Haymarket Theatre. Then we started another party to tour the towns on the south coast. They are gaining tremendous applause wherever they go." Mr. Grattan and his partner have certainly given us a good entertainment. We wish the "M.I." concert party success.

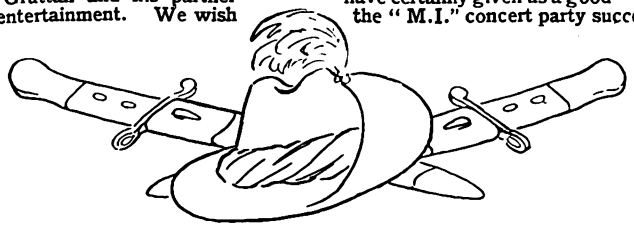

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

ERROLL STANHOPE.

Erroll Stanhope does everything. That is to say, she acts and sings, she whistles beautifully, and dances, and she contributes charming stories to the magazines. If that is not enough, you are hard to please. The photograph which we reproduce here represents the young lady as the princess in a leading pantomime this last Christmas. She was engaged to whistle and play a small part; but the day before Boxing Day the leading lady suddenly fell ill. Erroll Stanhope learnt up the whole of her part, with four songs, several dances, and many pages of dialogue, went on the next evening, and scored a brilliant success.

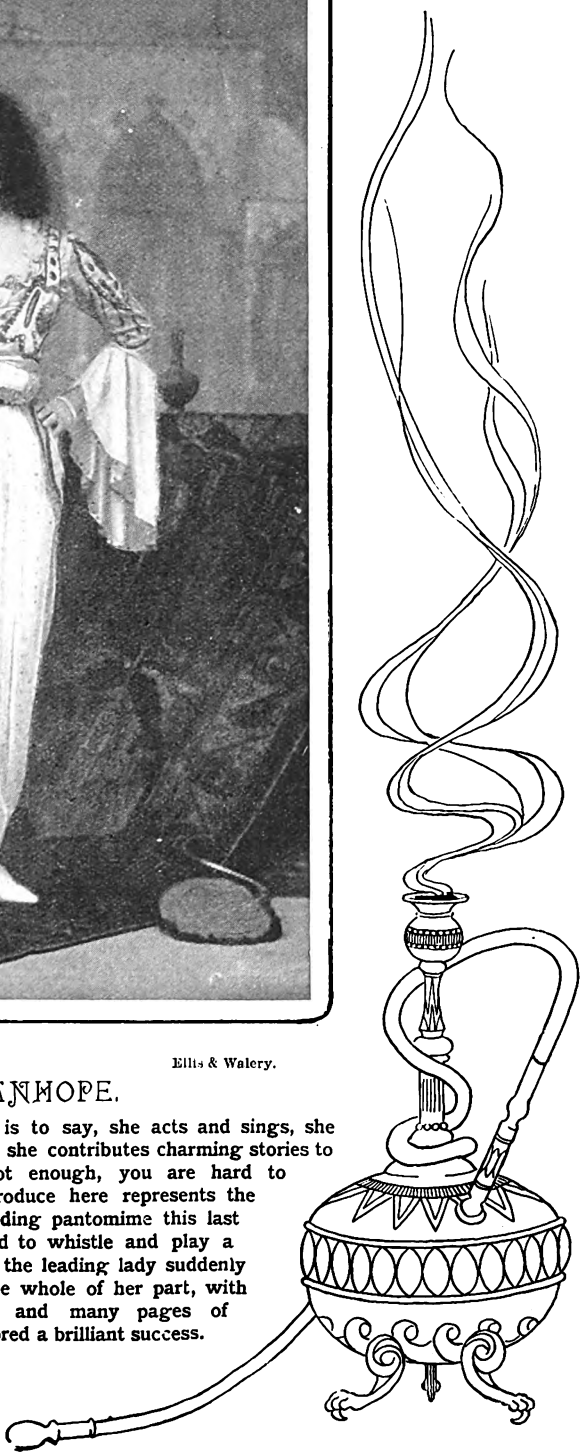

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

H. A. LYTTON.

When he was a boy Master Harry Lytton ran away from school to join a small and little known theatrical company. Since then he has worked his way up to the top of the tree, and is now the leading light of the Savoy Theatre. He is a man of many parts—an actor, a singer, an artist, and a scene painter. These are his usual pursuits; but he has done more. He has been a bill-poster. He was touring with a small company, and the manager, finding that his financial state was none of the best, had perforce to get his company to carry their own scenery and paste up their own posters. Lytton was "cast" as the bill-poster—the hardest part he has ever played—and he and the acting-manager stole out at midnight to paste the town with the posters, wearing their night shirts over their ordinary clothes lest they splashed themselves with the tell-tale paste.

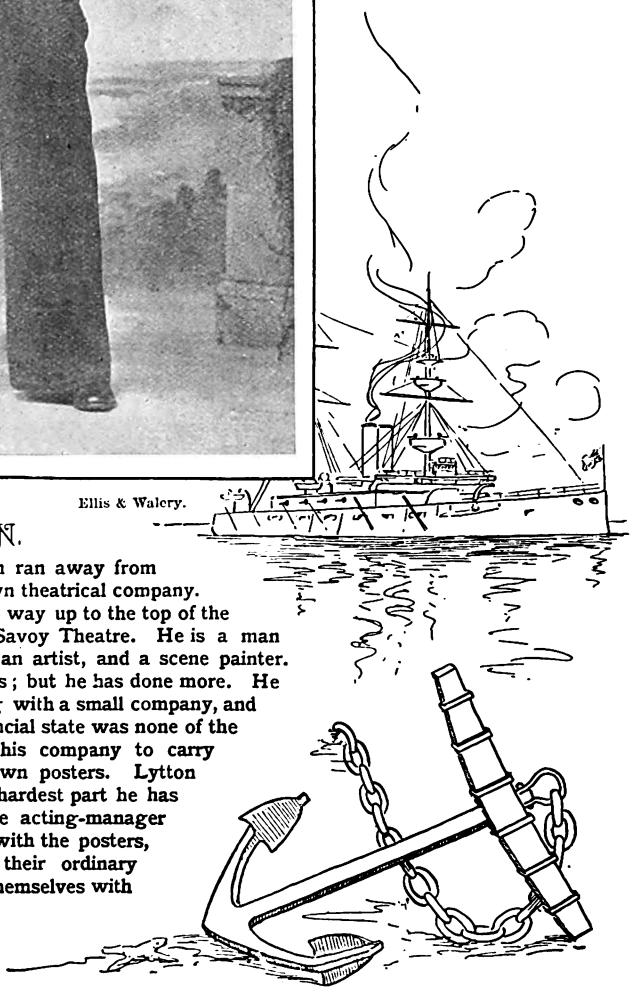

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

MURIEL BEAUMONT.

Three years ago Muriel Beaumont went to the Haymarket Theatre. She walked on in "The Manœuvres of Jane." She then played in "Frocks and Frills," that wonderful play which delighted all the ladies in the country because of the ravishing costumes worn on the stage. Then Miss Beaumont played in "The Admirable Crichton," where she met Mr. Gerald du Maurier on the stage and married him off the stage. What could be more satisfactory?

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

No. VI.—THE MAN IN THE GREY CLOAK.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the beautiful Girl who Accompanied him on his Wild Smuggling Escapades. This is the story of the Strangest Cargo Sir Nicholas ever Ran.

Four people at the time of its occurrence knew the details of an adventure which threatened to alter the whole course of the war then going on between France and England. Sir Nicholas Vyse, the King of the Smugglers, was one, and Josephine Willoughby, Queen of the same, was another; the third party to the secret was a Person near the Throne, and the fourth was the victim himself. And it came about in this way:

Nick Vyse, in the days before he took to smuggling for an honest livelihood, had been an intimate of the Prince Regent and of the other royal and semi-royal personages who made up the Regent's harum-scarum set; and Nick, on leaving his old life, had given a light promise to his comrades that, if ever he could serve them in any way connected with smuggling, his wits, his ship, and his men should all be at their service.

The promise was lightly given, I say, but Sir Nicholas was punctilious in such matters, and, when the call came unexpectedly, he set about the hazardous venture at once, without a thought except that the call was a command.

It was on a day of late October that a courier, on a sweating, foam-white horse, dashed up to the gate of the little garden—full now of yellow, red and white chrysanthemums—which protected Nick Vyse's house from the road. Nick himself was coming out at the door, as it chanced, with a fowling-piece across his shoulder and a game-bag hanging at his back; for he loved sport of all kinds, whether wild duck were to be shot or Preventive cruisers to be dodged.

"You ride in haste, my man," he said carelessly.

"I do, sir, for I ride from ——" and the courier named the Person near the Throne, who need not, for reasons of policy, be named more accurately.

Sir Nicholas took the letter and broke the seal. He looked perplexed as he read the brief message; then his face began to twitch; finally he broke into a roar of laughter.

"My faith, that's good!" he cried.

Again he read the message through, and again he laughed.

"My well-beloved Nick," ran the note, "you promised to help anyone of your old friends if your ship and your wit could do it. I claim that promise now—not just on my own account, perhaps, but I speak for one whom you know, one nearer still to the Throne, whose name must not appear in this. On the French coast there is a man—a short, thick-set man, wrapped in a grey cloak that licks his heels, and with a jaw that cannot be mistaken (there's so much of it)—a man who goes there every day at noon, and stares across at the English coast.

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"We are at war with France, as you know; we want to do a service to this rogue in the grey cloak by giving him an opportunity to study England from this side of the water. In brief, Nick o' mine, you must smuggle him. As I say, we are at war with France, and the capture will have to be effected in broad daylight; but we look to you.

"When you have got him, keep somewhere where it is snug and quiet—say, where you keep your smuggled Schnapps. Slip the inclosed ring on your finger, and if any English ship comes into your little venture, show it to the commander; the Fleet has orders to *obey the ring*. Waste no time, madcap Nick, and remember that you're serving England.

"Yours, GEORGE.

"P.S.—The person mentioned is accustomed to take his stand on a lonely bit of shore a league and a half west of Calais. There's a bay there with a ruined tower on one side, and a line of sand-dunes on the other. Beach your boat in the bay, and look about you for the grey-cloaked rogue."

"Lord, that's good!" repeated Sir Nicholas. "Uncommonly like George's easy way of taking a matter, too. Asks me to risk my little cutter against the whole French Navy—asks me to carry off a man as if he were a keg of brandy—forgets to mention, except as an afterthought, on which part of the coast my man is to be found. Yes, that is like George."

He motioned to the courier to follow him indoors, ordered food and drink to be brought, then penned his answer.

"Dear George," he wrote laconically, "I will do my best. If the French Fleet interferes, I will, of course, blow it up.

"Yours, NICK."

When the courier had gone, taking the sealed answer back with him, Nick Vyse sent a servant with certain orders to the crew of the good ship *Thyra*, then in harbour at St. Thanes. This done, he went out into the golden autumn sunlight and paced to and fro along the edge of the chalk cliff, thinking out the situation. The man who was to be captured was clearly a spy, and so far the errand pleased Sir Nicholas, for he disliked all Frenchmen, and one who was not French only, but a spy into the bargain, was beyond the pale.

There was another side to the matter, though. His trips to Dunkirk, in search of Schnapps and pressed tobacco-leaf, had been simple ventures compared with this; there was war between the countries, to be sure, but it was easy for a small ship like the *Thyra*, insignificant of build and possessed, moreover, of a clean pair of heels of her own, to worm her way into Dunkirk, ship her cargo under cover of night, and be off again before the dawn.

But now he was pledged to touch French soil in open daylight, to land, to capture one whose welfare was important to the English Government, and who, by reason of his consequence, might well be expected to have comrades near at hand while he enjoyed his reveries, apparently so lonely, on the seaboard near to Calais.

"I'll take it like a hedge at hunting-time," Nick muttered. "'Tis the only way with a mad venture of this sort, and fifty plans thought out beforehand would only hamper me."

He felt a soft nose put into his hand, and, looking down, saw Ponto, the dog who had dipped as deep in smuggling as any man about the coast. Josephine Willoughby was with him, and the girl was laughing gaily at Nick's absent-minded air.

"What is the venture, sir?" she asked. "For I know there *is* a venture, by the way you are looking out to sea."

"Oh, a trifle," answered the other, "just a trifle, Josephine. I have to cross to the French coast and smuggle—what, think you?"

"Schnapps?" ventured Josephine.

"No. Guess again."

"Tobacco? Lace?"

"No. I've to smuggle a man in a grey cloak."

"Oh, you are jesting," the girl pouted.

"But, indeed, I am not. The man is a French spy, it seems, and I have orders to secure him."

Josephine was thoughtful for a while; then her eyes lit up, and she put an eager hand on Nick's sleeve.

"Dear, I am going with you," she said.

"Not this time, Josie. The risk is too great."

"Then the risk is too great for you, and I shall not let you go. Listen, Nick. I have promised to marry you quite soon, and I mean to share every venture afterwards. Why not let me go on this one?"

Nick Vyse could be stubborn on occasion, though, and he would not yield the point. He remembered the open nature of the adventure, the risk of battle, not with clumsily-firing Preventive cruisers, but with the big ships of the French Navy. It was

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absurd to think of letting the girl share dangers such as these.

"Not this time, sweetheart," he said.

So Josephine, being a wise maiden when she wished to have her way, said nothing more just then, and even ceased to pout; but late that night, when Nick Vyse was aboard his ship the *Thyra,* and was standing on the bridge as she sailed briskly through the dark toward the Calais coast, there came a loud, clear summons in a girl's voice.

"Ahoy there! Hoy-hoy-hoy!"

Nick laughed, for he knew the voice was Josephine's—knew, too, that she had outwitted him and meant to share in the escapade whether he wished it or no. The *Thyra* came slowly round in obedience to his orders, a boat crept out of the darkness and into the band of light thrown by the ship's lanterns; a moment more and Josephine, followed close by Ponto, was on deck, her laughter ringing clear and sweet.

"I had to come, you understand, and so had Ponto—he begged so hard when I tried to leave him behind at the last moment."

This was all the explanation Mistress Josephine vouchsafed; and Nick, as he held her two hands firm, was moved to whisper: "It's good to see you here." Which frankly was ridiculous from one who, a few hours before, had been convinced that she must stay ashore.

As for the crew a hoarse cheer went up when they knew that Mistress Josephine was among them once again. This girl, their comrade in many a happy-go-lucky smuggling cruise, had grown to be the angel of good fortune to them; not a venture had gone wrong which she had shared; and now, though Nick had told them frankly that the present trip was a risky one, they did not care a stiver, being sure of winning through somehow with Captain Josephine, as they called her, to stand beside their other Captain.

The wind, though light, was with them, and before dawn they were so close to the French coast that Nick thought it safer to come no nearer until after sunrise. Dawn crept across the quiet waters; not a craft of any sort was to be seen; and so, the wind staying light and friendly, they waited, hour after patient hour, until at last the sun showed that it was nearing noon.

They tacked up the coast then, and soon Nick saw the bay, with a ruined tower on one side, and a line of sand-dunes on the other, which the Person near the Throne had described in his letter. Nick's spying-glass, carefully as he raked the foreshore, showed no figure in a grey cloak there; the sad, lone land was empty of all life, save such as chattering gulls and other sea-fowl afforded.

In spite of this, the first check he had had as yet, he ordered the *Thyra* to be brought in close to shore; then he and three of the strongest of the crew were put ashore in the boat, and hid themselves among the grasses that rustled in the shrewd autumn wind. A half-hour passed, an hour, and Nick was just beginning to tell himself that he had been brought here on a fool's errand, when a figure, wrapped indeed in a grey coat, came briskly from the direction of Calais, strode to the extreme limit of the beach and stood there, with folded arms, gazing fixedly across the sweep of water which lay between England and himself.

Short, square-shouldered, with the eye of a hawk, and the look of a man who meant to conquer—Nick could see the newcomer's least detail of face and figure, as he lay and watched, not a dozen yards from his unconscious victim. Some vague familiarity in the stranger's appearance struck him, but he could not interpret it. Besides, he was clearly the man in search of whom he had sailed to this forlorn strip of seaboard, and action was the order of the day.

"Ready?" he whispered to his men. "Close in on him at once—we must catch him with a whole skin."

"Ay, ay," murmured the sailors.

Nick sprang to his feet; his comrades followed; the stranger had no time to look round before he found himself grasped from behind. There was a spluttered oath on his part, a cheery "Heave-ho, lads!" from Sir Nicholas, and feet and head they hoisted him aloft, splashed through the shallows with him, and lowered him dexterously into the bottom of their boat.

A moment more and they had rowed alongside the good ship *Thyra,* from which Josephine was watching eagerly. The stranger, after his first outburst, had settled into a moody silence, and Sir Nicholas, looking at his firm-set jaw and sombre eyes, was struck afresh, not only with that sense of a something familiar in the man's face, but with the dogged strength of will and purpose which he showed.

"I have to tender my apologies," said Nick, speaking in French, and bowing to his captive when they stood on the *Thyra's* deck. "Believe me, monsieur, I regret the curtailment—the necessary curtailment—of your liberty."

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The other answered laconically. "It is the fortune of war, monsieur—what do you want with me?"

"Faith I don't know!" laughed Nick. "Friends of mine in England are anxious for your safety, and I promised to look carefully after your health, monsieur, until these quarrels of the French and English are righted."

"Sapristi! You will not jest, monsieur, if you please. Tell me, do you think to carry me to England? If so, you seem to forget my Fleet."

"Your Fleet?" echoed Nick. "Monsieur, it is you who are the jester."

The other smiled grimly, then looked with new interest at Sir Nicholas. "Is it possible, then, that you do not know my name?" he snapped.

"I have not the honour. *I* am Sir Nicholas Vyse, at your service, and you—?" He paused, his hat poised delicately in his right hand.

"I? Oh, I am named Monsieur Blanc—a common name in France, I assure you."

"Then Monsieur Blanc, would it not be better that we understood each other at once? I have no designs against your safety; I am simply obeying orders, and shall be happy to accord you the treatment which one gentleman expects from another."

He glanced significantly at the other's sword and pistols, and Monsieur Blanc smiled coldly.

"You need not take them," he said. "So long as I am on your ship, I give my parole not to use them—a parole easily given, monsieur, for the French Fleet is cruising near, and they will not allow me to trespass on your kindness long."

Sir Nicholas bowed, and joined Aaron, the trusty old sea-dog who was keeping the look-out.

"Any sail in sight, Aaron?" he asked.

"No, Sir Nicholas. We've the sea to ourselves."

"Good. This fellow says the French Fleet is cruising near; he may be lying, but in any case remember that we don't want to pass the time of day with them."

He strolled aft then, and stood looking down upon the quiet seas. The stranger's calm acceptance of the situation, his easy manner and the self-restraint which seemed to have sprung from long habit of command—these things disturbed his conscience, somehow, and he half-regretted the success which so far had attended a mad escapade. Monsieur Blanc did not carry himself like a spy; all that Sir Nicholas could find against him was the fact that he was a Frenchman, and this did not seem a serious crime when viewed by the light of his prisoner's manliness.

"Heigho!" sighed Nick. "I wish my friends of the Regent's set would leave me to my honest smuggling. I don't like these contraband goods that walk upon two legs and wear a gentlemanly air."

Josephine, meanwhile, and Ponto, the dog who lived as close to her as her own shadow, were feeling much the same about the stranger. Ponto had gone up to Monsieur Blanc at his first coming, had sniffed his calves with nice discrimination, and had decided that here was a good fellow.

Josephine, for her part, had been more slow to approach him, but something in his attitude, as he leant over the *Thyra's* side and watched, with a sort of dignified regret, the fast-disappearing coast of France, led her to move nearer, little by little, until he looked up to find her almost at his elbow.

"*Bon jour, ma'mselle,*" he said, lifting his hat.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" she answered hesitatingly. "I fear—I fear you will not thank us for our hospitality."

"I accept what comes. Whatever happens, happens, ma'mselle—that is a safe rule of life."

"It seems so hard," she faltered, full of pity for him now, though a while since she had looked forward so eagerly to this adventure.

"*Eh bien*—things *are* hard, are they not? Yet you need not trouble; I shall be free before another hour has passed."

At the moment, as if to emphasize his confidence, the look-out gave a cry of "Sail ahead!" Nick Vyse ran quickly to old Aaron's side and took his eye-glass from him; Monsieur Blanc, on the other hand, smiled grimly and kept his place.

"She's a French man-of-war, Aaron, and a big one at that," said Nick, as the glass showed him the white sails and towering top-deck of the intruder, which was bearing down on them under full sail.

"She's all that, sir," growled Aaron, "her guns look pretty, don't they, peeping from her side?"

Sir Nicholas laughed, and so did Aaron; for all that either of them asked from life was wind in the sails, a run across smooth waters or rough, and in amongst it all a chance of fight.

The *Thyra*, small and low of build, had

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carried no flag as yet, but had trusted to her insignificance to cross and re-cross the Channel as a harmless freight-boat; but when the French ship drew near and hailed her, demanding her business, something rose in Nick Vyse's heart and set it beating. He had remembered that he was an Englishman, that the French were at open war with us; he had remembered, too, that once the little pirate ships of England had shattered the whole Spanish Navy.

"Run up the old flag!" he roared.

In a trice the English red-and-blue was fluttering at the mast. This was Nick's answer—in French waters, with one at least of the French warships close in front—to a query which he deemed impertinent. He thought no longer of his captive, of Josephine's safety; he was just a fighter, with the credit of his race to uphold, and he meant to see this little trouble through.

Monsieur Blanc, watching all this, clapped his hands in true French fashion. "*Pardieu*," he muttered, "there's a big man on this little ship." And he, too, seemed to forget his own safety, his own hopes of rescue, in watching the progress of the combat.

The French man-of-war lay irresolute for a moment, as if bewildered by the effrontery of this little ship which dared to flaunt the British flag; then she came slowly round and showed a double row of guns, set like hollow teeth in a curving jaw, to the *Thyra*. That brief delay gave Nick the chance for his master-stroke; while the man-of-war was veering round, before she could empty a broadside on him, his order rang out sharp and clear, and the *Thyra* ran in so close to her opponent that Nick could almost touch her sides—so close that the big guns towering above him were yards above his deck.

Again the French ship seemed bewildered, and two long sweeps of flame shot out from the *Thyra's* side; her guns were small, but they were fired at point-blank range, and the balls pierced the French ship's sides "between the sea and the daylight," as Aaron put it. Another quick change of sail and the *Thyra* was racing, hard as she could go in the track of a rising wind, with the Frenchman's guns bellowing behind her.

The gunner's aim was wild, however; three of the *Thyra's* spars were snapped, Josephine was touched on the arm by a passing bullet, but, for the rest, the little ship and the little crew were unhurt and light of heart. The man-of-war, ripped open in two vital spots, began to fill, and though shot after shot was sent in search of the quick-heeled *Thyra* not one took effect.

"She'll sink, sir," cried Aaron. "See she's shivering-like, and that means she'll settle by-and-bye. What course, sir, now?'

"Home, I fancy," answered Nick drily, as he searched the waters with his glass.

A moment later, and a smothered oath escaped him. "Three more men-of-war, Aaron," he said—"flying the French flag, all of them. The rogue was right, then, as to the Fleet being near, and the firing has brought them on to us like a hive of bees."

Aaron shifted his plug from the right to the left side of his grizzled jaw, then took the glass and swept it round in a slow half-circle.

"True, sir," he said, handing back the glass; "but you've not looked a few points to the south. There's three Frenchies right enough, but there's four men-of-war bearing up from the south, and they're flying the red-and-blue."

Sir Nicholas looked, then laughed, the breezy, careless laugh that again put new spirit into his men.

"Captain Josephine is still our luck, Aaron," he cried.

"Ay, ay, sir. Naught goes wrong with Mistress Josephine on board."

Monsieur Blanc had remained an impassive spectator of the scene, until the flying bullet had grazed Josephine's arm; it was while he was binding this with his handkerchief—taking an unnecessary time about it, as the way of a man with a pretty maid is—that he overheard Nick's reference to "Captain Josephine." His eyes, soft now and full of a curious light, rested on the girl.

"What does he mean by speaking of 'Captain Josephine?'" he asked, using passable English now, though it was clearly a language he disliked.

"Oh, that is nothing," laughed the girl, not scared at all by her flesh-wound, but rather looking on it as a frolic. "I sail often on the *Thyra*, and they call me 'Captain,' just in jest."

"But, Josephine! is that your name?"

"Why, yes—it is not pretty, is it, as some names are?"

Monsieur Blanc laid one hand on her arm, and his eyes were eloquent. "It is the prettiest name in the world to me," he said. "It is my wife's name, ma'mselle, and it seems strange to hear it now on English lips. Oh, yes," he added, speaking his thoughts aloud, so it seemed, rather than addressing the girl at his side. "Oh, yes, they say—all Europe says—that my wife and I do not

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Monsieur Blanc was binding Josephine's arm with his handkerchief.

far away in France, and I—I am a captive of the English."

"Yet you nearly went back to your own people," said Josephine, with a glance at the sinking man-of-war, now far astern of them.

"*Nearly*—true, ma'mselle. A soothsayer told me once that *nearly* would be my guiding word in life, and I begin to think that she was right. You English—it is you who have no 'nearlies.' This Sir Nicholas of the little ship here—what chance had he against my man-of-war? None at all, you would have said—yet he rushes in like a fool — and, *Dieu*, the thing is done, and he sets sail for England the accursed."

"Look, monsieur!" put in the girl. "Three more of your ships are coming to your aid."

He followed the direction of her finger, and the three men-of-war which Aaron had first seen through his glass were clear now to the naked eye. Monsieur Blanc gave a cry of relief, then looked towards the south, and once again he shrugged his shoulders.

"As I said, ma'mselle," he muttered, "it is always *nearly*. Your English ships are coming, too, and I do not think my three brave vessels will master them."

It was for these four English ships that the *Thyra* was sailing for the moment, and soon she was within hailing-distance of the foremost.

agree. They lie—they lie, I say—for she is more to me than ambition."

Josephine looked in bewilderment at this self-contained and personable man who had yielded so suddenly to sentiment; he caught the glance, shrugged his shoulders with the action already familiar to her, and smiled in grave apology.

"I forgot," he said, simply. "My wife is

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"It is done," said Monsieur Blanc. "These English of yours—they are the demons."

Light as the words were, and easy the man's smile, Josephine could read the anxiety and trouble on his face; and from that moment she resolved to set him free as soon as opportunity occurred.

The little *Thyra*, in the meantime, had answered the queries of the English warships to good purpose, and had slipped in among them as if her natural place were among leviathans, instead of among sheltered coves too shallow to admit a man-of-war.

"There's going to be a fight, Aaron," cried Sir Nicholas, in high glee.

"There is, sir—but what will three poor Froggies do with five of us against them?"

Nick slapped him on the back. "Good for you, Aaron! *Five of us*, says he! As if the *Thyra* were a man-of-war herself."

"We've struck one, sir, already, whichever way you look at it," said Aaron, proud of his ship.

Sir Nicholas nodded, and then, for the first time, after the hurry and hazard of the recent battle, he found time to look for Josephine and to see the kerchief bound about her arm. He crossed the deck and took her aside, jealously, lest Monsieur Blanc should overhear his words.

"You're hurt, dear," he said.

"Not a bit! It was just a stray bullet that touched me as it passed."

Nick Vyse, hot for action as he had been a moment since, grew vastly cold upon the sudden. He was picturing what would have been his feelings now if that stray bullet had turned a few inches from its path; he was thinking that neither battle nor the joy of drubbing Frenchmen could atone to him for the loss of this slim girl. His mind was made up at once, and when old Aaron heard the curt command to make all sail for England he rapped out an oath.

"The fun is only just beginning, Sir Nicholas," he grumbled.

"True—but we are not going to watch it, Aaron. Remember I am running a valuable cargo."

With a bad grace the sailors obeyed Nick's orders. The English ships, too busy manœuvring for the coming fight to heed the doing of their small sister, were already moving quickly towards the three French men-of-war, and the *Thyra* slipped easily away, with the open sea before her, and, far off among the haze, the coast of Thanet waiting for her coming.

"That is not like Sir Nicholas," said Monsieur Blanc, as he saw the *Thyra* slipping from the fight.

"Not like him at all," said Josephine, a little frown across her brows.

The stranger looked at her, then smiled with sudden understanding. "But yes," he murmured; "it is like him, after all. All brave men are cowards when they have a woman's safety in their keeping—and I think, ma'mselle, that, like myself, he would count any loss a gain if it insured the safety of—a Josephine."

The frown cleared from the girl's brow; it was so clear, now that the stranger had explained it, how much her lover cared for her, how much he was willing to sacrifice for her. Moreover, it was clear that this same stranger was a friend indeed, if he could make her sure that she was all in all to Nick. Surer than ever she grew that Monsieur Blanc must soon be rescued, and at this moment she felt quite capable of freeing him without appeal to Nick.

"Wait, monsieur," she said softly. "You shall have your liberty."

"If Fate wills—yes. Fate is strong ma'mselle, and it prevails. Yet surely I shall get back to France! Listen—you who have bright eyes and a kind face. Do you guess nothing—does Sir Nicholas guess nothing—of my real name?"

Again, she looked at him, that haunting sense of familiarity returned to her. He had talked, too, of "all Europe," a Europe that had gossiped of his relations towards his wife; and this surely argued that he was a Personage.

"I guess nothing," she murmured.

"Well, child, I am Napoleon—oh, but I thought you seemed to know me," he added, his big, insatiable vanity showing itself with charming *naïveté*, as Josephine first started, then nodded gravely.

"I ought to have known at once," she said.

The *Thyra*, all this time, was scudding fast towards England, and astern of them was the roar of gunshots, the grey-white of powder-smoke, as the three French ships fought out their losing battles with the English men-of-war. Monsieur Blanc—as a favour he had asked still to keep his adopted name—talked on and on; for Josephine was a ready listener, and Napoleon was not so poor a leader of men as to be ignorant of the commonplace that women hold the tiller when the ships of life go sailing across the main.

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He told her of his hopes, his plans, and the girl forgot that she was English, and remembered only that by brute force this man had been snatched from fulfilment of his destiny. He told her these things and watched her face, and told himself that this girl would find or make some way of escape for him.

Monsieur Blanc was still talking when the *Thyra*, after an unadventurous run, put into the bay that lay under Nick Vyse's house. Nick, for his part, had kept aloof from his prisoner; the nearer he approached the English shore, the less he relished this sort of smuggling venture; and when he bowed his guest ashore, had said good-bye to Josephine, and had escorted Monsieur Blanc to his own house, he felt no satisfaction in the issue of his venture.

For Nick, in the course of his many trips to France, before and since the war broke out, had twice seen the "Little Corporal," and before their present voyage was half over he had recognised his prisoner. Monsieur Blanc was the pink of courtesy. Perhaps his faith in destiny, particularly in his own high destiny, helped him to a philosophic outlook on a situation which had grave elements of danger in it; at any rate, he laughed and chatted as Nick and he sat down to a well-cooked meal and sipped their wine.

It was Sir Nicholas who was ill-at-ease; for the sporting instinct was strong in him at all times, and it seemed plain that he had done a shabby trick.

"I wish to make an explanation, sir," he said at last.

"A thousand, *mon ami*, though I need none, I assure you. I am captured by the enemy; I shall escape; *parbleu*, is it not simple? And meanwhile your wine is all that is of the best."

"You will escape—yes," Nick answered slowly; "for I shall help you. When I undertook this mission, I thought you were a spy, a traitor to my country. I find instead that you are an honourable gentleman, fighting pluckily for your own country. You will not win, sir, in the long run—but you shall try; and the ship that brought you here is at your service, now or to-morrow."

Monsieur Blanc looked keenly at his host, and a smile, half friendly, half amused, played in and out about the corners of his mouth.

"Yet they say, sir, that you English have no natural grace. I have learned much from the voyage-of-health you have given me, and you are generous."

And so it happened that, an hour later, Nick went down into the village and knocked at the door of old Aaron, the skipper of the *Thyra*. He wished to give orders that the *Thyra* should hold herself in readiness to catch the turn of the wind, but Aaron was not within doors.

Neither was any member of *Thyra's* crew, and Nick wandered down to the harbour in hopes of finding one or two of his men at the "Admiral Nelson" tavern. At the tavern he heard that they were all on board the *Thyra* with orders to sail at any moment, and Nick Vyse, puzzled to account for this obeying of an order before it had been given, stepped into a boat, and was rowed across to his ship.

"What foolery is this, Aaron?" he demanded, soon as his feet were on the deck.

"Captain Josephine's orders, sir. You know there's not one of us can resist her when she asks a thing"—this with a sly glance at Sir Nicholas—"and when she came to me an hour ago and asked to have the *Thyra* at her disposal to-night—well, sir, I just said 'yes,' and risked the consequences."

Sir Nicholas, deep enough in love to take all for granted that Josephine chose to do, laughed his spleen away.

"Quite right," he said. "Captain Josephine's orders take precedence of mine at all times. The next thing to ask, Aaron, is—what is the *Thyra* wanted for?"

"Shiver me if I know, Sir Nicholas. Perhaps the lady wants to run a little cargo on her own account."

Nick Vyse, puzzled still, returned to his house above the cliff, entered the room where he had entertained his guest, and found Josephine herself there, seated by the hearth as naturally as if she were paying an evening call under charge of her duenna. Monsieur Blanc, with his bright eyes, his big nose, his chin that spoke so plainly of courage and self-will, was quite evidently amused.

"Ah, monsieur," he cried, when Nick showed himself at the door, "you are forestalled in generosity. Ma'mselle here comes while you are absent; she has watched you go down the little path by the cliffs, and she comes to set me free; she has a ship all ready for me, so it seems, and she is *désolée* quite when I tell her that you have already promised me safe-conduct back to France."

"Pardon, monsieur," put in Josephine, in her pretty French; "I am glad that Sir

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Nicholas meant to set you free. It was only that I wished to have the credit of giving back a man so brave to his own country."

"Deuce take it," muttered Nick, with a laugh, "I seem to play a poor part through all this escapade."

"Not so, my friend, for you have talked with Napoleon," said the Frenchman, with the sublime self-glory which was destined soon to carry him to victory, empire, and—to St. Helena.

"True," assented the other gravely—"and I have given him wine brought from his own France, without any intervention from the English. Before we part, monsieur, let us drink in this same wine to—what shall our toast be?"

"To England and to France," said Monsieur Blanc. "The guns will bellow presently—meanwhile, for the moment, there is peace. To England, Sir Nicholas — to England and to France!"

A half-hour later he was on board the *Thyra;* the wind, as if knowing his quality, had shifted half round the compass, and soon as Josephine and Sir Nicholas had bidden him farewell the sails, straining at their ropes till now, began to curtsey to the wind.

Not till two days afterwards did Nick write a second note to the Person near the Throne.

"Dear George," it ran, "I captured your man in the grey cloak, and housed him safely here. Regret to say that he escaped while I was out duck-shooting. You know my passion for a gun. If at any time I can risk the journey again and capture him, you may command me."

The ink was scarcely dry on the paper when Josephine came in, her face alight with excitement and a copy of the *London Gazette* in her hand.

"See what we did two days ago," she cried.

Nick read the account of a great encounter between four French ships of battle—one of which was already sinking with gun shots through her at the water-line—and four English men-of-war. All four of the French ships were sent to the bottom, and the moral influence of such a victory at a critical juncture, said the *Gazette*, was not to be overrated.

"Yet it makes no mention of the *Thyra*," laughed Sir Nicholas, "and it was she who did most of the work."

"Perhaps," said Josephine—"but the *Thyra* never courted notice, did she?"

Nick read the account of a great encounter between four French ships of battle and four English men-of-war.

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THE MUSICAL HOME

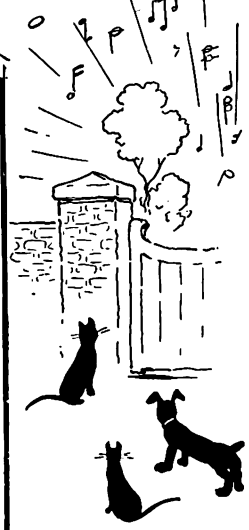
We are a happy family,
We are, we are, we are,
For mother plays the mandoline,
And daddy the guitar.
Although the landlord is not nice
And tries to raise the rent,
You will not find such melody
From John o' Groats to Kent.

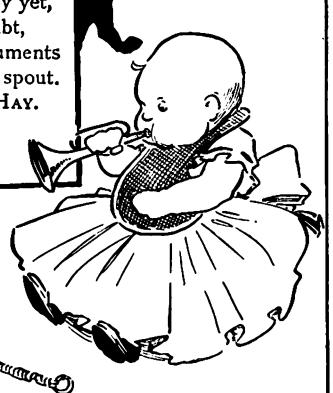
We are a happy family,
Although we make a din;
Jemima plays the double bass,
And I the violin.
The neighbours don't appreciate
Our most undoubted skill—
They often send a message,
To ask if we are ill.

We are a happy family,
We keep no "blues" about;
And when our object's harmony
You cannot tumble out.
The baby plays the trumpet hard
From early dawn till late,
And dogs and cats in ecstasies
Besiege the garden gate.

We are a happy family,
We are, we are, we are,
With mother's mirthful mandoline
And daddy's gay guitar.
But, oh! we'd be more happy yet,
Without the slightest doubt,
If someone took these instruments
And popped them up the spout.

T. HAY.





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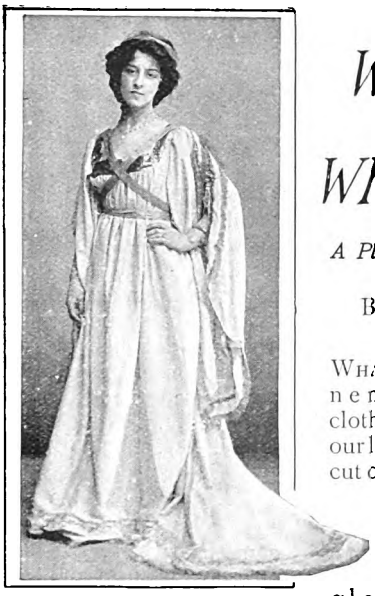

This form of dress—rather like that adopted in ancient Greece—is surely more graceful than—

What To Wear and When To Wear It

A Plea for Common-sense in Dress.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

What a prominent part clothes play in our lives! The cut of a coat has decided a man's career, a draggled dress ruined a girl's matrimonial prospects. Life must have been infinitely simpler in the days when summer attire consisted of a few trimmings, and when in winter one simply adapted the skins of wild animals to the personal requirements! Eve multiplied the afflictions while increasing the interests of her sex when she pined for a garb of fig leaves. I confess it with shame—my own very earliest recollections are connected with dress. Very long ago, before the days of emancipated womanhood, I made a desperate effort to pioneer the epoch of rational dress, and its sequel was in this wise.

My one and only brother had arrived at the dignity of two and a bit; knickerbockers and pockets were to take the place of girlish petticoats. Alas! a kind but injudicious hostess, and a surfeit of good things at a juvenile party, rendered the small boy sick unto death, and the malady was aggravated by the idea that was firmly implanted in his small mind that death would claim him for his own before he could be promoted to the dignity of manly garments!

Whereat my baby heart, which had hitherto been hot with indignation that I was still to be hampered with frocks and frills, by way of consolation, shamelessly suggested that his demise would be my gain. His clothes would be mine!

—this, the tight-laced evening dress that we must wear to-day in order to be in the fashion.

The "all-wool" costume, invented by Dr. Jaeger, that enables "all-wool" enthusiasts to look like other people.

Clothing is a wide subject; a button alone suggests ideas that would fill a volume, while as to collars and hats, boots, shoes—the discussions which each and all invite are too numerous to more than touch upon.

Firstly, I will treat of clothing from a health point of view, and afterwards speak of the general influence of clothing on the character. I am not afraid that my male readers will cease at this point from a further study of this article, but I can imagine my girl friends throwing down the magazine in disgust and exclaiming:

"I know what your hygienic clothes are like; square-toed boots, shapeless garments, nondescript hats, and material worn next the skin to compare with which a hairshirt would be as soft as silk!"

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Nonsense, my dear girls! It is possible to be as trim and as dainty in hygienic garments as in unhygienic ones, and ten times more beautiful, for anything that causes discomfort or injures the health in any way detracts very considerably from the personal appearance. The old-fashioned idea that it was necessary to mortify the flesh to be healthy has long ago exploded.

A lace blouse and a long skirt are very nice and very pretty, but for the conditions of modern life they are unhealthy, if not actually dangerous. In winter, too, even if it comes in June, an exposed chest is an open invitation to all sorts of maladies

Do not, however, in avoiding colds, run to extremes. Too many wraps simply make the throat and chest delicate.

Oh, the misery of "clean clothes day" in my childhood, when, in order to protect a delicate chest and stimulate a feeble circulation, I was arrayed all in the coarsest and oiliest of flannel vests and the scrubbiest of stockings! Clean clothes invariably ended in most of the day being spent ignominiously in a corner expiating the crimes that my exterior discomfort induced me to commit. It was an epoch in my life when I discovered that stockings and vests could on occasion prove fine and soft.

There are endless discussions at the present day as to the relative merits of wool, silk, and linen. The all-wool votaries are apt to carry their hobby to such an extent that I verily believe they would die of rheumatic fever if they discovered one stitch of cotton about their persons. They are not content unless the linings of their hats, boots, and shoes are of wool, and they like to have their buttons sewn on with woollen yarn, while a dejected neutral-tinted bit of stockinette does limp duty as a collar.

Nowadays, thanks to Dr. Jaeger, it is not necessary to look a freak in order to be an all-wool person. To such a point of perfection has the fabric been brought that it is possible to indulge in this particular fancy and yet look like other people. Certainly, all-wool has a great deal to be said in its favour. And yet, all-linen people are equally strong in their arguments, and so are the patrons of cellular garments.

Pure silk, too, has its ardent votaries. There is nothing more delicious and more soothing to the skin and nerves than this beautiful material. Unfortunately, silk is costly and beyond the means of all but the wealthiest. There is something to be said for the advocates of all these clothing crazes. Personally, I prefer a mixture of all three systems, and would emphatically urge that a fine wool or silk and wool garment should be worn next the skin by all men and women, and silk or wool socks or stockings. After this has been done, individual taste should be consulted and the style and material selected that best meets the requirements of each person's needs.

A top hat and frock coat are not exactly beautiful, but they give a man an air of dignity.

There is a why and a wherefore for everything, and the

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Two strange forms of dress: the white-robed gentleman is dressed in asbestos as a protection from fire; his companion is either too poor to buy new clothes, or else believes in efficient ventilation.

reason why wool or silk should be worn next the skin is as follows: The skin is constantly discharging invisible vapour. Excessive heat or exertion causes this to become increased and the vapour condenses and takes the form of perspiration. Wool absorbs the moisture without allowing the warmth of the body to escape.

This is on the principle of the teapot and the cosy; the cosy does not warm the teapot, but it prevents the heat that is already there from escaping. If the heat of the body is lowered the vitality is lowered too, and the health sooner or later affected. Not only should the garment be of wool, but it should be loosely woven. The more air that is inclosed in the meshes, the warmer the garment will be. Therefore, two thin garments are warmer than one very thick garment on account of the layer of air that lies between.

Hygienic clothing should be warm and at the same time light; weight only induces fatigue. Both men and women must strenuously avoid anything tight in the shape of collars, ties, waistbands; armholes should be loose likewise. All who are subject to internal chills or are exposed much to the elements or sudden changes of temperature should wear a finely-woven cholera belt. Stockings and socks should be changed daily, and, indeed, it is as well to have two complete changes of underclothing in use at once and to wear them on alternate days, airing the set not in use meantime; in this way endless colds will be avoided.

It is useless to waste words on the much-discussed corset. Modern dress makes its use almost imperative. The girl who persistently does the exercises which have been given from time to time in the ROYAL will find she needs little or no support for her figure. By perseverance it is possible to obtain the trimmest of waists — a waist that appears small while, in reality, measuring a good twenty-four inches. The merest apology for a corset should, therefore, be worn to prevent the skirts from painfully dragging, and at night a modification of the flowing draperies of ancient Greece. These are infinitely more graceful and healthful than the modern tight, frilly garments affected by the average girl.

The girl who would be healthy and well dressed (and by well dressed understand appropriately dressed on every occasion) will never trail about in lace blouses and long

The all-linen mess suit is surely more healthy and more comfortable than the hideous evening dress of to-day.

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skirts in and out of omnibuses. For she will realise that an impaired digestion, red nose, and damaged complexion will be hers if she sits with a wet hem clinging miserably round her ankles, and, a long skirt, too, absolutely revels in germ and dust collecting, and is apt thereby to present the unwary wearer with some more or less deadly disease. She will not wear an open-work low-necked blouse in winter, in conjunction with a short fur coat, any more than she would wear a thick tweed dress and chiffon coat in summer. High heels will be an abomination to her; her shoes will be of medium thickness and well made. She will wear a short skirt for work-a-day purposes and cover up her chest in winter, though she must not muffle up her throat after the manner affected by her men friends if they happen to sneeze.

Herein lies the difference between men and women—a girl does not, as a rule, wrap up enough; a man wraps up too much. Strike a happy medium; the chest should invariably be protected, the throat, on the contrary, benefits by exposure. A girls' hat should be light and well ventilated; crinoline straw is most hygienic and very becoming as well. Masculine headgear leaves much to be desired, but the reformation lies in the hand of man alone. Indeed, hats could be entirely dispensed with, except in the hottest weather.

White clothing is the healthiest in every respect; not only does the absence of dye make it invaluable, but it is cool in summer, warm in winter, and does not carry contagion as coloured garments are apt to do.

The forerunner of the modern "bounder"—the swashbuckler of 300 years ago.

A motorist's costume is always equal to converting a mouse into a lion.

A wet weather costume—quiet and rational, with nothing that will be the worse for a little rain.

Modern man is not a picturesque object—with all due deference to the lords of creation; every time I set eyes on a man in modern evening dress, and gaze on that hideous and unhygienic expanse of shirt front, that hideous coat, I wonder that men have ever power to charm. I never can understand how it is they don't begin handing things about—as well might a woman affect muslin cap and apron for dinner wear—whereas the costume of a Monsieur Beaucaire would lend dignity to the least dignified of figures. For the effect of clothes on the personality is great. It is impossible to be self-respecting in down-trodden boots. Rags, picturesque as they undoubtedly are, make success an impossibility. Strive always to adapt your dress to the requirements of the moment.

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THE BAKER'S LANE TRAM.

How T. Nolan, Jun., Held the Right of Way.

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.

Down Baker's Lane the Consolidated Traction Company ran one tramcar a day, and the car a day made a trip a day—that was all. It was a horse-car of an old-fashioned make. The lines were worn and rusty. It had lain practically unused for years. The car was as old as the lines, the horse as old as the car, and Donnelly, the driver, was the oldest of them all.

Baker's Lane, by its unkempt appearance, was called "the backyard of all creation." Although at one time it bore the traffic of a prosperous business neighbourhood, it had become practically a cipher in the great city. Large buildings had been erected in the thoroughfares on either hand in recent years, and Baker's Lane was their kitchen door, so to speak. It ran from the river, on one side of the city, over to the other side, and then on —nowhere—anywhere. Nobody knew and nobody cared where it ran.

The car ran from the rear end of the Consolidated Traction Company's stables about two miles through the lane to an old ramshackle shed at the other end of the rusty lines.

The people in Baker's Lane understood it. They knew that the car was run merely to prevent the forfeiture of the company's right of way—simply to hold the franchise. But strangers did not know this. Old people constantly appealed to the policeman at the corner, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the receding Baker's Lane tramcar, to inquire how soon the next car would be coming along. The policeman knew and he always told; and, as he told, he smiled.

"About this time to-morrow, sir, or thereabouts," he would say. "No, sir! Yes, sir! Well, you see"—and so on, the same old story. And the denizens of Baker's Lane having crowded up to hear him say it, would grin to themselves, turn on their heels, and go about their business. The Baker's Lane conveyance, though intended for passengers, seldom carried any. You could get in it if you so desired, and, if you did you would pay your fare; and if you did you would never get in it again, for that two-mile trip was sometimes half a day's journey for Donnelly, the driver. Frequently he started from the old shed at his end of the route at seven o'clock in the morning and returned at seven in the evening, or even later. His difficulty was with the vans—if he was blocked by one, he was blocked by fifty. Vans were the bane of Baker's Lane.

Meanwhile the Consolidated Traction Company, which, with its rival, the Union Street Electric Company, gridironed the town with its tram lines—the Consolidated forgot old Donnelly, and the Baker's Lane tramcar, and the Baker's Lane track. They didn't count, that was all.

But to T. Nolan, jun., it was quite a different matter. They were of the utmost importance to him—had been all his life, as far back as he could remember. T. Nolan, jun., was an atom of the aggregation that existed at the other end of the line. He was born and brought up next door to the old ramshackle shed, and every morning he watched Donnelly go out, and every evening welcomed him on his return. T. Nolan, jun., envied him in secret. He imagined that some day he might get a job like that.

For years he had to be content with imagining. Finally, however, he wormed himself into old Donnelly's good graces, and often actually made the trip. That was worth while.

T. Nolan, jun., was made up principally of bones and freckles. When you glanced at him carelessly, it was difficult to determine

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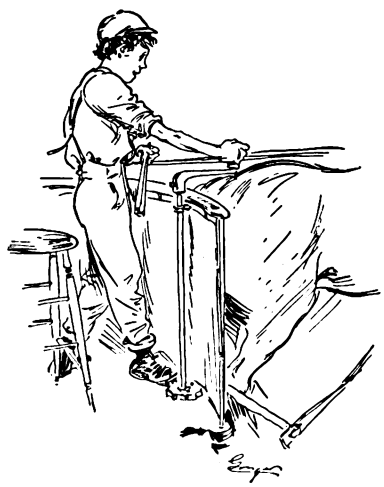
whether his face was white, with large spots of brown upon it, or whether it was brown, with occasional spots of white. What wasn't freckles in his make-up was principally feet—and even they were freckled, too. He was popular in the neighbourhood, by reason of the fact that he was double-jointed. Secretly, that fact worried him considerably, for he didn't believe that Providence would make a fellow double-jointed, and, in addition, give him a job as a driver of a tramcar. It was too much good luck, he considered, and he would have preferred to sacrifice the joints.

To T. Nolan, jun., all time—and, perhaps, eternity—was divided into two periods—the first while he was on the tramcar, the second, when he wasn't.

At first, he contented himself with ringing up imaginary fares inside for amusement, but



He twisted on the brakes, and then released them with a suddenness that all but knocked him into the middle of next week.

later he acquired the inestimable privilege of handling the reins during the long waits consequent upon the immovability of some unloading vehicle in front. On such occasions he would lean far out over the dashboard, the reins in hand, squaring his lank, lean elbows in the most approved fashion, holding in with muscular tenseness the fiery steed, whose nose was meekly pressed against the van in front, and whose hindquarters brushed against the car behind.

To make his efforts all the more effectual and realistic, he twisted on the brakes, and then released them with a suddenness that all but knocked him into the middle of next week. Every time he did it he concluded more and more that it was just the sort of thing for him.

"I say, this old car's dirty," he remarked one day to Donnelly, as they pulled into the stables. "I'll have to tidy it up, somehow," he continued.

He hunted about until he got hold of some old hose. This he attached, surreptitiously, to a hydrant, and swashed the old car, inside and out. He got a piece of cotton waste, washed the windows, and wiped them dry.

"Looks like a different piece o' furniture now," he remarked to himself. The foreman saw him at it and came over.

"What are you doing, kid?" he asked. T. Nolan, jun., explained, and kept on at his work. He trembled, for he expected to be chucked into the street. The foreman looked him over. Then he looked at the car.

"Look here, young man," he exclaimed, after the inspection, "want a job?"

T. Nolan, jun., jumped about three feet into the air—at least, he thought he did. "Where is it?" he demanded, as he finished his last window and threw down the waste. He soon found out. Someone—a cleaner—had been sacked, and T. Nolan, jun., took his place. He had to sweep and wash out cars and do odd jobs. The wages for such work were ten shillings a week. The foreman compromised by giving T. Nolan, jun., seven and six, and kept the other half-crown himself. He felt especially qualified to put it where it would do most good. But T. Nolan, jun., didn't care. He had a job, that was the main thing.

So he cleaned cars, but the car that got the best of the arrangement was the old Baker's Lane affair. Now, T. Nolan, jun, thought that it was much handier for him to ride to business than to walk, so he routed out old Donnelly early in the mornings, got ready the car for him and started it off before the heavy delivery waggons had begun to obstruct the street. The old car went careering along as it never had before.

Half the time the old man sat inside, and T. Nolan, jun., held the reins. On those occasions, he flattered himself, he made some record runs. As time went on, the old horse, under T. Nolan, jun.'s, grooming, began to look young again, and the car looked fresher than ever before. But old Donnelly kept growing older all the time.

One morning, early, somebody tapped on T. Nolan, jun.'s, window pane. He got up, rubbed his eyes, and looked out. A small boy stood outside.

"Say," he exclaimed excitedly, "you know the man wot drives the Baker's Lane tram, an' lives at our place?"

T. Nolan, jun., nodded.

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"Well," the urchin went on, "he died last night." He stopped and thought for a minute. "And, I say, you'll have to run the old car in this morning. Wouldn't I like to be you! Wot O!"

Later in the morning Nolan approached the foreman at the stables.

"Donnelly's dead, sir," he said. "He died last night." Then he stood still and waited.

"Dead, eh?" returned the foreman, rubbing his chin. "Well, who's goin' to run that old car *now*, I wonder? What did he want to go and die for, I wonder?" He kept on rubbing his chin. "Say, look here, Nolan, you've been comin' down on the car every mornin'. Suppose you try your hand at it. Should think by this time you can run it. What d'ye say to that?"

"What are you doing, kid?' the foreman asked.

T. Nolan, jun., kept his eyes on the ground. He didn't want the man to see them—they were twinkling a bit too much, he thought. His heart went pit-a-pat against his ribs. Finally, he looked up doubtfully.

"What's the wages, sir?" he inquired tentatively.

"Oh, I d'no," returned the man; "we'll give you same 's we paid Donnelly—fifteen shillings a week." Donnelly had been receiving a sovereign. T. Nolan, jun., shook his head.

"Well, I'll do it, sir," he reluctantly responded, "but I don't much like it. There isn't much chance for getting on, that's all."

"Well," replied the foreman, "you take the job now, and afterwards—we'll see."

T. Nolan, jun., did so. He wouldn't have missed it for a good deal; but it was just as well not to let the foreman know that fact.

Now all these years T. Nolan, jun., had kept his eye on Baker's Lane. He saw a few things that others did not. He noted, in the mornings, as he drove to work with Donnelly, that hordes of people tramped down Baker's Lane afoot on their way to work. He perceived that many of them entered the back doors of the large buildings that faced on the adjacent thoroughfares and showed their backs to Baker's Lane.

He saw that, in the evening, these same people poured by hundreds out of the big buildings into Baker's Lane, bound for home again, and that a fair proportion of them walked the entire length of the old, rusty track. He stored these facts in his mind for future use, and took the late Donnelly's place.

On the following Monday morning T. Nolan, jun., treated Baker's Lane to a surprise. At the regular time, on that day, he emerged from the shed and started the car down the street. All who saw turned and stood still, and wondered at the sight.

It was the same old bob-tailed car, the same old horse, and the same T. Nolan, jun., but there was a mighty difference in the appearance of all three.

The horse was fed and groomed to within an inch of his life—Nolan had taken care of that. The harness, wherever it had buckles, shone resplendently; wherever it did not, it was black as ebony. T. Nolan, jun., was arrayed in his Sunday clothes, with a nosegay in his buttonhole. His hair was cut as short as it was possible to cut it. For the first time, probably, in his existence, his sleeves were not rolled to the elbow, and he leaned over the dashboard with an air of unusual importance.

But the crowd never looked at the horse or at T. Nolan, jun. What it gazed at, open-mouthed, was the car. It was painted a bright green—green all over. It was not a beautiful shade of green—T. Nolan, jun., realised that himself—but, as a means of attracting attention, it served its purpose. T. Nolan, jun., had counted on that. The crowd looked at the green car, and cheered and "haw-hawed" until it was hoarse.

When the people became accustomed to the gaudy colour they cooled down somewhat and read the inscriptions, which filled

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the spaces over and beneath the windows and on the rear dashboard. Over the windows, in bright yellow letters, appeared the following words, as usual:—

CONSOLIDATED TRACTION COMPANY.

Lower, underneath the windows, the crowd read on one side:

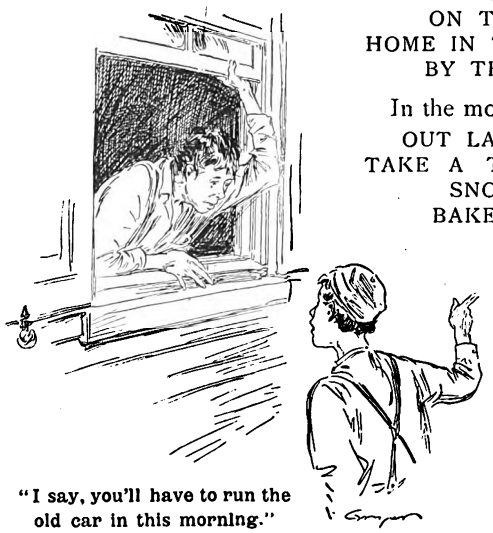
T. NOLAN, JUN.'S,
BAKER'S LANE BRANCH;
THE ONLY
HORSE CAR IN BAKER'S LANE!

On the corresponding panel on the other side he had placed the following announcement:

THIS CAR IS RUN
TO HOLD THE COMPANY'S RIGHT OF WAY;
STEP IN AND HELP
TO HOLD IT
FOR TWOPENCE!

By way of reassurance to his passengers, especially those familiar with the route, he had painted on the tail-board this inscription:

NEVER BLOCKED BY VANS
UPON THE LINES.
WE JUMP
OVER THEM AND GO
ROUND THEM.
WE
ARRIVE, ANYHOW.



"I say, you'll have to run the old car in this morning."

The crowd, composed of men bound for work, stood for a moment in silent astonishment, and then crowded into the car, cheering as they went.

Thus T. Nolan, jun., started his career. The commencement of some great enterprises is attended with much ceremony. But the opening of the Baker's Lane line was accompanied only with a loud snap of a whip, a vigorous pull on the pair of reins, and the utterance of but one word. That word was "Git!"

"Git!" exclaimed T. Nolan, jun., to the horse.

"Git!" yelled the crowd.

Somebody timed him. He made the two miles in thirteen minutes—the record run for the old horse and the car. All the way down Baker's Lane the crowd took up the hue and cry, and hailed with cheers the crowded car as it sped on. Heads were thrust from windows; people blocked the doorways.

It was an auspicious start for T. Nolan, jun.'s, Baker's Lane line. That night he took the same crowd back, and every day he presented his fares at the cashier's window in the regular way. Thereafter, instead of making one trip a day, the green car made fifteen. After the first day the fame thereof had spread throughout the city, and people lined the thoroughfare day after day to see it go by.

He didn't let the popular interest flag. He kept posting on the outside of the car seductive little placards, which he prepared with great care overnight. For one week he exhibited, in the evening, the following sign:

SUPPER'S WAITING FOR YOU!
SMELT IT
ON THE LAST TRIP!
HOME IN THIRTEEN MINUTES
BY THE GREEN CAR.

In the morning he hung this out:

OUT LATE LAST NIGHT?
TAKE A THIRTEEN MINUTES' SNOOZE ON THE
BAKER'S LANE LINE.
WE WAKE YOU
WHEN
YOU GET THERE.

On the morning after the extraordinary appearance of the green car the foreman stood in the office of the manager.

"Well, Cassidy," exclaimed the latter, "what's the matter now?"

Cassidy took a step forward.

"It's the Baker's Lane line, sir. The driver's raisin' thunder."

The manager raised his eyebrows and leaned back in his chair.

"Raising thunder, is he? Why don't you discharge him, then?"

Cassidy shook his head.

"Excuse me, sir, but you told me to see you before firin' the men. I want you to fire him, that's what I want."

The manager uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What are you telling me, Cassidy?" he retorted. "Old Donnelly runs the Baker Lane car. You don't mean to say that he's kicked over the traces, do you?"

"No, sir," returned Cassidy. "I don't. Poor Donnelly's dead, sir. There's a new man

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on — young Nolan, sir; that's the fellow."

The manager shook his head.

"Young Nolan?" he said; "never heard of him. Who put him on, eh? You didn't come to me about that, Cassidy."

Cassidy, having in mind the tithe which he collected out of Nolan's weekly wages, hastened to explain just how it came about.

"Well, sir," he replied apologetically, "he's nothing but a kid, sir—about like that." He pointed to a sixteen-year-old boy who was copying letters at a press in an adjoining room. "I put him on. He'd worked about the place, an' I thought he was all right, sir. But now it's got to be too much of a good thing. Did you see this, sir?"

"What do you think of that?"

He produced from the left-hand pocket of his trousers the morning's issue of a local daily paper. It contained a full account of T. Nolan, jun.'s, escapade. The manager had not seen it, although another copy of the same paper lay folded on his desk. He gingerly returned Cassidy's to him, and perused his own. As he read, he smiled. When he had finished, he swung round in his chair, glanced out of the window, and thought for a minute or two. Then he swung round toward Cassidy again, and said:

"I'll attend to this, Cassidy; I'll take care of it myself. I'll take a look at Baker's Lane during the luncheon hour. You wait till you hear from me—understand?"

Cassidy nodded and departed. When he was gone, the manager glanced at the paper once more, and laughed aloud.

"Not a bad 'ad' for the Consolidated, after all," he said to himself. "I say, Ainsworth," he called into the next room, "come here; look there. What do you think of that?"

A week later, Cassidy was back. In the meantime he had heard nothing. The manager was busy, but, nevertheless, he beckoned to the foreman.

"Well," he asked again, "what's up now, Cassidy?"

Cassidy frowned.

"It's young Nolan again, sir, an' that Baker's Lane tramcar he's runnin'. He's gone and took another car; says he's runnin' the Baker's Lane branch, an' has a right to. He just went and took it, that's all. I want to know what to do about it."

T. Nolan, jun., had, indeed, routed out another car and another horse, and put his brother on to drive. They had as much traffic as they could handle. It wasn't much, after all, but it was enough—enough to keep their two old conveyances busy from morning until night. In the long years while the old lines had lain resting and rusting, the world had moved, and Baker's Lane was just beginning to move with it. T. Nolan, jun., had found it out—that's all.

On the present occasion the manager looked at Cassidy from the corner of his eye—the ghost of a smile playing upon his features.

"Yes, Cassidy," he returned blandly; "well, what else?"

"What else?" gasped Cassidy; "why, sir, he's got no right——"

"Cassidy," interrupted the other, "what you're to see to is that the Baker's Lane right of way is held. That's your business, among other things. Now, *is* it being held? Does one car make one trip a day, according to orders? That's what I want to know."

"One trip!" exclaimed Cassidy. "It makes a dozen, sir!"

The other man shook his head.

"Does it make *one*, Cassidy?" he asked.

Cassidy stared at him a moment, and then said:

"It does, sir."

"Very well, then," returned the manager, "that's all you care about it. You go back to where you belong, and keep your system in order, and take good care of yourself, and see that at least one car is run at least once a day upon the Baker's Lane track. That is all you've got to do. Good morning."

That finished Cassidy.

"But there ain't," remarked T. Nolan, jun., to his brother one night, "there ain't any Saturday afternoon traffic. We're losin' half a day's receipts. We've got to alter that, somehow."

They did. All the following week the two

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cars of the green line bore placards announcing Saturday afternoon excursions for children. Baker's Lane was full to overflowing with Baker's Lane families. The children would be carried at twopence a head, the round trip out and back. Each car made three full trips, each time emptying and coming back for more.

Six tram-loads of children went out early every Saturday afternoon, and returned every Saturday evening in time for supper. All the mothers in Baker's Lane could send their offspring for an afternoon's outing in charge of T. Nolan, jun., at a maximum expenditure of just twopence a head. What T. Nolan, jun., did with the youngsters when they reached t he other end of the line—why, they found out when they reached there.

One Saturday he forced into service still another car. It took its station near where Main Street crossed Baker's Lane. Behind this car were the two others, loaded with youthful excursionists. They were waiting for the word to start. But T. Nolan, jun., in the special, was not ready to give it. He was waiting, too—waiting with his gaze fixed upon the door of a high-toned restaurant some distance off. Finally, he sprang from the platform to the street. Three men had come out. T. Nolan, jun., knew that they would cross his path.

One of them was the Consolidated's manager. The three caught sight of the loaded cars and the children, and chuckled with laughter. T. Nolan, jun., had become a respectable joke about town. He stepped before them and pointed to his special.

"Gents," he suggested politely, "will you go over the route? 'Twon't take long."

The men looked at each other significantly, and then at T. Nolan, jun.

"We'll go," they said unanimously, and stepped into the car.

"Ready!" exclaimed T. Nolan, jun., clanging the bell with the air of a man conducting a successful enterprise, and the cavalcade began to move.

At the end of ten minutes it halted.

"Where on earth are we now?" inquired one of the men inside.

T. Nolan, jun., stuck his head into the car.

"Gents," he inquired, "are you goin' any further, or will you get off here?"

The men looked out. They had reached the end of the line.

"Why," inquired the manager, "you don't go any further, do you?"

"The line don't, sir," responded T. Nolan, jun.; "but," he added, with a sweep of the arm in a forward direction, "the car does, if it's any accommodation to our passengers."

He pointed to the road ahead, and there, like incipient rails, appeared two well-worn ruts, along which the car at times had evidently wended its untrammelled way, in its fight for popularity and success.

Outside the room where T. Nolan, jun., sits is this brief inscription: "T. Nolan, jun., Superintendent."

By this time the other cars had pulled up. As soon as they stopped the children incontinently crowded out of them, falling one over another in their eagerness to alight.

"Now," exclaimed the three men inside the special to T. Nolan, jun. "Great Scott! what's this?"

They had watched the helter-skelter course of the youngsters, who were making for a point to the left of the lines. Alongside of the old ramshackle shed was a fenced inclosure belonging to the railway company. In front of its entrance stood a ginger-beer and cocoanut stand. Over this entrance was a sign announcing that there was a circus within. The children made a dash for this entrance and pushed in, one after another. There was no admission fee. T. Nolan, jun.'s, brother and two or three enthusiastic assistants unhooked the horses from the cars and led them inside, for they were part of the circus.

"What's this?" inquired the directors again.

T. Nolan, jun., smiled.

"A little scheme of my own, gents," he explained, "for the benefit of the kids. Do a turn there myself, sometimes." He cracked a joint or two, somewhat significantly.

He had not yet unhooked his horse.

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"Well, gents," he suggested, "shall I take you on or take you back?"

They looked at one another, and then at him. Then they pointed towards the circus entrance.

"Take us in," they replied.

There it was. It was crude enough; but it had the ring, and the few gaudy, flimsy, inexpensive trappings, which gave it the semblance of the real thing, and transformed the three car-horses, and the choice selection of youth which rode them, into a genuine performance.

There are certain things that a lad with double joints can do. T. Nolan, jun., did them.

There are certain things that a half-dozen street gamins, in the exuberance of their spirits, insist upon doing for the benefit of an audience, private or public. T. Nolan, jun.'s half-dozen did them well.

There are innumerable things that three horses and as many youthful horsemen cannot help doing. It is very certain that T. Nolan, jun.'s, combination never felt the compunction incident to their environment as they did upon their present occasion. The circus was a grand success.

At its close the manager and his associates walked back to the special and boarded it. T. Nolan, jun., once more a mere employer of the road, fastened his horse to the car, and stood lounging against the rail, waiting for the other cars to start. The manager was the first to speak. His tone was stern and resolute.

"Look here, young man," he inquired, "do you know that that piece of ground belongs to the railway?"

He frowned, and pointed towards the entrance to the circus ground.

T. Nolan, jun., looked at the manager and gulped. He was not prepared for this. He had kept his eye upon the three men, and had an idea that they had enjoyed the show.

"Well, I don't know, sir, as——"

Then he stopped.

The manager was still glancing at him keenly.

"Don't know what?" demanded the other.

T. Nolan, jun., glanced wistfully at the two cars in front with their burden of human freight. Then he glanced off toward the circus ground.

"Well, I don't know, sir," he replied, looking the manager squarely in the eye, "I don't know as the railway ever made any more money out of it than they do now, sir. It's laid waste for years till now."

He reached up and clanged the bell.

"Gee!" he said to his horse.

* * * * *

All this was some half-dozen years ago. Baker's Lane has grown with the passing of time. T. Nolan, jun., formerly the driver of the Baker's Lane Horse-Car Line, still keeps in existence the right of way for the Consolidated Traction Company. He succeeds in holding it, even though it now extends out into the country and over to the next town. He has now five hundred men or more under him to help him to do it.

At the company's offices they still remember his peculiar partiality for signs. They have not yet forgotten the old green car. The sign that they have placed in front of the room where T. Nolan, jun., sits is this brief inscription, in neat gilt letters:

T. NOLAN, JUN., SUPERINTENDENT.

Have you seen the Charming

JAPANESE COVERS

of the "Lady's Magazine"?

The Cover of the September Number will also be Japanese, and will be the most charming picture ever seen on or in a magazine. The LADY'S MAGAZINE would be worth Sixpence for that alone, but there are in addition many Short Stories, Storyettes, and Two Splendid Serials, one just commencing. The features dealing with fashion in all its forms are also interesting, and really useful and practical as well.

Look out for it on the Bookstalls on September 1st. Price 6d., as usual.

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How the Stalwart Men in Blue—the Custodians of London's Peace—are Prepared for their Responsible Work.

By John E. Doyle.

London, including its square mile of kernel known as "The City," is under the guardianship of a well-organised police force numbering 17,121 individuals.

And that force has a tremendous responsibility resting on its broad shoulders. Besides the preservation of law and order amongst six millions of more or less ambitious people, there is much to be done in looking after the worldly possessions of those six millions.

Of the enormous actual value of the property in charge of the London police it is impossible to form any estimate. Some idea may be gathered when it is known that there are some six hundred and ninety square miles of the richest portion of His Majesty's dominions always to be kept under careful observation.

Naturally the selection of candidates for such guardianship has to be conducted with greater care and precaution than is necessary in the case of the requirements of Winklemouth-on-Sea with its seven hundred and twenty odd inhabitants, to whom a local case of petty larceny provides a pleasurable sensation for weeks, whilst the training necessary in one case must of necessity be far more elaborate than in the other. In fact, there is no comparison.

It was recently declared by a well-known authority that "there is no body of public servants chosen with such infinite care and discretion as those who come as recruits to the famous police institution on the Thames Embankment."

And those who enjoy their guardianship, and not infrequently their friendship, know how true that statement is. How civil, how kindly—in short, how gentlemanly, we always find the average policeman! You can always ask him any question on any subject under the sun and be sure of a civil and intelligent reply. He is, as a rule, a walking encyclopædia, bound in blue cloth!

But he is a far different kind of person when he first makes his appearance at headquarters "to be licked into shape." The policeman in embryo is a rough, uncouth

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sort of being. He comes—as a rule—from the country, fresh from hod or hoe. The damp soil, as it were, clings to him. It has all to be brushed off effectively. The brushing operation is generally successful.

In the Metropolitan Police alone about one thousand vacancies occur every year. More than half of the vacancies are caused through the retirement of officers with pensions or gratuities.

The Commissioner, however, finds no difficulty in filling up the ranks.

Every Tuesday morning there is more than ordinary bustle in the precincts of New Scotland Yard.

It is Candidates' Day. Some fifty or sixty stalwart young men are up for examination.

But how has the Commissioner found these embryonic "bobbies?" Braw lads from the Hielands, west country farm hands, six-tooters from Tipperary—how have they been discovered?

The question is not very difficult to answer. Thousands of young men are attracted to the police service because of its many advantages, and the candidates' list at Scotland Yard is always well provided with names and addresses.

What are the attractions of the Metropolitan Police service? Well, primarily there is the pay—25*s.* 6*d.* per week as a beginning, with plenty of warm clothing. Coals, too, are included in the weekly allowances, or money in place of them when not required.

A policeman who conducts himself uprightly may also reckon that his annual increase of 1*s.* per week will come to him in due course, and if promotion does not come as soon as he would like, there is a maximum of 33*s.* 6*d.* a week to look forward to.

In ten years' time a well-conducted officer may be almost certain of promotion, and a fully fledged sergeant commands a substantial rate of pay, according to his length of service.

Better still, it is comforting to the average recruit to know that some fine day he may develop into a real, live inspector, with a salary—it isn't called "wages" any longer—of from £200 to £250. And there are five superintendents at "the Yard" alone, who must be pensioned off at a certain time. Well, who knows? The plain policeman may even aspire to one of these berths, with its comparatively gorgeous salary of £400 a year.

Perhaps the best of the attractions is the fact that, after fifteen years' service, he may retire with a pension. But if he stays on for the full term of twenty-six years, he can claim two-thirds of his pay and go and live in peace for the rest of his days.

Even the man who, owing to ill-health, or any approved cause, has to resign after three years, is treated better than he would be if dealing with the average civilian employer. He receives a gratuity of one month's pay for each year of service up to fifteen, when, as stated previously, he is entitled to a pension.

A man who wants to join the Metropolitan Police must first write to the Commissioner, at New Scotland Yard, candidates' department, stating his intention and desire.

In due course he will receive an official application form, on which he is asked to give, in his own hand-writing, a large number of personal details. The Commissioner evidently wants to know as much about candidates as the candidates know themselves.

Age, height, colour of eyes and hair, complexion; trade or other calling; married or single; if married, how many children; name and address of present or last employer; if previously served in any public service. Two testimonials as to character must accompany the returned form.

These testimonials must be written by two responsible householders who have personally known the candidate for at least five years. In addition, a letter of recommendation from present or last employer must be forwarded.

Here are some of the qualifications which a man must possess before he can have any chance of success: Be over twenty-one and under twenty-seven years of age; at least five feet nine inches high in his bare feet; able to read well; a legible writer; a fair speller; generally intelligent—from a Scotland Yard point of view—without any bodily ailment of any description; of the strongest constitution; exceptionally clean in personal habits.

We will take it that a man has received an intimation from the Commissioner that he may present himself for examination at Scotland Yard on a certain Tuesday morning.

The vast majority of candidates come from the country—and pay their own fares in the first instance—to London.

Turning up at Scotland Yard on the fateful Tuesday morning, expectant candidates meet an officer in whose hands they remain for at least three weeks to undergo a course of thorough physical training. Chief Inspector Rose—a veteran of more than forty years' service—is the mentor. He is known in the force as "the policeman maker."

Promptly to time from fifty to sixty men

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are ranged in a large room in the great Embankment building. Whilst waiting for the premier ordeal—the medical examination—they are harangued by Inspector Rose.

He explains to them exactly what the nature of their duties will be should they become members of the force. He urges upon them the necessity of thoroughly understanding the terms upon which they are entering the service. Each man is supplied with a pamphlet issued with the object of insuring that the candidate knows the responsibility he is taking on himself in joining the police. He, in fact, will know what his position will be, what will be expected of him, and that he will not be allowed to do certain things such as an ordinary civilian may do.

For instance, he must not incur a debt, or take any financial risks. He must not open a shop or give credit. These regulations are framed with the idea of enabling a policeman to keep himself, as it were, unspotted from the world of unfortunate notoriety.

After listening to the worthy inspector's homily, and perusing, or pretending to peruse, the admonitory booklet, the candidates for the order of the blue tunic retire to a dressing-room, where they strip off their every-day attire and wrap themselves up in great coats to await their respective turns for an interview with the doctor, Chief Surgeon MacKellar, whose duty it is to see that none but the most robust and physically perfect will enter the force.

There is no calling—not even the sailor's—so trying to a man's constitution as that of the policeman's in London. The terrible winter, with its constant fogs and dampness, is bad enough when passed on day duty, but only those who have experienced it can ever understand the awful trials of night duty in a London atmosphere between the first of November and the end of March.

It is significant, that in spite of the care exercised in the selection of healthy men, one year's total of diseases among the officers, resulting from exposure, was 4067: all cases of rheumatism, bronchitis, catarrh, and tonsilitis.

One by one, the men, clad only in their great coats, file into the doctor's room to learn their fate. The medical exam., being such a keen one, it is not surprising that a fair percentage of each day's candidates fail to pass.

The big ordeal over, the successful ones are measured for their height, and weighed. Very few are rejected, because the men have already, before coming to "the Yard," satisfied themselves on these points. And they know that if they are even half-an-inch short of the requisite sixty-nine, there is not a bit of use going to any further trouble. Each man must be of the average weight, according to his height.

Next comes the examination to prove the candidate's ability in "the three R's." The educational test being only that which even the less ambitious board school supplies, the men are very seldom, if ever, "plucked" because of it.

Still, it is occasionally Inspector Rose's painful duty to have to inform a man, at the end of the first day's tests, that he is not a suitable candidate, and need not attend further.

The more fortunate ones, however, are marched off to the Section House, in Kennington Lane, which will form their temporary abode until the period of probation (three weeks) is completed. During this time each man receives a certain sum, sufficient for his needs, until he enters on his duties as a fully fledged policeman.

At the Section House, where suitable accommodation is provided for some eighty men, the art of telegraphy is taught, and Inspector Rose seizes every opportunity to post the candidates in their various duties, all of which will be described further on in this article.

When "off duty" the young fellows either walk out for a constitutional or enjoy themselves indoors, where there are billiard tables, reading rooms, and other means of recreation.

Part of each day is spent upon the square of Wellington Barracks, where the men go through a course of drilling under the superintendence of Inspector Rose. It is wonderful what a change is produced in the physical appearance of the men after a week's work on the barracks' square. The loose-looking, crudely-formed country fellows develop into smart, soldier-like men, with a regular, steady stride.

At Scotland Yard they attend a course of five lectures given by Chief-Surgeon MacKellar on elementary anatomy, and are instructed in ambulance work. Practical illustrations of first aid are included. All this is of great use in a place like London, where street accidents are such common occurrences.

Needless to say, the authorities that be at Scotland Yard are firm believers in the efficacy of vaccination. It is one of the conditions laid down to candidates that they agree to be re-vaccinated. So, before the days of probation are concluded, every man's arm carried

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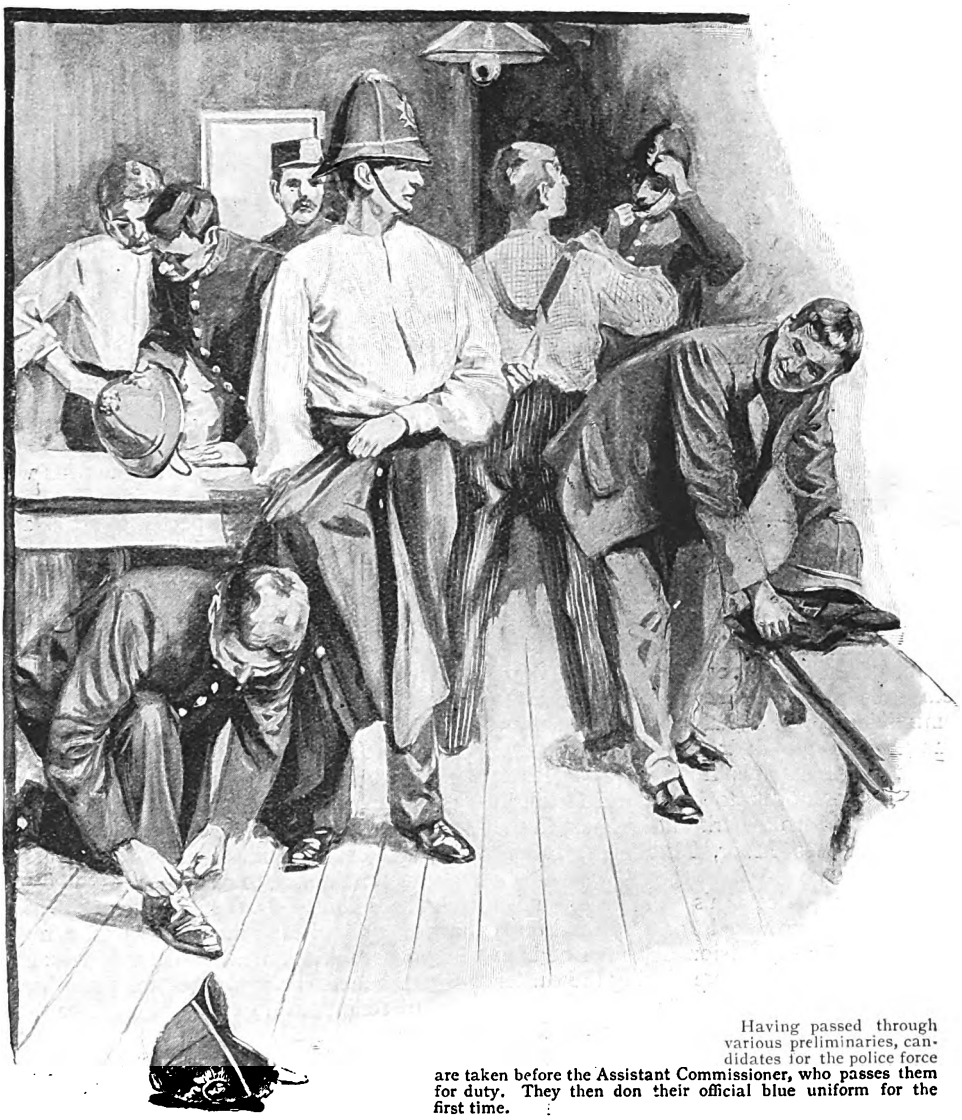

Having passed through various preliminaries, candidates for the police force are taken before the Assistant Commissioner, who passes them for duty. They then don their official blue uniform for the first time.

tenderly about is sufficient testimony that the requirements of the regulations have been duly fulfilled.

An important event happens towards the close of the course of drilling at Wellington Barracks. On an appointed day the candidates parade in the square, where, in the presence of an Assistant Commissioner, they go through a series of evolutions under the command of the ubiquitous Rose, who becomes a blushing one when the A. C. turns to him and officially compliments him on the smartness of his men.

If the A. C. is thoroughly satisfied with the appearance and proficiency of the candidates, they are probationers no longer, but may regard themselves as policemen in mufti—for, of course, they have not yet "donned the blue."

On the following Monday morning—the official inspection takes place as a rule on Thursday or Friday—the embryonic Roberts appear at the Receiver's Store, where each man is supplied with his uniform and helmet.

Retiring laden to their quarters, the new and spotless blue clothes are donned. Then, under the direction of Mentor Rose, the proud fellows march from Kennington Lane to the "Yard" where, in the presence of the

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Commissioner, or his representative, each man is "affirmed." He solemnly promises to do his duty faithfully, making the following "General Declaration":—

"I, Henry Wilton, being appointed a constable of the Police Force of the Metropolitan Police District, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King in the office of constable, and that I will act as a constable for preserving the peace and preventing robberies and other felonies, and apprehending offenders against the peace, and in all respects to the best of my skill and knowledge discharge the duties of the said office faithfully and according to law."

There is a special declaration for those constables who are intended for duty at or in a Royal Palace. It is worded as follows:—

"I, William Jenkins, being a constable belonging to the Metropolitan Police Force, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will faithfully execute the office of constable within the Royal Palaces and ten miles thereof."

Whilst the probationers have been making themselves proficient in their new duties, the Commissioner's staff has been busy making arrangements for their disposal over the district, which extends from Colney Heath, Herts., in the north, to Todworth Heath in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west.

Each new policeman's sphere of active duty has been arranged for him, and he is drafted off to the division in which he is to be employed, at any rate during the earlier part of his official career.

He at first fills a very humble position, acting as reserve man at the station, and attending the local police court as usher. Here, in calling out names, he acquires that confident and authoritative voice which marks him out as a person of importance later on. In such employment he spends the first fortnight of his "active" life in the force.

For some hours daily, at the station, the fledgling's superior officer acts as his coach in giving minute instructions in the law as to arrest, and generally in the multitudinous duties upon which he is about to enter.

With regard to arrests, he is cautioned never to take a man into custody without sufficient reason. He must never enter a private residence without a warrant, no matter how great his belief may be that a "wanted" is seeking shelter there.

A London magistrate recently stated that if a policeman were killed by a man whom he was trying to arrest without a warrant, his assailant could not be found guilty of murder. In making an authorised arrest the novice must never forget to recite the official warning to the prisoner, which informs him that anything he may say will be taken down and used as evidence against him.

On these and other matters the superior "lays down the law" for the benefit of the recruit, and woe betide the latter if he fails to heed every detail. An oversight made by a recruit may utterly spoil his chances of success in the force.

As to the extent of the policeman's duties, it may truly be said that a constable bears the combined cares of a dozen people upon his broad shoulders as he takes his walks abroad.

For instance, he is expected to act as a sort of foster-mother to lost children, and to discover their relatives, to whom the lost ones must be duly restored. The policeman is also regarded as the proper individual who should find the whereabouts of missing persons, and to lead them in due course to their friends.

And very well he does his work. It is a fact that the City and Metropolitan forces, during the year 1901, found and restored 18,473 lost children and missing persons to their anxious friends and relatives.

And a policeman has also to be an expert hand at extinguishing a fire, as well as acting as a watchman to discover outbreaks of conflagrations. To get his hand in at the art of extinguishing fires he attends, at regular intervals, a divisional fire drill at headquarters, where he and his comrades are placed under the direction of an experienced fireman.

Thus, the study of hydrant, hose, and fire-escape, renders the sturdy man in blue a fitting auxiliary to the fire brigade in cases of emergency or short-handedness of staff.

And that he is able to cope with sudden difficulties of this nature is proved by the official returns of last year's London fires. Seventy-five outbreaks were extinguished by the police unaided by the brigade or any other assistance.

One would fancy that even a policeman's patience would be exhausted when he receives instructions to act as a sort of official capturer of stray and unmuzzled dogs. No wonder the canine breed is said to possess an hereditary hatred of a policeman in uniform. The combined forces, in the course of a year, captured no fewer than 30,685 dogs, including sixty-seven suffering from rabies.

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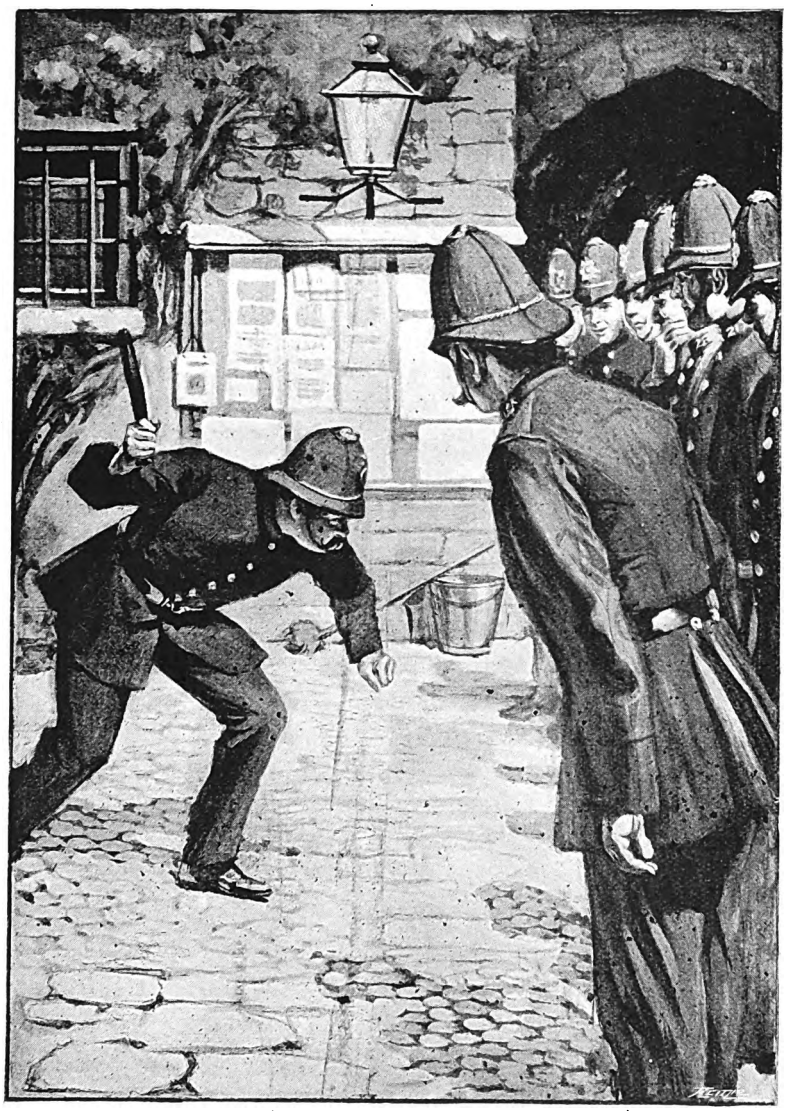
Now, the capture of a mad dog is an act requiring special training. Should you ever happen to visit the precincts of a police station whilst mad dog drill is "on," don't imagine that the staff has taken leave of its senses.

A real mad dog is a risky thing to practice the drill upon. Therefore, the demented canine has to be imagined, and the expert whose knowledge is being dispensed to the novice has to capture an imaginary animal. With drawn staff, and set, determined face, the veteran bears down upon his imaginary prey. To the assembled juniors he meanwhile describes the movements of the supposed dog, giving advice as to the safest way of approaching the unfortunate animal.

Finally, by a flank movement, the imaginary mad dog is approached and knocked senseless by a blow of the policeman's staff. The knowledge gained by such rehearsals is invaluable to a man who must not flinch when the real mad dog makes its appearance in the street.



"Mad dog drill" is an important item in a policeman's training. Needless to say, no mad dog is used, but lessons are given in the best way of approaching and disabling an animal afflicted with rabies.

"Hi! Hi! Stop that horse!" yells an excited crowd, in most cases adding to the poor runaway's terror. And, of course, it is the first policeman that comes along who is expected to make the earliest practical attempt to bring the creature to a stand-still. At any rate, the odds are that he knows more about how to do it than the ordinary man in the street.

Although the lessons given are chiefly theoretical, they are none the less effective Before a policeman goes out to do duty in the streets he is lectured upon the best method of stopping runaway horses. That is why you notice he never approaches the galloping animal from an opposite direction, or at right angles.

When a policeman sees a runaway horse. coming towards him, he starts running in the same direction as the horse, looking back now and then as the runaway overtakes him.

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Soon the animal dashes alongside him, and, although he may not be travelling as fast as the horse, he is able to shoot out his hands and grasp the reins, and, still running, gradually bring the beast under control.

Last year 285 men in blue succeeded in stopping as many runaway horses, which might otherwise have caused serious damage to men and things. At such moments a policeman must not think of his wife or children. He has to act, and act at once.

At the dead of night have you ever suddenly awoke from sleep to hear a steady, strong knock at your hall door? Have you crept downstairs scantily clad to ask in quavering or blustering tones, according to your mood, "Who's there?"

Have you seen the flash of a bull's-eye lantern as you peeped through the keyhole? Then a gruff but civil voice that murmurs:

"You've left your front room window wide open, sir. Please close and latch it."

It is the policeman, of course. Who else would care a jot if you left every window and door in the house open?

It is one of the many duties of the man in blue to examine the door and lower windows of every house on his beat at night. Many a burglary has been prevented by the caution of the watchful policeman. During 1901 the Metropolitan force found 24,088 doors and windows left open or insecurely fastened at night.

It is part of the policeman's duty to act the good Samaritan at all times whensoever necessary. He has to assist persons who have met with an accident, to give first aid, provide an ambulance, and to wheel this, single-handed, to the nearest hospital.

Although it is not in the regulations, the policeman is supposed never to hesitate in jumping into river or sea to rescue drowning persons. How often this is done the many presentations of medals to members of the two forces by the life saving society are sufficient testimony.

Amongst other duties, the man in blue has to attend to the following, all of which call for tact and discretion in carrying out:—The billeting of soldiers, the examination of pedlars' licenses, answering the questions of people who never can do anything without first "asking a policeman," and the prevention of over-crowding in omnibuses and tram cars.

Well may a policeman, at the end of his twenty-six years' service, say to himself, as he grasps the first instalment of his pension: "I have earned this!"

And there is no doubt of it.

A policeman is always expected to stop a runaway horse if he sees one; and he is taught that the best way to do this is to run along in the same direction as the animal and let it overtake him before snatching at the bridle.

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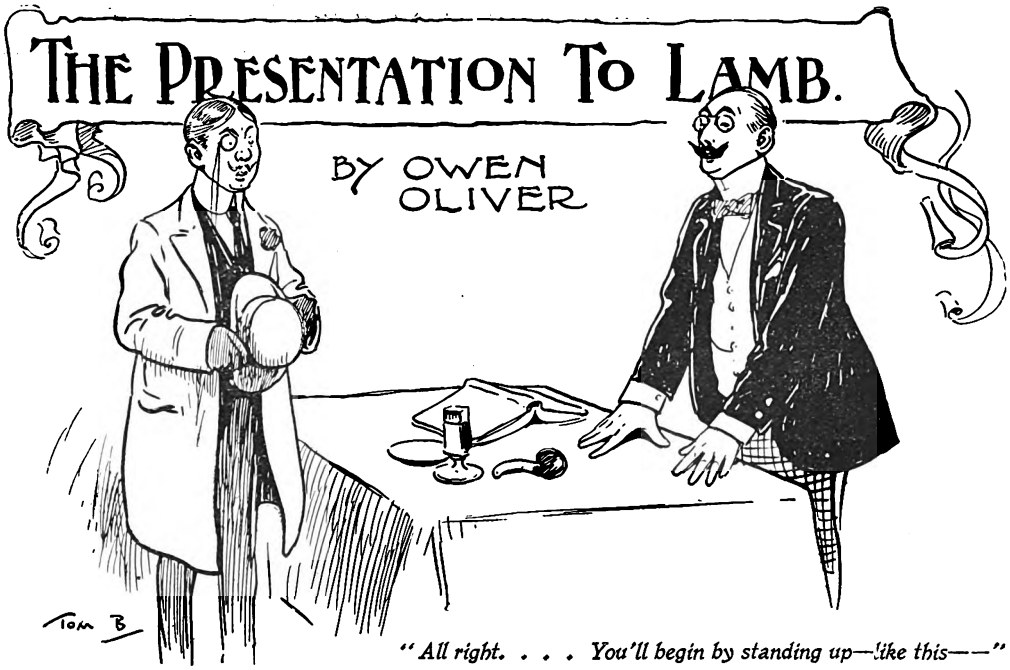
THE PRESENTATION TO LAMB.

BY OWEN OLIVER



"All right. . . . You'll begin by standing up—like this——"

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon, and I was reading a heavy novel in front of the fire, when young Lamb came in. He looked as if he carried a world or two on his shoulders.

"Hulloa, Lambkin!" I said cheerfully. "What's the trouble?"—he groaned and shook his head—"the fair Evelina?" He's engaged to her.

"If you mean Miss Smithers," he said with dignity, "certainly not. It's the fellows at the club. They"—he sank his voice to a whisper—"they're going to give me a testimonial!" He was leaving Tinville for London.

"I've subscribed to it myself," I confessed. He shook his head at me reproachfully.

"I might have known it!" he groaned again. "It's to-night."

"Surely you don't object to a little present?"

"It isn't the present I mind, it's the presentation. They'll expect a speech"; he ruffled up his hair wildly. "I can't do it. That's a fact."

"It's easy enough," I answered him. "Proudest moment of your life, and all that sort of thing."

"I'd thought of that," he admitted; "but I can't get any further. Look here, you tell me. What ought I to say?"

I folded my arms judicially.

"That," I said solemnly, "is the question!"

He kicked the footstool half across the room.

"Don't talk foolery . . . You know you're good at spouting . . . You might give a fellow a lift."

I took a few draws at my pipe and laid it down.

"All right . . . You'll begin by standing up—like this—and resting your hands upon the table—so. Then you'll say something like this:

"'Mr. President and Gentlemen:—

"'I wish that my command of language were equal to my feelings, but my heart is too full for words. When I——'"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I'll see if I can remember that." He muttered it over several times. "That's all right. Go on."

"'When I see all that is best and noblest in this beautiful town gathered together to——'"

"Wait a minute. How about er—the ladies?"

"'When I see all that is best and noblest in the male society of this beautiful town gathered together to do honour to my unworthy self'—they'll shout: 'No, no,' and you'll look modest—'I am compelled to think better of myself than I have ever done before.' Now you put one hand on your heart and plant the other firmly on the table, like this . . . No, no! Like this . . . 'Gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life!' Then

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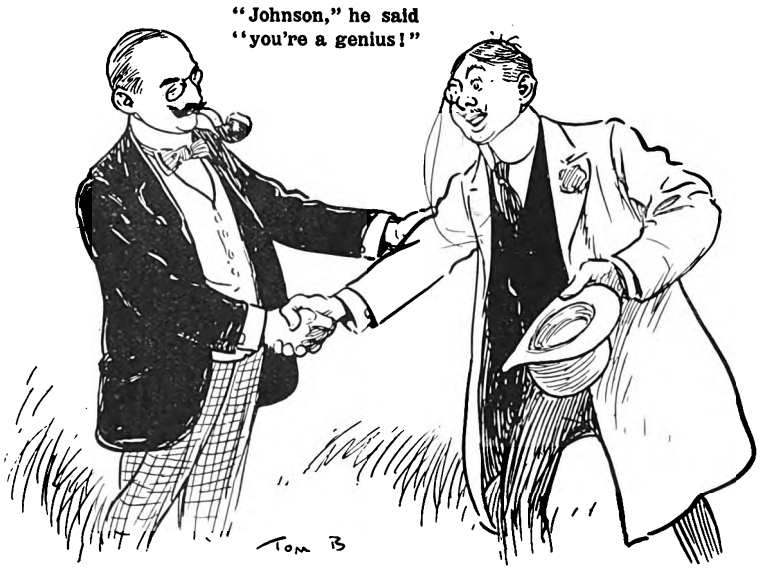

we'll cheer like blazes, and you can think what you're going to say next."

"You'll think of it better," he protested.

"You've only got to hold up the present and say nice things about it. Of course it will be just what you most wanted."

"What *is* it?" he inquired.

"It wasn't decided last night. We left it to Brown and Jones. I was for a meerschaum pipe. You might say that we could not have selected a more appropriate and useful present or one that you would use more frequently. You might say *that* whatever it is; that you will always fancy that you see our faces through the clouds of smoke; that your friendship will deepen like the colour of the pipe, and so on. Smith wanted a couple of bats with your best innings for us on silver plates. You could say that to-night was the best innings of all. Jones proposed a watch. You could say that its constant tick-tick would always remind you of the happy moments you spent with us. Old Smithers rather hinted at something that would come in useful in the furnishing line—a pair of vases, or anything of that sort. That would give you a chance of bringing the fair Evelina in. You can say that you hope soon to be taking the dearest part of Tinville away with you. You could hint that, should any little difference ever arise, you would look at the pair—or whatever the number may be—and take a lesson from the unity of hearts here, and so on."

"By Jove, that's good!" Lamb rubbed his hands. "Go on, old chap. I'm taking it in."

"Well, you might go back to the fulness of heart, and so on; and say that you feared that words had proved unequal to expressing your feelings; that there *were* no words equal to doing so; but that, with all your heart, you thanked us all."

Lamb rose and shook my hand. He has a grip like iron. "Johnson," he said, "you're a genius! I'll go home and get it off by heart. . . . 'Fulness of heart,' you said?"

"Quite right." He nodded and made for the door. Then he stopped.

"There was something else about heart, wasn't there?"

"Er—'unity of heart,' you mean."

"That's it. Thanks awfully." He shut the door, but in a few minutes he opened it again.

"I hope they'll make it the pair of ornaments," he remarked. "She'd like that. . . . Suppose it is the watch? 'Click-clack,' you said, didn't you?"

"Tick-tick," I corrected.

"That's what I meant. So long, old chap."

"So long!"

He went out again. In a few moments I heard him whistling outside. So I opened the window.

"What do I do when I've finished?" he asked.

"Sit down."

"I mean what do I do with the vases—if it is vases."

"Take them home! You'd better hold them up while you're praising them. They'll look at the vases instead of you, and you'll feel more comfortable."

"You're a clever old beggar!" he said admiringly. "Good-bye."

Then he went, and I shut the window and returned to my book. It was a serious work, as I have said, but I laughed a good deal.

I was rather late in reaching the club, and the presentation was about to begin, Lamb was pale, and he kept twiddling his thumbs. He looked at me reproachfully

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"I wanted to go over it with you," he whispered. "I—I hope it will be the ornaments. She'd come in so nicely. . . . I know I shall make a mess of it."

"Nonsense! Have a whiskey and soda?"

"That's good counsel," he pronounced, "I think I will."

It *was* good counsel; but, unfortunately, he had had a number of counsellors already; and they had all given the same advice! He hadn't had too much exactly; but when he got up to return thanks he was distinctly flustered. He grabbed the presentation—it was a silver-mounted riding whip—and flourished it without seeming to know what it was. This is what he said:

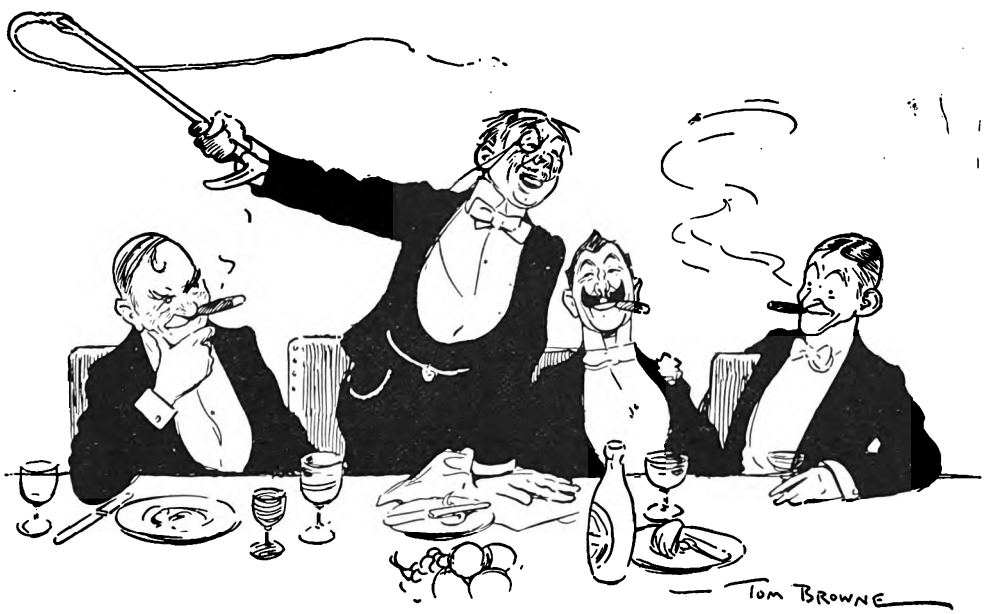
"President and—er—gentlemen. I mean—er—Mr. Gentlemen and—er—president—

"I am too full for words. Much too full. (*Hold on to the table.*) I—I'd say a lot of things—er— if I'd more—more—language. I—I mean it you know. (*Hear, hear!*) You'd be surprised—perhaps you wouldn't be surprised—you might be surprised or you might not—if you knew what I thought.

"When I—er—see the beautiful male society of this unworthy town—I mean the unworthy society of this beautiful male town—I think better of myself than I did before. Can't help it. Er—er—this is the proudest moment of my life. (*Loud applause.*)

"When I say the male society of this town I—er—don't include the females—the female—ladies. That is—you know what I mean. (*Yes, yes!*) I don't want to mention names (*No, no!*), but I—er—I am proud of it. I'm going to take the best part of them away with me! (*Laughter.*)

"When I think of the—er—happy state I am going to enter—I see you were thinking of it when you chose this—er—appropriate present! (*Mr. Smithers rose and was pulled down by his coat-tails. I started making my way towards Lamb.*) If we have any little difference—when I hear a constant click-click—er—you know what I mean—it will be very useful. (*Flourishing the whip.*)



"When I—er—see the beautiful male society of this unworthy town, I think better of myself than I did before."

"I shall remember you then. So will she. We'll look at the pair of them—or whatever the number is—and—er— It's very useful. It's just what I want; just what *she* wants. I won't mention any names, but—er—it's—er—it's——"

At this moment I reached Lamb and pulled him down suddenly "You young *ass!*" I muttered. "It's a riding-whip!"

The joke ends here; but I don't like to see a good fellow pushed into a corner even in jest. Those who don't feel that way needn't read on.

When the uproar had subsided a little I got on my feet and held up my hand. The fellows are always good in listening to me.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen—

"The richer the feeling the poorer the

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speech. Our friend Lamb has shown that he feels your kindness very much. He has shown some of us what has not been apparent to most of you, that he also appreciates very highly a little attention of ours.

"There are several of us who, in addition to knowing him, have the privilege of knowing also his *fiancée*—a young lady for whom I, being many years her senior, may without offence express a warm regard. Well, gentlemen, it occurred to us (*I hadn't mentioned it to the others yet!*) that beside joining in this present we should like to make some little offering in which she could share, to show her that his friends are her friends. (*Loud applause.*)

"This offering is to take the form of a pair of vases. In his agitation—his natural and laudable agitation at taking leave of so many dear friends—(*Hear, hear! Bravo!*)—Mr. Lamb had these vases in the forefront of his mind. Miss Smithers is always there. (*Laughter and cheers.*) His remarks applied to the vases. (*An agitated 'Yes, yes,' from Lamb.*)

"Gentlemen, I think we should have had her in mind also. Our worthy president has made a suggestion to me. (*I made it to him, but it's all the same.*) He proposes that we should exchange the bachelor whip for the domestic clock. A riding-whip, gentlemen, is a dangerous weapon in a household. (*I leaned forward confidentially.*) You never know who will get hold of it first! (*Yells of laughter.*)

"A clock is beneficial to both parties. It tells a wife when to get her husband's breakfast. It tells her also *when to expect him home.* (*More yells.*) May the domestic happiness of our friend Lamb be as constant as the ticking of the clock."

I met Miss Smithers the next afternoon, and she made *me* a speech. It was a very pretty little speech, and she said it very prettily. "You have been Charlie's best friend at two presentations," she concluded. "I—I hope you will be his best man at the third!"

SUNSHINE.

I do not know what skies there were
  Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
  A little, when we turned to go;
I think I saw the grasses sway
  As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet it seemed like yesterday,
  That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
  I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
  Across the fields; we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
  How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
  I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
  Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
  I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
  The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
  And I saw only you!

AUBREY NEWTON

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REMEMBER TO FORGET

I.

Said Dorothy, aged two,
"Remember to forget
That 'tis my bed-time—*do!*"
Said Dorothy, aged two.
"I want to play with you—
The nicest boy I've met."
Said Dorothy, aged two,
"Remember to forget!"

II.

"Remember to forget,"
Said Dorothy, nineteen,
"That we have ever met,
Remember to forget!"
The child's phrase, quaintly set,
Clings to her still—my queen!
"Remember to forget!"
Said Dorothy, nineteen.

III.

"Remember to forget,"
Pleads Dorothy to-night,
"I've teased you sadly—yet
Remember to forget."
Her eyelashes were wet
Although her heart is light.
"Remember to forget!"
Pleads Dorothy to-night.

KILDA KILROY.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

A Chimney Puzzle.

A steeplejack, having climbed to the top of a 100 foot chimney, found that his mates had removed the scaling ladders and gone off for the night, leaving the climbing apparatus, ropes, etc., on the ground.

The unfortunate man succeeded in attracting the attention of a little boy below, and eventually managed to get to the ground again safely without calling in the help of anyone else.

How did he do it?

All that the steeplejack had with him on the chimney was a pair of scissors and a piece of bread and cheese wrapped up in the front page of a daily newspaper.

[*A Five Shilling prize will be given for the best solution of this problem to reach Mr.* X *in an envelope marked "Chimney," by Nov. 20th, 1903.*]

What Colour is the "Five" on a £5 Bank Note?

Black, of Course.

[Mr. X has been unable personally to check this reply. The colour of a bank note is an unknown quantity to him. If the question is a put-up job on your poor old Puzzle Editor, perhaps any reader who has been fortunate enough to have personal acquaintance with a £5 note will communicate privately with Mr. X.]

A Puzzling But Sensible Sentence.

Leave a little more space between King and and and and and Queen.

Hardly Fair.

Why is every unmarried lady said to be a miss with a mission?

Because she is in search of a man with a mansion!

To Put Ale and Water in a Glass Without Mixing Them.

Fill your glass half full of ale and set it upon a table; then put a silk handkerchief over the glass, and press it down to the

surface of the ale; you may then gently fill the glass with water, and draw up the handkerchief, and you will see the water resting upon the ale without mixing in the least.

Not Safe.

Those who try the following catches had better make themselves scarce as quickly as possible.

Jones: "I say, old man, lovely day for the race?"

Smith (*unsuspiciously*): "What race?"

Jones (*at safe distance*): "The human race, old boy."

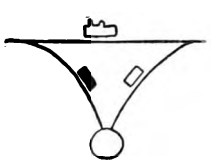
Next day Jones on meeting Smith exclaims excitedly: "They're after you!"

Smith: "Who?"

Jones (*triumphantly*): "V, W, X, Y, and Z."

A Shunting Problem.

A station-master had two trucks on two lines which were united by a turn-table. He had one engine, which was too big to go over the turn-table. He had to reverse the position of the two trucks (which were small enough to cross the turn-table separately). How?



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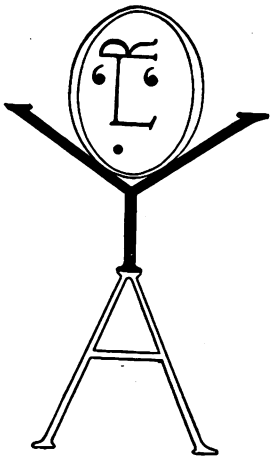
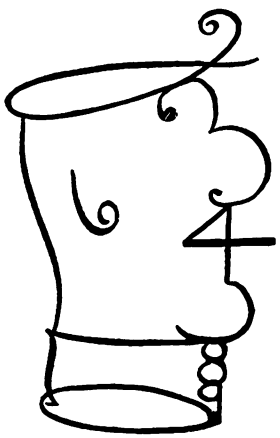
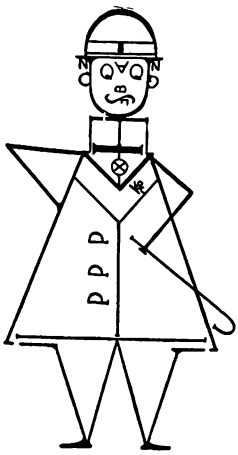






Three curious composite figures. The first is composed of the letters of the word 'Royal,' with the full stop and inverted commas; the second, of the digits, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; and the third, of the letters of the alphabet.

How to Flabbergast a Shopkeeper.

Go into, say, a tobacconist's shop and ask for a threepenny cigar. Don't hand over the money; but look at the cigar for a little, and then say: "I don't think I'll have a cigar. Would you kindly exchange it for a packet of cigarettes?"

When the shopkeeper takes back the cigar and hands you the cigarettes proceed to walk calmly out of the shop, when he will immediately call you back and demand payment for the cigarettes.

Then say to him: "But didn't I exchange the cigar for those cigarettes?"

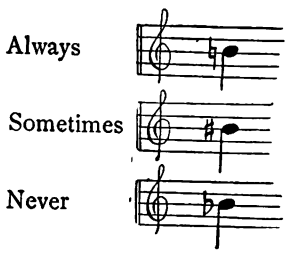
The shopkeeper will, of course, own that you did, but at the same time will remind you that you did not pay for the cigar. Whereupon you puzzle him for a moment by replying that it is not likely that you are going to pay for the cigar when you didn't get it!

She Left Nothing Behind.

"Is all my luggage in the van?"
"Yes, madam."
"Have I left nothing behind?"
"No, madam; not even a copper."

How to arrange four 9's in order to make 100.

Answer: $99\frac{9}{9}$.

A Piece of Good Advice.

(Always be natural, sometimes be sharp, never be flat.)

The Circle Catch.

Ask your friends to do the following and they will most certainly be caught. Make a circle with the finger on a table, piece of paper or anything flat, putting in eyes and mouth at random, saying: "The moon is round, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth," only being sure to make the circle with the left hand. Others who are asked to do the same, invariably make it with the *right* hand.

The best Eight-lettered Word Square has been sent in by C. P. Baseley, and the prize of One Pound goes to him. Here is the square with the definitions of the various words employed.

M A L A R I A S	Unhealthy exhalations from certain soils.
A L A M A N C E	County, North Carolina.
L A M A N T I N	The manatee.
A M A S S I N G	Piling.
R A N S O M E R	One who redeems.
I N T I M A T E	To hint.
A C I N E T A E	A group of suctorial infusoria.
S E N G R E E N	The houseleek.

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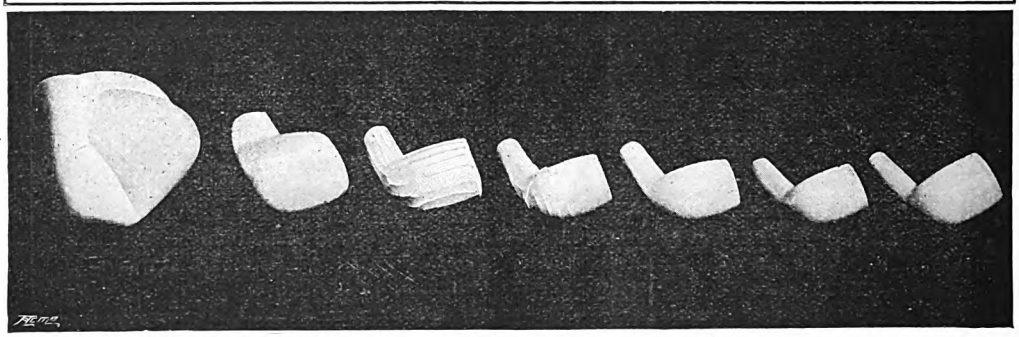
The Birth of the Pipe



An Interesting Article to tell you how and from what your Pipe is Made.

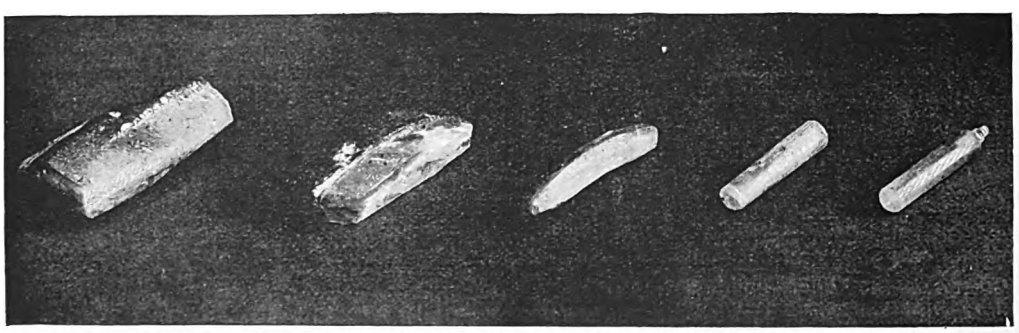
By George Western.

Delightful as is the irresponsibility of the cigarette, soul-stirring and divinely pungent the aroma of a cigar, the pipe is the best of all. You need never be afraid of your pipe. It is worth all the medicine and the pills that the whole pharmacopœia could produce. Were it not so, why call it the pipe of peace?

It is about this "pipe of peace" that I am going to tell you—how it is made, where the materials come from, and all the rest of it. There is a lot to say about pipes. In fact, you could fill a book with interesting talk about them, and still leave a lot unsaid. But the Editor tells me that four pages must suffice. So I must curb my pen and get to the business at once and tell you all that I learned on my visit to Messrs. Perkins and Sons, the great pipe manufacturers, in Tottenham Court Road.

Let us start with the meerschaum, that beautiful white pipe whose bowl you must touch with the greatest care, lest you leave the slightest scratch or finger mark on its silky surface. The word meerschaum means, literally, sea foam. But you must not run away with the idea that meerschaum pipes are made of petrified sea foam. That is wrong. Meerschaum is a mineral found in the neighbourhood of Asia Minor by a man called Meerschaum. When dug out of the ground it is soft and flaky, like soap.

Well, the meerschaum is taken to Vienna and sent packed in cases to the merchants in this country. The price to the trade varies according to the size of the pieces. Thus, a case containing about two hundred small pieces, each piece to be made into a small meerschaum bowl, will cost at the rate of



Five phases in the manufacture of an amber mouthpiece. On the left is the rough hewn lump, fresh from the mines in the Baltic. Number two, the same piece cut in two. Then a well-chiselled lump. Next we see the mouthpiece taking tangible shape, and finally ready and waiting to be screwed into the meerschaum pipe.

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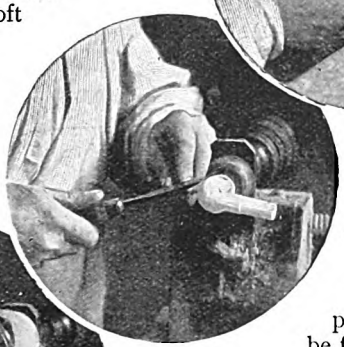
rour shillings a piece. But when the case contains bigger pieces the price is higher, ranging from seven to twenty shillings.

The first thing to do before cutting the bowl of a pipe is to soak the lump of raw meerschaum in water. There is an extraordinary quality about meerschaum. It will absorb more than its own weight of water. But if you leave it in the water too long it will break up into little pieces, and therefore be useless. After it has been soaked in water it becomes about as soft as cheese and is easily cut with a knife.

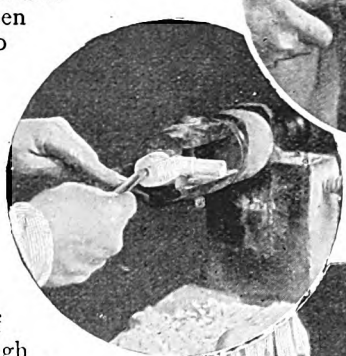
When it is in this soft flaky state the meerschaum is cut with an ordinary knife, into the rough shape of a pipe, and then the skilled mechanic sets to work on the bowl. With the lathe and a sharp knife he cuts the bowl and the stem. He then clamps the bowl on to the lathe once more and hollows it out. For this a circular chisel is used. A bradawl does the same offices to the stem.

As far as the chisel and knife work go the pipe is complete. It is, of course, in a very rough state, and has to be sand-papered very carefully until quite smooth. Then comes the wax bath. A pan is filled with wax, and when this is heated until it has reached liquid state, the pipe is immersed for two or three minutes. It is then put away to dry for the mouth-piece of amber to be fitted on.

—Having been soaked in water—

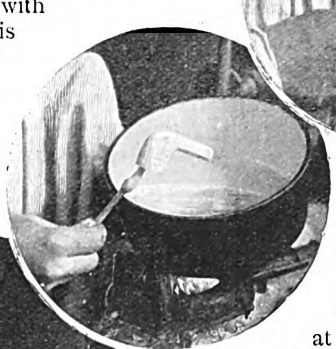


—the meerschaum is turned down—



—bored—

—filled—



—waxed—

—polished, and finally fitted with a mouthpiece, then being ready to smoke.

The meerschaum pipe now awaits its mouth-piece. This is almost invariably made of that pretty clouded amber so universally admired. The amber is imported into England from Konigsberg, in Prussia, where it is a government monopoly. But it comes in the first place from the shores of the Baltic, where it is taken from the sea. Amber is purchased by manufacturers at the rate of fifty shillings for a kilo, roughly, more than two pounds, containing a hundred small pieces, only big enough for beads. The larger sizes for mouth-pieces and cigarette-holders cost at the rate of ten shillings to one hundred shillings a piece.

The first thing a workman does when he starts cutting an amber pipe stem is to place the rough piece, which will probably be the right length, more or less, on a circular saw. This cuts away most of the superfluous amber, and reduces it down to a size that can easily be worked upon with a chisel—step number two. With the chisel he cuts off the corners and reduces the mouthpiece in size still more. Step number three will be to round off all the corners. This is done with the help of a circular file worked by a foot lathe. After some more file work a hand file of moderate surface is

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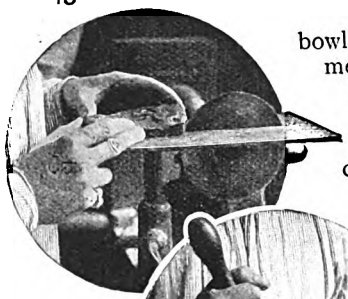
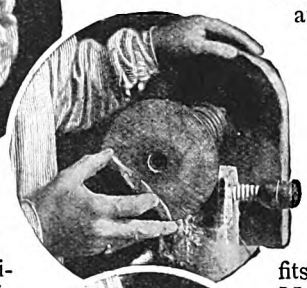
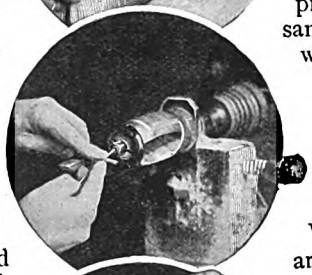
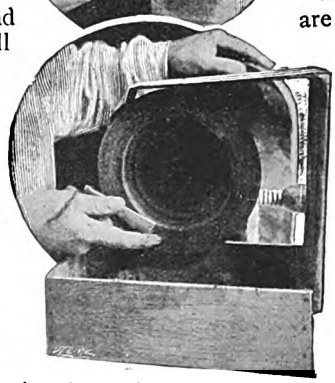


used, for amber must be treated very gently. The more superfluous edges are rubbed off, the amber is put into the lathe once more, and tightly fixed in such a position that it may be bored. This is very delicate work, and is done with a fine, but very sharp drill. Then the mouthpiece is placed on another circular file and shaped properly. Finally, it is polished and the screw fitted to it, so that it may be screwed on to the meerschaum bowl.

Let us now talk about briar pipes—after all, the most popular. A meerschaum is a very beautiful thing when it is coloured, but you have to take care of it. Now, the average smoker does not take care of his pipe. He wants a good, strong bit of wood that will stand being knocked about, and will not chip or break. So he gets a briar. Briar pipes are made from the root of the briar tree that grows in Tuscany and other parts of Italy. When cut down the wood is sawed into small pieces, and each piece is boiled on the spot. This closes up the grain of the wood, and prevents it from burning or leaking. The briar wood is found to be the most satisfactory by makers; it often contains a good grain. A straight grain on a pipe—straight up the bowl from the stem—is most admired by connoisseurs. Like the meerschaum, the wood is roughly cut into the shape of a pipe. It is then put into a lathe, a most wonderful contrivance that by the mere pressure of the hand of the workman, and the drawing together of two complicated pieces of mechanism, carves the bowl of the pipe outside and inside. And, moreover, it does not merely gouge out the inside roughly and cut the outside as roughly, but the whole job is done in a thoroughly workmanlike style, and the bowl is as smooth and neat as it can possibly be when it is taken out of the lathe a few seconds after.







An amber mouth-piece is turned roughly into shape on a lathe, and with a chisel, then filed down with a pumice polisher and file. Then a hole is bored through it with a sharp bradawl, and it is given a final polish.

The pipe is put into another lathe and the stem is rounded and bored. Then a workman with a chisel trims off the projecting pieces between the stem and the bowl, for there is a point on the pipe where even the most ingenious of lathes is powerless, and the pipe is handed over to the man who puts in the mouth-piece and fits on the silver band.

Mouth-pieces for briars vary a good deal. The nicest—that is to say, the most popular—are those of vulcanite—hard vulcanite with no smell. But some people prefer bone, while a few are partial to ivory and amber.

Horn and vulcanite mouth-pieces are made in precisely the same way as amber ones. One would think that the vulcanite could be melted and poured into a mould. This is not usually done. For molten vulcanite is very soft. You all know those delightful corn cob pipes with long vulcanite mouth-pieces? Well, most of these mouth-pieces are molten. For good briar pipes, the vulcanite is cut on saws, just as the amber is cut.

The vulcanite is bought in sheets of a half to an inch and a half thick. It is as hard as wood, and can only be cut with sharp knives and chisels.

When a pipe stem of amber or an amber cigarette tube is cut, naturally the shavings and amber dust are thrown off in large quantities. This dust is collected, moistened, and compressed into a solid substance which the trade call amberoid, and which is used for cheap

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mouth-pieces and tubes. But of course it has not the beautiful appearance and the polished hard surface of the genuine amber.

Clay pipes are turned out in large quantities. The clay is mostly got from Dorset and Devonshire, in the latter county from Newton Abbot especially. The most interesting part of clay pipe making is the drying process at the end. The clay is moulded when soft and damp, and must of necessity be burned or rather baked dry. This is done in kilns, called muffle kilns where the pipes are protected from a direct contact with the flames.

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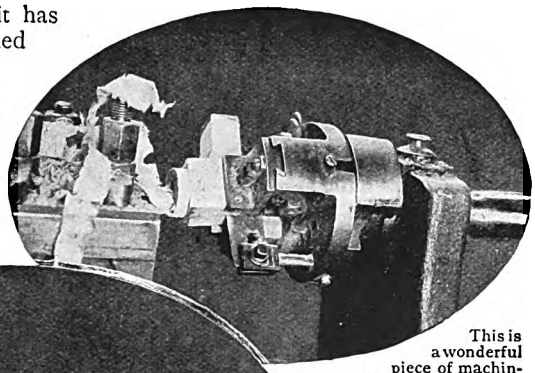
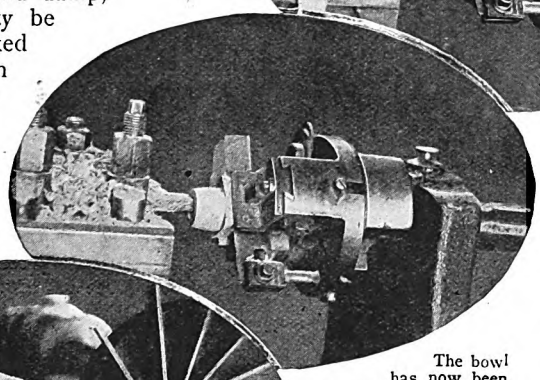
This lathe receives the pipe when the bowl has been hollowed out, and rounds the stem.



This is a wonderful piece of machinery. The rough piece of wood is clamped into it, and with one twist of the hand, and a twirl of the lathe, the pipe bowl is cut and hollowed out.

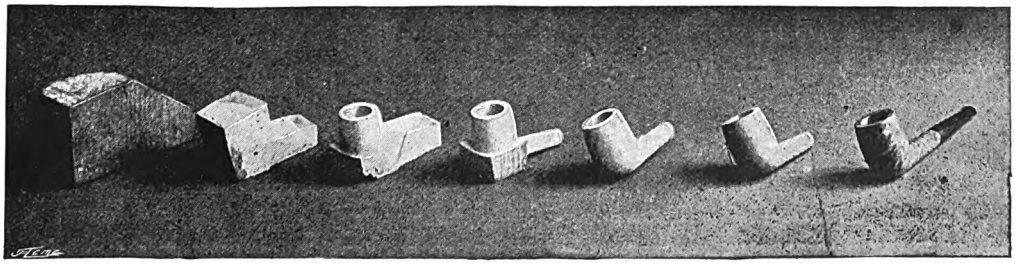


The bowl has now been cut out and rounded off —the work of a few seconds only.

figures of the number of pipes turned out in a year by the manufacturers in the country would be well nigh impossible. The manufacturers of the London-made pipes and cigarette holders alone make nearly one hundred thousand briar pipes yearly, three and a half thousand meerschaum pipes, and about ten times that number of amber tubes. The value of all this is not far from £65,000.

Finally, if you want a pipe made in a hurry, it can be cut, polished, and fitted with stem, silver mount and all, in an hour and a half! It sounds wonderful, but it is true.

So much for the briar. A meerschaum will take longer, for it has to be carefully dried and is much more difficult to make. It will take about four and a half hours. When the meerschaum pipe is quite finished, it is put into a case of pretty red leather lined with chamois leather, and sent off to the retail shop. Then it is sold for a guinea or perhaps twenty-five shillings. You must not grumble at this price. The pipe is made of the best meerschaum and amber, the raw materials alone costing over seven-and-six. Then there are the salaries of several skilled mechanics to be paid off. Finally, if there is a flaw in the meerschaum the whole pipe has to be made again, and that is all dead loss to the makers.



A briar pipe in the various stages of its existence. On the left is the piece of briar from its home in Italy, and on the extreme right the finished pipe.

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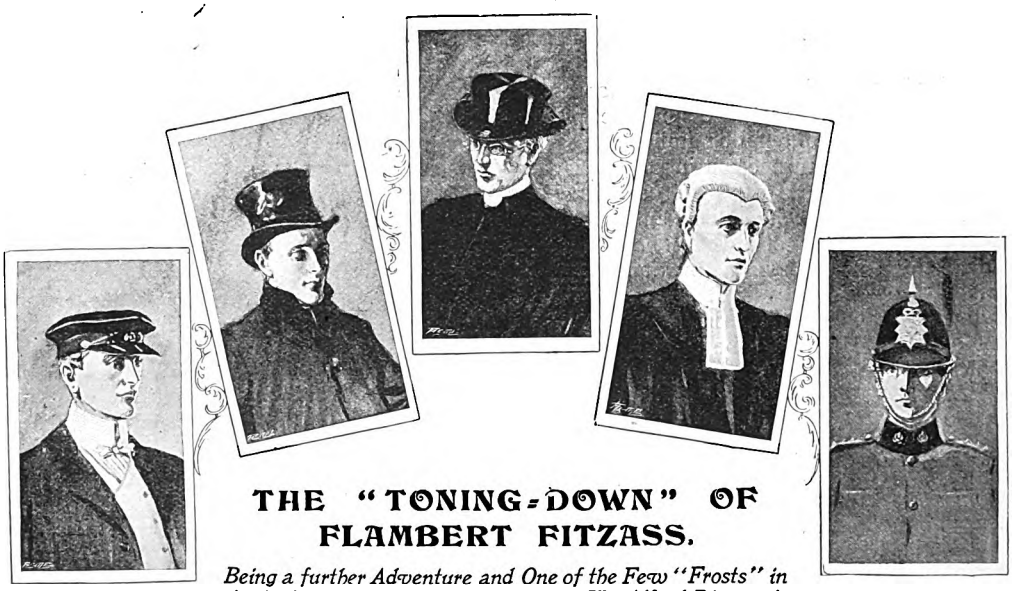

THE "TONING-DOWN" OF FLAMBERT FITZASS.

Being a further Adventure and One of the Few "Frosts" in the Audacious Career of the Notorious Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

THE HON. FLAMBERT FITZASS might, in a sense, be described as a youth of rare attainments; so rare, indeed, were they that to the casual observer they were somewhat difficult of perception. Nevertheless, the attainments must have existed, for Mr. Fitzass was eminently conscious of them himself, and, indeed, rarely ceased discussing them with his friends.

There were few things in this poor little world that he did not do—or talk of doing; few sports in which he was not an adept; few matters of which he was not a connoisseur and judge—or thought himself so. And if an opinion were sought on any subject, from dry champagne to railway accidents—so wide was his range of knowledge—the Hon. Flambert Fitzass was always ready to put his fellow man straight, and quote his own individual experiences on the matter under discussion. He had apparently been everywhere and done everything.

This Admirable Crichton, whose family "came over with the Conqueror" (a somewhat dubious honour, seeing that the Conqueror's train was chiefly composed of the most eminent robbers and cut-throats in Europe—his "train," in short, might with fairness have been labelled "third class only"), was an acquaintance of our old friend, Mr. Alfred Dimmock, known chiefly on account of the audacity and number of his practical jokes. And that gentleman had let his solemn eyes fall upon the gilded youth, and had come to a determination respecting him.

"It seems," he mused, "as though dear Flambert had been cast upon my hands for a little instruction, and Flambert must be toned down. It is my mission in life to prick such gas-bags, and I will not shrink from it, mournful though it may be to administer a lesson to one so fair—dark, I mean—so young, so beautiful (more or less) as Fitzass."

The day before coming to this noble resolution, Mr. Dimmock had received a letter from his old friend, Admiral Sir William Stanchion, of Shipston Hall, Thrustershire, asking him to come down and stay for the annual Hunt Steeplechases, and to bring with him a capable steeplechase rider, as he, Sir William, was running a horse in the Hunt Cup, and wanted a jockey for it. Mr. Dimmock scanned the invitation, and then strolled into the "Senior" "in quest of the golden youth."

For the Hon. Flambert Fitzass was decidedly more than "gilt-edged." He had thirty thousand a year, and having spent six months as a subaltern in the Guards, had then gracefully retired, as "soldierin' means gettin' up so rottenly early, don't you know, what?" he always drawled when asked his reason for so suddenly leaving the Service.

And his wealth, doubtless, accounted for the fact that his "friends" invariably kow-tow'd to him and greedily swallowed his freely-aired opinions. A man may be a great bore—but, provided he has wealth, there will be no trouble in procuring attentive listeners, bore he never so unwisely.

Mr. Dimmock discovered his intended victim smoking a gold-tipped cigarette, and laying down the law, as usual, to an admiring group of young men, who were smoking his cigars and drinking whiskeys and sodas of his ordering.

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Dimmock joined the circle, and with studied artlessness, led the conversation round to the subject of steeplechase riding. Fitzass at once plunged into the discussion, flatly contradicting Dimmock at the outset for saying that The Lamb had won the Grand National on two occasions.

"The Lamb won three times, my dear fellah," said the haughty youth. "Really, I think you must allow that I know somethin' about steeplechasin', what?"

"I should think so—rather! considering that Fitz is a regular rider in silk, himself!" chimed in one of the "paid chorus," who was probably quite aware that "Fitz" was utterly wrong in his assertion.

"Oh, is that another of your many accomplishments?" asked Dimmock demurely, as if he had never heard any bragging on this subject before.

"Rather. Always was doosed keen on steeplechase ridin', don't you know. Gives a fellah a bit of real excitement—makes one feel as if life's really worth livin', what? Don't know, I'm sure, why I don't keep 'jump racers' m'self—bit of a bore and so forth, don't you know."

"I suppose you'd always ride if a friend offered you a mount?" asked the crafty Dimmock.

"By gad! should rather think I would. Always goin' strong at *that* sort o' game, don't you know. Never saw the horse I couldn't get over the biggest course in the world—if he can jump at all."

A little murmur of approval from the satellites followed this sally. Fitzass gently removed the cigarette from his lips, and smiling in a superior manner at Dimmock, continued:

"Fact is, dear boy, that when I get up on 'em they've *got* to go—and so forth, don't you know!"

Mr. Dimmock did not pursue the subject any further. The victim was now sufficiently entangled in the meshes.

Next day the arch-schemer contrived to meet Flambert in Piccadilly, and in the course of conversation, he mentioned the invitation to Shipston Hall—carefully omitting to say that the Admiral wanted a steeplechase rider, as he was well aware that although Mr. Fitzass hunted in a red coat, he also hunted in a blue funk—and concluded by saying:

"Now, my dear fellow, why not run down with me next Tuesday—there'll be some steeplechasing to see—I know that's a subject on which you're an authority, and your opinion on the sport would be really valued down there" ("at its true worth!" he added to himself), "there'll be lots of pretty girls" (Flambert twirled his moustache ends fiercely) "and, of course, as a Guardsman, you'll cut us all out!"—here Fitzass gave vent to the peculiar throaty "Haugh-augh!" which was the nearest approach to a laugh he ever permitted himself—"and," concluded Dimmock, "the Admiral himself is a gem. What do you say?"

"Well, my dear chap, haugh-augh, it's rather allurin', ain't it? Wines sound? Comfortable crib, and so forth? Can take my own fellah, I s'pose? Admiral knows how to do you well, what? Ah—yes—think you may put me down as a starter, haugh. Toosday, eh? Good."

And on the day named, the two young men duly arrived together at the Admiral's place in Thrustershire.

Admiral Sir William Stanchion, a rough old sea-dog, was hospitality itself, and perhaps a stranger mixture of sailor and sportsman was never seen. A rare good man to hounds, he seemed absolutely indifferent to falls—of which he averaged at least twenty a season—and, hard as a brickbat himself, saw absolutely no danger in cross-country riding.

At dinner that night a large party sat down to table, including Sir William's two big, bouncing daughters—hard to beat either across country or on the lawn-tennis courts—and a couple of London-bred girl cousins—who were staying with them for the races and accompanying festivities—and these last two, Sylvia and Enid Carlyon, at once fell victims to the vapid, but aristocratic-looking, ex-Guardsman, who received their silent homage with a graciously patronising air, as though it were entirely his due.

After giving it as his opinion that "Newmarket was the only place where a donkey could be properly trained" and that "Leicestershire was really the one country it was worth a fellah's while to hunt in"—at which statements the old Admiral emitted an astonished grunt—he went on to say that he supposed they would see "somethin' amusin' with the yokels, and so forth," who were to ride at the Hunt Steeplechases on the morrow.

"Awf'ly funny sight, country race meetin's," he drawled, caressing his moustache with affectionate fingers. "The ridin's so awf'ly feeble, as a rule, don't you know. Haugh-augh!"

"I suppose you do a lot of steeplechase riding, Mr. Fitzass?" queried Miss Stanchion with rather a sceptical ring in her voice.

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Flambert smiled pityingly.

"By gad—er, beg pardon, I'm sure—ah, yes, should think so — ah — yes — goin' strong at that."

"Quite an old hand at it, aren't you, Fitz?" enquired Dimmock, artfully leading him on.

"Pretty so so. Always was keen, haugh-augh!"

"Isn't it very dangerous work?" cooed one of the London maidens, with an anxious expression.

"Haugh-augh!" came the throaty substitute for a laugh. "We can't stop to think of that, don't you know, Miss Carlyon. We go too fast to think, don't you know, and so forth!"

"Oh, Miss Carlyon, these doughty champions don't know what danger is!" exclaimed Dimmock from across the table, and Fitzass, with a glow of secret joy, pulled his moustache and tried to look indifferent.

"Danger!" snorted the Admiral. "Danger be—em—bothered. Pretty set of chaps we should have for Englishmen if young fellows were to begin thinking about the danger of steeplechase riding. Bah! people who talk of the danger always make me sick!"

"But, uncle, why should man run such risks?" persisted Sylvia Carlyon.

Here the gallant Flambert beamed upon her patronisingl·.

"My *dear* Miss Carlyon, haugh-augh! we —er—steeplechase-riders don't care twopence for the danger. S'long as we're goin' strong, don't you know, we always say—er—we say 'Good,' eh?"

The Admiral immediately adjusted his spectacles—presumably to try and see what, if any, meaning this vapid speech contained, and just then Lady Stanchion gave the signal and the ladies retired.

When, shortly afterwards, the men adjourned to the drawing-room, the Admiral drew Dimmock aside and said:

"Hope your friend's a really good man on a horse? Talks pretty big, and according to his own account, seems to have had a lot of experience of race-riding—but judging from externals, I should say that he's a monumental ass!"

"Oh, he's a great steeplechase rider, Admiral—at least, so he has always told me," replied Mr. Dimmock evasively.

Secure in the feeling that he could not be called upon to put precept into practice at the forthcoming races, and stimulated to the agreeable process of "spreading himself" by the bright, admiring glances of the Carlyon girls, Flambert Fitzass freely volunteered his opinions on steeplechase riding in general, and country race meetings in particular.

He lectured two of the guests who were riding in the steeplechases on the morrow, on the best methods of cross-country jockeyship—gave a hint or two to Mr. Martingale, the eminent gentleman rider—who merely stared at the youth in blank surprise and listened in silent disgust—and finally, electrified the Admiral by saying that he, Fitzass, "doosed nearly won the last Liverpool Grand National."

"The blazes you did!" gasped the old salt. "Why, I never even knew you had ridden in it."

"Er—no—haugh-augh! That's just it, don't you know—I didn't. But I nearly accepted the mount on a gee that finished in the first six, and so forth—so I think if I'd been ridin' I should have managed to screw the beggar home a winner, what?"

"Well, Liverpools are quite beyond our humble efforts, in Thrustershire," grunted the Admiral, "but I hope you're going to win our Hunt Cup for me on The Tsar, to-morrow."

Flambert Fitzass's face assumed a puzzled expression.

"I—er—haugh-augh! I s'pose you're jokin', Admiral. I'm not ridin', y'know—not got a mount——"

"But you're going to ride The Tsar for me," rejoined the Admiral. "I thought Dimmock had already settled it with you. However, that doesn't matter—and, of course, you've brought your boots and breeches."

The Honourable Flambert Fitzass was fairly cornered. He could not refuse the mount just after talking of his own prowess as a steeplechase rider. And beneath the battery of bright eyes around him, of shell-like ears that were listening to all he said, he *dared* not! But with all his effrontery, it was in a somewhat subdued voice that he murmured:

"Delighted, I'm sure, don't you know, and so forth. But don't let me stand in the way, if you'd like to offer the ride to any other fellah—I can always get such a lot of——"

"Not a bit of it!" interrupted the Admiral stoutly—though not fancying the appearance of Fitzass, he certainly did not intend to be left without a jockey at all. And he could not doubt that the young man according to his own account had had considerable experience of race-riding; whereas, as a matter of fact, that gentleman had never

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"Oh, Mr. Fitzass, how brave of you to accept that mount for to-morrow!"

ridden "between the flags" in his life, and not only lacked the courage necessary, but also the skill.

As soon as the Admiral had walked away, Sylvia Carlyon turned her long-lashed eyes upon the now mournful Flambert, and murmured:

"Oh, Mr. Fitzass, how brave of you to accept that mount for to-morrow! I heard my cousin Bessie say that The Tsar was a perfect brute to ride."

Poor Fitzass's heart sank to about the level of his boots. He was about to reply when Dimmock sauntered up. "You'll win to-morrow, Flambert," he said cheerily, "if you can only hold your horse together at his fences. He rushes them—in fact, that's why he's called The Tsar—see the connection with 'Rusher'?"

At the first opportunity, Fitzass got away from the little group he had been talking to, and strolling up to Mr. Martingale, said, casually:

"Ah—they tell me you're a doosed good race-rider—er—and I dare say you'd like a ride in the Hunt Cup—er—there's the Admiral's horse, now. You can have the mount on——"

"Sorry. I'm riding Craddoxtown."

"Haugh-augh!—pity—know any fellah who'd like to ride it, what?"

"No. Too late to get anyone now, I should say. Thought you were going to ride it yourself?"

"Augh, yes—s'pose so—er—thought that if you—er—or anyone else—er—*wanted* a gallop, I wouldn't mind givin' it up, and so forth, don't you know."

He turned to scan the room for some other possible substitute. But Dimmock's solemn eyes were upon him, and Dimmock himself was at his elbow suavely saying:

"Now, my dear Fitz, why all this unselfishness on your part? We all know perfectly well that you're just burning to show these yokel sportsmen how race riding should be done. Why go about to men you hardly even know by sight, and offer to sacrifice the very probable sweets of victory to-morrow to them?"

And "dear Fitz," with a sickly smile, walked, discomfited, away.

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Next morning the Honourable Flambert Fitzass's waking thoughts were not of the pleasantest description. He shivered at sight of his cold tub—glanced out of the window at the grey clouds, and then incontinently dived beneath the bedclothes again, cursing his own glib and none-too-truthful tongue, which had landed him in his present unhappy predicament.

When he, at length, dressed and got downstairs to the breakfast table, wild thoughts of feigning some illness occurred to him—a headache? not of sufficient importance; a sprained wrist, a sore throat, a—confound it all! What *could* a fellah say?

And just then, little Nelson Stanchion, just home from the *Britannia* training ship, noticing that Fitzass was eating nothing, leaned across the table and, in tones of genuine concern, said:

"I say, ain't you well? Won't you have some ham, or some of these eggs, or a bit of haddock? You're in a funk about that steeplechase, ain't you? I'm *so* sorry, but I expect you'll buck up when the time comes, all right—I always feel like that when I'm going up for an exam."

Whereat the wretched Flambert turned all manner of colours, whilst the ever-watchful Dimmock, by way of making things still pleasanter for him, chimed in with:

"My dear Nelson, don't you know that Mr. Fitzass is a famous steeplechase rider, and that such a thing as 'funk' is quite impossible in a man who has ridden in hundreds—or is it dozens, Fitz?—of these races!"

"Dozens," murmured the Honourable in a minor key, pushing away his plate and rising from the table. He wanted solitude, but he found—the Admiral.

"Hullo, slipped your cable already?" quoth the latter cheerily. "Come with me, and I'll show you your mount."

And the unresisting Fitzass was dragged off towards the stables, preceded by the Admiral and followed by Dimmock.

The Tsar was a great, slashing bay horse, with immense power behind the saddle; a pair of wide, ragged hips and a plain, sulky-looking head were also very noticeable features.

"He's a rare sort," said Sir William admiringly, "looks like jumping bang over a town, don't he?"

"Aw—yes—aw—pity I haven't had any—er—experience of him—er——"

The stud-groom, with lively memories of aching arms from the iron-jawed brute they were examining, here struck in:

"Experience of him? Oh, he'll give you plenty o' *that*, sir, in less than the first ten minutes, don't *you* fear!"

A further chill fell upon the hapless youth at this sally, and in silence he and Dimmock, leaving the Admiral in close confab with his man, passed out into the yard. Then Fitzass turned suddenly to his friend and, in confidential tones, said:

"D'you know—aw—my dear fellah—I—I don't feel at all well, somehow. Doosed unlucky—aw—because, of course, I shouldn't like to disappoint the Admiral by not riding for him to-da-——"

"Disappoint the Admiral!" broke in Dimmock with a horror-stricken face, "*disappoint* the Admiral!—my dear Fitzass, I wouldn't *dare* to do anything so rash! You don't know old Stanchion or you wouldn't speak so lightly as that! Why, he'd call you out, set the dogs on you, make his men duck you in the horsepond—oh, there's nothing he wouldn't do, nothing he'd stop at! Oh, my dear Fitzass, I know you to be a brave fellow—I have that on the best authority—your own—but do not, *do not* let your rashness precipitate you into such an awful position!"

The wretched Fitzass emitted a hollow groan as he saw his last chance of escape thus effectually barred, and turning away with his heart in his boots, he re-entered the house and sat gloomily staring out of the window, until his valet summoned him to don his riding kit.

Arrived on the course, the party on Admiral Stanchion's coach witnessed the first race, and then took luncheon. Despite all his efforts Mr. Fitzass, however, failed to join in either the feast or the merry flow of conversation. He lunched out of a tall tumbler, and then when the saddling bell rang for the Hunt Cup he descended from the coach roof, and with dejected air, accompanied the Admiral to the paddock.

The weighing-out process was at length accomplished—though slightly retarded by the fact that Fitzass first went to scale *minus* his saddle and *plus* his whip—and Sir William led his jockey off to where the big bay horse was clearing a circle round him with his heels, by the simple process of lashing out at everyone he thought within reach of them.

Then, when Fitzass, staggering under the weight of a stone and a half of lead, in addition to his saddle, arrived, the horse was stripped and saddled. Fitz thought he had never seen such a tangle of girths, surcingle,

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weight-cloths, martingale, and bandages before in his life!

He quickly approached and made a wild effort to put his toe in the stirrup; but the stud-groom whispered pityingly, "No, sir, that ain't the way!" and then proceeded to give him a "leg-up" in the orthodox style.

Directly he got into the saddle he grabbed all the four reins and the whip up together in a hopeless tangle, with one hand, whilst with the other he patted the horse's neck in a conciliatory manner, as the excitable brute fidgeted and snatched at his bridle, only anxious to get away.

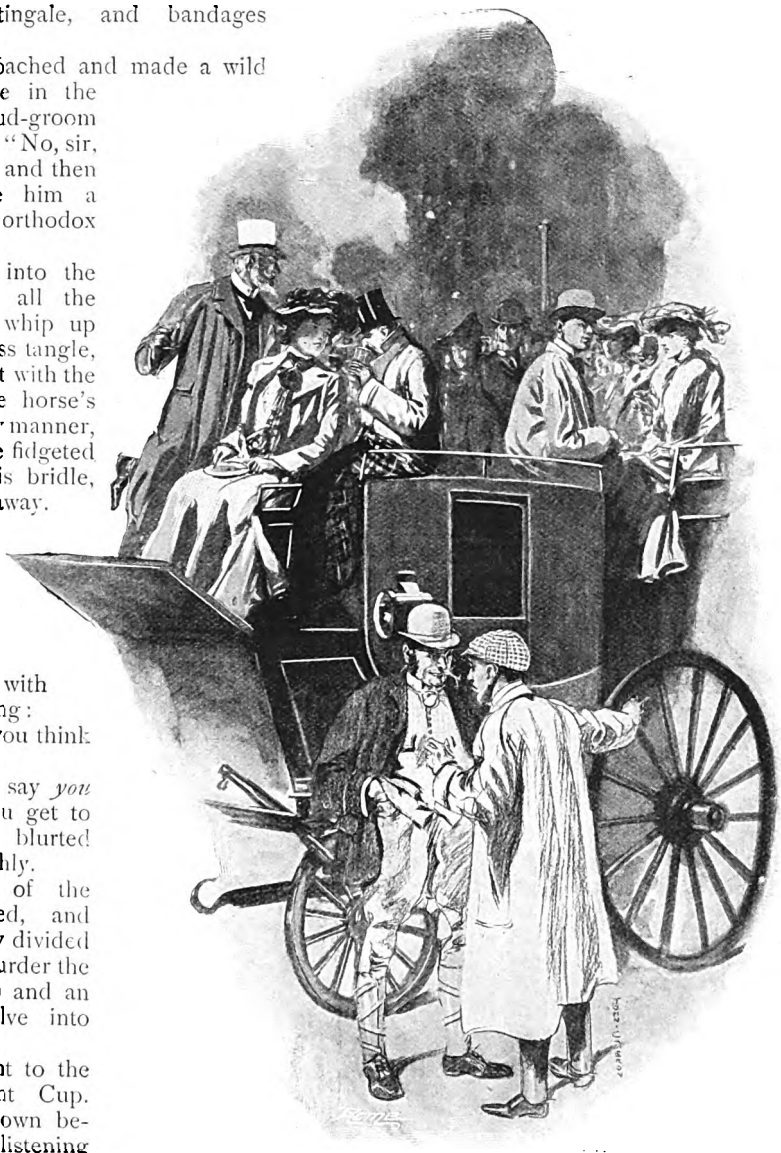
Fitzass — trying hard to appear at his ease, and failing conspicuously in the effort — asked the Admiral, who stood eyeing him with considerable misgiving:

"Augh—when d'you think we shall be off?"

"Well, I should say *you* would be before you get to the starting post!" blurted out the old salt roughly.

Whereat several of the bystanders sniggered, and Flambert felt equally divided between a wish to murder the Admiral (by deputy) and an inclination to dissolve into tears.

Nine runners went to the post for the Hunt Cup. Dimmock walked down beside his "friend," listening with secret glee to the boaster's changed and now lugubrious talk.



Mr. Fitzass failed to join in either the feast or the merry flow of conversation.

"Hate this horse—aw—don't believe he's at all a safe conveyance, don't you know—hate rushers—feel so beastly seedy too, what?—beastly saddle this is—don't half trust those girths either—er—by the way—er—if—if anythin' *should* happen, don't you know—tell Lady Barbara Bluebottle I thought of her, and so forth, just at the last—and you might also say somethin' nice to that little Carlyon girl who—who seemed so gone on me, last night, and so forth. And there's another little girl who—oh, here we are at the post. Tell——"

"Go!" yelled the starter, who had been cooling his fingers in a bitter nor'-easter, waiting for Fitzass, and didn't mean to waste any more time over the job.

With a wild rush, off went the whole field. The Tsar jumped into his bridle with a squeak and a hoist of his hind quarters that sent Flambert flying up his neck. He lost one stirrup-iron, but the blind goddess

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Chance mercifully brought him back into his saddle again, before they reached the first fence—a thick, forbidding blackthorn. Over went the first four with a crash, almost abreast, the others followed in close order, The Tsar being the actual last to come at it.

Rushing towards the obstacle at about forty miles an hour, he half jumped, half smashed through the top of it, his wretched rider again shooting up the horse's neck till he seemed to be sitting on its ears. Away again on the far side, and thundering down to the next fence, they all charged it, in close order.

The Admiral, watching the race through his glasses, grunted out to Dimmock, standing beside him on the coach roof: "Your friend's a fraud! Looks like a monkey on a stick."

"He *has* a liberal sort of seat," admitted Mr. Dimmock, deftly concealing a grin, "rides all over the horse, as it were. Still, if the *heart's* in the right place——"

"What's the good of that, if the *man* isn't?" snapped the Admiral. "By Jupiter, he was nearly off, that time!"

For at the second fence, The Tsar, muddled and confused as to his rider's intentions by the wild tugging at the reins, half stopped and then jumped the obstacle much slower than Fitzass had expected. The result was that he again left his saddle on an excursion over his horse's withers.

But as the horse got away into his stride, Fitzass once more found himself in the saddle, and by a lucky chance he also recovered his lost stirrup-iron. Wildly clutching his reins together he clung on with the calves of his legs as he had never done before in his life. The Tsar, having dropped a few lengths behind the rest, now "took charge," and boring his head down almost between his forelegs, raced along over the next field, in earnest, catching up his two hindermost adversaries, and being the actual fourth to arrive at the brook.

Here the leader jumped short and fell, whilst the second horse tumbled, neck and crop, over him. The next competitor got over in safety and carried on the running with a lead of about six lengths from The Tsar, who cleared the water with a good yard to spare, and, by surreptitiously holding on to the front of the saddle, Mr. Fitzass managed to "remain."

Round the bend swept the field—now reduced to seven—at such a pace that poor Fitz's eyes streamed with tears, which half blinded him—his hat had long since blown off, and was being towed along by the guard fastened to the back of his coat collar. The horse still pulled like destruction as they went up the narrow green riband bordered with thickly packed people on either side, past the stand.

Fitz only saw dimly a sea of faces, heard faintly the excited shouting, and realised that, fifty yards farther on, another fearsome obstacle had to be encountered—a fence with a dug-out ditch on the "take-off" side.

Poor Fitz thought that the end had come as he surveyed its forbidding proportions. As in a flash there came before his mind's eye the face of the beauteous Lady Barbara Bluebottle, of Sylvia Carlyon, of all the girls who would weep for and mourn him. He thought of his own Adonis-like beauty, of how young he was to die, of——

Whizz—crash!

They were over it, and Fitz was again on The Tsar's neck. But so accustomed had he now become to the process that he found no difficulty in slipping back again into his saddle, and on they streamed, in this miserable travesty of sport, this veritable "dance of death."

Oh, if only—if *only* he should survive! If *only* kind fortune would set him down again on his legs, instead of precipitating him violently, and perhaps fatally, "on the floor," as steeplechase riders graphically term it, how he would rejoice, how he would lead a better life, how—— "Hold up, you brute!" he shrieked as The Tsar made a slight blunder over an unimportant flight of hurdles and thus brought his melancholy meditations to an abrupt conclusion.

By a refusal and another fall, the field had now been further reduced to five, of which a beautiful mare named Twenty-four still held the lead, whilst The Tsar was lying second.

The nearest of the rest was at least a hundred yards behind, and as they made the final bend for home, it looked as though the two named would surely finish first and second.

Coming down to the water for the last time round, Twenty-four cleared the obstacle, but over-reached herself and blundered down on her head and knees. The Tsar got over in safety, and Fitz was actually left in command!

Only one fence now divided him from the winning-post, and Fitzass, with a wild dawning of hope springing to his heart, began for the first time to see that he might actually win. He let go his hold on the saddle, and waving his arms and legs about like the sails

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An extraordinary photograph of the catacombs at Guanajuato, in Mexico. The body of a dead man is allowed to remain in a vault only so long as his friends pay a yearly rent for it.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Have you any Curious Photographs? If so, don't Hesitate to Send them to the Editor of "The Royal," who is Willing to Pay you Liberally, should they Prove Suitable for Publication.

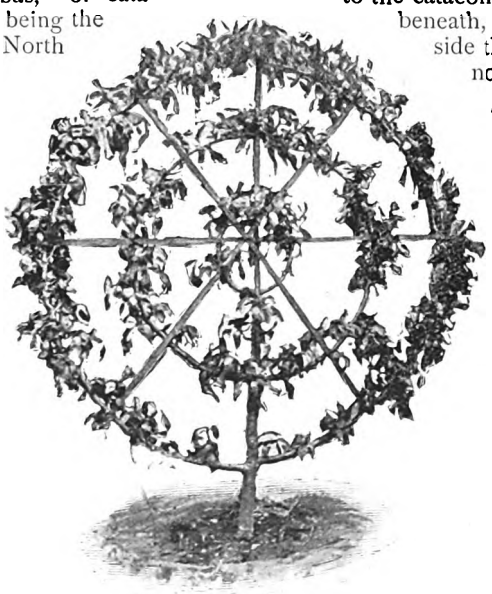
THE CATACOMBS OF MEXICO.

THE cemetery of Guanajuato, in Mexico, is that of the "catacumbas," or catacombs, remarkable for being the only catacombs in North America.

They are still in use, and the man in charge of them shows one with evident pride the neat well-kept cemetery, with its five rows of vaults, one above the other, in the thick wall.

Each of the square vaults in the wall "lets" at the rate of twelve dollars per year. When a man dies his friends deposit him in one of these places, paying a certain sum in advance.

There he remains for so long as the yearly rent is paid. But the moment the payment fails, he is taken out and transferred to the catacombs hewn out of the rock beneath, and ranged up alongside the wall with the other non-paying corpses.



One of the many curious shapes in which French nursery gardeners are wont to train their trees.

THE CULTURE OF FREAK TREES.

Dotted about the pretty rural scenery surrounding Paris are many large nurseries devoted to the culture of fruit trees and flowers, not to mention dainties for the dining tables of all classes. Among these nurseries are some whose proprietors make a speciality of the rearing of trees in all sorts of freakish shapes and designs.

Thus, visitors will frequently see a

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cherry-tree growing and flourishing in a sun design, with circles and rays complete. Horses, cows, even storks, are represented according to the taste of the artist responsible for the training of the branches.

Needless to say, the greatest care is necessary in the rearing of these freaks, the young tree, from its infancy, always being watched and tended most assiduous l

There is a great demand for these young trees by owners of private gardens, who often pay high prices for a more than usually grotesque specimen.

Photo by A. Penfold.

This fox was brought up with a pack of hounds, and lives with hem on the friendliest of terms.

AN AFFECTIONATE PAIR.

Here is a photograph of a fox that has been brought up by its natural enemy, a hound. The fox was caught when a cub, and has lived all its life with the pack of hounds, with whom it is very friendly. The big dogs are exceedingly kind to the little fellow, and he lives on the best of everything, and probably enjoys his life much more as a household pet than he would have done had he been left to his own resources in the fields to be caught and killed by the hunter, with a pack of hounds thirsting after his blood. This extraordinary pair are the property of Mr. Walter Winans, of Surrenden Park, Pluckley, Kent.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The effect of light and shade on certain flowers is indeed extraordinary. Here are two photographs of a bunch of "Stars of Bethlehem," which are specially sensitive. They were picked from their sunny bed and photographed. On being taken into the shade they closed up their petals almost at once, when they were photographed again. The fact that the petals of the flowers are a brilliant white on the upper side, and a dull green on the lower side, makes the contrast all the more striking.

After the second photograph had been taken, the flowers were once more put out into the sun; and in a few minutes they again lifted their peaceful heads and opened their dazzling petals to the warmth of the sun's rays—this, of course, showing that it was not merely the fact that they had been plucked from the parent plant that had caused them to close up.

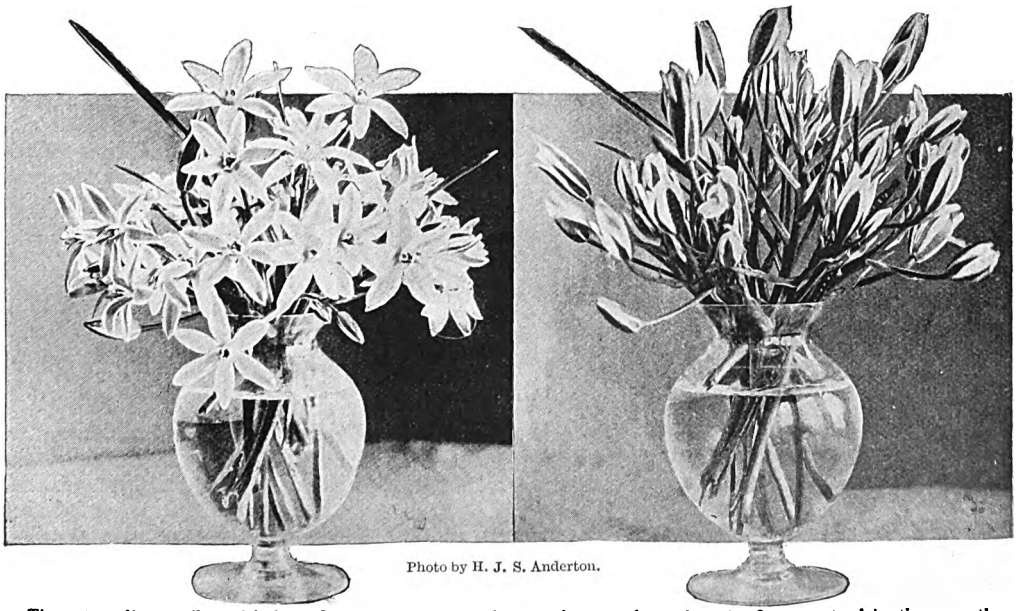

Photo by H. J. S. Anderton.

The extraordinary effect of light and shade. The first photograph was taken when the flowers stood in the sun, the second after they had been placed for a few minutes in the shade.

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Human Lightning-Conductors.

A Wonderful Couple who Store Electricity in their Bodies.

By C. Hyde.

Illustrated with photographs by Kenderdine, Blackpool.

"Will some lady or gentleman kindly step on to the stage?" Monsieur and Madame Salambo, the human electric accumulators, are ready and waiting to give their remarkable performance. The usual self-conscious young man goes on to the stage, perfectly confident that he can show up the business, for he has already explained to his friends that "It is all footle, you know."

At the request of Madame Salambo, he takes hold of the end of a long, hollow glass tube, while the lady herself holds the other end. There is a flash, and the rod is lighted up with electricity. You would laugh to see that young man's face.

He is invited to touch Monsieur and Madame, and wherever his fingers come in contact with the electric pair, a series of long, brilliant sparks are emitted.

It is uncanny, to say the least of it, when

For Madame Salambo it is the easiest thing in the world to make an electric spark a yard long shoot from her arm.

M. Salambo thinks nothing of flourishing his fingers in his wife's face—and sending a few electric sparks from their tips. She does not mind, though other people might.

these two produce arc lights by simply holding in their hands sticks of carbon, and so strong is the current passing through their bodies that the strength of the light is in no way diminished when the carbon is thrust into a bowl of water.

"And now a little exhibition of wireless telegraphy," says Monsieur Salambo. The aforesaid young man—not quite so confident by now—holds a box containing a receiver and bell. The performer stands a yard or two away and makes a few passes with her hands in the direction of the box. Marvellous to relate, at each pass the bell is heard to ring! The trick is done again, this time the box being placed high up in the theatre, and the bell never fails to ring each time the performer stretches a hand towards it.

Not only do this talented pair perform marvellous feats with the electricity with which their bodies are mysteriously filled, but they are adepts at blowing yards of flame from their mouths, and as lightning calculators they are immense.

"A curious incident caused me to adopt the study of electricity," Monsieur Salambo tells me. "I had just arrived at my home in Australia, after completing my university career in California. One of those violent thunderstorms that are so common in that country was raging at the time.

"I was watching the storm, when a flash of lightning struck the house, severely injuring

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A bright electric spark formed out of the electricity stored in the bodies of the two performers.

my mother and sister, who were standing beside me. I myself was untouched. Then, a curious thing happened. The family Bible was struck, and all save a couple of verses on a certain page was obliterated. I was so impressed by this that I resolved to take up the study of electricity, and at once set to work on the papers and books of my father—a well-known chemist and electrician of the time.

"I used to fill myself with electricity, increasing the charge until I can now accommodate as much as twelve hundred and eighty volts—not bad for mere flesh and blood."

Monsieur and Madame Salambo have travelled all over the world, and have exhibited before the strangest of nationalities. Their experiences would fill a book of no mean size, and would be of unusual interest.

They were engaged by a Chinese company at the Palm Lung Theatre in Shanghai once to provide the necessary diabolic element in a Chinese romantic play.

So remarkable and realistic was the performance that the native actors, who were watching in the wings, suddenly took fright and rushed upon the two with knives and revolvers.

Then followed the most exciting chase, the actors, in their gaudy costumes and the huge head-dresses and masks so much admired by the Celestials, running after them down the street, waving their knives and firing their pistols at the terrified pair. Had they not met a friendly police picquet they would have fared very badly indeed.

Very different was the welcome they received at the hands of the fire worshipping Parsees, who followed them about from place to place, under the impression that they were gods and, therefore, objects of veneration. So attached were these good friends that it was quite a hard job to get rid of them.

Monsieur and Madame Salambo have had some very nasty accidents during their interesting career. In India they conceived the idea of performing on the broad back of an elephant; but unfortunately the huge animal was as sensitive to electricity as human beings are, and feeling the shock of many hundreds of volts he seized Monsieur Salambo with his trunk and dashed him to the ground, considerably injuring him.

A boa constrictor once fell upon Madame Salambo, and maddened by the pain of the shock, for the lady was fully charged with over a thousand volts, he closed his lengthy form round her and started to crush her. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was saved

Madame Salambo will pinch her husband's ear—and with this slight assistance he will blow out a gallon or two of aerial electricity.

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A COOL TEN THOUSAND

The Tale of a Girl who would not Marry for Money.

By Fred Whishaw.

While the marriage party was still in the vestry giving and receiving congratulations, signing registers and so forth, old Sir Thomas Cauderby stepped casually up to his nephew George Robson, the happy bridegroom, and pressed an envelope into his hand.

"Put it in your pocket, my boy," he said. "I hope it will be useful to you."

George thanked his uncle and thought but little of the matter at the moment, though he whispered to his bride that old Uncle Tom had not, after all, forgotten his wedding present, as they had laughingly feared. "It's a cheque," George added. "If it's a tenner we'll get that old silver teapot, if it's only a fiver, there's always the sugar basin."

But to George's enormous astonishment and delight, when he tore the envelope open, presently, in order to see what was inside, he found there a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

Uncle Tom did not appear at the reception, so that George was unable to express his gratitude in person. He took his brother Godfrey aside.

"I want you to do something for me, old man," he said. "Look here." He showed his cheque.

"Great Scott—ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Godfrey. "Why—that means a living income, man, straight away!"

"Well, I intend to make it mean four hundred a year, at any rate. I want you to go and see Uncle Tom for me—we're off by the 2.32 for Dorsetshire, you know—and tell him I am positively struck all of a heap by his munificence, and so is Daisy. I'll write, of course, but I should like you to see him as soon as we've gone, if you will."

Godfrey did so. He called upon Uncle Tom as soon as the newly wedded couple had been duly seen off at the station.

Sir Thomas was pleased to hear of George's delight and surprise. He had always given his nephews to understand that he could do little or nothing for them, though a rich man, by reason of nearer relatives in the shape of sons and daughters and a wife still living. Sir Thomas was a city knight and had passed the Civic chair; his money had been made by patience, diligence, and commercial talent, and he had no intention to allow any of it to leave his hands incautiously.

"George asked me to say that it came so absolutely unexpectedly," Godfrey explained, "that he was simply struck 'all of a heap'; your present will make a tremendous difference to his comfort and well-being as a married man; he says he means to get four hundred a year out of it; it's a good bit more than his entire pay as a captain in the Upshires."

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"Ha—four hundred—well, you can tell him if he likes to leave the investing of the money to me, I don't know but he may find it'll be five or six," said old Sir Thomas, greatly pleased. "I like George, and I like Daisy; I like young chaps to marry—I told George so, and by gad, he followed my advice!"

As a matter of fact, though Uncle Tom had actually counselled George to take to himself a wife, his advice had been entirely superfluous, for George had never intended to do otherwise and had—indeed—already fallen in love with Daisy when the old man spoke of the advisability of marriage. Godfrey did not think it necessary to explain this, though he happened to be one of those austerely honest people whose consciences rebel at allowing other persons to rest under misconceptions.

Uncle Tom continued:

"I intend to do the same for you, my boy," he said, "on the day of your marriage."

Now Sir Thomas had, as it happened, already spoken to Godfrey, just as he had counselled George, upon the subject of matrimony, and, whereas George had replied as one who cordially agrees with the opinions of the adviser, Godfrey had shaken his head and answered that he was not a marrying man. He had his own views, he explained, as to the advisability of clergymen marrying, and though his opinions were not as yet iron-cast, yet he was quite inclined to hold strong views as to the celibacy of the clergy.

Godfrey now flushed and replied that he was afraid that day might never arrive, at any rate not in the near future.

"Come, you haven't made up your mind, I hope,' 'said Sir Thomas. "I've lived longer than you, my lad, and I can tell you there isn't a doubt men ought to marry; we're meant to marry; married men lead better and happier lives——"

"Other men, other manners, uncle!" Godfrey laughed, and the laugh irritated Sir Thomas, whose temper was ever somewhat easily roused.

"Maybe you'll think better of the matter, now you know there's ten thousand pounds in it," he said. "Go home and think it over, and don't talk to me like a conceited young fool next time we speak of the matter."

"I hope I shall not do that, uncle, in any case," said Godfrey, nettled also. "But you surely don't expect me to alter my convictions in order to secure a sum of money?"

"Oh, that's as you like. There's the money, if you want it. Maybe your convictions will change. Anyway, and even if they are such as you suggest, anyone that wasn't a fool would reconsider them if he became aware that an income of four hundred a year depended on his changing them."

"Thanks, uncle, I'm not so dishonest," said Godfrey. "I'm afraid I shall have to go without your money. I can live on my stipend." Sir Thomas looked a little ashamed.

"Well, well—I meant it kindly. I shall be sorry if we quarrel over it. You're a good fellow, Godfrey, but conceited; it's a fault of youth and maybe you'll get over it. You can live on your stipend, no doubt; but as a clergyman, think of the good money might do in your parish. You won't be a curate for ever, I take it, and with a substantial income to help you, think of the distress you can relieve; the thousand and one things money can do in a poor parish."

"Yes—that's all quite true, uncle. Moreover, I admit your kindness; it is very great, and I assure you I am not ungrateful. At present I feel tolerably certain that I shall never marry."

"I'll give you a year to make up your mind," was the old man's final pronouncement.

Godfrey was somewhat depressed by this conversation. He felt that he had done the right thing, indeed; but the sacrifice he had made for the sake of his convictions was a terrible one. Four hundred pounds a year! The possibilities of good involved in the possession of such an income, over and above his stipend, were enormous. Was he right in refusing even to consider the matter?

"Of course I was!" he told himself. "My opinions and convictions are not for sale at ten thousand pounds the lot."

Nevertheless, the idea of that comfortable little income thrown into the gutter, as someone to whom he confided the story expressed it, was constantly with him, and Godfrey often found himself totting up the various ways in which such moneys might be laid out for the good of needy and suffering fellow creatures. Worse, he sometimes caught himself regretting that he should have been obliged to refuse the money, or rather the conditions upon which the money was to be had.

Probably it is quite unnecessary to mention that there were in the parish to which Godfrey was attached, as curate, several ladies who would have been charmed to assist him to qualify for the prize held out to him by his uncle.

One or two would gladly have won the regard of the handsome curate under any circumstances, but he had never shown

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preference for any, preferring to ignore the voice of each charmer, charm she never so ardently.

Now that the tale of Godfrey's great opportunity had spread there were quite a number of young women who reflected with a sigh that if the fates had only been willing, they too, would have been willing, and more than willing, to enter for the race.

But with the story of Godfrey's opportunity came also the tale of his refusal to embrace that opportunity, and such few hopes as may have been entertained by devoted maiden hearts must have been faint ones.

A month after his brother's wedding, however, destiny began to get to work.

Godfrey took part in a tennis tournament —a private one—and drew, for partner, Miss Dorothy Templeton, whose service was excellent and her returns most "useful"; whose eyes were roguish and her ways alluring; whose complexion was very charming and her figure a dream.

Godfrey was a keen tennis player, and, playing well himself, was inclined to admire good players of the opposite sex. He and his partner won the little tournament and made friends over the transaction. He met her once or twice during the following week, and, at the end of it, awoke suddenly to the fact that he was feeling more interest in this small, but fascinating person, and more inclination to meet her again and again than was consistent with his principles or convictions, or whatever he may have been pleased to call them.

"This won't do," thought Godfrey; and by a supreme effort of will he actually refused an invitation to a garden party at which, he knew, he would meet Miss Templeton. The result of this piece of self-abnegation was a feeling of gratification for duty done which was quite overshadowed by another feeling—one of discontent, boredom, anger with himself for having acted like a fool, in that he had denied himself quite unnecessarily an innocent pleasure.

"It *is* an innocent pleasure," he assured himself. "One needn't want to marry a girl just because one likes to see and talk to her!"

Godfrey felt sulky and went out to walk off his ill-humour. He walked through the lanes towards the river, and in a shady, flowery place he came suddenly upon Dorothy herself, sitting on the sloping bank in the shade of a tree. Dorothy looked pale and was evidently suffering, though she smiled and greeted him.

"You have made quite a providential appearance," she said. "I have twisted my ankle so badly that I cannot walk." Dorothy further explained that she had climbed the steep bank to pick wild roses from the hedge and had tried to jump down into the lane, when her ankle had twisted under her.

Godfrey half supported, half carried the girl homewards. The house in which she was staying lay but half a mile away along the river bank.

Godfrey could not well have done anything else. If you had told him that he had come along this lane in the hope of meeting Dorothy going to her tennis party, Godfrey would have considered the matter, after his own judicial manner and would—no doubt—have assented to the suggestion; but since there was no one to put the idea forward it did not occur to Godfrey; nevertheless, it was so.

Dorothy's ankle was very painful. Godfrey was obliged to let her rest awhile. He had soaked his handkerchief in the river and bandaged or assisted her to bandage, the sprained part, just above the instep. Dorothy's foot was an extremely neat one.

At the house he left her with her friends.

On the following day Godfrey went to inquire after his injured friend—he could scarcely do less, he assured himself, if he wished to be considered a gentleman.

Dorothy was lame for a week and Godfrey called every day. Having been present—it might be said—at the time of the accident, he could scarcely do less than make daily inquiries as to Dorothy's progress.

Meanwhile Godfrey's inclination Dorothy-ward did not escape observation. There were many eyes that observed it. Among others Grace Melvy saw it, and the sight hardened her heart against Godfrey, her heart that had been so softly disposed towards him.

Grace made friends with Dorothy. She did so with a purpose. Dorothy should learn the truth about this adorable young man who was going to marry somebody—anybody—in order that he might touch the ten thousand pounds premium offered him for the purchase of his silly convictions or whatever the man cared to call them.

"I don't believe it," said Dorothy, flushing red with shame and anger when Grace presently—after a week or two of growing intimacy with her new friend—broached the subject of Godfrey and his doings. "Of course his affairs are nothing to me—I know nothing of them, he has never spoken to me of such matters; but, judging from my knowledge of his character I do not believe he would sell his convictions."

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"Oh, he naturally would not speak of the matter to you; just think—would he be likely to do so? But it is certain that whereas he was barely courteous to girls up to the time when his uncle's condition was imposed, *since* that day he has been somewhat attentive to one or two—one, perhaps, especially. The observant mind will form its own conclusions."

"I think you—you are entirely misjudging the man," said Dorothy. "As I said before, it is nothing to me; but I think you are wrong."

"Well, I meant kindly by you, dear; I thought I would just warn you, that's all, in case——"

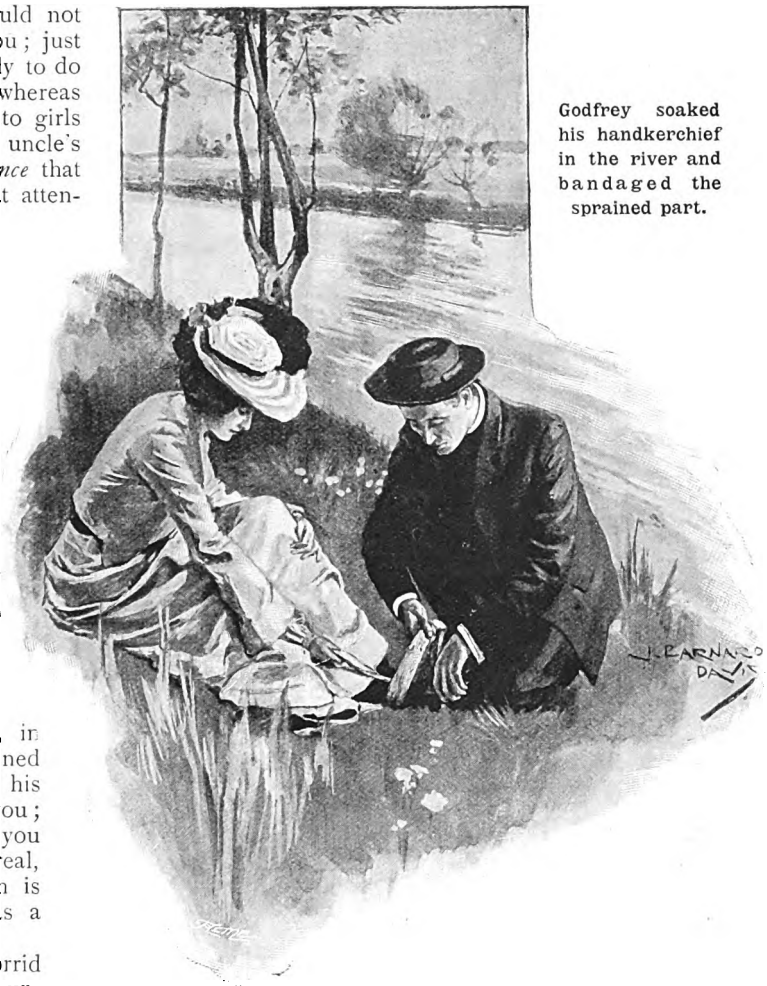
"*Warn* me—what do you mean? I require no warning——"

"I was going to say, in case you should be inclined to attach any weight to his apparent infatuation for you; I say apparent because you might mistake it for real, whereas the whole parish is enjoying his conduct as a huge joke."

"I think it is horrid of people to be so uncharitable; what has the parish to do with a man's private convictions? If he saw cause to alter his opinion on any subject would he not have as much right to do so as any other person?" Dorothy felt furiously angry with her companion, whose motives—as a matter of fact—were by this time perfectly clear to her.

"That's all very well, my dear," laughed Grace, "but the affair of the ten thousand pounds to be earned within twelve months upsets all kinder ways of regarding his conduct. The wife to be chosen is so obviously the pill to be swallowed; the ten thousand pounds are so obviously the spoonful of jam to sweeten the dose!"

The next time Grace Melvy came to see her new friend she was informed that Miss Templeton was not at home, though she had just watched her walk up the drive one hundred yards in front of her and enter the house.



Godfrey soaked his handkerchief in the river and bandaged the sprained part.

"Good," thought Grace, "she is still furious with me, and that means that she knows I have opened her eyes to the truth. She'll hate me now, but it doesn't matter; I got my say in!"

The inevitable happened, of course.

Within a week or two of the above conversation, Godfrey had quite persuaded himself that he must marry Dorothy. Moreover, he was no longer sure that, under the circumstances, he would be justified in refusing to qualify for his uncle's gift. The poor of his parish—he was to have one of his own next year—what a difference would this four or five hundred pounds a year, or the greater part of it, make in their well being!

But poor Godfrey was destined to receive an unpleasant jar of surprise and mortification when he came to lay his case before Dorothy. He went confidently forth to claim the

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"It is a delicious feeling that you should have paid ten thousand pounds for me!"

wife that he had chosen in obedience to the dictates of expediency. It never occurred to him that he might meet with a rebuff.

Dorothy listened to his proposal with mounting colour. She was quite prepared for it and knew how she intended to receive it, but she found the carrying out of her intention more difficult than she expected.

"What *you*, the professed celibate?" she said, when he had finished, laughing merrily. "What has become of your convictions, Mr. Robson?"

"They were not stereotyped," Godfrey faltered, puzzled and confused by the girl's attitude, which he had not expected. "Circumstances have led me to change my opinions, though how you should know anything about my former convictions with regard to matrimony I cannot imagine."

"Oh, they are the talk of the parish. I will tell you something else that is said also; it is said that you have not changed your opinions but sold them for a sum of money——"

"Miss Templeton, you are cruel and unjust; someone has been poisoning your mind against me; who has told you this?"

"Tell me that it is untrue and I will then answer your question. Do you deny that you have been promised a sum of money on condition that you become engaged within a certain period and that this promise has influenced you in making to me the flattering proposal to become your wife."

Poor Godfrey hung his head for very shame. How could he deny the fact? He knew that he had foolishly told himself but yesterday that, perhaps, under the circumstances, as vicar designate of a poor parish, he ought to qualify for his uncle's gift.

"I see that you are confused and that I have been informed correctly," said Dorothy. "You will find a confederate no doubt, Mr. Robson; other girls may view the matter differently; as for myself I decline to enter with you into the conspiracy for securing a sum of money from your relative under false pretences."

"There are no false pretences," Godfrey tried to say, but the words would scarcely form themselves upon his lips. He was in the very act of making a great and terrible discovery, namely, that he was over head and ears in love with this girl, that the securing of the ten thousand pounds was absolutely nothing in comparison with the vitally important consideration of winning Dorothy's heart, and that with selfish blindness and

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folly he had done his very best—by confusing the issue—to defeat the object which he now clearly recognised as of absolute and paramount importance to his happiness.

"There are no false pretences," he stammered. "I love you, Dorothy. It is true that I—I have changed my opinions as to matrimony; it is possible that my uncle's offer may have influenced me, it is difficult to speak with certainty; I have a poor parish to think of, but if the sum were a million pounds it would make no difference to me in this matter. I mean to sacrifice the money altogether since you consider that my motive in speaking to you has been——"

Dorothy interrupted him with a laugh.

"I think you are saying too much," she cried. "You will be sorry. No, Mr. Robson, you have made a little mistake this morning, but I will forget what you have said. You will have no difficulty in finding a confederate—it would be a pity to sacrifice so large a sum—ten thousand pounds, is it not?—it is sad that you should be obliged to swallow your convictions for the sake of the money—I do not think there is any more to be said——"

"Dorothy," he cried passionately, "let me prove that I am not the cheat and humbug you think me—I will prove it whether you will or no—you shall see."

"It would be pleasant, certainly, to see your conduct in a more favourable light," she replied, "at present, I think, enough has been said."

When Godfrey had departed Miss Templeton went up to her room and cried. Meanwhile Godfrey returned home with his head buzzing. "She is quite right," he told himself. "I might have known a girl like Dorothy would take this view of it!"

In his misery and anger and mortification Godfrey sought a victim. By way of improving matters he selected his uncle in that capacity.

"I may marry eventually and I may not," he wrote, "but, at any rate, I must repudiate once and for all any intention to fulfil the conditions you were pleased to lay down when you kindly made me the offer of ten thousand pounds. I am obliged for your liberality, but upon reconsidering the matter I am compelled to confess to you that the very idea of the bargain or transaction suggested is offensive to me and inconsistent with my views of dignity and independence."

Uncle Tom simply wrote back pointing out that his offer remained in force until June 8th, the original limit; he made no remarks upon Godfrey's letter.

Godfrey avoided Miss Templeton as much as possible during the ensuing months, though they met occasionally. But on June 9th he called and was fortunate enough to find her alone.

"I have come to prove that however interested my behaviour may have appeared to you, I was at least sincere in—in what I said!" he began. Dorothy was pale and looked thin.

"If that can be proved, please prove it—I will gladly listen," she said.

"My year of grace is out; my uncle's offer has lapsed to-day; I can no longer claim the prize he offered me—yet I am more than ever anxious to be married——"

"Do you mean that you have given up those ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes—the money's gone, thank Heaven—the idea was preposterous."

"And you gave it up—to prove——"

"Dorothy, you must know well why I gave it up; it was to prove that I want not it, but *you*, and that I must have you, or——"

* * * * *

"I suppose we must have come together sometime or other in any case," she said presently, sighing happily; "but, oh, it is a delicious feeling that you should have paid ten thousand pounds for me!"

A day or two after Godfrey's wedding—which occurred on September 10th of the same year—he came with an air of contrition to make a confession to his young bride. "I don't know how you'll take it," he said; "but I've got something to confess."

"Tell me the worst," she laughed, "I don't think it can be very bad."

"Look at that!" he placed a letter in her hands, something fell out; she picked it up—it was a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

"It looks rather as if I had married you under false pretences, doesn't it?" he said. "But I give you my word it was not a put-up job. Uncle Tom has relented, but I didn't know he was going to. You'll believe me, now you know me a bit better, won't you?"

Dorothy believed. Being an extremely sensible person she was very glad to see that cheque.

"Uncle Tom must be a dear old man and you must introduce me as soon as possible," she said. "He has behaved like a brick!"

All things considered, he certainly had.

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Cruising On Tin Cans

A New Way of Travelling on the Water —Original, but not Likely to be Generally Adopted.

By Stanley White.

To control the untamed steed, to walk through space upon the slender wire—such are wonderful feats, yet many there are who can do them. To career down the rapid river with nothing between the feet and the swirling waters but a block of empty tins is quite as extraordinary, and much more novel. This feat belongs to but one man, and he is the champion log-roller.

Tom Barton is a little wiry Londoner, but a Londoner who has known what it is to rough it in the wilds of Canada. In 1887 he left his native Fulham and became a lumberman on the Ottawa River. The duties of the lumberman are peculiar. They consist in controlling herds of huge logs, which, having been hewn in their native forests, are turned into the river to float with the tide hundreds of miles citywards.

Like a circus rider who skips from horse to horse while all are going at full speed, so the lumberman jumps from log to log, here using his pole to extricate a log which has been caught in the tangled brushwood, and there dispersing a cluster drawn by the currents under the lee of a river islet.

It is dangerous work. A false step and the lumberman would find himself struggling in the water, and he would be lucky if he escaped being crushed to death between the masses of timber which are in constant violent collision through the force of the tide.

Barton enjoying a rest while cruising on his "log," made, by the way, of empty tins. He is equally at home standing, sitting, or lying at full length on his back.

After his return to England Mr. Barton's attention happened to be attracted towards a pile of tall tins, which had been put on one side in a grocer's shop. Possibly their log-like shape set him thinking. Anyhow, he went into the shop, and bought up a number. Each tin is a foot in length, and a foot in diameter. It was Mr. Barton's idea to form a nine-foot log. So he took nine of the tins to a plumber to be soldered together.

The first momentous trial was made upon the artificial lake at Wandsworth in the depth of winter. The weather was not ideal for the experiment. In addition to a big gale there was

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a downfall of snow and sleet. The cylinder launched, Barton stepped gingerly upon it, and the next moment found himself well out in the centre of the lake. More by luck than skill he was borne in safety to the opposite side, and was quite satisfied to leave further experiments till another day.

Since that eventful occasion Barton has given several public exhibitions of his unique powers, all of which have excited very great popular interest. The first of these was in last November, when he rode his tin log with the tide from Battersea Bridge to the Tower of London. At the best of times the tin is so fragile and light that it requires the utmost skill and nerve to manage it. But on this occasion the cold was intense, and it is marvellous that Barton was not absolutely benumbed.

People on the bridges muffled up in scarves and overcoats were almost frozen, but Barton had no warmer clothing than a water costume, the while his balancing pole was literally festooned with icicles. What made the occasion still more trying was a river fog, which greatly increased the danger of collision with passing craft or with bridge escarpments. The distance of five and a half miles was covered in two and a half hours, and, in spite of the fog, the novel performance was watched by many thousands of curious folk.

Barton can perform on his "log" with great ease and considerable variety of position.

With the aid of his balancing pole he can maintain himself in almost any position——

——and when he feels hungry, he finds no difficulty in taking a meal.

Barton can sit down on a chair with a table at his knees. The chair and table are handed him from a boat, and when he has got them nicely fixed he proceeds to make himself a cup of Bovril, which he takes on these trips in preference to anything alcoholic. The slightest drop of an intoxicant, he says, would cause him to lose his balance. Barton is not always content to be seated on his chair. Sometimes he takes it into his head to climb on to the seat and stand upright upon it, the meanwhile brandishing flags.

Should you get a chance of witnessing this performance, don't miss it. It is the best thing of the kind to be seen.

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Mrs Martin's Missing Hat

By James Raymond Perry

How a Writer of Detective Stories Grappled with a Real Mystery.

Mrs. Martin's hat had vanished in a manner most inexplicable. The circumstances surrounding the mystery are herein set down.

When the Prescotts gave their party the Bruces offered them a part of their flat as cloak rooms for the guests, the Bruces' flat being directly under the Prescotts'.

A room at the back of the drawing-room was assigned to the ladies, while the gentlemen left their hats in the front room.

The Bruces were invited, but a tooth-ache and swollen face prevented Mrs. Bruce attending. Mr. Bruce went, but several times during the evening he descended to see his wife and cheer her against loneliness.

Also two or three guests, who were intimate friends of the Bruces, were permitted to see her at the back of the flat, where she kept herself during the evening. When refreshments were served Mrs. Prescott thoughtfully provided a tray for Mrs. Bruce, and Bruce took it down and they cosily had "supper" together.

It wasn't until several of the guests had gone, and those who were left were out in the dining-room being tardily served, that Bruce overheard one of the ladies saying to Mrs. Prescott:

"It is the strangest thing! Mrs. Martin couldn't find her hat anywhere; and now she's gone home without it. She remembered just where she left it—on a chair near the sideboard; and when she looked it wasn't there, nor anywhere in the room. She left her purse, too, with a good bit of money in it, and that wasn't disturbed; so it couldn't have been thieves that took it. It's the strangest thing!"

Mrs. Prescott merely looked annoyed, but said nothing. Bruce heard but imperfectly the whole speech, but enough reached him to give him the sense that something was missing.

"By Jove!" he mentally ejaculated, "has something been stolen from our flat during the evening? Why, Mary's been down there all the time; nobody could have entered from the back without her knowing it, and thieves could not pass the Prescotts' man down in the hall without him seeing them."

Later, when the guests had departed, Mr. Bruce questioned Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes," she said, "Mrs. Martin couldn't find her hat. She left it on a chair by the sideboard, she said, and when she went to get it, it was gone."

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"And nothing else was missing? None of the other guests lost anything?"

"No."

Bruce went down and looked carefully through the flat. Nothing seemed to have been taken; everything was in its place, just as when they lent it for the evening to the Prescotts.

Then he began hunting for the hat. Under bed and wardrobe and in the cupboard he looked, and then in the other rooms; but no trace of the missing hat was found.

"It's very strange, Dick! How do you suppose it could have disappeared so mysteriously? Somebody must have taken it," Mrs. Bruce said.

"I don't know; it looks that way, certainly. But none of the guests would have taken it. Besides, Mrs. Martin was one of the first to leave, so the others didn't have a chance, even if they wanted to. It looks mysterious, and no mistake. That window was open all the evening, was it?"

"Yes; but no burglar would come in and take just a hat and nothing else. You say Mrs. Martin's purse was under the hat. It's ridiculous to suppose a thief would take the hat and leave the purse."

"I should have heard him, anyway. I was in the dining-room all the time. The man in the hall would have heard him too. You don't suppose he took it, do you?"

"What would he want with a lady s hat?"

"Well, I don't know of but one other person on whom suspicion can possibly rest."

"Who's that, Mary?"

"Me."

"You! Absurd! Of course no one would suspect you."

"What kind of a hat was it? Did they say?"

"A little grey one, I think Mrs. Prescott said."

"With a bird on it?"

"Yes, I believe she did say there was a bird on it."

"I knew it! It's Mrs. Martin's new hat!" moaned Mrs. Bruce.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary? What if it is her new hat?"

"She'll think I took it; I know she will."

"Why, of course she won't, Mary."

"Yes, she will, Dick. Only last week when she called on me she had it on, and I admired it so much. It really was a love of a hat! She let me try it on, and it looked too sweet for anything on me."

He began hunting for the hat.

"Any hat would," murmured Dick.

"I told her I wished I had one just like it. It was lots more becoming to me than to her."

"I don't doubt it," interpolated Dick.

"And that's why she'll think I took it.

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She knows how much I admired it; and I was the only person down here who had a chance to take it. Of course she'll think I took it."

"But, my dear," protested Mr. Bruce, "she's your friend; she wouldn't suspect you of being a thief; she couldn't."

"Oh, Dick, you can't understand it, of course. But it was a *hat!*"

The emphasis Mary put on the word was quite tragic.

"Of course 'twas a hat, but——" he stopped, bewildered at Mary's air of mystery and distress.

"And some women, Dick—of course you can't comprehend, for you're a man—some women would sell their souls for a hat, if it was just the right kind!"

"Oh! Well, it is pretty bad, then, isn't it? And she'll think you—— But she'd know you couldn't wear it. Someone might see it, and recognise it as hers. She might see it herself."

"No, she'd know I couldn't wear it. But that doesn't make any difference. Some women fall in love with a hat so that they'd steal it if they got a chance even if they couldn't wear it. They'd put it on at home, just for the pleasure of seeing it on them in a mirror. It's dreadful, Dick, the fascination a hat—the right kind—has for a woman!"

"It must be. But, my dear, I don't believe you stole it, even if they do fascinate you in that way."

"Of course I didn't, Dick. I didn't know it was here. I wasn't in the room after the guests began to arrive until the last one was gone."

"Well, we must find it, Mary. I can't let you rest under the foul suspicion of having stolen a hat with a fowl on it. Let me get into my Sherlock Holmes mood and think."

"I suppose you'll be writing a story about it, Dick. Whenever I see that look on your face I know you think you've got a subject for one."

It should be stated that Mr. Richard Bruce from time to time had short stories published in the magazines. His penchant was for light detective tales, with a tantalising mystery attached.

"Not such a bad idea," he said. "If we can solve the mystery there may be the making of a story in it. Then perhaps I could sell the story and buy you a hat as intoxicating as Mrs. Martin's; who knows? Now, about the hat. Let me think; let me think."

But Bruce's thinking had not served to find the hat by the following evening. Its disappearance was as much a mystery as ever.

"I've hunted everywhere!" sighed Mary. "Not a possible nor impossible place have I overlooked. Under rugs and on top shelves of closets, from parlour to kitchen, I've searched every square inch of the flat; and it simply isn't here."

"Supposing it had blown out of the window?" said Bruce. "Somebody wouldn't have taken it then, would they? He, I mean, or she?"

"Blown out the window? Do you suppose—— Why, it couldn't blow out the window, Dick. Mrs. Martin left it on this chair by the sideboard. It isn't within six feet of the window. Besides, the wind didn't blow last night; it was perfectly calm."

"Which would seem to destroy that theory. I never thought much of it anyway; but the only other theory I've been able to evolve is that the hat walked off, and of the two the idea that it blew away seemed more likely. I wish I were as clever as some of the detectives in my stories; I'd have this mystery solved in a jiffy."

"Can't you really think of any explanation, Dick? You ought to be able to."

"I suppose I ought to, but—— You say 'twas a big bird on a little hat?"

"Yes."

"Now if that bird had been alive it could have flown away, even though attached to the hat. The window was open; the hat was small, and the bird large. Yes, it would have been quite easy.

"In that case, the hat by this time might be far away. The theory is a peculiarly fascinating one; and the only obstacle in the way of its acceptance is the fact that the bird was dead—or supposedly so."

"Supposedly so! Of course it was dead Why can't you be serious, Dick? It isn't a joke, if you do consider it one. It isn't a joke for Mrs. Martin, and it isn't one for me, if people are going to suspect me of stealing it."

"The hat, not the joke, you mean. No, it certainly is not a joke to be accused of stealing that. Well, I'll try to treat the subject seriously.

"You don't suppose the bird could have been in a comatose state—hypnotised or something of that sort—all this time, do you? If we could establish that fact it wouldn't be so hard to convince people it flew off with the hat. We could assume it woke up—came out of its trance—during the party. It's

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really a beautiful theory, Mary—novel, and all that.

"And I've seen birds on hats that looked so natural you'd think they were actually alive. I dare say the bird on Mrs. Martin's hat looked like that."

"It certainly did look very natural. But what nonsense, Dick! The bird wasn't alive, of course. I thought you said you'd be serious. I should think you'd try to find out what's become of the hat for your own sake if not for mine. I shouldn't think you'd want people to think your wife had stolen it."

"I don't want them to, my dear, and I have tried to find out what's become of the hat. Don't you see that the more things I think of the nearer I am to the right one? Each new idea narrows down the number of others to be thought of.

"I've thought of the wind blowing it away, and of the bird flying off with it; and now we haven't got to bother with those theories any more. We've rejected them; but we are two ideas nearer the right one.

"The trouble is there are so many other ideas to be considered — or rather, to be exact, there are so few others. To be candid, I'm at the end of my string now; but what is the matter, Mary?"

"That dreadful cat again! It's the second time it's jumped up on that window sill and scared me. It did it the night before last, when I was sitting here reading. For a strange

He reappeared, holding in his hand Mrs. Martin's hat.

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cat, I think it's making itself pretty much at home here.

"The porter says it's got four little kittens down in our store-room. He looked in through the basement window when he was mowing the lawn, and saw them. You know we left the window open, and the cat goes in and out that way.

"What *is* the matter, Dick?"

"Shade of Sherlock Holmes!" ejaculated Mr. Bruce. "The matter, Mary! The matter! Why, the matter is another idea—idea number three!"

With that Mr. Bruce dashed out of the room, and in a few minutes reappeared, holding in his hand Mrs. Martin's hat.

"Oh, Dick, where was it? Where *did* you find it? Just look at the dust on it! Who had it, Dick?"

"Reviving for a moment an ancient saying, I will remark, 'It was the cat.'"

"The cat!"

"Yes. Don't you see? Really, it wasn't such a bad piece of detective work—especially for a writer of detective stories. Note the several clues—the links in the chain—leading to the solution of the mystery:

"First, a hat with a bird on it; a little hat with a large bird; second, a cat jumping up on our window sill from the outside. To our knowledge it jumped up on it the night before last and again to-night; and if on those two nights, why not last night also?

"Third, and finally, the known attraction all birds have for cats. With those clues in mind, and properly pieced together, I went straight to our store-room, and there, near a litter of four as nice little kittens as you ever set eyes on, lay the hat.

"The mother cat was the velvet-footed burglar. She came in the window last night, saw the bird, liked its looks, and walked off with it—and, incidentally, with the rest of the hat. Probably she thought it would be useful for the kittens to practise pouncing on when they get a little bigger.

"The hat doesn't seem to be damaged, and when the dust is brushed off will be as good as ever. The trouble is going to be in making Mrs. Martin believe it was the cat that stole it instead of you. Suppose we leave the dust on it as circumstantial evidence."

UNORTHODOX
I saw no mistletoe about—
(And she and I had not been introduced)
A lack that momentarily produced
A doubt.
I took the benefit of this—
I fancied that, according to her look,
She would not mind, and so I took
A kiss.
I saw no mistletoe about—
And neither she nor I could know or tell
But, as it was, we got on just as well
Without!
E. Goarie Marks.

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My Nephew Max

By Fox Russell.

Being a further extract from a Married Uncle's Diary.

THURSDAY.—*Just received the following letter from that irrepressible nephew of mine, Max. His kindness and consideration in not desiring to "embarriss" me, and his highly original notion of how to obtain an "advance" when the lender is out of the way, are most noteworthy. Wish he could be induced to give up calling his brother "Stinker," though afraid that is impossible.*

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,

I hope it won't embarriss you, but we're so beasely hard up that can you send Stinker and me anuther small tip? We want a sov. between us; that'll jest last out this term butifoolly. If you haven't got it handy, but can let me have it in a week, I dessay we could borrow it from Fatty Randall.

Fatty's an orfly rich chap, and his trussed-tea has jest sent him a fiver. Well, he can't want orl that, can he? He'll only spend it in tuck, and make himself beasely sick like he did last term, and wen he's fealing Billyus he gets gluemy and tassytern, witch can't be good for boys, so, ass time is reely pressing, he will make the advance.

The simplest way is that I will wait till he's gone out and then borrow the money. I know eggsackly where he keeps it. Then you can send our tip to pay him back, but ass I'me a bit of a Finansher, I think prap's you'd better make it twenty-one bob, so's to give a bob for interest, don't you?

Last Friday we went home for the week-end to help sell at a Charretty Basar. By Gove, Charretty Basars are an orfle rag, ain't they? We were drest up in our Sunday clothes with light blue ties and turn down collars, and had to wash our faces with sope, and part our hair in the middel. Oh, it was orfly uncumftable.

Stinker looked jest like a Baa Lamb with a blue ribbin round it's neck. He ought to have been stuck on a green stand, and pulled about with a string. I rotted him about it, and he got orfly enoide.

Some ladies were doing a raffel, and Stinker was sent about to ask people to take tiggets at a bob each. They gave him twenty tiggets to sell, and the young ass lost four and I collerd two more and told him I'd smak his hed jolly well if he split about it, and wen he went bak the ladies said "wear is the oof?"—at leest, they dident say "oof" eggsackly, but you know wot I mean. And blowed if he dident say he dident know wot had becum of it! He *is* a rotter! He has no imageination.

Wen I was sent to sell things an orfly pretty gurl at our stall sed to me: "Everything's allowable in the cause of charretty—so you mustn't mind *what* you say!"

I told her I *never* did. And then she sed: "Oh, but *that's* shocking!" Now, issent that jest like gurls? To suit themselves they say you may tell whoppers, but when I sed I agreed with her she immejetly ses: "That's shocking!" Gurls, gurls! it's orlways gurls who are the most deseetful creetures living.

Well, I startid selling, and the best cause I could think of, jest then, was the "Fund

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for providing Suppers on the Roof "—an instytution of ours at school witch we all contribbute to. It's for providing a light meal to starving schoolboys after they're sposed to be in bed and ain't.

We go up the fire escape ladder on to the roof in our night shirts (of course this is only a summer amewsment, wind and wether purmitting), and spred a newspaper and have sossidges—cold saverloise—and apples, poted lobstir—eaten with a harepin—and ginger-wine: oh, it's jest riping!

Well, ass they sed "everything"—meaning whoppers—"is aloud in a good cause," I jest let myself go. I stuffed up one feller that my old pocket-nife was pure Toledo steel, and was found in the Ruins of Carthage. He rored with larfter, but he must have beleeved it, ass he gave me harf a sov. for it, and said I was a jolly boy, and must be a linnyal dessendent of Annie Nias. I dunno what he ment.

Then I greened another feller with a girl to buy her a bunch of vilets. which cost a penny, for harf-a-crown. ass I sed they were fresh gathered from the Rivvyera that morning. He arsked: "Were they tellygrafed over?" and I sed "Yes."

After that, I caught a little beest of a boy, drest in a purpill velvet sute and a floppy lace coller, with fair curls—curls! ugh! ain't it disgusting!—and got him up in a lonely corner, and threttend to smak his hed if he dident buy a piece of Cruel wurk.

He looked orfly fritend, and began to blub, so I twisted his arm and made him shut up. He sed he haddent enny money on him, but I knew that was a cram, so I felt in his pockets and found two two-bob pieces. I took them, and shoved the Cruel wurk into his hands and bunked.

You see, I'd bin told by my stall-holder to be active and persvering, and not to take "No" for an arnser, so what I did was quite rite, wasn't it?

Then an orfly swagger lady came in, and I sold her a cigar case—at leest, I don't think she quite *knew* she'd bought it, but I rapt it up in paper and put it in her hand, arfter she'd bought a lot of other things, and sed "Harf-a-crown, please"; and she smiled and paid up, and I took care to evoide her orl the rest of the day.

Arfter this I paid in orl the proseeds to the Schoolboys' Supper Fund. As I'me the Treshrer, of coarse that was quite simpel. I merely put it into my trousers pocket. That was orl perfectly easy, but pressently the old cat who pressided at our stall said:

"Well, now we'll settle up our accounts. How much have you got for me, my littel man?"

Her "littel man!" Wot beasely cheek. I shoved my hands in my pockets and staird at her, and looked orfly orsteer.

Then I slowly took out (sum of) the money I'de made, and bunged it down, and walked off. I think it downrite beasely wen a feller has made orl that money for his school fund to have to fork it orl (well, not quite *orl*) out again, jest becos a jolly ugly old woman makes him.

I met Stinker then, and, feeling peckish, we went into the Refreshment Buffy, and offered to sell tarts and buns. But the gurl there knew a thing or two. She larfed, and sed that if she trusted us with tarts we mite *forget* to sell them. Thet was rarther ruff on a feller, wassent it, Uncle Charlie? It makes you hate a gurl wen she's so beasely fond of sarksum and reppartea. She *was* ugly.

Jest as we were leaving the Buffy I met that littel ass in the purpil sute again. He tride to bunk, but I cort him by the tale. I ment to sell him a fotergraff frame, but jest then his big brother came up. He was about my size, only bigger. He sed:

"Was it you who robb'd my young brother?"

I sed:

"I dunno what you mean. I *sold* him some Cruel wurk he'd taken a fancy too."

Then he got exsited, and began speeking orfly quickly, and sed:

"You jest give up the money, or I'le lick you!"

"You lick *me!*" I sed scornfly. "Jest you come outside into the garden, and, by gum I'le jolly well punch your hed!"

Well, we went outside, but, somehow, I couldent punch his hed—not well, I mean. I did land him two or three good 'uns, and cort him a wunner on the noce, but he blacked my left eye, and finally we shook hands, and I gave up one of the two-bobs, and he gave back the Cruel wurk witch I sold imejetly arfterwards to that jolly feller with the gurl, who sed I was a sumthing or other dessendent of Annie Nias. It was rather decent of him to buy it, ass I don't think he could have wanted it very mutch.

Then I tride to sell them sum fire skreens and sofer cushons and a quilted counterpin, and sed they'd orl be usefool for their house. And the gurl turned rather red, and played with her parrotsol, and the feller sed nothing, and looked rather an ass, and I wundered wot I'de done. So I sed:

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"Ain't you two ingaged?" and the gurl sed: "No, you absurd boy!" and the feller sed he thought it would rain to-morrow.

So I sed: "Well, you needent be so jolly bashful about it. I've got a sister whoose ingaged, and, by Gove! it's sumthing orfle to see them sitting hand in hand, and talking rot about *her* being *his* own, and *he* being *her* own. Oh, it's sickening. And then about twice a week—it's genrally Wednesdys and Saturdys—they quarrel, and he swares never to look on her 'fair, false face again,' and *she* ses that he has broken her hart. And then, next day, there they are again, sitting on the same chair, and holding each other's hands jest as they were before."

But they'd bolted in diffrent derecktions before I'de finished speaking. I wunder why?

There was a printed notice up: "The Countess of Haughtyshire will entertain the helpers and stall-holders at tea." So I and Stinker went in—in fact, we went in sevril times. The Countess wore a butifool smyle (and other things, of course), and gave us beasely weak tea, but sum jolly good cake and jam (rarsbry and black currand—the rarsbry was the best), and finelly we cramd our pockets with biscuits, and I put two jam tarts, faces together, and shoved them into my trousers pocket, and we sed good-bye to the Countess, and bunked.

We got back to school on Monday too late for Stoggins's Latin construing class, and wasn't Stoggins mad! The gov'ner put us into the train, and sed: "Mind you change at Castle Junkshon, then the fast train will get you back by two o'clock." So, of coarse, we dident, and by missing that train we dodged the construing.

Before leaving home, wee'd invested the proseeds of my sales in a tuck shop, and I stowed six saveloise and four apples in my pockets, and a tin of poted lobstir was congealed in the trunk Stinker and me had between us. We orlso stowed eight rolls, a box of sardeens, and two pots of strorbry jam there, and wen the school matron wanted the key so's to unpack our things, we swore we'd lost it.

That nite we orl snord wen Pig-face (our doormattry master) put his hed in the doorway and asked: "Are you orl asleep?" and drecktly he'd gone we jumped up and got out the stores for the supper party. Then we sneaked out to the landing, and Bruce major, and me and two of the littel fellers got the ladder and gently rased it, while Watson minor kept *cave*.

Jest as wee'd nearly got it up to the skylite that sily young ass Watson whispered "*Cave*," and we put the ladder down again quickly and quietly, and bunked into the bedroom.

But it was a false alarm, and after smaking young Watson's hed for being mistaken, I went back and got the ladder up again. As I was Treshrer and Pressydent of the Supper Fund, I went first, and shoved the skylite back for the rest of the fellers to come

I sed: "Ain't you two ingaged?" and the gurl sed: "No, you absurd boy!"

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through. Then we spread our newspaper and set to work on the saverloise, and the sardeens we made into a salad with the poted lobstir.

It was a jolly hot nite, so we dident mind being litely drest. Wen wee'd jest finished the saverloise, and were harf through the lobstir salad, Brown minor sed: "Sh—! wot's that?" and I crept over to the open skylite to look. It was orl dark down below, so I thought I'de go down the steps and scout. I felt for the ladder, and by gum!—*some sily ass had taken it away!*

Wassent it orfle! Now, Uncle Charlie, wot would you have done if you'd been on the roof in your nite shirt? And jest ass I crawled back to tell the fellers, I herd thunder and it began to rain!

We were soon all shiffering with cold and getting beasely wet. You see, we dident know whether it was a feller or a master who'd taken the ladder away. If it was a feller and we cort him he'd get jolly well licked; if it was a master and he caught *us*, *we* should. It was a notty probblim.

But, five minits later we herd a lite larf coming out of the darkness below, and then the top of the ladder appeared, and old Poddy Reid—that's one of the sixth form fellers who I fag for occasionally—put his hed out and sed: "Come out of that, you young fools. I took the ladder away so's to give you a frite. Come down and give me two of those saverloise."

And we were only too glad to. I gave Poddy the sossidges and sed: "Theyre rarther wet," but he sed that dident matter, they'd taste the same, and went away munching them.

As we had some remains of the supper left over, I and Stinker and Bruce major and Boots—you remember Boots?—thought we could have another supper on the roof next nite, if we dident ask the other fellers. So we agreed we'd *forget* to ask them to join. You see, wot's enuff for four is beasely rot wen there's ten fellers to feed. So we got the ladder and I went up, and shoved open the skylite, and, by gum! I nearly fell backwards with frite—there was a man crouching on the roof a yard away from me.

I jest cort hold of the ladder with my legs and slid from the top to the bottom. I *was* in a funk! I hollered out:

"Police! Murder! Burgerlers!" and the other fellers hollerd—oh, my eye!

It *was* a site, wen some of the masters ran upstares and then a Bobby came and they went up the ladder on to the roof and collerd *two* chaps. They were burgerlers, and had crowbars and things in their hands, and the Bobby and the masters walked them orf to the station. They were evidently going to burgle the house by getting in from the roof.

Well, next morning I was feeling a bit proud of my having captured those burgerlers, and was wundring wot sort of reward Stoggins would give me for it—prap's a silver meddle, or a gold watch and chain, or a pair of top-boots for hunting. And then I sposed he'd make a littel speech before orl the school to thank me for saving his property, and orl that sort of thing. And then I'de try to look indiffrent, and say that I only did my duty, and put my rite hand in my weskket and moddestly retire, arfter arsking for a harf-holiday for the school.

I thought of all this in bed, and dreckly arfter prayers Stoggins told me to stand forward. By gum I *did* feel jolly proud at that moment. Orl the fellers looked at me, and must have felt so beasely envyus. I stood rite out aloan in frunt of them orl.

And then Stoggins said:

"The capture of the two misguided men on the roof last nite has opened my eyes to some grave irreglearrities on the part of sum of the young gentlemen in 'B' Doormattry"—that's ours. "I suspect that sevril of you were going on to the roof. I *know* that you, sir, were there, because it was you who first gave the alarm. You evidently reseeved a severe frite" (beasely shame to say this, rite before everywun wen I thought he would praise me ass a hero), "and in consequens of that, and of the undowted service you did—quite involunteerly—" (old beast) "in giving the alarm, I shall only punish you by depriving you of your next harf holiday, and ordering you to rite a hundred lines. You can go back to your place."

And *that's* orl the reward a boy gets for bravely tackling two armed burgerlers to save his school from being robbed. It's *my* fate now to be gluemy and tassytern.

Wen I red in the paper of those burgerlers at the Pleece court, I saw the Bobby gave evidence that he found a sardeen tin and sum bitten pieces of saverloise on the roof. The prisners denide enny knowledge of them, but the Bobby sed he was certain the prisners had bin supping off these things wen they were disterbed. Wot other way could they have come on the roof?

And I sed nothing, but larfed litely.

Don't forget the tip, Uncle Charlie, will you. Love to Aunt Mollie.

From your affeckshunt Nephew,

MAX.

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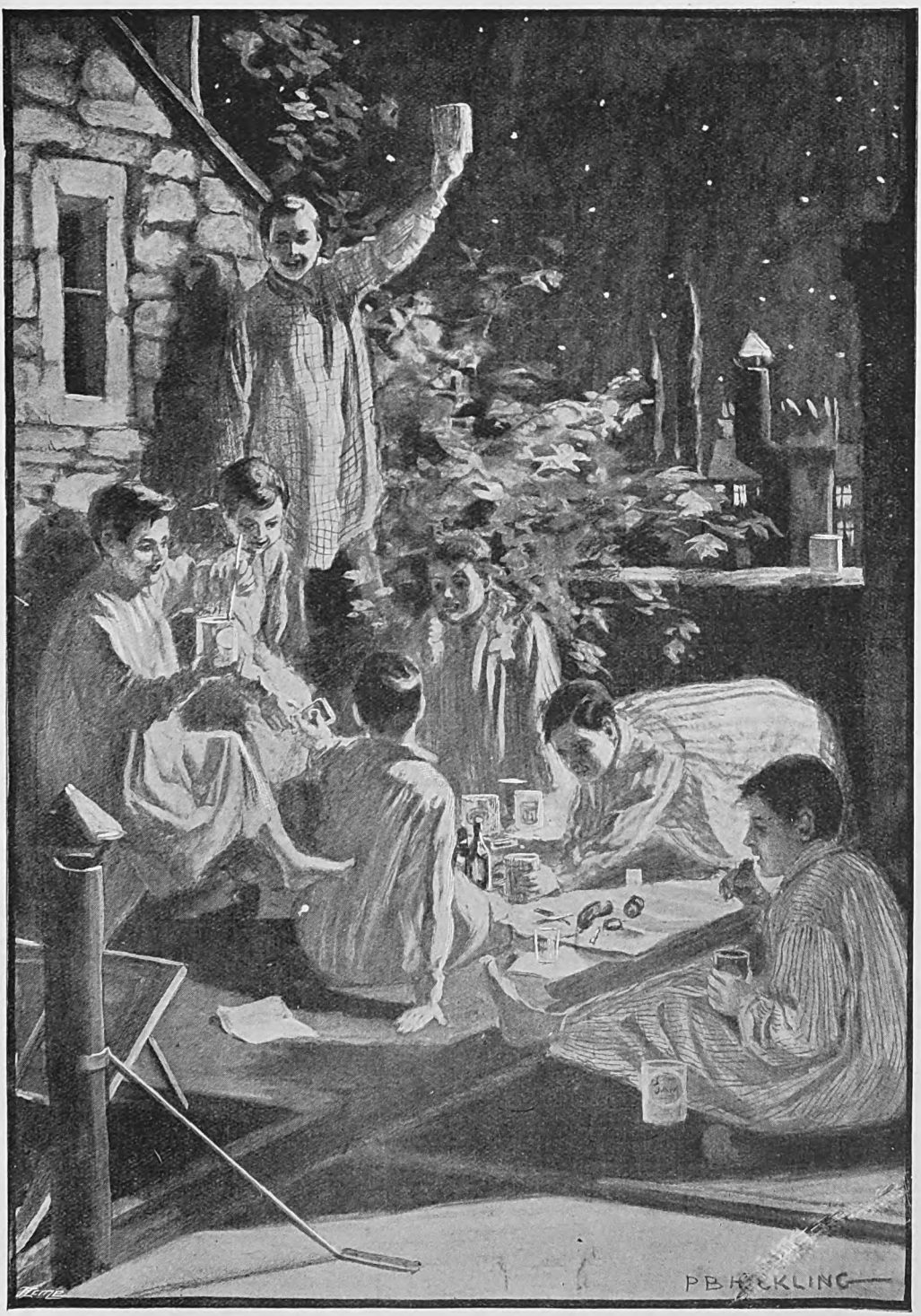

"It was a jolly hot nite, so we dident mind being litely drest."

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LIFE ON A LIGHTSHIP

Mr. Wood as the lightshipmen knew him——

——and as he is known to his friends.

A Bright and Interesting Article in which the Writer gives his Adventures and Impressions on a Visit to the Nore Lightship.

By Walter Wood.

Outsiders have been rarely privileged to spend a few days on board one of the lightships round the English coast, and I felt specially pleased when the Elder Brethren of the Honourable Trinity Corporation gave me the necessary authority to go, and relegated me to the friendly care of Mr. J. G. Browne, Superintendent at Trinity Wharf, Blackwall. Mr. Browne was keen on my journeying to the Shipwash, some miles off Aldborough, on the ground that she is one of the most modern light vessels, and is in telephonic communication with the shore. That, he explained, would enable me to summon a boat when I had had enough of it, whereas on a less efficient craft I must take my chance.

I mentioned the Nore, and referred to its romance and the legend connected with it. The Nore has figured largely in naval history. During the mutiny in 1797 the Elder Brethren, almost within sight of the rebellious sailors, removed or destroyed all the buoys and beacons which could guide the ships to sea; and in 1803, when Napoleon threatened to invade England, the Elder Brethren made every preparation to destroy all channel marks which could guide an enemy into the Thames. The Superintendent remarked that it should be the Nore if I wished—that indeed I could go to Jericho if the Corporation had a lightship there—and at once he made arrangements for the alteration, and gave me my sailing orders. These were to join a Trinity tender at the wharf in two days' time and go with her down to the Nore, where I should be put on board.

At the appointed time I presented myself and was taken charge of by the master of the *Stella*, which had a miscellaneous assortment of necessaries for lighthouses, lightships and Trinity work ashore. We steamed down the Thames until we reached the Chapman Light, then we stopped, a boat was lowered, and the mate and a couple of men landed with a supply of rockets. They rowed back, the boat was hoisted in, and the *Stella* steamed on until the Nore lightship was reached.

With just as much promptitude and as little ceremony as the rockets had been handed to the Chapman keepers, I was delivered to the master of the Nore light vessel. The mate jumped aboard, handed to the master a letter explanatory of my arrival, and returned to the *Stella* with remarkable dispatch. The boat was hoisted in, and the tender resumed her voyage and passed from sight.

The instant I stepped on board the lightship I was struck by the homely air of everything and the great kindness of the crew. The master, Mr. H. Howe, took me below and insisted upon discharging the duties of host from that moment until the hour of my abrupt departure—abrupt for reasons which I shall make evident. At the head of the wide companion—there is plenty of room for sudden rushes to a lightship's deck—a bird was singing and a row of plants and a vase of flowers met the eye. Below, in the master's cabin, where I took up my quarters, everything was faultlessly clean and bore that hall mark of orderliness and

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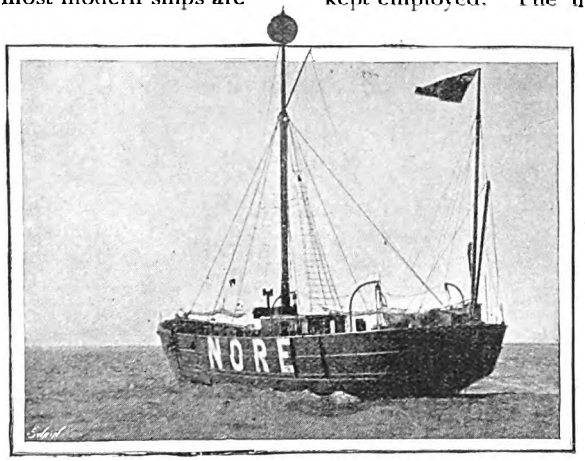
efficiency for which everything connected with the Trinity Corporation is famous.

I am not, in this sketchy article, going into too much detail or any technicalities. I want to convey a general impression of the life and duties of the British lightshipman, and the Nore light vessel's crew will afford that glimpse as well as any other ship's. I was moved to select her for my visit because she is better known by sight to British travellers by sea than any other vessel, and because, as I have said, of her romantic situation.

The Nore lightship herself is a very old wooden vessel—indeed, she is "Number 14"—lightships are known by numbers. Inside she reminds one strongly of an old wooden fighting ship. She is very roomy, warm, and comfortable. The most modern ships are built of iron or steel, and have very powerful lanterns, windlasses worked by compressed air, and a huge fog-horn worked also by compressed air. They have a fine engine-room, fitted with oil-engines and air-receivers, and are known as "engine-ships."



The Nore lightship: the ball at the masthead is a sign that the vessel is safely on her station. Should she break adrift, the ball would be lowered immediately.

Lightships are divided into two classes — "off-lying" and "in-shore." Those which are out at sea come under the former head, and the Nore and kindred ships under the latter. Each off-lying vessel has a complement of eleven—one master, one mate, three lamplighters, and six seamen, or five seamen and a carpenter. Of these, one officer, two lamplighters, and four seamen, or three seamen and a carpenter, are always on board. In vessels having a syren or reed horn three of the seamen are rated as fog-signal drivers, two of whom must always be on board.

In certain in-shore light vessels the complement is eight—one master, one mate, three lamplighters, and three seamen, of whom one officer, two lamplighters, and two men are always on board; or one master, one mate, two lamplighters, and two seamen, of whom one officer, one lamplighter, and one seaman are always to be on board.

There are fifty-two lightships on stations around the English coast, and all serve the purpose of indicating the presence of fatal shoals. Each modern lightship costs about £12,000 to build and equip, and about £1300 a year to maintain. An expenditure of something like £70,000 annually is therefore necessary to work the lightship service efficiently. A wooden ship, like the Nore, will keep her station for seven years without needing overhauling; but it is necessary to bring an iron ship in every three years.

The crew of a lightship are incessantly on the alert, and have a multitude of duties to discharge. The ship herself must be kept in perfect trim, the lantern is a constant source of work and care, and in a hundred and one odd ways the vessel's people are kept employed. The master appears to be constantly at work posting up his log, for not a detail of the day or night's happenings is omitted from this record.

If the lightshipman is not on watch, or sleeping, or painting, or otherwise working on the ship's behalf, he is making or mending useful articles. He is wonderfully clever with the needle, and in making mats of rope and wool, and all sorts of models.

For a model of a lightship he used to get about thirty shillings; now the price is about one-third of that amount. The natural consequence is that the lightshipman does not devote much of his spare time to model-making. It is a curious and interesting spectacle to watch a man knit vigorously as he takes his short, sharp turns — the characteristic fisherman's walk — on the vessel's deck.

There is a general impression that lightshipmen will be always well supplied with fish, since all they have to do is to get their lines overboard and catch them. As a matter of fact, fish are seldom caught from lightships, for the very good reason that they are scared off by the action of the great cable

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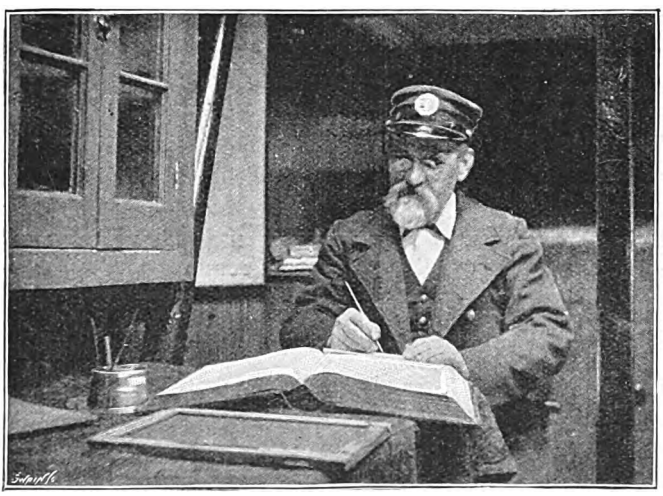
and the general disturbance of the ground by the anchorage. At the Nore, for example, efforts are rarely made to fish. When a lightship first goes to a station fish are caught in fair abundance, but they are crafty creatures, and soon give the uncanny object a wide berth.

At sunrise, daily, the lantern is lowered, and one of the watch on deck comes below into the master's cabin to write on the slate the events of the night. These are transferred by the master to the log. Early in the day breakfast is taken, as a rule everything being cleared away before eight o'clock. At about



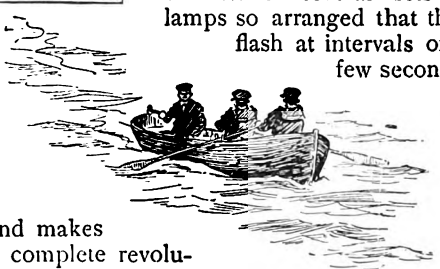
The night-watch enters all that happens during the night on a slate, and from these notes the master makes up the ship's log in the morning.

eleven o'clock comes dinner, and at two, or thereabouts, tea; supper, which with many lightshipmen is the best meal of the day, being at eight or so. These feeding times seem strange to the visitor, but experience has proved that they best suit the lightshipman's convenience and work.

Contrary to all general belief, lightshipmen "find" themselves. Each man, whether he is master, mate, lamplighter, or other rating, receives the sum of one shilling and ninepence daily, and out of this allowance he provides himself with what he wants. As the master and mate spend a month afloat and a month ashore alternately, and the men two months afloat and a month ashore—with deviations due to weather and other circumstances—a good supply of provisions must be taken to the ship. Apart from this individual enterprise, a stock of reserve provisions has to be kept on board each vessel. This consists of 216 1lb. tins of meat and seventy-two 3½lb. tins of biscuit; or, in the case of in-shore vessels with reduced crews, 162 tins of meat and fifty-four tins of biscuit. These are emergency rations, and have to be purchased by the crew in such quantities as to insure that they are not kept in stock for more than two years.

After breakfast the lamp-lighter cleans and polishes his lamps and lantern, and everything is put in readiness for hoisting the friendly beacon as soon as the sun touches the horizon. A stentorian voice calls down the companion, "Heave up!" the watch below tumbles on deck, and all hands set to work at the windlass and hoist the lantern into position about ten feet below the ball.

Running up the side of the mast is a long, strong rod, at the head of which is a cog. This cog is connected with another affixed to the lantern, and the rod is turned by powerful clockwork in the lantern-house on deck, at the bottom of the mast. From the moment the lantern begins to revolve until it is stopped and hauled down it is an object of incessant care. The lantern at the Nore consists of several sets of lamps so arranged that they flash at intervals of a few seconds,



and makes a complete revolution every half minute. Each lamp is swung on "gimbals," so that it hangs vertically despite the erratic and almost constant motion of the ship.

The familiar ball at the masthead serves to indicate that she is safely on her station. If she breaks adrift and cannot be brought up with her spare anchors the ball is lowered, and, of course, help is signalled for with all speed. If such a catastrophe happens at night the lantern is lowered and a couple of red lamps are suspended, while a red flare is shown at stated intervals. At such a time the tiller comes in useful. Generally speaking, a lightship's helm is of little use, and is kept

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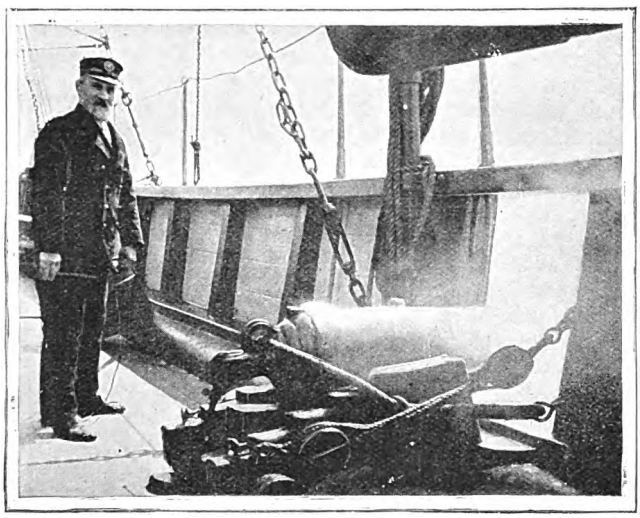
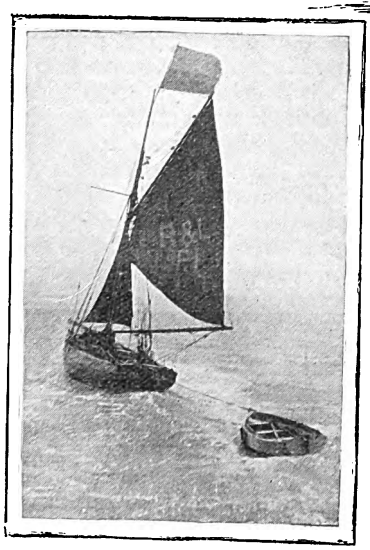
fast amidships, but so secured as to be cast loose in a few seconds. The rush of the tide past her will, except at slack water, give her way enough to enable her to sheer quickly to port or starboard, and this makes it possible to avert many disastrous collisions.

It is when the lantern is burning that the lightship is most thoroughly fulfilling her *raison d'être*. Midnight has passed as I write this, but there is no sign of deadness at the Nore, and as it is with her so it is with the other lightships that are stationed round our shores. Her lantern burns brightly—so, as we can clearly see, does the green lantern of the Mouse lightship, seven miles farther out to sea; and you may be sure that the men at the Girdler, the Black Deep, the Edinburgh Channel, the Prince's Channel, and the Tongue lightships — all in the entrance to the Thames—are as vigilant as the Nore's men. There is the ceaseless sound of her lantern mechanism, interspersed every forty-five minutes with a loud clang on a gong, which means that the clockwork wants winding up.



This photograph was taken just after one of the two signalling guns on the Nore Lightship had been fired, the smoke is still seen hanging in the air.

One of the watch on deck goes and turns a handle, and there is nearly a minute's heavy rattle of the winding, the completion of which is signalled by another clang, followed by the less-pronounced metallic click of the apparatus which keeps the lantern revolving. There is the constant motion of the ship, too, and the tramp of the watch on deck. This goes on till sunrise, when down comes the beacon, and soon there is the sound of scrubbing as the deck gets its morning bath. The sounds of a light vessel are peculiar to her, and one has to get accustomed to them before one can sleep in anything like comfort.



The postman of the lightship men. It takes the shape of a fast cutter, and in a stiff breeze will pay a visit to the Nore lasting a few seconds only.

In the way of miscellaneous work there is a frequent sweeping of the sea around the ship, with telescope or glasses, to make certain that the buoys are all right and in position, and that the gas-lanterns, if any, are burning. If the weather is bad, a constant watch has to be kept on the movements of windjammers and steamers, for the lightship's many duties include that of warning passing ships if they are running into danger. These warnings are not always obeyed, or even acknowledged with thanks. The day before I reached the Nore a steamer was observed to be going straight for shallow water. The lightship ran up the flags which signify "Standing into danger." The steamer completely ignored the signal, and held on her course. Luckily for her she was on the top of the flood, and got over the shoal in safety.

Lightshipmen are so constantly on the alert that it seems impossible to catch them off their guard. They are always

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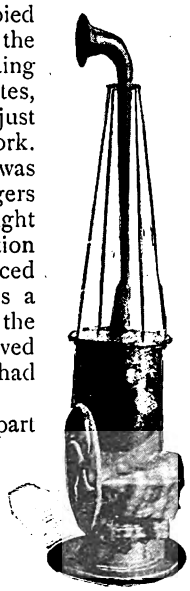
ready for calls, expected or unexpected, for admirable discipline and familiarity with their danger make them able to grapple with any emergency. Last summer, when off the Nore, a passenger by one of the pleasure steamers took it into his head to jump into the sea. The Nore's men had their boat lowered and were pulling for dear life almost before the steamer's people realised what had happened. They seized the man when it appeared impossible to save him, rescued him, put him back on board the steamer from which he had jumped, and returned to their vessel. So smartly was their work done that the whole time occupied by the performance, including the lowering of the boat and hoisting her up again, was eighteen minutes, and even at that the men had just finished an exhausting spell of work. Yet this splendid little achievement was never made public. The passengers gave three cheers, and subscribed eight shillings and twopence in recognition of the deed. What value they placed on either pluck or human life is a mystery. In the way of thanks the rescuers were informed by the saved man's wife that it was a pity they had picked him up!

Who does not know of the part which is taken by our lightshipmen in the saving of threatened ships and lives? In this direction their opportunities are limited, but, such as they are, they are fully used. Their first duty is to their ship, and it is obvious that they cannot put her in peril by deserting her. Their duty, when a ship is in distress, is to make her dangerous situation known to the lifeboatmen ashore, and this is done with striking all-round success.



The Nore fog-horn is of rather antiquated pattern; it is worked by a treadle, and for every hour it is in operation each hand on the lightship receives 2d. extra pay.

From lightship to lightship, by gun or rocket signal, the urgent message is sent that help is needed. Not until a lightship knows that her signals are observed from the nearest vessel or the shore does she stop firing. Sometimes it appears almost impossible to get the signals through. For instance, during some very bad weather this year, the Nore was firing for an hour continuously before the Southend lifeboat could be summoned. In the thick air the flashes could not be seen, and the sound of the firing failed to reach the shore. Experience has shown that the rocket is by far the most efficient explosive signal for giving an alarm of this description.

A lightship's guns—there are two, one on each side—are always kept dry and clean and ready for instant use. One gun is constantly kept loaded, but in any case the cartridge is not kept in for more than a month. At the end of that period, or when a vessel leaves her station, this cartridge is withdrawn and thrown overboard, or shot away for the purpose of cleaning the gun.

On one occasion, recently, a steamer was thrown on her beam ends near an East Coast lightship. One of her mates and two men rowed to the lightship and asked for assistance. None could be given from the vessel, nor could the nearest lifeboat be summoned by telegraph or telephone, as this ship was not fitted with these appliances. Happily, the crew managed to escape from the steamer just before she turned turtle and sank.

On this point of shore communication it may be said that the Trinity Corporation are constantly investigating or experimenting with the latest discoveries, and have now the wireless telegraphy in hand. Submarine telegraphs and telephones they have had in use for a considerable period, but, curiously enough, these means have not proved any great advance on the gun and rocket signals.

Lightship life, from its loneliness and monotony, makes some men into extraordinary characters. It brings out the best and the worst in masters and crews, and amongst other things naturally develops the system of ragging, which may be either malicious or kindly.

There is a celebrated case in the service of the latter sort. Serving in one of the ships in the London District was a man, let us call him Daniel, who could neither read nor write, but hated to acknowledge or reveal his ignorance. It was his comrades' joy to produce for his inspection a child's alphabet book, embellished with the sort of picture that tells it own story to the infant mind.

Thus, under a large A was the word ape, with a picture of that well-known animal. "What does this spell?" Daniel was asked, and, looking wisely at the three letters, after cocking an eye at the illustration, he replied, "Monkey." Continuing the jest, they said, "If k-n-i-f-e spells knife, what does w-i-f-e spell?" Without hesitation Daniel answered "Fork." "How much are one hundred pence, Daniel?" he was asked on another

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The band of the Nore lightship is quite an Institution.

occasion, and he replied promptly: "Eight and fourpence."

An explanation of his ability at mental arithmetic being demanded, he said he knew because eight and fourpence was fifty hours of "fog" at twopence—twopence an hour being allowed to the men in "engine-ships" for duty when the terrible fog-horn is sounded by the compressed air.

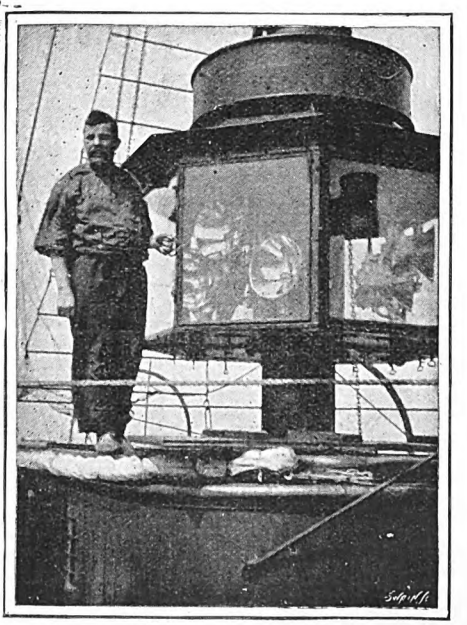
It was—and probably still is—his custom to reckon all important events from one particular period, and that is the rhubarb season. If a ship went down, or distressed mariners found their way on board his vessel for the time being, or if the ship broke away from her moorings, Daniel's custom was to say, "That took place such and such a time since last rhubarb season." Daniel is now comfortably retired on pension, and dwells in the glory of relating and recollecting his past remarkable achievements.

Collision is the greatest danger that the light-ship man has to face. It is ever present, and much of the talk on board a vessel will naturally drift into this subject. In a fog, of course, the lightship is invisible. Only the dismal and depressing hoot of her fog horn is heard at intervals, and it is no uncommon thing for some strange wandering steamer to go quite round her without being seen.

It is only a few years since the Tongue light-ship, farther out to sea than the Nore is, was run into and sunk so quickly that the crew had only just time to save themselves by scrambling up the side of the steamer. The wrongdoer in this case was a regular trader to the Thames, which made her sin all the greater. The great peril to lightships arises from the fact that most captains use them as steering marks. A master will, for instance, steer straight for the Nore light and only sheer off at the very last moment. If he does not turn his helm in time a collision is the inevitable result.

One of the most remarkable stories told in connection with Trinity House is a story of collision. The lightship affected was known as the Breaksea, whose station is near Cardiff, in the Bristol Channel. A few years ago it was necessary to take her away and refit her. When such a change is made another vessel is towed to the station to replace her temporarily.

In this instance a lightship was sent round from Trinity Wharf, a distance of five hundred miles. She completed her journey in safety to the Bristol Channel; then, in the dull light of the February morning, her crew observed some red-painted wreckage floating past. When they reached the station they dis-



The lamplighter standing by his charge—which is the most important part of a lightship.

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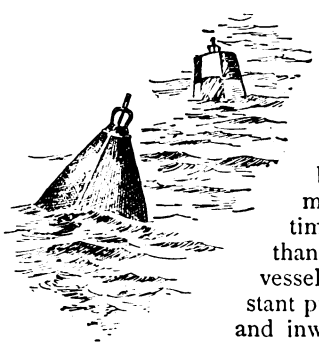
covered that the lightship had disappeared, and they learned that she had been run down and sunk that very morning between two and three o'clock.

The newcomer was moored in her place, and it actually happened that people who saw her keeping guard were unaware that she was a stranger, and that the old lightship which she had come to relieve was at the bottom of the sea. Of its kind, this is the most extraordinary incident in the annals of the Corporation.

Next to collision, the most common form of danger is the breaking adrift of a lightship. This has happened with tolerable frequency, but only through stress of exceptionally bad weather. The most recent case was in the great storm in February, 1903, in the Irish Sea. The Selker lightship, off the Cumberland coast, was torn from her moorings, carried by wind and sea on to a lee shore, and there she was thrown high and dry, and became a total wreck.



Being in the very thick of the traffic of the world's busiest waterway, the men at the Nore find time pass more quickly than the crews of outlying vessels. There is a constant procession of outward and inward bound craft, and many ships of war go past her, to say nothing of the regular "Dutchies" who cross the channel from Queenborough.

With the help of the glasses people ashore can be made out, the green fields of the Isle of Sheppey are clearly visible, and with a favourable wind the sound of church bells and military music is borne to the lightship.

Divine service, by the way, is held regularly on Sunday, weather permitting, the master acting as clergyman. Sometimes a torpedo-boat or destroyer will dash up and throw a welcome parcel of magazines and newspapers on board, or a friendly pilot cutter from Sheerness will come with letters and take them off to post.

This pilot postal service is, I imagine, almost unique. On the second day of my visit I snapped the little vessel as she rushed up and threw a packet of letters on board. As she swept past the stern she took from a long net a letter which I had written. This was posted at Sheerness and was duly delivered in London.

Coming away from a lightship is a far more difficult business than getting to one.

You must take advantage of two things—weather and convenience. Now, often enough, the weather will make it impossible to get a boat either to or from a passing vessel, and you may have to stay on board as long as the lightshipman who has been yearning for the day of his release.

In my own case, the weather had come in pretty strong from the East. There was an unpleasant sea for boats, so that it was necessary to lose no chance of getting to the shore. The opportunity came with startling suddenness. Some Leigh shrimpers were rushing up with wind and tide; and the master said that if I wished to be put ashore I must make up my mind at once. I did. I rushed below, exchanged my nondescript garb—any old clothes are good enough for lightship use—for shore-going kit, pushed everything into my bag, and hurried on deck just as the signal flags "Can you give a passage?" were run up.

A fishing boat was going past. She was hailed, but her skipper took no notice, his thoughts being more concerned about his market than any message which was flying from the Nore lightship.

But luckily it was seen that a second shrimper was now making for the lightship. The fishing boat rushed up, and one of her two men jumped into her dingey and sculled towards us. More drenching by the sea, more rough and ready work, and a final tumble into the dingey, which was half filled with water. Then a scramble on board the shrimper, and a swift run to Leigh, where, on stepping ashore, the skipper was asked if he had hauled up his passenger in his trawl. Being a humorist he explained that he had not, but he had found me swimming about in the dead of night by the Girdler lightship, and had effected a swift and gallant rescue.

There is no sadness of farewell on leaving a lightship. There is no time for a handshake, or a word of goodbye, or recognition of the all-round kindness which the visitor receives on board—conduct which is in perfect keeping with the kindness of everybody connected with the Honourable Trinity Corporation with whom one comes in contact. It is a kindness which makes you think for many a long day of the lonely crews who, in their restless homes, are incessantly vigilant in guarding our fatal shores and watching over the safety of the mariner, and of the admirable officials who control the work of the Trinity Corporation.

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A GARDEN COMEDY.

How a Matchmaker Met her Fate.

By Dorothea Deakin.

"Yes," I said, with a happy sigh, "Dick loves my garden, and the last time Daisy was here she told me it was the most delightful playground in the world."

The Duenna crunched her toast without response.

"They shall play in it together," I said, "I will see that they have a good time. Daisy is very decorative. She shall wear her white frocks all day, and trail her frills about the lawn. A pretty young girl is the one thing this old house wants, Duenna. Not even the sundial, or the fountain, or the peacocks on the terrace, are more necessary to the perfection of the garden than a girl like Daisy is to——"

"To charm Dick?" the Duenna asked abruptly.

"Why not?" I asked, after a pause.

The Duenna stared in horror.

"Is it possible," she said slowly, "that you have forgotten about Daisy's fortune?"

"I don't know anything about Daisy's fortune," I said idly, "I thought the child was as poor as a church mouse."

"It isn't very much. She won't have it till she's twenty-one, and then, only on the condition that she marries with her guardian's consent."

I laughed.

"Her guardian is an old dear," I said.

The Duenna rose from the table and came to my side.

"There is one person in the world," she said, "whom Daisy is not to marry. And Dick is the man."

I looked up in amazement.

"Dick?" I cried, "but why?——"

"It is a ridiculous story," she said impatiently. "Daisy's father was a mad phrenologist, in an ignorant amateur way, and, when Dick was quite a little boy, unfortunately he was allowed to examine the child's bumps. He discovered that the boy was an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type, and he made Daisy's guardian promise that the two should never meet."

I laughed.

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"A criminal!" I said. "What nonsense——"

"You will find," said she, "that in the eyes of Daisy's guardian her father's will is the best of sense. It was a deathbed request, you see."

"I knew they had never met," I said slowly, "but I put it down to the fact that Dick was a schoolboy when Daisy was in the nursery."

"But you see now, Désirée, that it is impossible for you to have them here together?"

I leaned my chin on my hand and tried to think it out.

"Dick has always spent his holidays here," I said at last, "since he and poor Frank went to school together. Now that Frank is dead—" my voice broke. "Oh, Duenna, how can I tell him that he can't come, now that Frank is dead?"

"Let Dick come, then, and put Daisy off till he goes back to his work."

A sudden picture flashed into my mind's eye of Daisy at the gloomy London breakfast table opening my letter of refusal. I had never seen the blue of her eyes overclouded, and I could only imagine the downward droop of her pretty mouth in an hour of disappointment. It was not a pleasing picture.

"Whatever happens," I said quickly, "I shall not disappoint Daisy."

"My dear," said the Duenna, "for goodness' sake, look the thing in the face. You don't want to do anything unkind, I know, but you may be laying up any amount of unhappiness for those young people in the future, if you shirk writing a letter which will seem cruel only for the moment."

"It isn't the writing of it," I said sadly, "it's their reading of it. I don't like to think of Daisy's face with the light of life gone out of it, and it isn't possible for me to refuse poor Dick the very first time he asks to come, after—after——"

I hunted for my handkerchief. The Duenna gave up trying to appear harsh and bent over me.

"You will have your own way," she said, "and if it is never a sensible way, it is always a kind one. After all, I suppose a fortnight is hardly long enough to damage either of their hearts very severely."

"And Dick is not at *all* susceptible," I murmured with conviction.

* * * * *

The first three days were delightful. Daisy wore her pretty white frocks with a distracting grace, and Dick played at gardening and taught Daisy croquet. On the fourth day the trouble began. Daisy came to me as I was quietly reading in the rose-garden, and sat down on the gravel path at my feet regardless of clean white muslin.

"Désirée," she said softly, laying her cool cheek on my hand, "you are five years older than me, ever so much more sensible, and you are always so sympathetic. I am a little uneasy in my mind."

"What is it, little girl?" I asked with a smile.

"It's about Dick."

I opened my eyes. Already?

"About Dick?" I said.

She sighed.

"Yes," she said gently, "I—oh, Désirée, I hardly like telling you, but I am afraid he is getting fond of me."

I sighed.

"Everybody is fond of you, Blue-eyes," I said.

Daisy laughed.

"Yes, I know Only I don't exactly mean that kind of fondness. I mean—I mean—you see—I think he is falling in love with me."

"Well," I said.

"But he mustn't, Désirée."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't care for him."

"But perhaps you will get to like him. You have only known him three days, you see."

Daisy shook her head.

"I know," she said. "And then there is another thing. Dick is the one person I must never let myself like. Daddy found out that he was an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type."

"Dearest," I said, "Dick isn't a criminal, and you mustn't let the thought of money influence you. Love is the only thing in the world that really matters. Remember this, my Daisy. And if you should love Dick, and find that he loved you, you must let your money go."

Daisy was building a fort of red gravel.

"Ye-es," she said, "of course that sounds all right, but *you* can hardly judge, you see. You have so much, Désirée. You don't know what it is to want things frightfully badly and have no money to buy them with."

"And do you?" smiling. She overthrew her fort with a sweep of her little sunburnt hand.

"Of course," she said. "I have to dress

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on fifty pounds a year, and the worry of it is wearing me into the grave."

"Dick earns quite enough to keep a wife in comfort," I said.

Daisy sat up.

"I don't care for him," she cried. "And never shall. Only I am afraid he is very unhappy about me."

"If you don't love him," I said gravely, "you must try to let him see it. Don't flirt with him if he cares for you. It is the cruellest thing in the world."

Daisy sighed.

"I can't be distant and reserved," she said. "It isn't in me, and I must try and be nice to him, because, you see, if he is unhappy it is my fault."

"Are you sure that he cares so much?" I said; "he doesn't look unhappy. How do you know, Daisy?"

"Oh," she said with a shrug, "a girl can always tell these things, and I know the symptoms. The way he looks at me—and the things he says—and—oh, everything."

"I have heard him make pretty speeches to girls before," I said slowly.

Daisy rose and shook the gravel from her skirts.

"Don't you think I can tell?" she cried with some spirit. "And I'm going in now to do my hair before tea comes out."

* * * * *

Dick was the next one to lay his sorrows at my feet—the very same evening he followed me out into the dusky garden after dinner, and I looked at him anxiously as he ran his fingers through his fair hair and wrinkled his forehead before he began.

"I want to ask your advice," he said, "you are so sympathetic, Désirée."

A sudden fear caught my heart and held it for a moment quite still.

"It's about that child, Daisy," he said.

"What about Daisy?" I asked in a low voice.

"I thought perhaps you would have noticed," he said quickly, "but I see you haven't. I hope you won't think it beastly of me—I'm not a conceited chap as a rule, Désirée—but it is too obvious, I'm afraid. I can't help thinking that the little goose is going to fall in love with me."

I laughed out with sudden relief.

"I hadn't noticed it myself," I cried. "But one never knows. Why, Dick?"

Dick hesitated.

"It's the way she looks at me—there's a sort of wistful, appealing expression in her eyes—she is such a child, you see," apologetically. "And I feel very worried about it. It's a great pity, because we were all so happy together."

"Yes," said I; "but why shouldn't she fall in love with you?"

He looked at me in some surprise.

"I don't want to make her unhappy," he said. "And then there is that business about her father's money. I am the one man in the world Daisy must never think of. You forget that I am an incipient criminal of the lowest type."

"I *am* rather apt to forget that," I answered with a half smile. "But when love is in the question, Dick, money matters nothing—nothing at all."

He gave a quick cry, began to speak, then stopped. Even in that dim light I could see how strangely his eyes were fixed on my face.

"If you and Daisy were to grow to love each other," I went on, "you must forget her fortune."

"But suppose the love is all on one side," said he earnestly.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care for Daisy," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, Dick! She is delightful."

"Yes," he said. "She is a sweet little girl and distractingly pretty. But——"

"Well?"

"She is not my ideal."

"What is your ideal, Dick?"

Again he was silent—I did not understand why.

"And after all," said I, with a smile, "you may be mistaken."

He shook his head impatiently.

"No," he said. "There is not the slightest possibility of a mistake. I have seen it in her eyes. A man can always tell these things, you know."

I laughed.

"You must try to treat her with distant politeness," I said cheerfully. "Show her that you are quite indifferent to her."

"I don't want to be unkind," he answered quickly. "I feel that I would do anything in the world to make up to the poor child—and it isn't easy to be chilly with Daisy."

"No," said I thoughtfully. "And now suppose we go in and get her to sing to us."

* * * * *

After that I watched the two carefully and it seemed to be that each was doing his and her very best to please the other. Daisy smiled at Dick with eyes full of remorse and friendly feeling, and Dick treated Daisy with a deferential chivalry new to her and evidently

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infinitely attractive. Even the placid Duenna grew alarmed, and came into my room one night a few days after the double confidence to tell me again how foolish I was to allow it.

"Allow what?" said I sadly.

She sniffed.

"They are always together," she said. "And the way Daisy uses her eyes is disgraceful."

"Such pretty blue eyes," I murmured with a sigh.

"If I were you," said the Duenna shortly, "I should pack them both off home to-morrow. *I* wouldn't be responsible for what is going to happen. Daisy's guardian will be furious with you, you know he will. It isn't fair to him, Désirée."

"But," said I slowly, "Daisy assures me that she doesn't care for Dick. She has no wish to marry an incipient criminal of the lowest type, she says."

The Duenna sniffed again.

"Fudge," said she.

"And Dick," I went on, "possesses an ideal. Daisy, he says, falls short of it."

"Fiddlesticks," said the Duenna.

"Yes," I said with a sigh. "I see what you mean and I quite agree with you. They don't know their own minds yet; but they are falling in love with each other as fast as they can. It is only a question of time. They began by pitying each other."

"*We* know what pity is akin to," said the Duenna. "Look out of the window—over there by the roses."

Under the roses Daisy was sitting. Dick was lying at her feet, gazing up into her eyes.

"I was asked for advice," I murmured, "and I counselled distant politeness, indifference, and reserve. What is Daisy doing with Dick's hand, Duenna?"

"Telling his fortune," cried she with a sniff. "Not a difficult thing to do under the circumstances, I should think. My dear, my dear, what have we done?"

I quickly drew my head in, and kissed her.

"It is nice of you to say 'we,'" I answered. "And now I think I will go upstairs and lie down a bit. My head aches."

Up in my own cool bedroom I threw myself into a low chair by the window, laid my arms on the window-sill, my head on my arms, and tried to think. Some cruel little voice at the back of my brain found a clear insistent echo in the song of the cock thrush in the red thorn tree, and the three notes held the door of my mind and kept wisdom out.

"He loves Daisy—Dick loves Daisy—Dick and Daisy—Daisy and Dick—He loves her—He loves her."

"I am a fool," I said at last. "I might have known—and I have their happiness in my hands. It depends upon me whether Dick—— Oh Dick! Dick! Dick!" I cried for half-an-hour and then I made up my mind and looked out of the window again to my dear sunny garden. The two were still there. He had drawn a little closer to her and was talking quickly and earnestly.

I had made up my mind. So when Daisy went to bed that night I followed her up to the little room I had made so pink and white and pretty for her to sleep in.

"Dear," I said gently, "I want to ask you something."

"Yes," said she, taking out her hairpins, and shaking out her yellow hair.

"Do you still feel the same about Dick as you did when——"

"No," cried she, with a laugh. "Entirely different."

"And you find you were mistaken in——?"

"Quite mistaken," said she with emphasis.

"You understand each other?"

"Perfectly," said Daisy. I kissed her.

"You are a happy girl, Blue-eyes?" said I.

"I've always been a happy girl," said Daisy in some surprise. "But you're not going, Désirée?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm tired to-night." On the stairs I met Dick.

"Good-night, Dick." I tried to smile with sisterly affection. "I'm glad to find that you and Daisy understand each other."

He looked puzzled.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I guessed," said I. "You see you were wrong after all the other day, Dick."

"Absolutely wrong," said he. "I must have been insane—Daisy and I get on splendidly now."

"I see you do," said I. "Good-night, Dick."

"But, Désirée——"

My courage was ebbing.

"I am so tired," said I. "Don't think me unsympathetic, Dick, but I really must go to bed. To-morrow, perhaps."

"They are the prettiest pair of lovers in the world," I told the Duenna next morning. "It ought to do one good to see such happiness. They are inseparable."

"H'm," said she, "and what about you."

"Oh, I'm going to play the fairy godmother," I answered slowly.

"What on earth do you mean?"

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I told her.

"You are mad," said she, "mad as usual."

I laughed at her solemn face of disapproval.

"Would you like me better if I were sane?" I asked.

The Duenna was silent.

"I'm going to tell them now," said I. "Do you know where they are?"

"No."

I found them presently on the lawn, and Dick rose as I came and opened out a deck chair for me.

"Thank you, Dick," said I, as I sank down. Daisy slipped from her chair to the grass at my side and leaned her pretty head against my knee — then, "I have been thinking seriously about you two," said I.

Daisy laughed, and Dick sat down.

"What about us?" said she.

"This," replied I. "I know you and Dick have come to an understanding."

"What about us?" said Daisy. "This," I replied. "I know you and Dick have come to an understanding."

Dick smiled.

"We have indeed," said he.

"And, unfortunately," I went on, "Dick is the one man in the world you may never marry——"

"Yes," murmured she, "he is an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type."

"And Dick," I went on, "is too honourable to persuade you to give up your fortune for his sake."

"Much," said Daisy with emphasis.

"Of course," said I, "you love him enough to marry him—fortune or not."

Dick made a sudden effort to interrupt.

"But——"

"Let me finish," said I.

"Yes," said Daisy, "let her finish."

"When I asked you two to stay here at the same time," I went on, "I did it with my eyes open. The Duenna warned me of what would happen, and I disregarded her advice. Consequently, all this is my fault."

They laughed in quick chorus.

"When Daisy marries you," I turned to Dick, "I intend to settle upon her the exact amount she loses—so that her fortune will be just the same."

I looked inquiringly at the two.

"I think it is an excellent plan," I murmured, "and you must see that it does away with all difficulties—now doesn't it?"

"Ye-es," said Daisy, "only——"

"There is nothing now," continued I,

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"to prevent the course of your true love from running as smooth as silk—now is there?"

"N-no," said Dick.

"I have only one fault to find with your plan." Daisy looked up slyly into my face.

"Well?"

"There isn't any true love to run anywhere." I stared.

"What——"

"No," said she demurely, "and I don't in the least want to marry Dick—quite the contrary."

She rose suddenly and put her arms round my neck and laid her round cheek against mine.

"Oh, Désirée," she cried, "there is no one in the world like you. The sweetest and kindest and dearest and most unselfish and nicest and——"

I gazed into her blue eyes bewildered.

She dimpled and blushed "Perhaps," said she, "you will believe me when I tell you that I've left a nice little sweetheart of my own away in London Town. I should have told you about him before, only my guardian wants the poor dear to be kept a gloomy secret till I'm twenty-one."

"But, Dick," I cried, "what about Dick?"

Daisy stood up and laughed again.

"Oh, Dick," she said lightly, "*I* am not Dick's ideal. Far from it. I will leave him to tell you."

She did leave us with flying footsteps. I watched her white dress flutter across the lawn and disappear round the corner of the house. Dick rose and stood before me, but I could not break the silence, and in the end it was he who did it.

"Do you understand?" said he.

"No," I answered wearily, "I don't understand either of you in the very least."

"I had a secret," said he, "and Daisy guessed it. She let me talk to her about it and was always kind."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Daisy?" I said reproachfully, "You told your secret to her before me? Oh, Dick."

"*You* were the secret," said he. "I love you, Désirée. I have always loved you. I know you don't care for me, but I must tell you before I go. I thought once that you might have learned to like me, and then I dared not speak to you because of your money. Then the other day you said that love was the only thing that mattered, and so—and so——"

I hid my face in my hands and shut out the bewildering landscape.

"If you had cared for me," he went on, "you would not have thrown Daisy at my head as you have done, but I had to tell you. I am going now."

I rose from my low seat.

"It isn't fair," said I. "Daisy has told her secret and you have told yours. I have a secret too, but it seems that nobody wants to hear mine."

He came a step nearer and looked at me intently; then——

"Désirée," he cried, "you don't mean?—It isn't true ——?"

"Yes," said I, with a happy sigh, "that's exactly what I do mean—it is quite true."

"Then your secret is?"

"*You*," said I. And it was.

"*You* were the secret," said he.

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CAP AND BELLS

ISN'T SO SURE OF THAT.

SHE: "A writer says that in order to succeed, a man must be ninety-five per cent. backbone."

HE: "Oh, I don't know. A great many who have managed to arrive are ninety-five per cent. cheek."

* * * * *

THE PENALTY.

MR. WORKHARDD: "My dear, I have lost my situation, and it happens that I haven't a shilling left in the world. We must go to the workhouse for dinner."

MRS. WORKHARDD: "Surely some of the tradesmen with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us!"

MR. WORKHARDD (sadly): "No, I have no credit anywhere. You see, we always paid cash."

* * * * *

NOT UP TO THE PREDICTIONS.

"Well, is married life all that it is painted?" asked the girl.

"Not quite," replied the bride, with what her friend later declared she was almost sure was a sigh. "We've been married three months now, and during that time Jack has only spent four evenings at the club."

WORRIED.

HOST: "My wife is worrying about there being thirteen at the table to-night."

GUEST: "Superstitious, eh?"

HOST: "No; she has only a dozen silver knives and forks."

* * * * *

EVERYTHING THERE.

"Everything has its place," said Mrs. Bordenhaus to the boarder whose room was always untidy.

"And this," replied the boarder, scanning the dish of hash before him, "seems to be the place."

* * * * *

THOROUGH CONVERSION.

TOM: "I confess I haven't much sympathy with the missionary cause. I had an uncle who went as a missionary, and instead of converting the heathen, they converted him."

RUTH: "How strange! And what faith did they convert him to?"

TOM: "None. They converted him into a stew."

* * * * *

A horse is a good thing to carry you, but a poor thing to carry your money.

SKETCHING AT THE ZOO.

In the height of the season the elephant has a rare time.

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MY SEASIDE DAY
① Dear Jack.
First I hired a donkey, and got on splendidly-
LIFE BELT
② Then had a dip - can't swim. Had a lifebelt, so was all right-
③ Fished, but didn't have much of a catch-
④ Ogled the girls. Unfortunately fell over an obstruction, but came off victorious-

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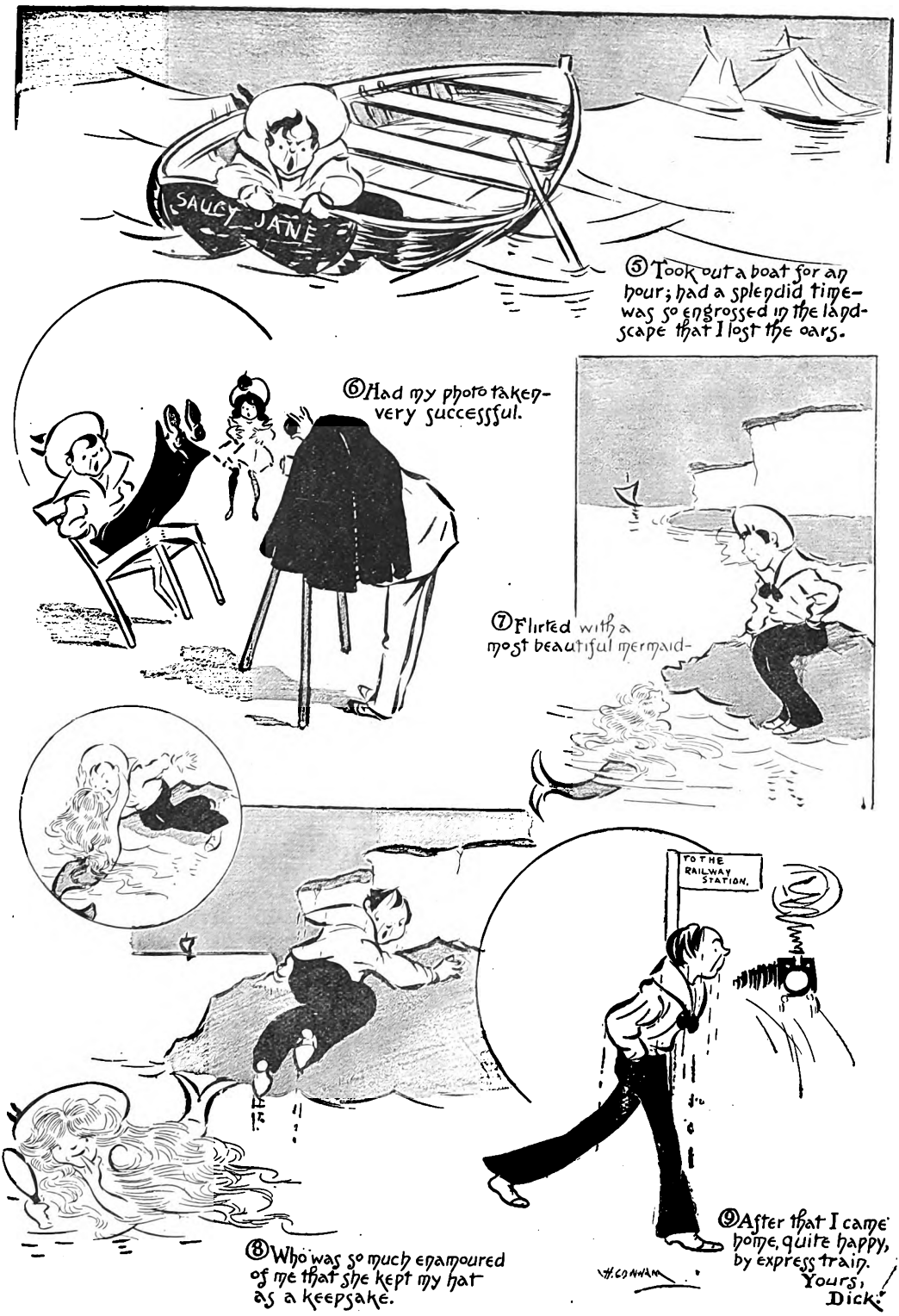
SAUCY JANE
⑤ Took out a boat for an hour; had a splendid time- was so engrossed in the landscape that I lost the oars.
⑥ Had my photo taken- very successful.
⑦ Flirted with a most beautiful mermaid-
TO THE RAILWAY STATION.
⑧ Who was so much enamoured of me that she kept my hat as a keepsake.
⑨ After that I came home, quite happy, by express train.
Yours,
Dick.
W. CONWAY

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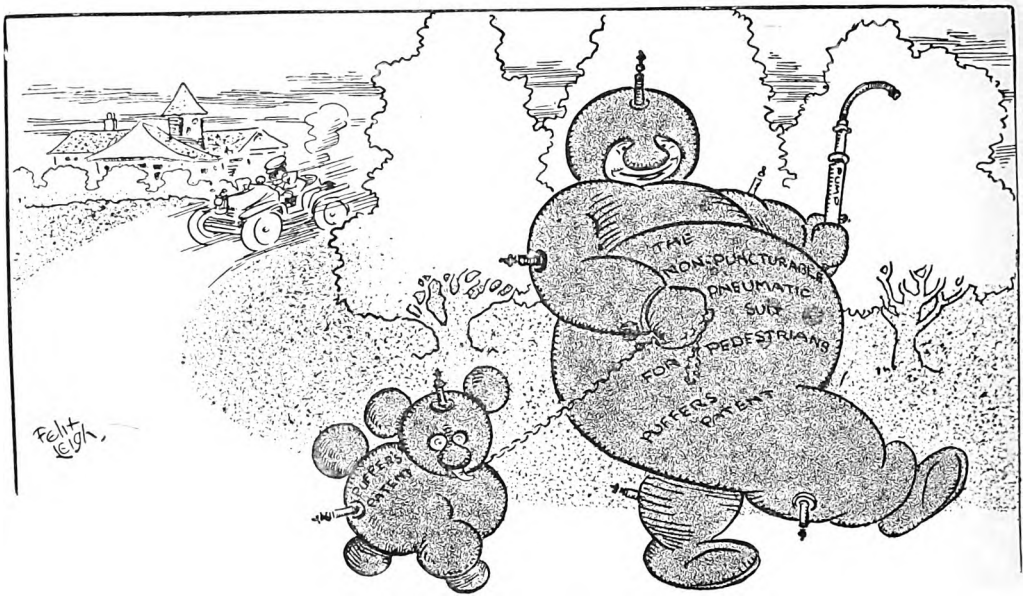

IS MOTORING DANGEROUS?

Not if pedestrians and their dogs will consent to dress in the above rational manner.

NEW-FANGLED SCHOOLS.

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb,
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he couldn't do a sum.

They taught him how to mould the head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his name.

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did that made his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool.
"I want him educated!" so he took him from that school.

CARVER'S CRISIS.

For two hours he tried to carve it,
Then this fact he understood,
That the turkey was a cripple
And the turkey's legs were wood.

HE WON THE BET.

A showman was making a great noise at the front of the exhibition of "wonders" he had on show. A man standing in the crowd, with a little dog beside him, cried out: "I'll bet you a quid you can't let me see a lion."

"Done!" said the showman eagerly. "Put down your money."

The man placed a sovereign in the hand of a bystander, and the showman did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There!" said he triumphantly, "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion."

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman.

"I'm blind," was the reply, and without another word the blind man pocketed the two sovereigns and went away.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

ROYAL MAGAZINE COMPETITION.

THE work of checking the attempts in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE Competition is proceeding apace. Naturally, the greatest possible amount of care has to be taken, and, consequently, the scrutiny of the attempts cannot be hurried. Next month I hope to be able to say something definite regarding the result.

QUEER PEOPLE.

How often people say to me: "It must be so interesting to be an editor! You must see so many queer people." Yes, we do, or rather we come across ordinary enough people who have been smitten with the craving—I had almost said disease—to see their names in print. Some of them are so wildly enthusiastic that they will do or say almost anything to persuade one to publish their effusions. Money is no object to them. The desire of their lives is to see their names above some poem or story.

Bismarck was once waylaid by a man who asked for an interview, and when he was refused threatened to throw himself into the river. "Then I shall be doing humanity a service," said Bismarck, and walked on. When a writer quite lately held the same appalling threat over my head I am happy to say I was quite undisturbed, though I'm too polite a man to use the brutal candour of the great Prussian.

But you have no idea how hard it is at first to steel your heart against the wiles of dainty femininity smitten with literary fever. You may be proof against flattery and smiles, but unless you are a fairly old hand it is hard to resist tears. Personally, I have never been overcome by these methods—I say it with all modesty, though I own to being rather proud of the fact.

But others have not fared so well. I remember one day paying a visit to an editor friend of mine, and while we were chatting together a card was brought in. I don't exaggerate matters when I say that my friend changed colour when he read the name.

"What am I to do, old fellow?" he gasped. "I simply can't see this woman."

"Tell her you're——" I began.

"Did you say I was in?" he asked the boy who brought in the card.

"No, sir, I said I'd see."

"Tell her I'm out and won't be in again to-day."

"Now," groaned my friend, turning to me, "I shan't dare to stir out of this office for hours. She's sure to be hanging about outside, with her eye on the door."

"What on earth——" I began alarmed, he looked such a picture of despair.

And then the story came out. A year ago she brought him an article, and got him to glance through it while she was in the room. He told her that he could not possibly use it and without a moment's hesitation she laid her head against the desk and started weeping. He tried all manner of wiles to stanch her tears and get her off the premises. All to no purpose; she refused to be comforted.

At last, in desperation, he took the article, and she went her way rejoicing. But publish it he couldn't. It would have killed his paper. So he put it into his drawer and trusted to luck—the young fool! For soon enough she began to pay him visits, full of anxiety to learn when her precious effusion was to see the light. And these visits were repeated at intervals, and every time she became more insistent.

"I've put her off with every conceivable excuse," moaned my unhappy friend. "But it's to no purpose."

The sequel is rather funny. It happens that none of the articles in my friend's

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journal are signed — a fact which had escaped the lady's notice. One day she seems to have suddenly realised this, for she called in a great state to know whether her name was to appear. And when she learned that this was contrary to regulations she left my friend in peace—at least, so far as I know.

Will she ever attempt the ROYAL? I'll tell you if she does.

MY HOLIDAYS.

You are all very kind and sympathetic. My request for hints as to some suitable holiday resort has met with so many replies that I have been kept quite busy returning grateful acknowledgments. All these replies have pleased me, and two of them in particular, each for a different reason—the one touching my sense of humour, the other —my heart The first, couched in a most amiable strain, intimated that the writer had made a note of my request in the June number of the ROYAL; that if any man deserved a perfect holiday I was the man, and that if any man meant to move heaven and earth to procure me this perfect holiday he was the man. Was I married or single? Had I children? Did I keep dogs? And, finally, the letter wound up with the assurance that Margate was just the place for a jaded London editor.

Now, the charms of Margate are not such as appeal to a lover of loneliness and peace, so I sent my correspondent a guarded reply, thanking him for his very kind letter, and telling him that I should consider his suggestion.

I heard from him again sooner than I expected, for two days later I received a bulky letter, full of printed slips extolling in flowery language the manifold virtues of a certain private hotel in Margate. The situation was superb, the rooms were palatial, the food was excellent, the view from the windows was magnificent, and, finally, the hotel keeper's name was identical with the name of my kind correspondent. That man is certain to get on in life.

I RESIST TEMPTATION.

The letter which touched my heart was from a young lady who, "with father's and mother's permission," invited me to her parental residence in—well, it doesn't matter where. Inclosed with this sweet invitation was a photograph of the writer — "which I send you so that we sha'n't miss each other when I meet you at the station. I will know you at once from the portrait at the top of your paper."

If I hadn't already made arrangements to go to Cornwall, I think I should then and there have started for my correspondent's house, so smitten was I with the inclosed photograph, out of which a pair of the most bewitching eyes, set in the loveliest of faces, gazed frankly at me. But, alas! It was impossible! So with a heavy heart I packed my boxes; with a heavy heart I drove to the station, and with a heavy heart I travelled down to Cornwall.

Oh, by the way, my charming correspondent was quite candid about her age! "I am eight," she said, "and when I'm ten mother's going to send me to a school in Cheltenham."

£50 FOR A HOLIDAY!

I see that my friend, the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, is offering £50 to the man who takes what he considers the most original holiday. Goodness only knows what hare-brained expeditions are at present on foot! For £50 is a cosy little sum to make, especially when the making of it is a pleasure in itself. If I were only as young as I was ——! But look at my portrait! I'm too old to hire myself out as a farm labourer, and too respectable to beg my way from Land's End to John o' Groats, or join a gang of gipsies. If steam-rollers were to be had for a song I might have hired one and thundered round the country in it. . . . No, but you are young and active; and, if you have not already taken your holidays, I advise you to think out some original scheme, and become the happy possessor of £50.

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Woman's Delight!

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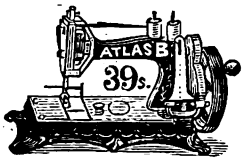

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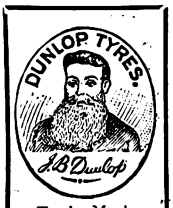

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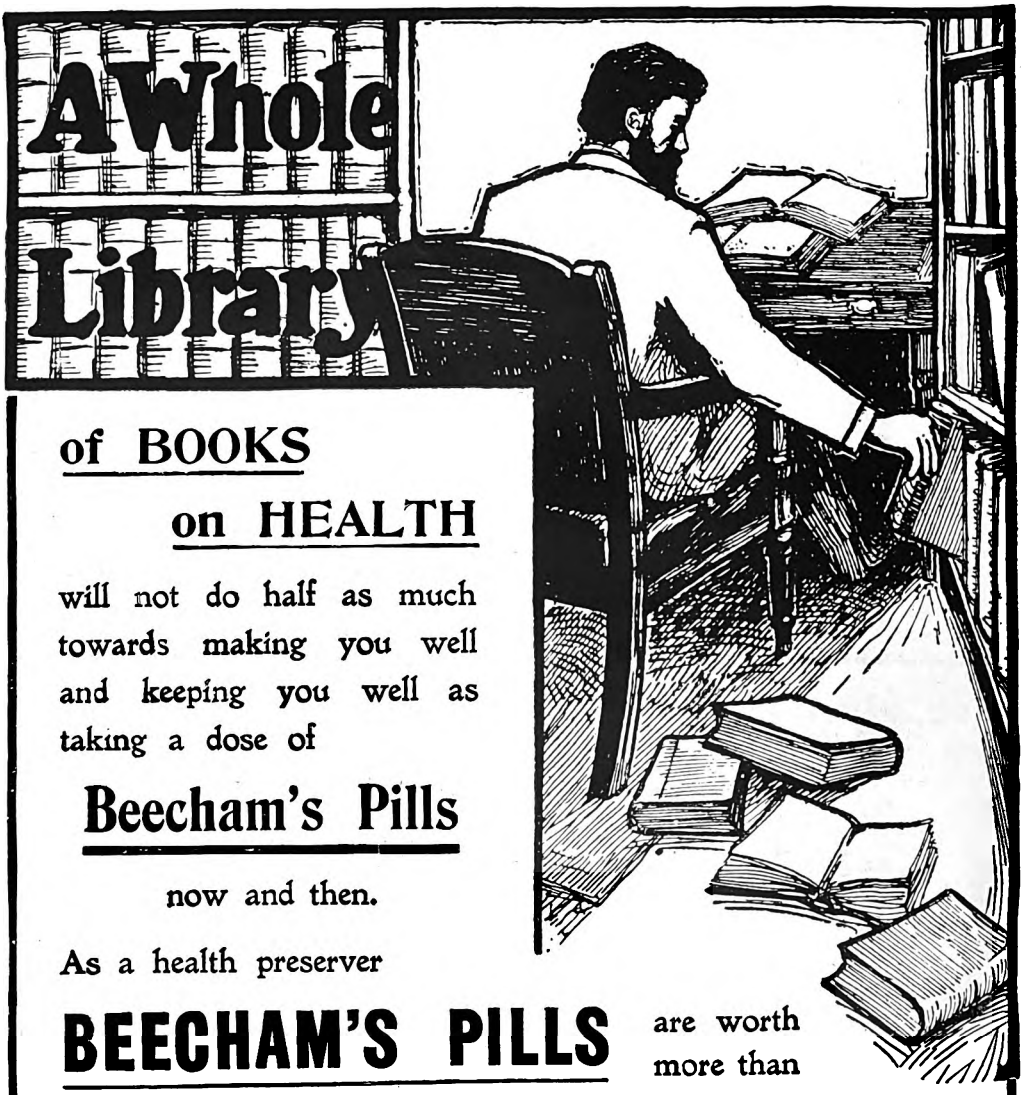

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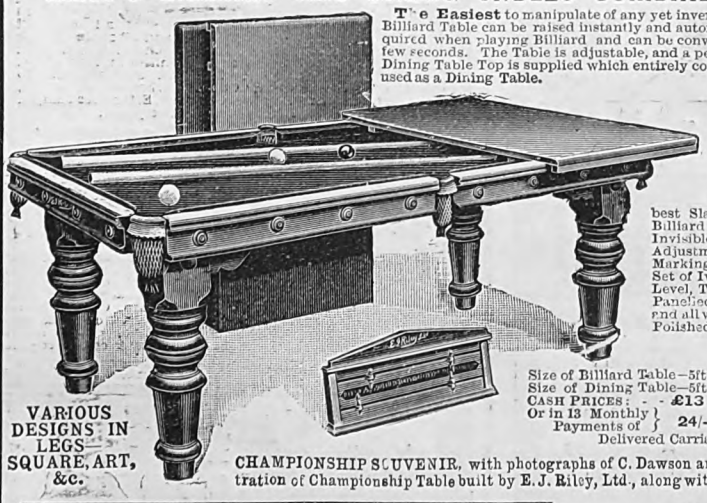

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Why weak men are weak.
Why strong men are strong.

A debilitated man obviously lacks nervous energy of an electro-physiological type. His muscular structure also lacks virile strength. He must therefore of a necessity be weak, he must be ill, and he must lack energy. He has, in fact, too little muscular power and he has too little nervous-electro energy to fully exert and make the most of what little power he does possess. His trouble, therefore, is two-fold. The weak man who wishes to become strong, and the strong man who wishes to retain his strength, or even increase it, must watch both their nervous energy, and also their muscular condition. Take a healthy, strong man weighing, say, eleven stone (154lb.), for instance. His muscular structure weighs 64lb., which, after death, when dried would be reduced to 15lb. Every movement of his body at work, eating or play, wastes a minute portion of this muscular structure. This is not theory, but actual fact. The greater or harder he works or exerts himself the greater the using up and wasting of muscular tissue or structure. Obviously, therefore, such a man would waste to a shadow and die, if there was not a means of replenishment. There is. It is the joint action of food, water, and air acted upon by the nervous-electro inherited germ of heredity in his body as in that of every one of us.

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THE PIONEER INVENTOR OF ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE.

But the weak man may say, But I do eat, I do drink, and I do breathe air, and yet I am weak, ill, and afflicted with nerve or muscular pain. Ah! here's the rub. All these things are in themselves inert; they need, in fact, the subtle transforming power of electrical energy distributed over the whole nervous system to convert them from non-living matter into living energy. The weak man lacks such nervous electrical energy, and is therefore afflicted with pain and ill-health.

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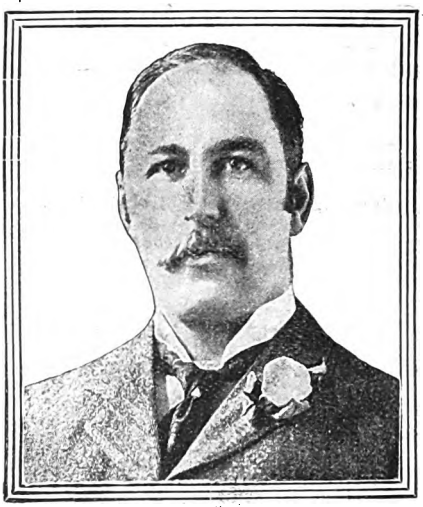

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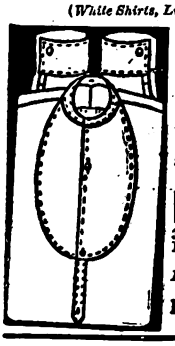

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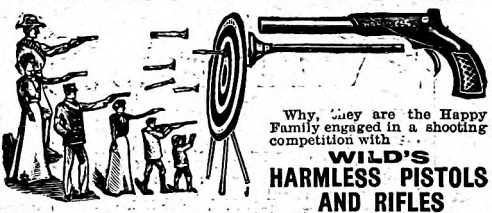

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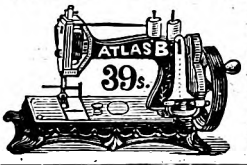

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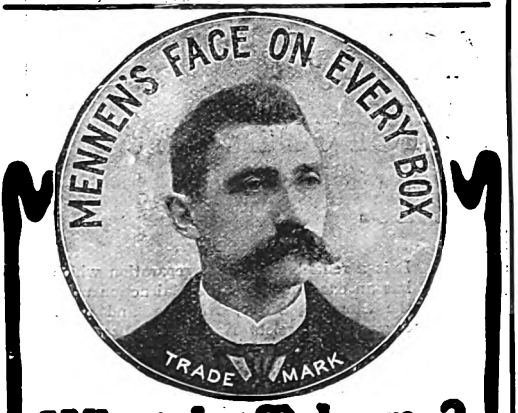

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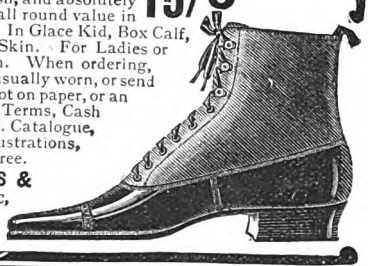

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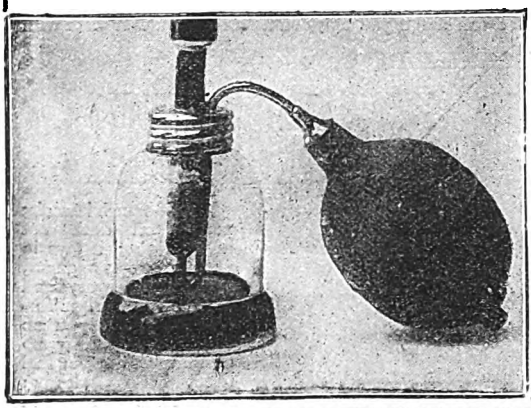

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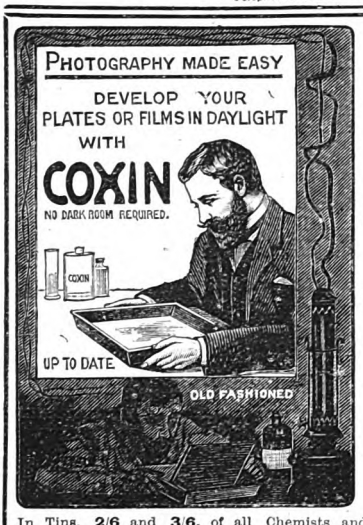

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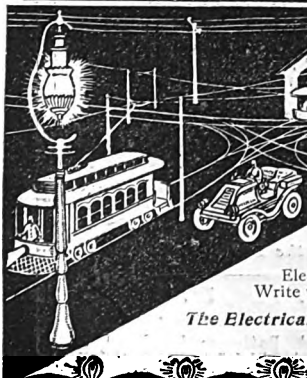

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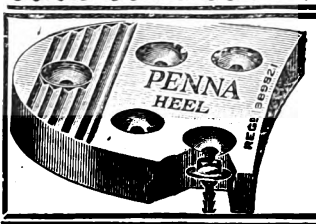

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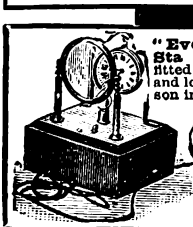

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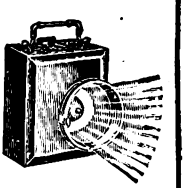

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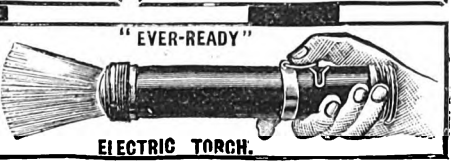

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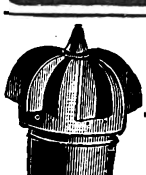

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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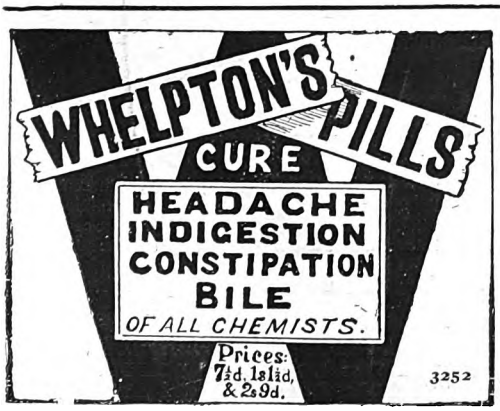

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

This picture ought to help a man;
With noble thoughts it ought to fill him.
Alas! with me it's different quite,
She s smiling at some lucky wight;
I'm absolutely sure I'm right—
And want to go around and kill him!

Vol. X.—October, 1903.—No. 60.

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"RIBBONS AND LACES FOR SWEET, PRETTY FACES."

Reproduced from a Painting by E. Blair Leighton, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

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From the Stalls.

LA GUERRERO.

La Guerrero—her name tells us that she is Spanish; and any doubt on this score is at once dispelled the moment she walks on to the stage in the beautiful ballet, "Carmen," looking round with a pair of wickedly beautiful eyes for plunder, in the shape of men's hearts. Guerrero's dancing is a revelation. She moves her body in graceful curves, while from her hands comes the click-clack of the castanets. The lovely dancer was once to be interviewed by a very young man on a Parisian daily paper. He went to her rooms, and a sweetly pretty girl came in and talked charmingly for an hour or so. He mistook her for Guerrero, and it was only after an interview a column and a half long had appeared in next morning's paper that he learned that the sweetly pretty girl was Guerrero's maid.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

Photo by Geo. Garet-Charles.

CLARITA VIDAL.

Like La Guerrero, Clarita Vidal also hails from the Sunny South. She has lived her life in Algiers, brought up in a maze of diplomacy in the Spanish embassy there. "I went on to the stage"—this with a charming foreign accent—"in America, but came over to England. I find the English language very difficult, but I am working hard, and hope to write it and speak it quite well soon." Clarita Vidal has a lovely crop of long coal black hair, which she piles on the top of her head in a great coil.

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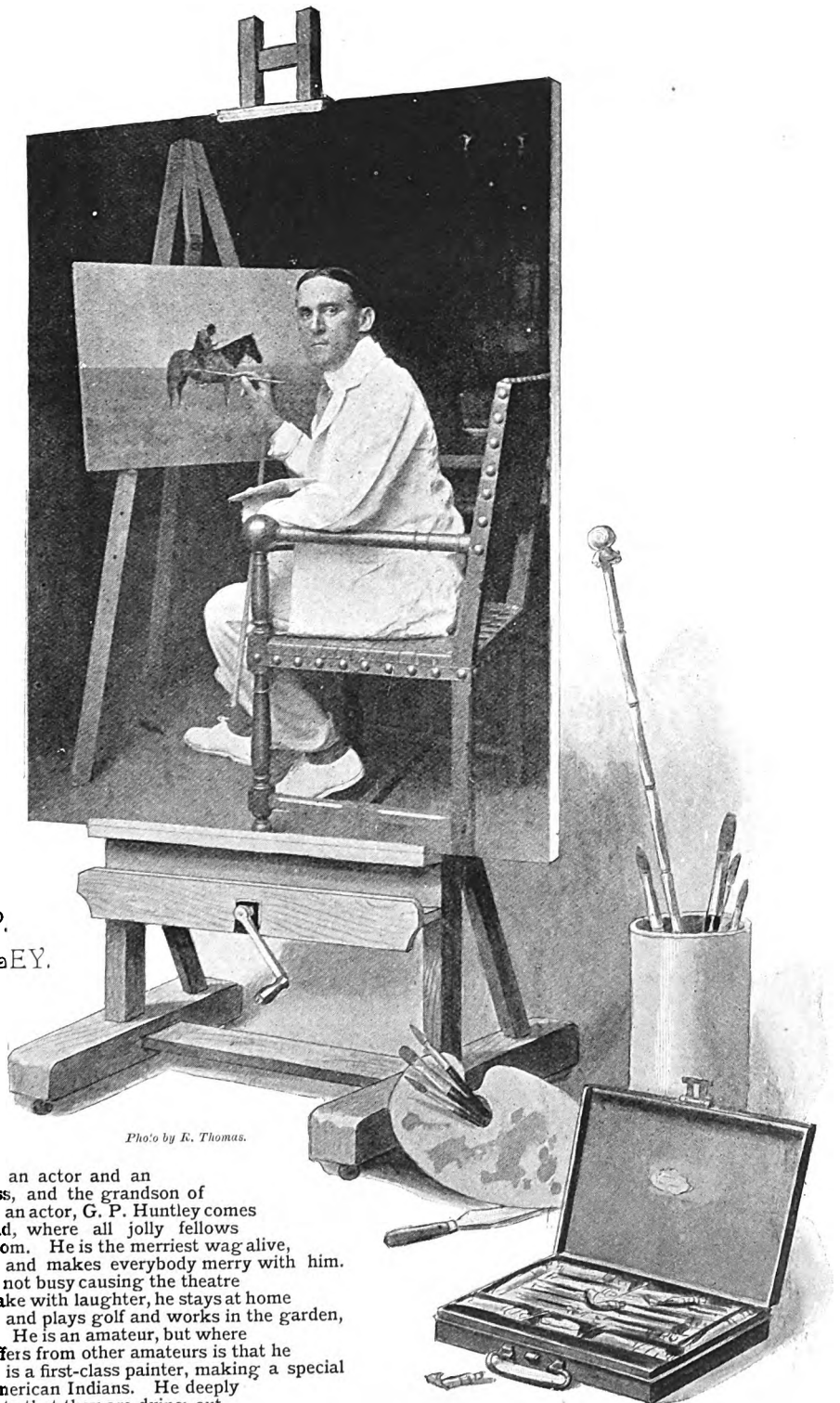

G. P. HUNTLEY.

Photo by R. Thomas.

The son of an actor and an **actress**, and the grandson of an actor, G. P. Huntley comes **from Ireland**, where all jolly fellows **hail from**. He is the merriest wag alive, and makes everybody merry with him. **When he is** not busy causing the theatre **to shake** with laughter, he stays at home and plays golf and works in the garden, **and paints.** He is an amateur, but where **he differs** from other amateurs is that he is a first-class painter, making a special **study of American** Indians. He deeply **laments** that they are dying out.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL HORSE IN THE WORLD.

His name is Bonner, and he is without exception the most wonderful horse in the world. When he was two years old Bonner was taken in hand by Mr. C. L. Edwards, and for the last nine years he has been learning and learning, until he is about as human as an animal can possibly be. He was first taught to run to his carriage and wait while he was harnessed, and then to draw the carriage through the streets of a populous town without the use of whip or reins. Then he learned all sorts of clever tricks. The top right-hand picture above shows Bonner writing figures on a blackboard, and correctly adding them up and putting down the result. The photograph below shows him picking out coloured handkerchiefs that are tied round his knee at the request of his master, while on the left he waves his farewell to the audience with a Union Jack. Oh, you're a clever fellow, Bonner!

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Photo by *Lafayette.*

WINIFRED EMERY (Mrs. Cyril Maude).

Winifred Emery, or Mrs. Cyril Maude as she is in private life, comes from a long line of actors and actresses. Her father and grandfather were both well known on the stage in their day, and Winifred Emery has nobly kept up the family reputation for histrionic honours. Off the stage she is very quiet and retiring, and hates to be recognised as the popular actress of the Haymarket Theatre. She loves roses, old china, and her sweet children.

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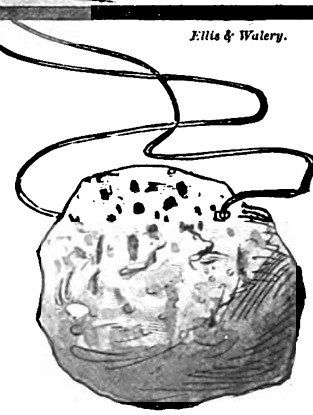
Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

LULU VALLI.

Eight years ago Lulu Valli went on the stage as the queen in pantomime. She was then seven years old, so, by simple arithmetic, you can find out how old the charming young lady is. Of course we mustn't tell you. Lulu Valli is also a much travelled young lady, for she has lived for six years in Germany, and is as much at home in the German language as the "Royal Magazine" is in Henrietta Street. She is a bright girl with plenty to say for herself. Her two sisters are also on the stage—one, the popular and pretty little child actress, Miss Valli Valli; and the other, Miss Ida, who is a new recruit to histrionic honours.



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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

HOW SIR NICHOLAS CAME STRANGELY TO VYSE HOUSE.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the Beautiful Girl who Accompanies him on most of his Escapades. Sir Nicholas Effects a Hair-breadth Escape from the Soldiers—and Wins his Bride.

Sir Nicholas Vyse, under the style of Captain Contraband, had run more cargoes, perhaps, than any man on the East Coast. Luck had clung to him like a shadow, and whether Sheriff or Gauger, King's troops or King's preventive-men had come against him, the end had always been the same—a cargo safely housed, and a jest set going in the seaward cottages and taverns.

To-night, however, luck seemed to have been asleep, and Sir Nicholas himself was in dire peril. He and his men had attempted to land a rich cargo in Thyra's Bay, had been surprised by overwhelming numbers, and had been forced to look each man for himself in the general flight. Nick Vyse, like the good leader he was, had stayed to see the last of his company get safely off, and the delay had robbed him of a sadly-needed start.

There were two-and-forty soldiery after him when at last he followed his men and set off at a hare's pace across the sea-grass that bordered Thyra's Bay upon the landward side; and six of his pursuers were closer to his heels than half a gunshot's distance. Again and again the bullets sang and sobbed about him, but the broken ground and the hurried pace would not admit of a true aim, and he went scatheless.

Yet still the soldiers followed, and some of them were longer of wind than Nick and full as fleet of foot. To most men would have come that sickening certainty of failure which in itself takes heart and wind from a fugitive at such a time; but Nick Vyse was not on bowing terms with failure, and he never felt so blithe as when disaster yapped closely at his heels.

On and on he ran, now gaining ground, now losing it, according to the chance difficulties of field, or heath, or wood; on and on the four best runners of the soldiery followed; but the musket balls droned by less frequently, for pursuers and pursued alike knew that the issue lay not with gun-shots, but with the length of each man's endurance.

A little, waning moon rose timidly above the salt-marshes as Nick wheeled and doubled back towards the coast. The land wind fluted through dry grasses, and wild-fowl rose with angry screams. And still Nick ran and zig-zagged, seeking a spot where he could stand at bay and meet the enemy with as few odds on their side as might be.

Four of them were left now in the race, and four to one, thought Nick Vyse, was not

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amiss if a man had only a decent wall behind him and some sort of shelter on the sides. A quick glance to right and left told him that he had reached a part of the coast well known to him—a bleak and pebbled shore a league or so south of Vyse House. There was an old watch-tower, he remembered, at the bend of the round bay, a tower used sometimes by the Preventive when they wished to scour the coast with telescopes. Of late it had been allowed to fall into ruin, but enough of the winding stair was left yet for a man to climb by, and the top of it was broad enough to give ample standing-room for one.

Without another thought Nick made by instinct for the tower, reached the rough, uphill path of shingle that led to it, and went in at the doorway, which hung half off its hinges now, part open and part shut. A volley of musket-balls spattered uselessly against the walls as he disappeared within, for the soldiery had learned his purpose just thirty seconds too late. Up and up Nick climbed, until he gained the summit, protected by a breast-high parapet; and then he leaned over for a moment and laughed, and "Come up my friends!" he cried.

The sickle moon, as it chanced, was just behind his head, giving a mark to the enemy below; but he ducked before the first man's musket was lifted, and the ball sang overhead, useless as the shots that had preceded it.

The soldiers stamped and swore. The pursued was now master of the pursuers so far as force of any kind went, for so worn and slippery was the stair, with gaps at intervals, that one man on the tower-top could defend the place against a regiment.

"What's to be done?" growled one. "We've got our Captain Contraband bottled snug enough—but how to get him out of the bottle?"

"There's no way," put in another, "except to starve him out."

"Thank you for nothing, Bill," said the first speaker drily. "Pretty fools we should look sitting here like hens on a nest of eggs until his Captainship came out. Nay, there's a quicker way."

"To follow him up the stair, I suppose?" snarled the other. "Looks as though you'd never heard of Captain Contraband, or met him when a fight was on. *I have*, and I'm not going to give him a chance of fingering my throat up yonder."

"Silence, you fool! Are you leading this expedition, or am I? We'll not need to climb the stair at all—smoke and fire will do that for us, and do it to better purpose."

The others nodded, now that they saw his purpose, and the four of them stole quietly down to the beach, which was littered all along its extreme outer edge with drift and wreck wood. A few armfuls of the dry sea-grasses, a careful laying of the lighter bits of wood on these, a shower of sparks from flint and steel, and a cosy fire was kindled at once on the floor of the tower. More wood was added, and more still, and the smoke coiled like a snake, lazy and thick and sinuous, up the hollow funnel of the tower.

Nick, waiting on the top until his enemies chose to make the next move, had wondered at the sudden quiet below; he understood it now, and with his usual instinct for the best way out of a desperate corner, he started silently down the stair before the fire had got well under way.

To stay at the top, with the round parapet to make a basin for the smoke, was to court certain capture, for if he so much as put his head above the masonry to breathe, the marksmen would be waiting down below. His one chance was to escape while yet the smoke was no more than a discomfort; so he scrambled with what speed he could, and yet with caution, until he was but six steps from the bottom. The men were so busy with their stoking that they did not hear his tread amid the crackling and spitting of the wreck-wood, until a great cough shook him from head to foot just as he was getting ready for a last spring down the stair.

It was neck or nothing then.

With a yell—a fearsome, curdling yell which he had learned from smuggler friends—he leaped the last six steps, hit right and left at the figures which, red and smoky, blocked his passage to the door, knocked down a couple of them, and ran out into the starshine before they had recovered from the suddenness of his attack.

Once again Captain Contraband had his luck and his wits to thank for escape from a seemingly hopeless trap; for the two soldiers left—the others lay where Nick had dropped them and did not stir—were too bewildered for the first moment to pursue, and by the time they thought of giving chase the fugitive was out of sight, running hard and true behind a sheltering hump of sandhill.

"A closer shave than usual," Nick thought, as he took a line towards his own house. "Gad, 'twould have been awkward if they'd taken me! They'd have learned that I was

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He hit right and left at the figures which, red and smoky, blocked his passage to the door.

Nick Vyse, and I'm too good a Justice of the Peace to be lightly lost to the Bench."

He laughed with quiet enjoyment of the escapade, and thanked his luck that Josephine Willoughby had not shared the night's adventure with him. For Josephine lived at his own old home, Vyse House, and he and she had shared more smuggling dangers, both by sea and land, than surely ever yet befell a maid of gentle upbringing. Josephine was pledged to marry him, moreover, and he grew hot to think that she might easily have been with him to-night, have been captured, and have had to face the gossip following on a full exposure of her relations with Captain Contraband.

Nick was not running now, but was walking at a brisk pace, quite sure that danger of pursuit was over, and anxious only to be at home again, with his body on one big chair, his feet on another, and a measure of good Schnapps at his elbow. For, indeed, he felt that he had earned these things.

"Ay, Josephine might well have been taken

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by these lubbers," he muttered. "She must run no risks of that sort in the future—at any rate until we're married. Once married, gossip can snarl as it will—we can afford to let it snarl."

And at that very moment, as it chanced, he was nearer to ensuring an early marriage, following the wringing of consent from Josephine's father, than he thought for. Sir Nicholas Vyse, good fellow, good smuggler, and good magistrate, had fallen into the common fault just now, and because one danger was safely through, he neglected to remember that other perils might be waiting for him; and it was this neglect which, by a tortuous road, was to bring him into strange company and a yet stranger realisation of his wishes.

The first intimation that he had of danger was when he turned into the narrow lane which led to his cottage by the cliff. Five burly figures, coming in the opposite direction, met him suddenly at the bend of the way, and the foremost of them raised a shout.

"It's Captain Contraband! I can tell his height and breadth even in this light. Now, lads, was I right or wrong when I said we'd patrol the coast all night before we'd give him up?"

Nick guessed that they formed part of the band of Regulars who had, for the most part, dropped out early in the course of the pursuit. He turned, and ran at top speed along the way that he had come; but his limbs were stiff from the long race, and his pursuers were three times as fresh of wind and body; he knew that the pace would kill him before long, and one course only promised safety. Underneath Vyse House—his own old home, and Josephine's new one—there was a great cellar, used, ever since first a duty was placed on Schnapps and such-like merchandise, as the h ding-place of smuggled cargoes.

Josephine herself had helped him to store many a cargo here, and she knew as well as he that a secret way branched off from the main road through the cave and led to a panel which opened on the great hall of Vyse House—the hall where dinner was served each evening, according to the fashion which came in before dining-rooms were known.

It was his only chance, just as a little while ago his one expedient had been to rush down the stair and through the besieging soldiery. The hour was late.

All this ran through Nick's mind as he swept on, the enemy sticking doggedly to his heels. He did not think out the details consciously, but they came of their own will, as quick thoughts will when a man is hard pressed.

Over the slippery edge of the cliff he went, and down, hand over hand, by aid of the tough bushes until he reached the beach. A heavy thud sounded behind him, and Nick let a smothered laugh escape him as he realised that one of his pursuers had been over-eager and had slipped at the very top of the descent. The others were more wary, though, and two were close behind Nick when he took the upward path that led him to the cave. The two were still following when he plunged into the darkness, but they wasted time in lighting a lantern which one of them was carrying, and Nick had time to glide down the narrow secret path before they had turned the corner of the wider road behind.

A few moments more of uphill running, and his hand was on the panel which served as a door of communication between the cave and the house. He wrenched the catch aside, flung open the heavy oak, and stood for a moment, blinded by the light which flooded all the great hall of Vyse House.

Though he could see nothing just at first, the sound of many voices and the chink of wine-cups came to him, and a vague trouble seized him. The voices ceased, moreover, with odd suddenness, as he stood there, and, by-and-bye, when his eyes had grown accustomed to the light, he could see that the table, large and broad as it was, had scarcely a place unfilled. At the head of the board sat a plump, red-featured man of sixty, and at the foot—facing Nick, as he stood there in bewilderment—sat Josephine, while men and women of all ages were ranged down the sides.

The gleam of silver, the lamplight, the glinting diamonds, of which all the women except Josephine wore too many, combined to keep Sir Nicholas spellbound; tired as he was already with his long race beneath the stars. Only in one thing had he presence of mind during these long first minutes; neither by word nor look did he confess to knowing Josephine, although the thought of seeing her had been both light and warmth to him during his flight through the chilly darkness of the cave.

The girl, for her part, let a startled cry escape her, then looked helplessly at Nick, as if to ask him what she should say or do. Ponto, the smuggler-born dog, who sat beside her chair, had no such doubts, however; he ran quickly to Nick Vyse, and barked a

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welcome and fawned upon him with all the power of his big, rough, hairy, uncouth body

"Ponto," murmured Nick, stooping to caress him.

Sir Nicholas laughed for the first time, a sure sign that he was his own man again; for the dog, comrade of many a wild adventure, had brought the rollicking, careless breath of the sea again to Nick, and he was ready now to play this new part which had been thrust upon him as readily as he had played hare to the soldiery not long ago.

With another laugh—buoyant, and big, and infectious—he strode down the hall, after carefully fastening the panel-door behind him, found one of the only two empty chairs at the board, and dropped into it.

Still without saying a word he drew a decanter of claret towards him, filled his glass, emptied it at a draught, and then refilled it. Then he looked round upon the company and laughed again; for he had chosen his *rôle*, and he meant to play the well-born swashbuckler with full enjoyment.

Only once did he glance at Josephine, and the frolic in his eyes found an answer in the girl's face, for, though she could not guess what his next move would be, she had learned from experience to trust Sir Nicholas Vyse when a jest had to be safely carried forward.

Mr. Willoughby, the host—flushed of face and evidently mellow with his potations—began to stammer wrathfully.

"Sir, you—you take a liberty—egad, sir, who are you—this is my private house, I beg you understand——"

"Well, no, in a sense it is mine," retorted the newcomer affably. "I am Sir Nicholas Vyse, very thirsty, but very much at your service. Thank you, I will fill again; I have had a long journey to-night, and my throat is dusty as a lime-kiln."

Josephine was non-plussed by this frank confession of his identity, and her father stared at the unbidden guest.

"You jest, sir," said old Willoughby. "You're a mountebank, sir—a common thief or highwayman—I have not the honour of knowing Sir Nicholas Vyse, though I rent this house through his man of business; but, at least, I know that a man of his birth and breeding—though they say he's wild—would not intrude himself upon a stranger's supper-party."

Very pompous was Mr. Willoughby underneath his purple mellowness of face, and very puzzled were the guests; these latter were all from Bloomsbury, by the look of them, and a young man at the far end of the board—a young man with lack-lustre eyes and pallid face—seemed fascinated by the aspect of this big, roystering stranger, who came with the stain of wind and sea on his clothes, but who carried himself with the subtle distinction of one who has been born to find himself a master—a master by birth, and a master, more especially, by deeds.

"As to my identity," said Sir Nicholas, "I can give you ample proof of that, sir. In the first place, I knew of the secret way between the cave and the hall here—which is more, very possibly, than you yourself did. Then I can describe to you every nook of the old house, as only a man could who had spent the best part of his life here. Moreover, if you still have any doubts, I can send for a dozen—or a score, if you prefer it—of the villagers, who know me better, perhaps, than they know my present excellent host, Mr. Willoughby. But why should we trouble, sir, you and I?" he went on, with a *bonhommie* and a carelessness that took old Willoughby's breath away. "Let me tell you the latest jest instead, and you will understand the reason of my intrusion."

Mr. Willoughby looked keenly at him out of his little grey eyes. This man was so assured, so obviously high-bred, despite the oddity of his behaviour, that he knew instinctively he was the Sir Nicholas Vyse he claimed to be.

And Willoughby, though he had all a merchant-prince's pride in Bloomsbury, had likewise all a merchant-prince's secret love of those who measured their importance, not by guineas, but by ancestors. Sir Nicholas might be wild, Sir Nicholas might be this and that, but, after all, he was a friend of Royalty; and so the old man filled himself another glass of port, and hummed and hawed, and tried to keep a show of dignity.

"Whether you are Sir Nicholas Vyse or the King himself," he said, "you should remember that a man's house is his castle."

The young men and maidens, the middle-aged women in their amazing gowns of blue, and puce, and lavender, the older men who found Willoughby a hard nut to crack when business was on foot, all looked to see Sir Nicholas crumple up—disappear, as it were, in blue flame—under the weight of his host's displeasure.

But Sir Nicholas did nothing of the kind; he only laughed again—a laugh that set even the pale youth in the corner giggling softly—

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and filled his glass, and leaned back in his chair.

"Tut-tut, Mr. Willoughby," he said, in his easy drawl, "you should regard me as a god-send. You were a little dull when I arrived, eh? You needed a fresh tale to salt your feast? Well, I've brought it to you, sir, and you should be grateful to me—moreover, as I said just now, the tale is also my excuse for this intrusion."

Without waiting for permission to stay on and tell his story—with just a fleeting glance at Josephine—Nick Vyse continued.

"You see, I was puzzled how to kill time this evening," he said, addressing the company at large, "and I took a stroll along the beach in the direction of Thyra's Bay. As luck would have it, I stumbled into the middle of a smuggling party."

Mr. Willoughby moved uneasily in his chair, and the curious smile with which Nick favoured him seemed only to add to his discomfort.

"Is there much smuggling about your coasts here?" asked the old man, with would-be carelessness. "Remember that we are all from London, where such things are unknown."

"Possibly," Nick answered drily. "As I was saying, I came upon these smugglers, and just for the frolic of the thing I joined them. A foolish thing to do, of course, when one's a magistrate and so on, but I wanted to see how these fellows ran their contraband."

At the word "contraband" Ponto, who had kept close to Nick's chair, set up a howl of gladness; it was the one word of English which he knew as well as his own name.

"I, too, have often longed to be with them when they were at work," put in Josephine demurely; "you were fortunate, Sir Nicholas."

"Well, perhaps, not so fortunate after all," said Nick in the same easy tone, as of one who tells a story to pass the time. "For the military came down on us, you see, and we had to fly in all directions; and then it occurred to me for the first time that it would never do for a respectable magistrate to be found in such surroundings. Why, sir"—turning again to his host—"it would have been as unpleasant a corner for me to find myself in as if, say, *you* had been discovered aiding and abetting the smuggling traffic."

Mr. Willoughby grew more uneasy. "It is scarcely a likely thing to happen, Sir Nicholas."

"Well, no; but it was scarcely a likely thing that I should be there, yet still I was. And the soldiery came down on us, five to one, as I told you, and I found myself running like a hare, with four of the rascals close upon my heels. Gad, I can laugh now, but it was awkward at the time; and at every yard, with my breath groaning like the bellows of an organ, I swore that I would look on, however innocently, at no more beaching of illicit cargoes."

The pale youth, seated next to Josephine, leaned forward, his eyes growing bigger and bigger. He had long yearned in secret to be a daring fellow, one who overturned the hut upon the watch, or threw out other such brave and desperate challenges to the law; but this was devilry, he told himself—genuine, sweet devilry. The youth's bosom swelled, and his heart went beating thickly at his ribs; he was stirred beyond the narrow limits of Torrington and Russell Squares.

"And what happened then, sir?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Infinite hazards, sir," Nick responded, warming to his part. "They chased me up cliff-paths as steep as a house-wall; they followed me down precipices where a wild goat could scarcely win a footing; they fired more bullets at me, sir, than would have filled a keg of Schnapps. Last of all, I had to take shelter in a tower that overlooked the sea, and I fancied I was safe there; but what did the rogues do then, think you?"

All the young men, and young and old among the ladies, were frankly on Nick's side by now, strange as had been the manner of his coming. A die-away, pale maid of twenty, seated on his right, asked in a whisper what had happened next. She had read much fiction of the sort entitled "The Wicked Waggeries of a Person of Quality," and it was the great moment of her life now when she sat beside such a hero in the flesh.

"What happened, madam?" said Nick. "They lit a fire below, and tried to smoke me out. There was nothing for it but to race down the stair and through the soldiery, and out again into the night. I made for home, and, just as all danger seemed to have gone by, I fell into an ambush and had to turn, with another band of soldiers close upon me. I remembered the cave below the house here, and the secret way which used to delight me as a boy. The hour was late, and I trusted to the household being abed"—he glanced again at Josephine, and she reproved his rashness by ever so slight a shake of the head—"and thought to steal

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out quietly and so find my house at last. So you see, Mr. Willoughby, not only that my intrusion was in a measure warranted, but that I owe to you my escape from a foolish and embarrassing position."

Mr. Willoughby still fidgeted in his chair. Since Nick's first reference to smuggling, his uneasiness had grown apace, despite the wine he drank.

"I am glad, Sir Nicholas," he answered stiffly, "if I have been of service to you. Perhaps, as an old man to a young, you will allow me to advise that in future you abstain from mixing yourself, however innocently, in lawless enterprises."

"It is a mistake, most certainly," said Nick, with another steady, disconcerting glance.

"How glad you must be to find yourself safe," murmured the pale maid of twenty. "Yet surely, your hair must have grown grey during those awful moments. I have read so much—I—ah—" she broke off, remembering that her mother, sitting opposite, would not approve of such literature as she affected.

"As to my being in safety now, I doubt it," laughed Nick. "The soldiers saw me go into the cave, and any moment they may come knocking at the panel yonder."

"We would defend you," said the youth of the sallow face, who was so moved by the excitement of Nick's coming that he felt a vastly brave, dare-devil rogue himself.

"I thank you, sir," Nick answered with admirable gravity. "If need arises, I will call on you for help."

Josephine, now that her first alarm was over, was enjoying the scene as thoroughly as was Sir Nicholas Vyse. She had seen this lover of hers in many an affair of hazard, when courage and resource were needed to their uttermost; but to-night it was his ready wit that called for her applause.

The story he had told, with such a laughable aping of the braggart, was true substantially, she guessed; he had been hard-driven, clearly; had remembered how once before he had entered by the secret panel to find her sitting alone in the hall here, and had trusted to find the like good luck a second time.

He had found her father and a host of guests here; a lesser man might easily have betrayed her secret on the first impulse of surprise; but Nick Vyse had given no inkling of his relations with the girl, and every ruffling act and speech of his had been framed with nice deliberation, in order to lead the others off the scent.

She looked at him, sitting back in his chair with a wine-glass in his hand. No man could have appeared more at ease, had he been seated at his own table; no man, thought love-sick Josephine, could have carried so comely a face and bearing.

"Oh, indeed, I love him very much!" she murmured, "and somehow I'm not a bit ashamed of it."

It was an evening of surprises, doubtless—such an evening as seems set aside by the Fates just now and then for enjoyment of a comedy of incident. Certainly the next turn of the game was disconcerting to Josephine, and as little in keeping with her tender thoughts of Nick Vyse as any stage-manager of the theatre of the fates could wish.

Old Willoughby, perplexed by Nick's strange advent, and troubled, moreover, by sundry half-veiled references, hints, and glances from the newcomer, had resolved quite suddenly to take the British way of settling troubles—in brief, to continue the settled order of his supper-party as if no interruption had occurred. Doggedly the old man got to his feet, and rapped on the table.

"We were gathered here, Sir Nicholas," he began, in a voice as fruity and mellow as his own good port, "to celebrate the happiest moment of a father's life."

"Oily old ruffian!" murmured Nick. "He talks like a conventicle."

"The moment," went on old Willoughby, "the moment when he is assured of his daughter's welfare, and gives her into the keeping of a serious and godly man who is sufficiently blessed with this world's goods. I am glad, Sir Nicholas, that you have joined our happy party—however unceremoniously—and I beg you to join us in toasting the future bride and bridegroom."

Mr. Willoughby nodded first at Josephine, then at the dyspeptic youth whose eyes had bulged at the tale of Nick's adventures. A sudden nausea came to Nick Vyse. Was this parchment dummy of a boy the husband chosen for Josephine? The thought was sacrilege, and not the less so for its rank absurdity.

As for Josephine, she was stunned for a moment. Well as she knew her father, his shifts, and tyrannies, and strange hypocrisies, she had not been prepared for this scheme to force her publicly into acceptance of the boy-man whom she loathed. It was she who had need now of mother-wit and courage, and she rose to the need as a blood-horse rises to a fence.

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"There is some mistake," she said, breaking quietly in on her father's pompousness, and silencing it. "Whenever I have been asked to marry the man of my father's choice, I have said 'no.' I shall say 'no' if he gathers all the folk in London to his board and tells them what can never in this world be true."

Old Willoughby gasped. He was wont to be an autocrat. Yet in his heart he knew that this slim girl was stronger than himself. The company raised protesting glances to the ceiling, and the ladies' gowns, of blue, and green, and startling purple, rustled like aspen-leaves in a storm. A godly young man—a rich young man—above all, a young man whose soul was a Bloomsbury soul—what ailed this girl to throw her good fortune to the winds?

The young man himself was opening and shutting his mouth, as a fish will who finds himself transferred to dry land from a tranquil pool. Nick Vyse, on the other hand, was looking deep and long into Josephine's eyes, and the great love between them showed plain for anyone to read, had anyone been cool enough to do so.

What would have happened next was doubtful, had not Nick's prophecy fallen true—his prophecy that danger was not necessarily over because he had escaped it twice to-night. At the very moment when old Willoughby was gasping and spluttering in the effort to find coherent speech, there came a lusty rapping on the panel door.

"Gad," laughed Nick, relieved by any interruption, "they've found me at last."

The surmise was true. Foot by foot the soldiery had been tracking their runaway throughout the latter's enjoyment of a supper-party to which he had had no invitation; they knew that he was somewhere in the cave, and, setting two to guard the entrance, the others had examined every corner of the cavern. They had explored the broader path to its furthest limits, and then had found the narrow, secret way which led them, not as before to a blind wall of rock, but to a barrier that rang hollow to the touch.

"Another secret door," growled one of the soldiers.

"Ay," said his comrade. "We've found one here, and one there in the caves about the coast, but we never knew before that Vyse House had its own private stairway. Ho, there!" he broke off, knocking with his musket on the oak. "Open in the King's name! Open, open!"

"It is your duty to give me up to yonder knaves," said Sir Nicholas, with a sturdy glance at old Willoughby, "but I would scarcely recommend the plan."

"And why, sir? Why?" stuttered Willoughby, exasperated by his last defeat.

"*Because of your business in the City—and in St. Thanes,*" Nick answered quietly.

The words seemed innocent, yet their effect on old Willoughby was strange. His jaw fell, his hand trembled as he raised his glass—even the purple-rose of his complexion softened to a waxy pallor.

"I appeal to you all, gentlemen," went on Sir Nicholas. "Awhile since you said you would defend me against odds. I claim that promise now, at no cost to yourselves."

"We're with you, Sir Nicholas," cried one or two of the bolder spirits. "What are we to do?"

"Well, I'm the only one at table who wears a cloak. Even a Preventive-man could know me for the culprit. But if, gentlemen, you will put on your cloaks and hats—with Miss Willoughby's permission—and draw the hats down over your eyes, and look as pleasant rascals as you can—why, who's to tell which is the fugitive?"

"Open, open! In the King's name! Open!" sounded from behind the locked panel.

The sallow youth, perhaps relieved by an interruption which had saved him for the moment from a foolish position, was the first to get up and seek his cloak and hat. All, save Willoughby and one or two of the elders, followed the example, and, by the time that the knocking had recommenced for the third time, the supper-table showed a curious company, of which the women were in evening toilette, while the men were habited as if they waited for the coach at some windy roadside.

"In the King's name, and for the last time!" came a roar from behind the panel. "Open, or we break down the door."

Old Willoughby, perplexed by Nick's reference to his "business at St. Thanes," angered by these repeated intrusions, seemed to have no course but to unlock the panel-door and throw it open. He did so, and revealed a company of six stalwart regulars, who burst in unceremoniously, then stopped and blinked at the light, as Nick had done, and finally grew bewildered at the number of the guests.

"Well, sirs?" asked Willoughby.

"We—we are in search of a fugitive—one Captain Contraband," began the leader, hesitatingly.

Again old Willoughby grew pale beneath

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"You—you are Captain Contraband?'

his plum-colour. "What should I know of a Captain Contraband?" he faltered.

"Nothing, sir," answered the other, with respect. "We do not suggest that you know anything of him—and yet he was in the cave behind us—not long ago—and this is the one way by which he can have escaped us."

Mr. Willoughby, for reasons of his own, was anxious to secure Captain Contraband's safety, and now he fell into line with Nick Vyse's mummery as heartily as any of the younger men.

"What you mean, my men, is best known to yourselves," he answered, with something of his old pompousness. "These friends of mine, here, have supped with me; we have been in the hall here for the past two hours at least; is it likely that a fugitive could have entered by the panel yonder without our seeing him?"

The leader of the military looked about him in a puzzled way. He had been so sure that they had trapped Captain Contraband in the cave; this supper-party, too, wore a strange air, for nearly all the men were cloaked and hatted; yet, puzzle as he would, he could find no explanation one way or the other.

"Perhaps you need an introduction to each of my guests in turn," went on Mr. Willoughby, with heavy irony. "Cast your eyes along the table, and tell me if any of my friends has been so clever as to be in two places at once—here, namely, at my supper-board, and yonder in the cave."

The man looked from one to another of the guests, and his glance rested on Nick Vyse, who sat with hat drawn down and head averted. So different Nick was from the weedy men about him, so like to Captain Contraband, moreover, in breadth and poise of head, that the soldier could not fail to notice him.

"We've none of us seen Captain Contraband, save at night and at a distance," he said slowly, "but the man sitting there is vastly like him in the figure."

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Nick Vyse threw off his cloak and hat and faced the soldiery. "I am honoured," he laughed, "being no more than plain Sir Nicholas Vyse, whom doubtless you have seen before."

The officer began to stammer his apologies; for Sir Nicholas was the best-known and best-loved man in all the county.

"I am sorry, Sir Nicholas—I did not know—I——"

"There, there! You have made an awkward mistake, and be careful lest you make a second. You've lost your man somehow, officer, and you need not make bad worse by outraging the privacy of an honest gentleman's house. Mr. Willoughby will overlook it this time, perhaps, but I warn you, as a magistrate, that you are treading on dangerous ground."

Josephine, as she watched the men return crestfallen by the way they had come, could scarcely hold her laughter back. So simple and so sure a way of safety it was to be a magistrate of repute at one time and a king of smugglers at another. Yet the girl's face grew grave as she saw Nick go up to her father and take him aside, and begin to whisper in his ear.

"You must give me your attention for a moment, sir," Nick was saying.

"Damme, I seem to have been doing little else for the past hour," the other growled.

"I shall not detain you long. You said just now that your daughter was destined to marry a certain youth here present. Well, she cannot marry him, for the simple reason that she is pledged to me."

"To *you*, Sir Nicholas? To you who have lived with the wild young men of St. James's and——"

"To me, who am sorrier for the old life than you guess, Mr. Willoughby. Yet I love her as sincerely as, I believe, she loves myself, and I mean to make her happy."

"Your means, sir? You are impoverished—else why do I rent your house at this moment? You have nothing but a damaged reputation and empty purse to offer to my daughter."

"On the contrary," said Nick, with great good-humour, "thanks to yourself, sir, I am growing rich."

"Thanks to me! Heavens, am I mad, or are you mad, Sir Nicholas, or is this a part of some wild mummery?"

"I spoke just now of your business in London and in St. Thanes. Well, we must look at this matter in a business way, Mr. Willoughby. *I* am repairing my fortunes by dealing, after the style of Captain Contraband, in smuggled lace; at the same time I am Sir Nicholas Vyse, of good repute in the county. *You*, on the other hand, buy a great deal of Captain Contraband's lace, and thrive upon the profits, while you are known to the world as a discreet and worthy citizen. Come, Mr. Willoughby, we are members of the same firm, and must not therefore quarrel."

Mr. Willoughby looked vacantly at this tall, merry, self-assured young man. "You—you are Captain Contraband?" he gasped. "You know my daughter, it seems—you have met her without my knowledge in the country here and made love to her? Tell me, did you—did you ever tell her the secret of my riches? If so, you have done me a great wrong, Sir Nicholas, for she is very dear to me—she is all I have—it has been my one aim always to hide the nature of my business from her."

"She knows nothing of it, and shall know nothing. You have my word of honour. You have my word on another point, too, Mr. Willoughby—that with or without your consent, I shall marry Josephine. We care too much for one another to be parted now."

Old Willoughby thought of the title and consequence of Sir Nicholas Vyse; he thought of the unwelcome notoriety of Captain Contraband; last of all, he looked at the clean comeliness of this would-be son-in-law.

"It must be as you wish," he said, half reluctantly. "But you will abandon your present—ah—*reckless* way of life?"

"If Josephine will let me, sir," was Nick's enigmatic answer.

The old man looked questioningly at him, but he would not explain himself. He did not intend to tell the daughter that her father was a smuggler merchant; but just as little did he mean to tell the father that his daughter was the merriest and most haphazard of cargo-runners. And so, I fancy, both sides were well-pleased.

Next month will appear

The Last and perhaps the Most Daring and Extravagant Adventure of

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

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Roses and Rosebuds

LITTLE FOLK IN THE STUDIO.

The Difficulties and Delights of Painting Children.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

Illustrations from original paintings reproduced by permission of the artist, Mrs. Seymour Lucas.

The painting of children calls for a strong combination of talent, understanding, and patience, while an innate love for little folk comes in as a very good proof against the thousand and one difficulties that take away one's enthusiasm during the progress of the work. Childhood is unquestionably the most paintable period of life, in so far as charm of beauty in colour and line is concerned.

But there are moments in the lives of painters of children when, had not their previous experiences taught them that patience and determination will overcome *anything*, they would lay down their brushes from sheer hopelessness. For the little people simply *cannot* sit still; they will not fall back into the same attitude twice during the whole series of sittings. They do not like to look in one direction for longer than a minute at a time, they crumple their curls and disarrange their frocks, and, in fact, break all the recognised regulations of a well-ordered sitter.

So it is small wonder that there are so very few successful painters of child life, for a man must be a philosopher as well as an artist to succeed in this particular branch of art—a combination rarely found in the artistic temperament.

The work of Mrs. Seymour Lucas is perhaps the most successful of the few English artists who make the painting of children their life work and pleasure. Mrs. Lucas never by any chance condescends to paint an adult, but lavishes all her energy upon the little autocrats of the nursery and the kindergarten. When you ask her if she does not find the painting of children rather "wearing," she looks at you in such a grand

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way and says, "Of course it's wearing, but then, the results are so wholly pleasing," and one is led to admire her philosophy and to study her methods of so unfailingly getting these same happy results.

It is a good many years since this artist made her first study. She cannot even remember who the little sitter was, only the painter was quite a small child herself, and the work was done with a lump of very smutty coal on the back of a Mother Goose story book. Of one thing she is certain; she did not attempt to make her little model "sit still and look pleasant," but sketched her in the very act of administering discipline to a refractory doll, a point in originality that has helped to make the now distinguished artist one of the most successful painters of child life, simple and natural, away from all studio trappings and restrictions.

Thus, beginning her art work during the toddling stage, Mrs. Lucas may well be called a "born artist," and never, during the successive periods of her student days, and on through the serious years of her most accomplished work, has she swerved from her first intention—to paint children naturally and well—and the fact that her pictures are always "well hung" at the Academy, and that she is known amongst her fellow artists as the "children's favourite," is pretty good evidence that her object has been accomplished.

Little people must be given almost perfect freedom in a studio if they are to be portrayed in the simple, natural manner that is never to be disassociated from childhood. One cannot seat them on a beautiful model throne, and tell them to keep quiet because they are having their portraits painted. The moment you tell them this there is going to be trouble in that studio. Let them frolic about instead, and interest themselves as they do at home, and it will not be long before they quiet down a bit into an attitude both natural and pleasing from which to take the keynote for the painting.

This is the method employed by Mrs. Lucas in all of her work with little folk from the long-clothes-in-arms period to the age of ten, which is the age limit for most of her pictures. A great percentage of her work is portraiture. She tells me she finds it

Wandering Thoughts.

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A Woodland Princess.

expedient to have the child's toys brought along to the studio, and that the first one or two sittings are taken up in getting acquainted with the small autocrat, and in making her feel at home in the studio surroundings.

This is usually accomplished quite easily by the nurse giving little suggestions as to the favourite propensities of her small charge, whilst all the time the artist's eye is keenly alive to every pretty movement and attitude, until presently both she and her model are keenly absorbed in their work, and the first great difficulty is overcome—they have grown at ease in each other's presence.

In the first stages of the portrait almost every child shows great interest in the wonderful thing that is taking form and colour on the canvas, and keeps running up to "look at me," as they tell the artist. But the novelty soon wears off, and they pay little or no attention to anything except their playthings, and frequently will fall off into tired slumber, with curls in the most picturesquely disordered tumble.

These little "rests" do not disconcert the artist in the least; in fact, she rather rejoices over the chance of studying the baby loveliness in perfect repose, and when the restless little body is toddling about again there will be seen a wonderful advancement in the working out of feature and line.

Sometimes the artist finds it best to have a nursery playmate accompany her small model: together they manage to amuse themselves in the manner of happy children, and some of their conversation is well worth recording.

Two small mites, one of three, the other of four years, were playing at "keeping house," on a big bear skin rug over by the fire on a snowy day near Christmas time. They were surrounded on all sides by a motley crew of dolls of all ages and nationalities, conspicuous amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Golly Wogg, and an armless wax replica of Lord Roberts. Sorrow, evidently, was in each small mother heart, over the calamity that had so cruelly robbed the gallant soldier of his arms. His prostrate form was lying in dignified state on a small cushion between them, and the two were bringing all their supply of baby logic to bear on the surgical problem as to how his unfortunate members might best be restored to his body.

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Little Mrs. Four Years Old was sure that old Father Christmas would make some new ones for him if he found him lying by the grate in such a pitiable plight; while Little Three Years Old was perfectly certain that "Dod would do that without any Father Christmas," a pretty philosophy which they discussed at great length, to the huge entertainment of the artist and their nurse.

Mrs. Lucas always allows her little sitters to be painted with any chosen plaything, if they are particularly devoted to it, and in many of her portrait studies one may see an old wool rabbit, or something equally prosaic, hugged close to the baby heart. The picture of a little child sitting very comfortable and contented on a rug is much more to this artist's ideas of the art of painting children than is the old-fashioned, stereotyped one of perching them stiffly on a chair, or in the lap of a grown-up.

In one of her most charming Academy portraits of a year ago, a sunny-haired bit of feminine babyhood was shown sitting flat on the floor with a struggling black kitten held captive under one chubby arm.

It happened that this was the little sitter's favourite sport—to hold the wriggling puss when it wanted very much to get away, and when she came to sit for her portrait, she insisted on having the small black chum brought with her, and thus the artist chose to paint her.

Some children have a wonderfully quick adaptability for posing, especially the "nook child," who is never so happy as when curled up in a great chair, looking at picture books. This Mrs. Lucas finds to be the nearest approach to the ideal that one could ask for in a youthful sitter—to curl up gracefully in a big chair and keep still for a long time—say ten or twenty minutes' perfect absorption in a book! When she wants to paint the face looking towards her, she has only to so arrange the chair, and now and again to attract the child's attention.

Seldom do children show a dislike for being painted, but they do sometimes. Mrs. Lucas tells of a small boy who refused to "be good" unless his best pal in mischief-brooding was painted with him; so at last this had to be arranged, and it is needless to

A Little Hearth-Witch.

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say that this portrait was one of the most thrillingly exciting pieces of work ever accomplished in the artist's studio.

Another sitter, a little girl, was simply wild with delight over the thought of being painted with "Lady Teresa," who was, let it be understood, none other than the very oldest, most dejected-looking, Indian rag doll imaginable; and the little mistress showed the greatest anxiety as to the exact detail and truthfulness of her darling's portrait.

In working from professional models the artist finds that it is quite possible to work from a studied pose, as the little people get used to doing what they are told, and often sit still, like little martyrs, in some one position for what seems to them a very long time, but is, in reality, only a few minutes—a period which is, nevertheless, a great way ahead of the usual juvenile portrait sitter.

Still, even models have to be humoured a little when they are so young, and the artist finds that sweets and pretty trinkets go a long way towards the success of a pose.

One little girl used to get sudden streaks of homesickness for her "mummy," and nothing would pacify her but to be taken home for a little while, whence she would come back as bright as sunshine.

On one occasion, when painting some little girls out in the country, the artist was called upon to furnish some very quaint Georgian costumes, which so turned the pretty heads of her humble models that there were frequent tearful scenes and childish expostulations when the time came for changing the dainty frocks for the matter-of-fact pinafores of every-day life.

The effervescence of babyhood is difficult to quell, even in a studio. A little portrait model was greatly excited one morning on arriving a trifle late, and proceeded to chatter out her excuses the minute the door was opened for her, despite the gentle reproofs of her nurse.

She had not come in mummy's carriage as usual (she explained), but in such a queer place under the ground (meaning the Tu'penny Tube), where she went down on a big door into a place with holes at both ends, and where the trains came up like rabbits.

A strong light is naturally one of the important things in a studio, and the model is made to sit in the full glare of it more often than otherwise.

A little three-year-old tot was one morning sitting facing the light in blinking discomfort, when she suddenly turned round towards the artist, and said:

"I fink I could go to sleep if the blind was down."

Juvenile Choristers.

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A DUET.

For Violin and Piano.

COMPOSED BY A. DEMAIN GRANGE.

COMPASS:

A♯ (*otherwise Mr. Aubrey Sharpe*) ... A promising young Pianist.

B♭ (*otherwise Miss Bee Flatt*) ... ... An aspiring young Violinist.

The Piece is played, at first furioso, and afterwards con amore, in two adjoining rooms, at Nos. 8 and 9 Beethoven Road, Clapham. Common or any Time.

(*The Scene is divided into two apartments, by a partition running down the centre of the Stage. Each room has a door at the back, and both are furnished with the usual necessities in the way of tables, chairs, and so forth. In addition, the room on the right has a piano in it, and the one on the left contains an adjustable music stand. Piles of music* ad lib.)

(*Enter Aubrey Sharpe, in a tall hat and overcoat, through the door on the right.*)

AUBREY (*pausing in a listening attitude*). Ah! I am in luck's way for once! That fiddle-scraping fiend next door is evidently out, and consequently I can have my practice in peace. That is some comfort, anyhow! (*Lays his hat on the table and proceeds to divest himself of his overcoat.*)

What a nuisance it is having a neighbour who makes one's life miserable in that fashion! I have only been here a week, and every day since I came, my sensitive ear has been tortured by her excruciating performances. (*Thoughtfully.*) Fraulein Schmecks—that is the name on her door-plate. I wonder what she is like. Oh, I know! a scraggy, sallow-visaged person, with a pronounced German accent, an equally pronounced nose, and about as much *feeling* as a barrel-organ! *Forty*, I should say—judging from her playing!

And that reminds me, I must have old Rallentando's plate taken down immediately, or people may mistake me for *him!* True, he is a great performer, and sometimes plays at the St. James' Hall concerts, and all that sort of thing, whereas I have never as yet appeared in public. But then—*his expression!* Ugh! I flatter myself I am several streets ahead of him there! (*Sits at the piano and strikes a few preliminary chords.*)

Yes, *expression* is my strong point! (*Gives an example.*) Herr Blitzenstein tells me so, and he knows what he is saying. Music masters generally do. (*Executes a few complicated runs.*)

Then dear little Bee admires my playing, and *she* is a very good judge. (*Plays reflectively.*) What a pity we have quarrelled though. I quite miss seeing her home after her lesson, and carrying her portfolio—and paying her 'bus fares—as I used to do. Now she won't as much as look at me, and since she changed her rooms I don't even know where she lives. And we—*we were almost engaged!* (*Plays fast and furiously.*)

(*Enter Bee Flatt into the room on the left. She is dressed in outdoor costume, and carries a violin case in her hand.*)

BEE (*as the piano suddenly ceases*). Now, what a shame! Just as I wanted to have half an hour's quiet practice I am to be disturbed by that piano-thumping old horror next door!

AUBREY (*selecting a piece of music*). This is glorious.

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"This ought to do it nicely!"

BEE. I call it simply monstrous! (*Bangs the violin case down upon the table and pulls off her gloves.*) Signor Rallentando indeed! I suppose that means a nasty, rat-like little Italian, with greasy hair, a smile still greasier, and finger-nails like the edge of a mourning card! (*Throws down her gloves and takes off her hat and jacket.*)

What an intolerable nuisance some people are! It is barely a week since I changed into these rooms, and already my nerves are quite shattered by that horrible jangle. I am sure Aubrey would never make himself so disagreeable. But then, the dear boy couldn't if he tried! (*Sits thoughtfully.*)

Poor Aubrey! I am sorry I quarrelled with him, because I—well, I think he really does care for me a little. He was *so* good about those 'bus fares! Ah, yes! I would make it up, willingly, only I don't know his address, and I haven't seen him for nearly a fortnight now. And that reminds me, I ought to have Fraulein Schmecks' door-plate taken down at once, or I may have all sorts of undesirable people calling upon me—possibly Signor Rallentando!

(*Rises and takes her violin out of its case. Aubrey, in the meantime having decided upon a piece, commences to play softly.*)

Ugh! Just listen! I declare it positively gives me the—the—*the ascending chromatics!*

AUBREY (*as he plays*). I am in first-rate form to-day. I wish Bee could hear me.

BEE. If *only* he would stop!

AUBREY. I'm sure she would be pleased.

BEE. It's worse than that dreadful *Nocturne!*

AUBREY. Dear little woman! How fond of me she is! She once told me she could listen to my playing for hours.

BEE (*coming down with her violin*). Oh, I can't stand this another *minute!* And what is more—I won't. *I'll break every string I've got first!* (*Proceeds to tune up viciously. Aubrey comes to a deaa stop, and slowly swings round on his stool.*)

AUBREY (*with intense disgust*). Well, I *never!*

BEE (*with satisfaction*). I thought *that* would startle him!

AUBREY. What a mean, cowardly advantage to take! She knows very well *I* can't tune up!

BEE. And now for something—*crushing!* (*Rummages through her music.*)

AUBREY. But I'll be even with her if I have to smash every note in the piano—and the loud pedal into the bargain. (*Hastily selects another piece.*)

BEE. This ought to do it nicely! (*Places a sheet of music on the stand.*)

AUBREY (*pushing back his cuffs*). Now for some *execution!*

BEE (*waving her bow dramatically*). *Fortissimo!*

(*They begin playing together in markedly different times and keys, each trying to drown the other, until finally they both stop exhausted.*)

BEE (*sinking into a chair*). It's no use! I can't keep it up any longer!

AUBREY (*leaning forward on the piano*). Phew! I'm done. That woman would paralyse Paganini himself!

BEE (*listening*). It seems to have had some effect, anyhow! Perhaps, if I made another effort, I could subdue him altogether.

AUBREY (*thoughtfully*). Hum! She is evidently rather *played out!* I might do it yet.

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BEE (*starting to her feet*). I have it!

AUBREY (*springing up*). By Jove!

BEE. The very thing! I'll lower my E string half a tone! (*Does so promptly.*)

AUBREY. An excellent idea! I wonder I never thought of it before. (*Sits again at the piano.*)

BEE. If this doesn't finish him—*he's no true artist!*

AUBREY. If she will persist in playing out of season, I shall play—*out of tune!*

(*They both re-commence together, the effect produced by the lowered string and Aubrey's disregard of all sharps and flats being weird and harrowing in the extreme. After a few singularly lively moments Bee puts down her instrument in despair.*)

BEE. I can't—really I can't! It's too terrible for words! (*Sits despondently.*)

AUBREY (*jumping up*). That's more than I can stand! I'm beaten—I admit it—beaten on the *flat!* (*Paces wildly to and fro.*)

BEE. He's much too *sharp* for me! I must find some other way. Let me see. I could send a note, of course. But—— (*Glances at the violin.*) M'yes! *Notes* are so unsatisfactory! (*Starting up and hastily putting on her hat.*) I know! I'll just run round and see him personally. That will be much better; and he can't—well, he can't *talk out of tune!* (*Goes quickly out, closing the door behind her.*)

AUBREY (*striding up and down angrily*). *This* sort of thing must be put a stop to! It's perfectly intolerable that I can't sit down to a quiet half-hour's practice without being disturbed every time by that cantankerous old she-cat next door! I feel sure she only does it to annoy me. She can't possibly imagine that stuff is *music!* That would be too absurd, really. Now if it was dear little Bee—well, it would be quite another thing! She *has* some notion of playing the violin. But that woman—she doesn't even realise that the violin is a musical instrument! (*Comes to a standstill by the piano.*) Confound it! I feel thoroughly upset. I've half a mind to run down to old Blitzenstein on the chance of finding Bee there. By Jove, I will! (*Taking out some coppers.*) Yes, I can just manage a 'bus fare—in case of accident! (*Goes quickly to the door and opens it as* BEE *arrives on the landing outside.*)

BEE (*speaking to someone behind her*). Signor Rallentando not here? But, my good woman—— (*Turns and comes face to face with* AUBREY.)

AUBREY (*stepping back*). Bee!

BEE (*entering*). Mr. Sharpe!

AUBREY (*closing the door*). I *am* glad to see you.

BEE (*looking round*). Yes, but where—where is Signor Rallentando?

AUBREY. Oh, he left some weeks ago! Do you know him?

BEE. No—not exactly. I saw his name on the door, and—and——

AUBREY. Ah, yes. I must really have that plate taken down.

BEE (*aghast*). Then *you* live here?

AUBREY. Certainly, I do. I came here last Tuesday.

BEE (*eagerly*). And you've *been here a week?*

AUBREY (*innocently*). A week to-day exactly.

BEE (*expressively*). *Oh!* (*Turns away with a strange smile.*)

AUBREY. But won't you sit down? It seems *ages* since I saw you last.

"Hum! she is evidently rather *played out!* I might do it yet."

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BEE (*dropping into a chair*). Yes, nearly a fortnight.

AUBREY. Ah! I have no knowledge of time where you are concerned! (*Draws up a chair and sits near her.*)

BEE. Evidently not, Mr. Sharpe.

AUBREY. A fortnight—a month—a year; it is all an age to me without you, Bee. (*Takes her hand gently.*)

BEE. You have missed me *so* much?

AUBREY. More than I can ever tell you! (*Sighs deeply.*)

BEE. Poor boy! But then, you—you have had your music to console you. (*Waves her hand vaguely towards the piano.*)

AUBREY (*doubtfully*). Yes—yes, of course!

BEE (*offended*). Oh!

AUBREY (*hastily*). I mean, it might have *helped* me—if——

BEE (*expectantly*). If?

AUBREY. If it hadn't been for that wretch of a woman next door!

BEE (*withdrawing her hand quickly*). Ah! *She* interrupted you, did she?

AUBREY (*gloomily*). You don't know what I've suffered during the last week! Every time I've sat down to play, she has driven me almost crazy with her hideous performances on the violin.

BEE (*indignantly*). Has she indeed!

AUBREY. Yes, I never heard anything so excruciating before. It positively made me writhe!

BEE (*sarcastically*). *Poor thing!*

AUBREY (*soothingly*). Come, come, you mustn't be jealous!

BEE (*clenching her hand convulsively*). Oh, I'm not jealous! I'm only—*interested!*

AUBREY. I should say she was forty, if she was a day!

BEE (*springing up*). Sir!

AUBREY. You don't believe it?

BEE. No, sir, I do *not!* (*Paces angrily up and down.*)

AUBREY (*rising*). Why, Bee, whatever is the matter? You seem as put out as if I had said *you* were forty.

BEE. Exactly!

AUBREY. Which, of course, would be absurd.

BEE. Isn't it—I mean, wouldn't it!

AUBREY. Absolutely.

BEE (*pulling out her pocket handkerchief*). As—as absurd as saying I played the violin hid-hideously.

AUBREY. Come, little woman, you are not yourself to-day. (*Takes her hand between his own.*)

BEE (*tearfully*). Ap-apparently not. (*Sobs and dabs her eyes alternately.*)

AUBREY. You know you play divinely.

BEE. Do—do I?

AUBREY. Of course you do! But what you want, dear, is taking out of yourself a little.

BEE. Wh-which self?

AUBREY. Your present self. Now, if only we could have run through our favourite duet——

BEE (*with sudden inspiration*). Oh, let us.

AUBREY. Yes, but—you haven't got your instrument.

BEE. Yes, I have! That is, I left it—er—*downstairs!*

AUBREY (*delightedly*). Then run and fetch it.

BEE. I will! (*Goes out quickly.* AUBREY *crosses to the piano.*)

AUBREY (*thoughtfully*). She seems to be very much upset to-day. Her manner is so strange; and then, what a peculiar attitude for her to take up with regard to Fraulein Schmecks. Surely they can't be great friends, or—or something dreadful like that! Hum—*hardly!* I think I can make my mind easy on that point! But I should like to know what she wanted with old Rallantando all the same! (*Shakes his head and proceeds to search through several large piles of music. At this point* BEE *bursts into the other room.*)

BEE (*excitedly*). Extraordinary, incomprehensible! Here have I been living next door to Aubrey for a whole week, *and never knew it!* Ha! ha! ha! Could anything be more ridiculous than my taking him for Signor Rallentando—unless it is his *mis*taking me for Fraulein Schmecks! Well, I've got the odds in my favour this time, and we shall see—we shall see! (*Snatches up the violin and rushes out with it. After a short interval, during which* AUBREY *diligently continues his search, she enters demurely through the door on the right.*)

AUBREY (*looking up*). Have you got it?

BEE (*nodding*). Yes.

AUBREY. All right then—here we are. (*Places a piece of music on the piano and takes his seat.*)

BEE (*coming down to his side*). I—I hope we shall keep better time than we did on the last occasion.

AUBREY (*surprised*). Why, I thought we played perfectly. Don't you remember, old Blitzenstein said it was "unbaralleled"?

BEE (*smiling*). Oh, yes, *it was!* You begin, I think.

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(AUBREY *nods, and plays over the symphony, after which* BEE *joins him in an effective little tremulo passage. Unfortunately, however, she has forgotten to screw up the lowered E string, with the result that they both come to a dead stop in the midst of a perfect chaos of discord.*)

AUBREY. Good gracious! Your E string is half a tone out.

BEE (*confusedly*). Yes. I—I forgot to tune it up again.

AUBREY (*starting to his feet*). *You forgot to tune it up again!*

BEE (*in still deeper confusion*). These pegs are too loose, you know, and I slipped—I mean, *it* slipped, and—and——

AUBREY (*in horror-stricken tones*). Bee, what does this mean?

BEE (*evasively*). What does what mean?

AUBREY (*with solemn impressiveness*). *That woman, too, was out half a tone on her E string!*

BEE. How singular!

AUBREY. Yes, it is *singular*. In other words, I believe that you and she *are one!*

BEE. One what?

AUBREY (*angrily*). Don't temporise! I mean—*that you are Fraulein Schmecks.*

BEE (*smiling demurely*). Ah, yes! I really must have that plate taken down.

AUBREY (*decisively*). Never—*never will I speak to you again!*

(*Thrusts his hands deeply into his pockets, and marches up the centre of the room.*)

BEE (*with sudden alarm*). Oh, dear! What have I done?

AUBREY. You have deceived me shamefully!

BEE (*going towards him*). But, Mr. Sharpe—Aubrey—you forget! It is I who ought to be offended. Yes, *I*—that wretch of a woman whose hideous and excruciating performances on the violin positively made you writhe, and who—*who was forty if she was a day!*

AUBREY (*turning quickly*). And do you think I should have said all that if I—well, if I had known it was you!

BEE. I don't mind the other a bit. But—*forty!* That is *too much!* (*Again has resource to her handkerchief.*)

AUBREY (*relenting*). There, there! don't cry, darling! After all, it was only a mistake, and I didn't mean it, on my honour I didn't! Why, when you come to think it over, it was really rather funny!

BEE (*brightly*). Oh, wasn't it!

AUBREY (*laughing*). Fancy us two sitting on either side of that wall and swearing——

BEE (*quickly*). I didn't *swear*, Aubrey!

AUBREY. Well, grumbling at one another like that for a whole week.

BEE. It wasn't very neighbourly, was it!

AUBREY. No. We are told we ought to love our neighbour as ourself, aren't we? (*Takes her hand once more.*)

BEE (*shyly*). I—I believe so.

AUBREY. Then don't you think *we* could manage to be a little more—*neighbourly?*

BEE (*lowering her eyes*). We might!

AUBREY. Shall we try?

BEE. If you like, Aubrey.

AUBREY (*taking her in his arms*). There is nothing I should like better in the whole world! (*Kisses her.*)

BEE (*looking up into his face*). And, Aubrey, we must try to play together a little more harmoniously in the future.

AUBREY. Practice makes perfect.

BEE. Then—let us practice now! (*They go to the piano and give a perfect rendering of their duet.*)

AL FINE.

CELIA.

I.

The deepest blue in Heaven's vault
Is shamed by Celia's eye.
No rose, however ruby red,
With Celia's lips can vie.

II.

No coral pink from ocean's bed
With Celia's ears can pair;
The golden sunset pales before
The tresses of her hair.

III.

The lightest thistledown that blows,
Or snowflake overhead,
No lighter touches on the ground,
Than Celia's fairy tread.

IV.

Her voice—whene'er she sings, the birds
For envy sheer, are mute,
No ear hath ever heard the like,
Since Orpheus play'd his lute.

V.

Her heart—nay is there need to ask,
Encased in such a shrine?
One thought alone sufficeth me—
That Celia's heart is mine.

Clifford Barlow.

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THE STRANGE ERRANDS OF A MESSENGER BOY.

Being Extracts From the Surprising History of David David, District Messenger.

By
Allen Upward.

No. I.—THE WAGER IN THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

"Hotel Metropole!" called out the Superintendent, as the paper ribbon rolled out between his fingers in the Charing Cross branch of the District Messenger Company. "Next boy!"

A small, sturdy lad of fourteen, with bright, restless eyes, and a happy smile of self-satisfaction on his face, sprang from his seat at the head of the bench provided by the Company for its youthful Mercuries, and stepped up to the counter.

"Hundred?" said the clerk, giving him a glance of good-humoured irony. "Here's another chance to make your fortune. Hotel Metropole—sure to be a countess this time, at the very least. Wants you to fetch her coronet from the Tower o' London, I expect." He scribbled some figures hastily on a pink, printed paper. "Here you are. Three-twenty. Look sharp; and don't go dropping the coronet down a drain, while you're about it."

"You leave me alone," No. 100 said wrathfully. "I don't believe you'd know a coronet from a brass spirit-lamp, not if you was to see one." He tucked the paper into the small satchel slung on his belt, as he fired off this retort, and bolted out of the office at a pace which would have gladdened the heart of the General Manager of the Company.

The initial velocity was not maintained, however, for, by some mysterious law not unlike that discovered by the great Newton with regard to falling bodies, it has been found by science that the speed of a boy messenger varies inversely with the square of the distance from his branch office.

As he turned the corner into Northumberland Avenue, 100's run subsided into a walk, and as he strolled up the steps of the big hotel he whistled with an air of careless independence, intended to impress the well-fed pages of the establishment with a sense of their inferiority.

Number 100 was a recent recruit to that picturesque corps whose adventures are a part of the romance of London. In private life he was known as David David, and as his name showed, he was a little Welshman by birth, though ever since he could remember he had lived in Camberwell, where his father was an Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.

Like a true Celt, David had a strong vein of romance in his disposition. His ambition was to join the detective branch of the force to which his father belonged, but as the age limit at which constables are enlisted has been fixed so as to exclude boys of fourteen, David was obliged to look for some other opening when he left school.

It was thus that he decided to offer his services to the District Messenger Company. Two of his greatest friends, Larry Maloney and Elbert Inkson—some authorities wrote Albert Hinkson—had already been enrolled in the regiment of London's little couriers,

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and their smart uniforms had struck envy into the heart of every Albany Road boy. A halo of romance surrounded them, the wildest legends being current about the exploits of the brigade.

The voice of rumour was confirmed by the testimony of Larry Maloney, whose handiness with his fists would have made it dangerous to question his accuracy. According to him, a day seldom passed without a boy messenger being sent by a millionaire to the Bank of England to cash a million pound banknote for gold; while it was quite a common thing for one to be engaged by a duke to convey a diamond tiara to some popular actress.

David had drunk in his friend's narratives with greedy ears, and when he first approached the head office of the Messenger Company in Saint Martin's Lane, he felt a thrill like Aladdin's when the wicked magician sent him down the subterranean staircase in search of the Wonderful Lamp. He was a boy who was firmly convinced of his own importance, and he quite expected to find himself already known to the General Manager by repute, as the only boy in the Albany Road School who had passed the sixth standard that quarter.

It was a severe shock to learn that the General Manager did not even want to see him, and that the gentleman who took down his name and address had never heard of his father, Inspector David, famous as the captor of the great Denmark Hill burglar.

However, when his application was successful, and he was engaged at the high salary of seven shillings a week, he consoled himself with the thought that the Company were entertaining an angel unawares, and that ere long, when the newspapers rang with his exploits, and the fame of Jaggers paled before his, the directors would feel ashamed of the indifference with which they had received him into their service.

The first day he put on his brand new uniform, and strutted out into the street, with his cap jauntily cocked over his right ear, he felt only less conspicuous than the Lord Mayor in his gilt coach. He fancied that everyone in the street was going to turn and stare at him, and it was a great disappointment to find that the public received his advent quite calmly, and that the only persons who really paid any attention to his appearance in their midst were some vulgar boys at the corner of Wardour Street, who insulted him by cries of "Jaggers!" and "Fourpence a mile!"

Fortunately, David's good opinion of himself was far too firmly based for him to treat this idle mockery as anything but the tribute which envy pays to greatness. In the same way, his strong faith in his destiny kept him from losing hope when the first weeks of his employment brought him no adventures more sensational than a ride to Ealing *via* the Underground with a mysterious brown paper parcel alleged to contain shirts, but suspected really to hold secret Masonic insignia: and a commission which a proud boy could ill stomach, to lead out an old lady's pug-dog for an hour in St. James's Park.

Every new call roused the Welsh boy's imagination afresh, and he never stepped out of the office without conjuring up a hundred romantic possibilities. It was in such a mood that he presented himself before the hall-porter of the Hotel Metropole, and asked, with a touch of condescension, what he was wanted for.

"Number 904 wants you," said the functionary, with severe indifference. "Go up in the lift, fourth floor, along the corridor to the right, and second turn to the left."

David repeated these directions to himself as he ascended in the lift, and by bearing them in mind arrived at length at the right door.

"Come in," a voice called out sharply in answer to his knock.

David threw open the door, and found himself facing a thin man with greyish hair and a drooping moustache, who was on his knees amid a pile of clothes and linen, while a large portmanteau, with a name stamped on the outside, rested on a luggage stand against the wall.

The kneeling gentleman, whose manner appeared rather flurried, threw a keen glance at the messenger who appeared in the doorway, and then rose to his feet with an expression of relief.

"What's your name, boy?" he said.

"David David, sir," answered that individual, already scenting some business of an out-of-the-way kind.

"Good," said the gentleman in a friendly tone of voice. "Now you look to me a smart boy, and I'm going to trust you. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, sir," David responded promptly, his heart swelling as he felt that his anticipations were coming true, and that he was at last on the brink of a real adventure.

"Right! Then I'll tell you all about it. I want you to help me win a bet. It's very important; I have a lot of money on it, and

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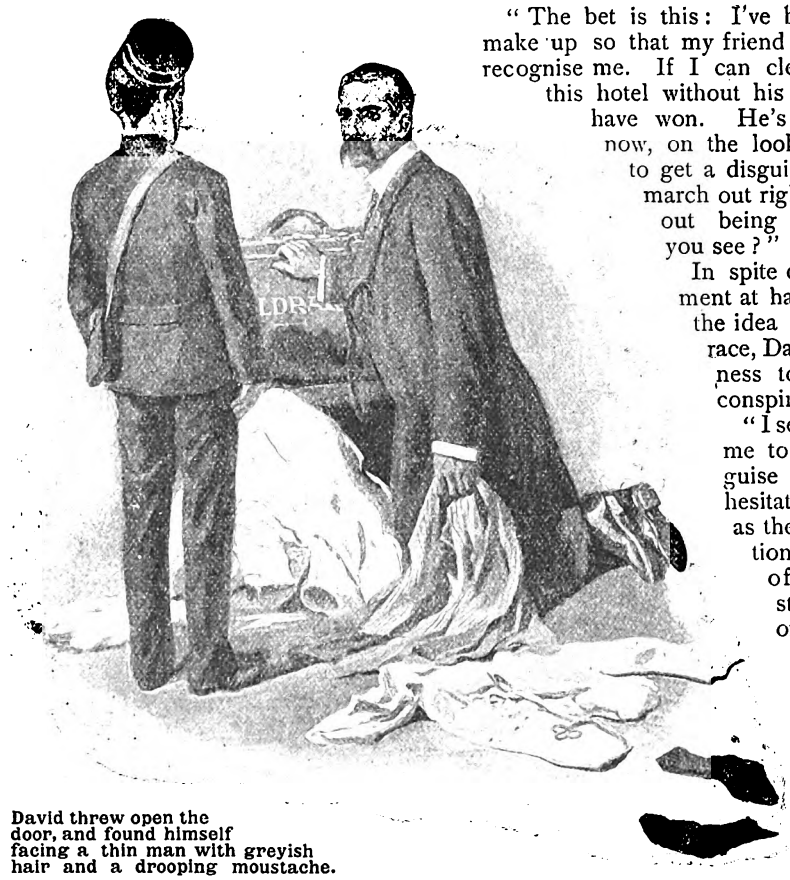

David threw open the door, and found himself facing a thin man with greyish hair and a drooping moustache.

besides, I want to score off the gentleman I made it with—you understand? If you help me, and I succeed in winning the wager, you shall have half a sovereign for yourself. What do you say?"

David could only say "Thank you." Half a sovereign was a big sum to him; it meant unlimited fireworks and sweets and—this is in strict confidence—packets of Kitchener cigarettes, each packet containing six slender rolls of pale tobacco, and a portrait of the hero of Khartoum, all for the modest price of one penny. David's earnings as a district messenger had to be strictly accounted for to Inspector David, and the balance allowed him for luxuries was only sixpence a week, so that the bribe now dangled before him represented nearly six months' pocket money.

Needless to say, he was all curiosity to learn the terms of the wager. The idea that instantly presented itself to his active mind was that he was to be sent on a motor-car to race the mail to John o' Groats. When the explanation came it was a little disappointing.

"The bet is this: I've backed myself to make up so that my friend won't be able to recognise me. If I can clear away out of this hotel without his knowing, I shall have won. He's waiting outside now, on the look out, and I want to get a disguise so that I can march out right past him without being suspected. Do you see?"

In spite of his disappointment at having to abandon the idea of the motor-car race, David was all eagerness to enter into the conspiracy.

"I see, sir. You want me to help you to disguise yourself." He hesitated for an instant as the brilliant suggestion crossed his mind of offering the stranger the use of his own uniform. But the contrast between the gentleman's height, which was that of a fairly tall man, and his own four feet six inches seemed to constitute a fatal objection to the plan. "I tell you what, sir," he said, after a moment's reflection, "I'm not tall enough, quite, myself, but there's a boy round at our office who's nearly five foot six. Larry Maloney's his name, and if he's there now I might get him to come round and change clothes with you."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly.

"That's not half a bad idea," he replied. "But I don't want anyone else to know besides our two selves, and I'm afraid my friend outside is sharp enough to recognise my face, unless I wore a hat that sheltered me a bit more than that cap of yours."

"You could shave off your moustache, sir," David suggested.

"I'm going to do that, anyway. But I'm determined to have a thoroughly good disguise, one that my own mother wouldn't know me in, and I want you to go round to one of those theatrical costumiers in Bow Street, and bring it to me."

"What sort of disguise, sir?" asked David, whose parents had brought him up to

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consider theatres as the forecourts of perdition, and whose knowledge of the drama consequently did not extend beyond the modicum of Shakespeare required for the sixth Standard, "Henry the Eighth" or "Julius Cæsar."

"Never mind," the gentleman answered with a mysterious smile. "You'll see when you bring it here. I've written what I want in this letter; and here's a ten pound note, out of which you can pay for it, and bring me the change. Make haste," he added as David thrust the letter and the note into his wallet, and turned to go. "Every moment is important. The sooner I get away the more likely I am to win the bet. Take a cab if you like, to come back."

The boy hurried off, and sprang down the stairs of the hotel without waiting for the lift. As he emerged from the building he glanced up and down Northumberland Avenue, and there on the pavement outside, sure enough, he saw a stoutly-built man, looking something like a country grazier, sauntering up and down and keeping one eye turned towards the steps of the Metropole. David felt a throb of excitement as he walked past, almost brushing against the watcher's elbow. The next moment he had crossed the road and was hurrying down the Strand.

It did not take him long to find a shop in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden whose display in the window of a varied assortment of wigs, swords, uniforms and other theatrical accessories assured him that he might do his errand inside. Passing through a glass-panelled door, he found himself in the presence of a handsome lady with dark features and an aquiline nose, to whom he delivered his letter.

The lady took it and glanced at the envelope with evident suspicion.

"There's no address," she observed. "How do I know this is for us? Who sent you here?"

"It says inside," the boy answered, determined not to risk his employer's secret.

"I ain't going to open a letter that's not addressed to me," the lady objected. "Take it back and tell whoever sent you to put some one's name on it."

David did not hesitate. Taking the missive from the lady's hands, he tore open the envelope himself, and took out the contents. As his eye fell on the letter he caught the words "Charley's Aunt," and the signature, "George Smith."

Somehow the signature struck him as strange. The next moment he recollected that the name he had seen stamped on the portmanteau in the hotel had not been Smith, though he could not call to mind what it was.

He handed the open letter back to the lady of the shop, who this time consented to read it. She did so half to herself, and half aloud, with a muttered commentary.

"Private theatricals. Wants a costume immediately, does he? Oh, Charley's Aunt. Send by the bearer. Well, and how on earth can I tell how to fit him, I should like to know? He doesn't even say what height he is!"

"The gentleman's a head and shoulders taller than me," put in the boy, who was all impatience to receive his burden and get back to the hotel.

"I daresay he is. He's not likely to be shorter," retorted the lady with ill-humour. "I must do the best I can, I suppose; but ten to one he'll send it back again, and want to change it. Why can't people have sense?" She was turning away towards the back of the shop, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Has he sent the money?" she demanded sharply, facing David with a threatening mien.

"Oh yes, ma'am, he gave me a ten-pound note." The boy produced it triumphantly.

The sight had a softening effect on the mistress of the shop.

"I suppose it's a good one?" she grumbled, fingering it suspiciously.

"If you don't think so, I'll go somewhere else," returned David with spirit. "I haven't come here to be insulted."

"Nobody's insulting you. You keep your temper, my dear," advised the lady. But she made no further objections, and disappeared into the back premises, leaving David to investigate the contents of the front shop at his leisure.

The boy was fascinated by the rich display around him. Swords and spears, helmets and crowns, chain armour and robes trimmed with ermine, made him feel as if he had strayed into the wardrobe of one of those fine, old-fashioned kings who never used to take off their crowns day or night, and seldom sat down to dinner without having chopped off the heads of half-a-dozen rebels against their authority.

He was particularly taken by a magnificent gilt crown, with spikes like the petals of a sunflower, and studded with glowing rubies the size of walnuts. He first gazed earnestly at this sumptuous object, then approached it, fingered it, lifted it up, and finally, removing his cap, placed it on his own round head, where

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it rested somewhere about the bridge of his nose.

A glance at an adjoining mirror suggested that his costume lacked completeness. He cautiously took down a purple velvet robe from its peg, and threw it over his shoulders, from whence it trailed in graceful folds along the ground. Next, grasping a two-handed blade as a sword of state, he strutted before the glass, exclaiming delightedly:

"I look like Henry the Eighth on his way to visit fair Rosamund!"

A very different person from fair Rosamund interrupted the coronation ceremony. This was the black-browed mistress of the shop, who inopportunely returned at this juncture.

"You young imp, how dare you! I'll make a complaint of you, I will!"

David wheeled rapidly round and faced the enraged lady in all his royal splendour.

"What's the matter now?" he returned with ready wit. "Can't I try on these things to see if they fit me. I'm going to buy them, aren't I? How much do you want for this lot?"

Fairly staggered by his coolness, the lady gasped for breath before answering.

"I don't believe as I ever did! How much? Why, that robe alone is two-pound fifteen, and that's a reduction for being soiled. And that crown is—let me see—these crowns are a cheap line—say twenty-five shillings. But the sword's real, and I couldn't do it a penny under four pound ten."

"That's too much. I won't have the sword," said David, laying it down with a fine air of deliberation. "But I'll take the other things. How long can you give me to pay?"

"How long?" The lady's suspicions revived at this question. "Not an hour. This is a cash place, and those things don't leave till they're paid for."

"Will you take ten shillings down, and sixpence a week after?" asked the boy, as he reluctantly prepared to lift off his glittering head-dress.

A snort of rage burst from the lady, as she perceived that she had been played with.

"Young impudence! You just take off those things, and clear out of this before I send the police after you. I'm going to write to the Company to-night."

David hastily doffed the crown and mantle of his borrowed dignity, took up the fat parcel which the lady had laid on the counter, and tendered the banknote in payment.

The lady's just wrath did not render her incapable of arithmetical calculation. She ran over the items concealed in the package in a husky whisper, and finally tendered the messenger the exact sum of £2 19*s.* 6*d.* change. As soon as he had clutched the money the boy darted out of the shop, without staying to listen to the lady's farewell remarks, which were neither friendly nor flattering.

No cab being in sight, he walked down at a brisk pace to the Strand. As he passed the office of the *Morning Post*, his eye was struck by something familiar in the contents of a *Star* placard displayed outside.

THE GREAT WILL CASE.

SHELDRAKE CROSS-EXAMINED.

Suddenly it flashed on the boy's mind that Sheldrake was the name he had seen stamped on the portmanteau in room No. 904. Evidently the owner of the portmanteau had not signed his own name to the letter just delivered. David wondered carelessly if he could be the same man whose cross-examination seemed to be exciting the interest of the readers of the *Star*. He was half tempted to buy a paper, and read the case, but remembering the injunction he had received to make haste, he turned away and sped back to the hotel.

He hardly recognised the gentleman in No. 904, when he again opened the door and found himself in his presence. Mr. Sheldrake, if that were indeed his name, had taken advantage of the interval to apply a razor to his upper lip, and the complete disappearance of the moustache had wrought a great change in his appearance. It was a change for the worse. With his moustache No. 904 had appeared a weak, distracted individual; without it he looked a rogue.

He welcomed the return of his messenger with ill-concealed impatience, and hardly stopped to count the change from the ten-pound note.

"That's right," he exclaimed, tearing at the string of the parcel. "Now you can help me on with the things."

The parcel, being opened, proved to contain a black bombazine dress, a poke bonnet to match, and, most important of all, a grey wig with weird ringlets on each side of the face. When Mr. Sheldrake slipped this last property over his head, David felt justified in assuring him that his success in the wager was absolutely assured.

First of all, however, he assisted the gentleman on with the bombazine skirt, in order to wear which he had to doff his frock coat.

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He was about to pack that garment into the portmanteau by the wall, when David ventured a suggestion.

"Aren't you afraid, sir, that your friend may see your name on the portmanteau?"

The gentleman started.

"You are right, my boy. I clean forgot that. What the deuce can I do? A new portmanteau would look suspicious, wouldn't it?"

"There's a shop in the Strand, sir, near the foot of Bedford Street, where they sell second-hand trunks and things."

"Good! The very thing! You're a smart boy, and I sha'n't forget you," said the gentleman with enthusiasm.

David fairly blushed beneath the praise.

"I'll go straight off and get a portmanteau for you, sir, while you finish dressing," he said.

Mr. Sheldrake handed him two sovereigns, and a shilling for a cab, and he departed on his mission.

It is needless to say that Mr. Sheldrake's friend was still patrolling the pavement outside the hotel. David glanced at him curiously as he passed, and was relieved to find that the watcher took no notice of his coming and going.

It did not take him long to reach the shop he had described, and to bargain for a portmanteau about the same size as the one he had left in No. 904. He was fortunate enough to secure it for thirty-five shillings, and placing it on a cab, returned to the Metropole in triumph.

He found a figure which fairly astonished him when he turned the door-handle of No. 904. Mr. Sheldrake had completely vanished, and in his stead there stood revealed an absurd old woman of the Mid-Victorian period, almost a caricature of the aunt of the last generation. The disguise was perfect, and David felt no doubt of his employer being able to elude the scrutiny of the rather obtuse-looking individual outside the hotel.

"You'll do, sir!" he exclaimed. "You're just perfect! I shouldn't have known you myself if I hadn't helped you to try on the things."

The pretended lady rewarded him by adding the promised half-sovereign to the change from the purchase of the portmanteau.

"Now," he said, "there's only one thing more I want you to do while I'm putting my things into this portmanteau. Go out and get me a cab. Make the man draw up outside the entrance, and tell him he is to take a lady to the General Steam Navigation Company's boat for Ostend, Saint Katherine's Wharf, London Bridge."

"I'd better get a four-wheeler, hadn't I?" David asked. "It'll look more in keeping."

"It won't go so fast," Mr. Sheldrake objected. "Still, I suppose you're right—it will look more natural. My friend isn't likely to look so closely at a four-wheeler, and once I'm clear away from the hotel I shall be secure."

"You'll have won the bet, then, won't you, sir?"

"Yes, of course. That's what I meant. I shall have won the bet. But, mind, you have got to explain to the cabman where he is to go. I don't want to have to speak to him when I'm getting into the cab."

"All right, sir. I'll see to that."

David went down again, delighted with the approaching success of the intrigue. He had to go as far as the Underground station before he found a four-wheel cab. He carefully explained to the driver where he was required to go.

"It's a nervous old lady," he added, by way of making the thing more real. "But she'll pay you well if you drive straight off and don't bother her. Saint Katherine's Wharf, remember."

"I know," growled the cabman. "'Tain't the first time I've driven to catch the Hosten' boat."

David got into the cab, and enjoyed the luxury of being driven up in state to the Hotel Metropole. A conceited hall-boy rushed down the steps to open the door of the cab, and was painfully disconcerted to find a boy messenger inside.

"Thank you, my lad," said David, in a tone of gracious condescension, which aggravated his rival almost to the point of frenzy. "You can stay here and see that nobody else goes off with the cab while I'm inside paying the bill."

He went up to No. 904, where the representative of Charley's Aunt was waiting impatiently.

"I've settled my account," said the gentleman, "and I think it will look better if one of the hotel porters carries out my portmanteau, and puts it on to the cab. But I tell you what I should like you to do. Go down again, and if you see my friend hanging about, go up to him and pretend to ask him the way to Clapham Junction or Olympia, or somewhere a good way off, so as to distract his attention while I'm getting in."

Lost in admiration of Mr. Sheldrake's powers of strategy, David willingly consented to play his part in this last manœuvre.

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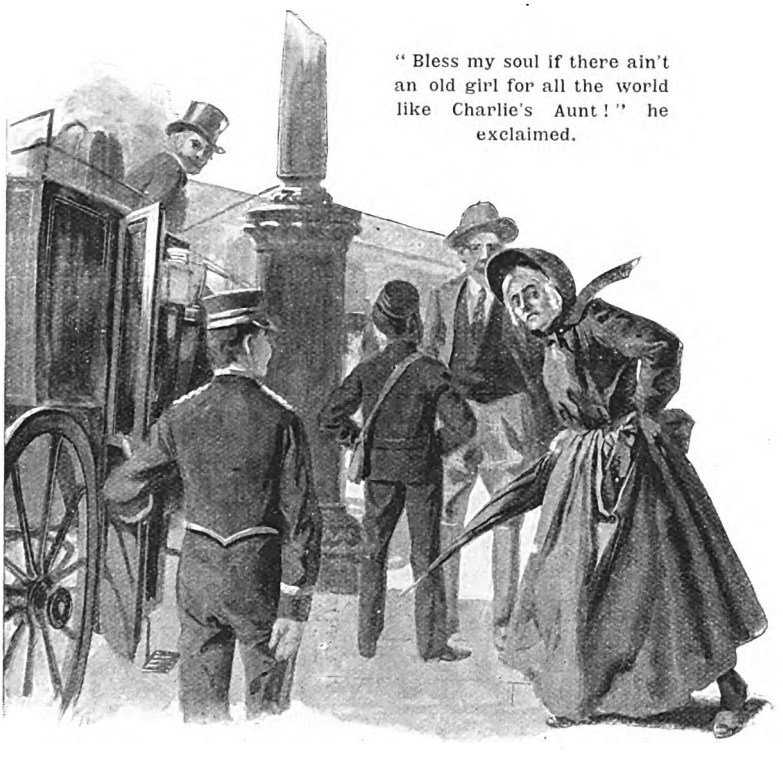

"Bless my soul if there ain't an old girl for all the world like Charlie's Aunt!" he exclaimed.

Sauntering slowly out on the steps of the hotel, he glanced up and down the Avenue, as if undecided which way to turn, and caught sight of the seeming grazier engaged in friendly conversation with the driver of the cab which was to convey the old lady to Saint Katherine's Wharf.

With his heart in his mouth at this ominous conjunction, the boy came down the steps and approached Mr. Sheldrake's friend.

"If you please, sir," he said, putting on a look of innocence which would have deceived a schoolmaster, "can you tell me the best way to get to Clapham Junction?"

"Clapham Junction!" exclaimed the man he addressed. "Blest if I know the way to get there from here! What do you say, cabby? How's this lad to get to Clapham Junction?"

As the question was put, the same hall-boy who had opened the cab-door five minutes earlier emerged from the hotel carrying the portmanteau which David had been instrumental in procuring.

"Here you are, cabby. Outside."

Distracted by this interruption, the cabman neglected to answer the inquiry about Clapham Junction. The other man turned again to David.

"A cab would be quickest, I expect," he began. "The South-Eastern don't run there, I think——" He broke off, and stared hard at the quaint figure which now appeared descending the steps of the hotel.

"Bless my soul if there ain't an old girl for all the world like Charley's Aunt!" he exclaimed.

David felt himself turning hot and cold by turns. He made an effort to draw off the attention of the enemy. "What railway does run there?" he said, moving so as to place himself between the man he was speaking to and the open door of the cab. "Must I go to Waterloo or Victoria?"

The man emitted a low whistle.

"Well, if I ever see such a guy in all my born days!—what do you say, youngster? Waterloo or Victoria? It don't matter which, I should say; it depends on whether a train happens to be starting when you get there. Why not go over Westminster Bridge, and take a tram?—Well, she's off, anyhow."

The door of the cab was slammed-to by the page, the cabman whipped up his horse, and the vehicle swiftly disappeared under the railway bridge spanning the Embankment.

David's strained nerves gave way in a deep sigh of relief and triumph.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded Mr. Sheldrake's friend, remarking the boy's agitation.

"I can tell you now," the boy returned gleefully. "You've lost your bet!"

"Bet! What bet? What's the boy talking about?"

"Why, the bet that you made with your friend that he wouldn't be able to leave the hotel without you recognising him," David

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answered, a slight feeling of uneasiness beginning to disturb his satisfaction.

"You must be dreaming!" the man exclaimed, staring at him in bewilderment. The next instant his manner underwent a sudden change, and he gripped the boy tight by the arm.

"What's the name of the man you're talking about?" And as he saw the boy hesitate, he added sternly: "Come, make a clean breast of it, or it'll be the worse for you."

"I thought you were his friend. Mr. Sheldrake," stammered the boy, thoroughly alarmed.

"By George!"—the man gave him a glance of infinite disgust. "You've been and gone and done it, my precious sonny! Was it Sheldrake that drove off in that cab, dressed up like a female scarecrow?"

"Suppose it was," muttered David in an aggrieved tone.

"Suppose it was! Why, you young ——. Tell me, do you know where he's gone?"

"What business is that of yours?" the boy returned pertly, recovering his spirit under the influence of indignation at the man's rough handling.

"What business? Why, where have you been buried the last five days that you haven't heard of the great will case? Don't you know that that man's Sheldrake, the fellow who's been trying to prove a forged will, and that there'll be a warrant out for his arrest the moment the jury have given their verdict. I'm Sergeant Blake, of Scotland Yard, that's who I am, and I've been shadowing this chap for two days, with instructions to arrest him the moment the case is over. Now, young man, in the King's name, will you tell me where that cab has drove off to?"

Stunned by this revelation, the conscience-stricken David faltered out the address. His captor released his arm, leaped into the nearest hansom, and dashed off in pursuit of the four-wheeler.

But the Sergeant was not destined to recover the lost trail. Mr. Sheldrake had evidently been shrewd enough to foresee that the case was going against him, and had decided not to wait for the verdict of the jury, pronouncing the will to be a forgery. Apparently it was only on returning to his hotel after being cross-examined that he had taken the decision to bolt; and something had evidently made him suspect that he was being shadowed by the police. Hence his ingenious plan to get away without attracting attention.

For the same reason he had evidently given his cabman fresh orders as soon as he was round the corner.

What became of the four-wheeler and its eccentric occupant, neither the Sergeant nor David ever learnt. When the Ostend boat paid out from Saint Katherine's Wharf there was no passenger on board bearing the smallest resemblance to the gentleman who had stayed in the Hotel Metropole, or to the elderly spinster associated with the fame of Mr. Penley.

Only, in the pleasant, far-off capital of Buenos Ayres there is rumoured to be living a very clever gentleman, who pronounces Spanish with a foreign accent, and wears a drooping moustache with a remarkably full beard, and is sometimes heard to speak in kindly praise of the smartness and fidelity of the boys of the London District Messenger Service.

A THOUGHT.

I.

Would I were a red-rose flower
Growing in my lady's bower,
That I might throughout the day
Watch her while at work and play;
Hear her as she moves along,
Humming low some favourite song.
This were life, since life to me
Lies wherever she may be.

II.

If she pluck me, what care I
If at her fair hands I die,
Since her soothing, soft caress
Robs death of its bitterness.
And when dying this I know,
That those dainty lips bestow
On my form one lingering kiss—
What more pleasant death than this!

III.

But if not the scented rose,
Then the vilest weed that grows
On the pathway where she treads,
As she tends her flower-decked beds.
For thrice happy should I be
Even if she trod on me;
Since what death were half so sweet
As to die at her fair feet.

AUBREY NEWTON.

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TOMMY ATKINS' PRISON

Military Offenders are Subject to a Different Code of Punishment from an Ordinary Criminal. Care is taken that Imprisonment Should Make them not only Better Men, but Better Soldiers as well

By W. R. Willis

The British soldier has bulked very largely in the national life of late, and the military prison has been much in evidence consequent on the prolonged South African war. The life of a military offender is an aspect of military events with which the general public, however, is little familiar. An account of how he is treated in prison will probably be of interest.

Originally there were only two modes of punishment for the soldier—death or the lash. Any and every misdemeanour led him (according to the gravity of the offence) to either the gallows or the flogging-triangle. Public opinion revolted against such a barbarous method of punishing breaches of discipline, and flogging was abolished in the Army. Since then popular sentiment has been instrumental in the adoption of several important changes in the direction of the more humane treatment of the military prisoner.

There are fifteen military prisons, the largest being Aldershot, Dover, Woking, and York Castle, which can accommodate over two hundred prisoners. The men who are incarcerated therein are serving sentences for purely military offences, such as striking their superior officers, sleeping while on duty, insubordination, and so on. They are not criminals; all soldiers guilty of crime are handed over to the civil authorities. The longest term which a man serves in the military establishments is two years, all sentences of penal servitude being carried out in the penal establishments of the Home Office.

A prisoner in a military prison no longer—as in this photograph—has to wear prison clothes and be designated by a badge and number.

The keynote of the present-day treatment in military prisons is that the inmates are not criminals, but are military offenders. The prison garb, the number in substitution of a name, and all the degrading and demoralising associations of convict life are banished; it is to be hoped never to return.

Let us follow a man sentenced to undergo say twelve months' imprisonment through the various stages of his prison career, noting that the term of imprisonment to which he has been sentenced is intended not only in the nature of retribution for his offences, but to afford an opportunity for his reform. We will say he has been convicted by a court-martial at Lichfield or Preston, or any of the northern depôts. In that case he will be sent to H.M. Military Prison at York Castle, one of the largest establishments of the kind, and a thoroughly typical institution, administered by a Governor imbued with the progressive ideas which characterised Colonel Clare Garsia's administration as Inspector-General.

On entering the building the man's papers are viséd, and he is subjected to the customary searching, an inventory of his kit is taken, he is bathed, has the prison rules carefully read

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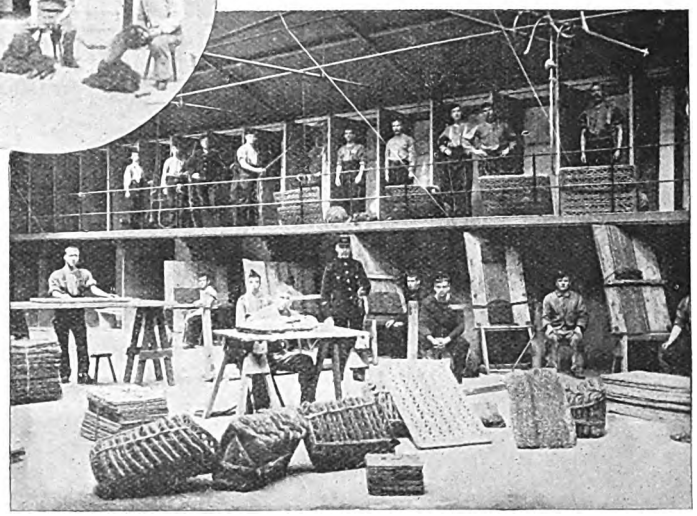

Mat-making is an industry carried on to a large extent at the military prison instead of the old-fashioned oakum picking.

and explained to him, is examined by the doctor, weighed and measured, and finally located in the cell, which will be his sleeping and living apartment when not out at work or drill, for the term of his stay in prison.

The old degrading prison garb having been abolished, the prisoner brings his full kit and his rifle, for he has to be trained as well as punished, and his efficiency as a soldier maintained. He will wear his undress uniform and will realise by his drill, and the fact that the warder staff are also non-commissioned officers on the active list and wearing military uniform, that he continues to be a soldier.

After these stages are passed he is paraded again before the governor, and once more cautioned as to his behaviour in prison, and then proceeds to work and drill.

His first course of treatment is a fortnight devoted to stone-breaking, the lowest form of labour in the series. In this way the prisoners break large quantities of stones, which are utilised for military roads in the district and at the garrison. He also receives one hour a day at physical drill, and parades daily in marching order.

The useless shot drill has been abandoned. It was a most unfortunate form of exercise, imposing a severe strain upon the physical system. It also affected the men mentally, for there is nothing so depressing as to be engaged in ceaseless and profitless labour.

Having passed through the first stage the prisoner enters the second, which, among other provisions, entitles him to industrial labour in place of stone-breaking, to sleep on a mattress, and to a corresponding increase of drill and gymnastics; also to be allowed one library book per week, etc.

Recently the authorities have added the provision of gymnasia to the larger prisons. The old treadmill chamber at York Castle has been so converted. Incidentally it may be mentioned, that the treadmill was sold for old iron to an enterprising tradesman, who forthwith transferred it, at a good profit, to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, where the curious visitor may still view this relic of the methods of refined cruelty which were adopted by the civil prison authorities of years ago.

Sacks are also sewn up from the cloth prepared in the prison.

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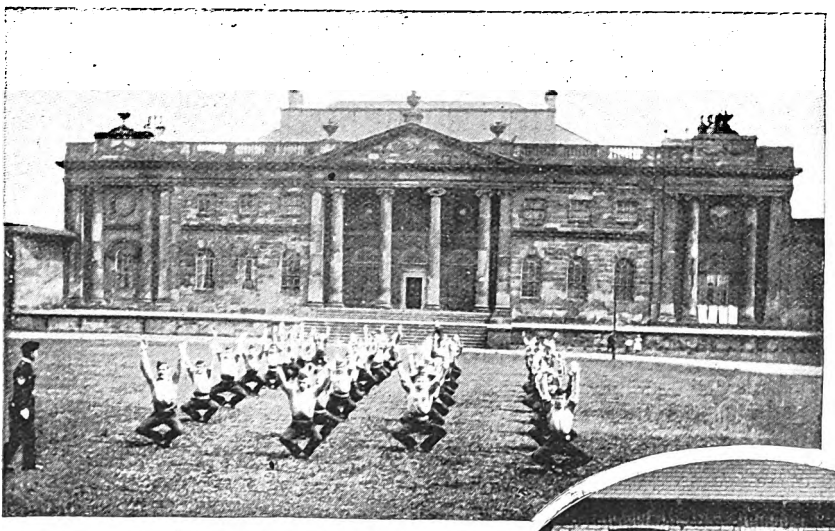
The men thoroughly appreciate the daily drill and gymnastic exercises. They also serve to maintain a good standard of conduct, as the severest punishment to which a prisoner can be submitted is the loss of his drill and exercise, and he will not recklessly jeopardise this break in the monotony of his existence. The men acquire wonderful proficiency, and practically derive the advantages of a course of higher gymnastics, with results which are both apparent and demonstrable.

It must not be supposed, however, that



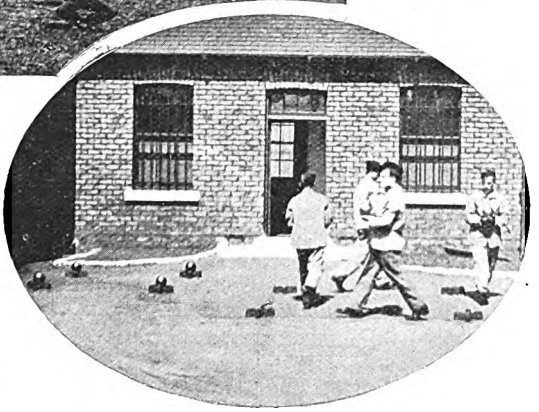
Swedish drill is now allowed, and is a great improvement——

prison life is made so attractive that the men are wishful to get in and loath to leave. It is still prison, but many of the useless and brutalising asperities have been removed, and now the object is to combine punitive with reformatory work. Various useful employments are carried on, such as wood chopping for the troops in the district, coir mat and brush-making, housemaids' kneelers, halters, tailoring, and the making of military tent beds, some 600 of which are turned out monthly.

The tasks are hard labour, but the employment is profitable. There is the loss of personal freedom; the men are locked in cells each night, and take their meals in isolation. A certain task must be performed daily, and the men are required to keep their cells—often, in the old part of the prison, diminutive little apartments—thoroughly clean. It is a pleasure to inspect many of them. The men take such evident pride in scouring their tins to the brightness of silver, while the spotlessness of the cell and its appointments recalls the scrupulously clean little interiors one meets with in Holland.

Curiously enough, the men are not taught bread-making,* an employment which is carried on in civil prisons, and which would prove of the utmost utility when troops are campaigning, as the commissariat invariably suffers from a lack of good bakers.

A certain amount of leisure each day is devoted to reading — there is an excellent library — and it was with delight that the writer found the literature most affected was that incomparable book, "Tom Brown's School-days," while Henty, Dickens, and Scott were in equally good demand.



——on the shot-drill in vogue till recently.

In one particular the military prisons compare unfavourably with the civil establishments. Remission of sentences are in the discretion of the authorities, and not automatic, as in the case of the civil prisons.

* Since writing the above bread-making for prison consumption has been approved, and has commenced at Dover and York Castle Military Prisons.

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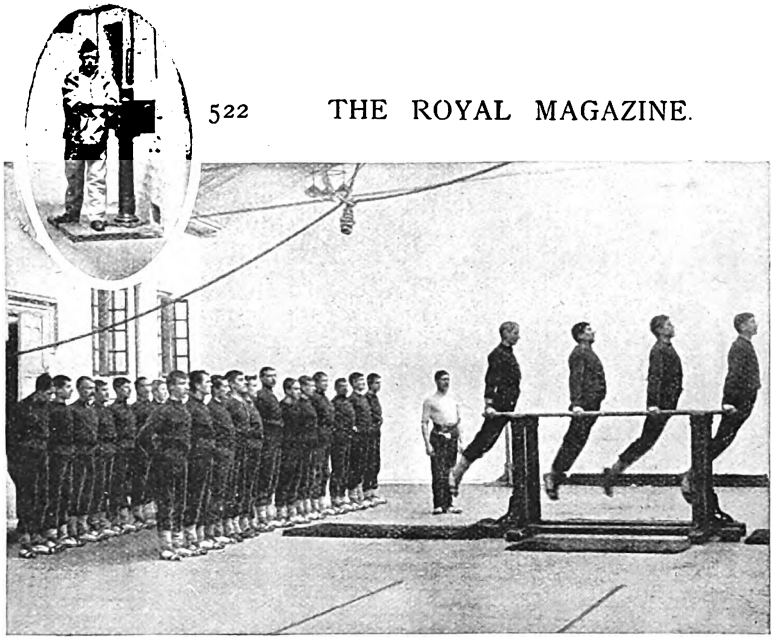


Gymnasia are now provided at military prisons, with the result that the men on discharge are in better condition to serve the country than when they entered. The only gymnastic exercise the men enjoyed in the old days was turning the crank.

However exemplary his conduct, the prisoner cannot claim a remission of sentence by right. A man may submit a petition through the Governor to the General Officer commanding the district, who refers it to the Commanding Officer of the prisoner's regiment, and it is entirely in the discretion of the latter whether any abatement takes place. The remission being thus dependent on the will of the Commanding Officer, it frequently happens that many indifferent prisoners receive a reduction, while those of a better and more industrious class from a gaoler's point of view are kept in prison when they might be doing good service in their regiments.

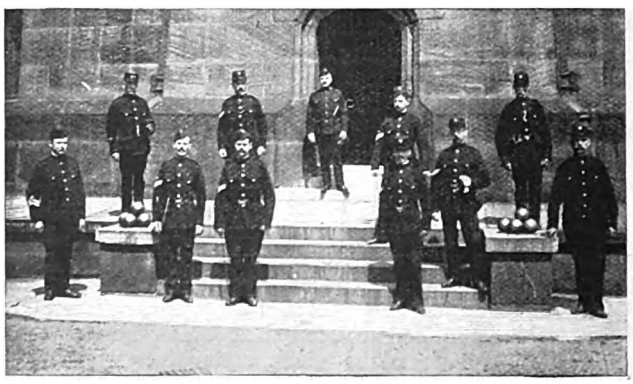
The prison day begins at 6 a.m., and with cleaning, meals, drill, and work, the time is taken up till 8 p.m. From eight to nine the prisoner is free to read, at which latter hour "lights out" goes. Industrious and skilful men who get through their labour tasks quickly have more time at their disposal. At intervals lantern lectures are given the men in the gymnasium—a reward of good conduct which is greatly appreciated.

Moral and religious instruction is well catered for, those of the Church of England persuasion having prayers daily and two services on Sundays. The Roman Catholics have bi-weekly prayers and service on Sundays. The chaplains also visit the cells, instil moral instruction, and see all men on admission and discharge. The prisoners enter most heartily into the Church services, with an organ to accompany the singing.

The body is equally well looked after. The Medical Officer in charge inspects the prisoners and their diets daily. The sick are usually treated in their cells.

The prisoners are daily inspected on parade and at drill by the Governor, with whom they can request an interview at all times, but to specially safeguard the prisoners' interests a visiting committee of three senior officers is detailed by the General commanding the district to visit the prison weekly, and they do so in turn. Altogether the prisoners' welfare is pretty well looked after, for in addition to the above visits, one of His Majesty's Prison Inspectors from the Home Office visits the gaol at uncertain periods. The Inspector-General of Military Prisons, who has supreme control over these institutions, also makes frequent and thorough inspections.

The diet is not luxurious, and though the majority of men put on weight while in prison, the drill being hard work the rations might be



The prison staff at York Military Prison.

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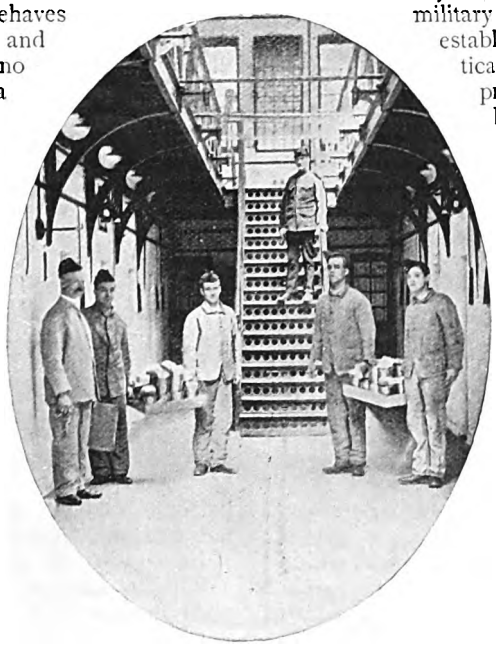
slightly increased, especially as they were based on the days when no drill was performed. Moroever, this is the more needful as the men are expected to be returned to the colours fit and strong. He is also returned "a shot," and for his musketry instruction there is an up-to-date "running-man" and moving-target apparatus, the clever invention of an officer of the district, fitted up at York Castle.

Breaking stones is the work detailed to new prisoners, but they are soon moved on to lighter and more congenial labour.

The idea of prison as a place for "breaking down" a man has, happily, given way to a better method, and now when a man leaves prison, instead of having to go into hospital as was usually the case, he returns frequently more fit than when he entered, his enforced abstinence from alcoholic drink and other doubtful luxuries having had a most beneficial effect.

Still, it goes hard with "Tommy" if he misbehaves in prison. Senseless and cruel punishments are no longer inflicted; but a course of deprivation of diet, commonly known as bread and water; loss of stage, by which a man returns to hard labour and little drill; deprivation of bed, restraints, close confinement in cell—are calculated to induce a reasonable frame of mind in even the most obstinate and insubordinate prisoner.

The Governors who have had experience of both systems are warm in their commendation of the new methods, under which the conduct of the prisoners has greatly improved, there being a reduction of fully forty per cent. in offences committed in prison during the last six years. The commanding officers heartily approve it, as it returns their men more efficient frequently than when they enter prison; while the reader can judge from the photographs of the vastly improved physique and bearing of the men in comparison with the old method.



Carrying round the rations.

It may be finally mentioned that military prisons are not costly establishments, but are practically self-supporting. The prisoners receive no pay, but credit is taken for the same and allowances are made in the Army Estimates, amounting to some 1*s.* 11*d.* per man, while the feeding of the prisoner comes to less than 6*d.* per diem.

He suffers no degradation by or during his incarceration. He has merely been kept up to the collar with sufficient severity to make him the more fully appreciate the comforts of a free existence and wholesomely determined not to again risk losing them.

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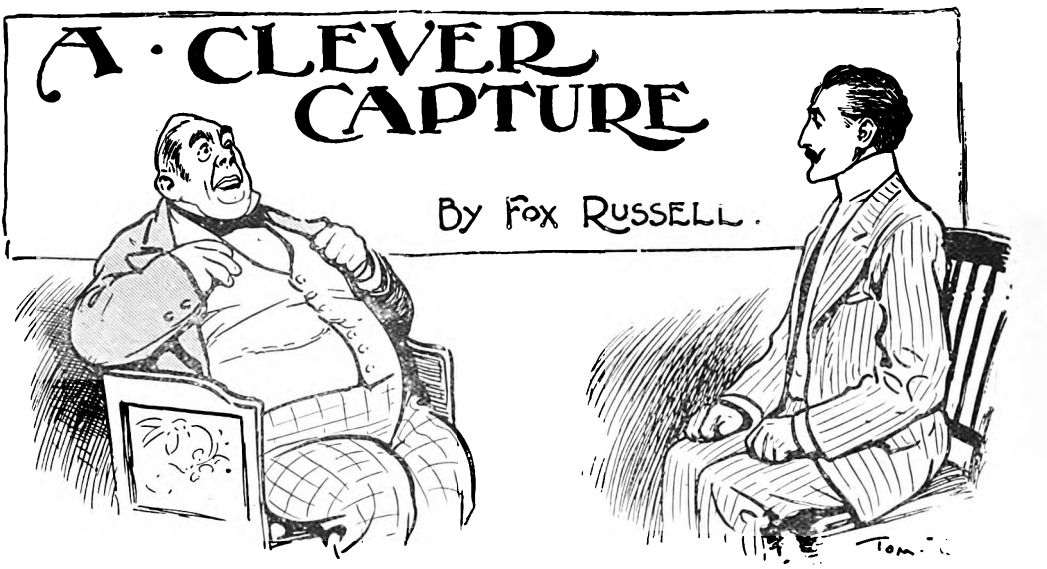
A CLEVER CAPTURE

By Fox Russell.



A Story Proving that Desperate Ills can be Repaired by Desperate Remedies.

It was only a hotel flirtation, people said, but hotel flirtations sometimes result in serious cases of real love, and Dick Foster, who had been invalided home from South Africa after getting in the way of a Mauser bullet, and had come out to the Riviera to recruit, was terribly in earnest over his *affaire de cœur* with sweet Nellie Conyers, only daughter of Mr. Zachary Conyers, the millionaire ship-owner. The two young people had met for the first time at the hotel Beau Séjour, and their friendship had already ripened into love.

They were seated together on the moon-lit terrace, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a gently-waving background of palms completing the picture. Papa Conyers was dining at the English club, preparatory to making one of a Bridge party, and, "when the cat's away——!"

"No, dear, I know it's of no use asking father's consent," poor Nellie was saying, with a little choke in her voice. "You don't know him. He is so hard, and he always will have his own way in everything." She sighed heavily. "No, Dick," she added, dabbing her eyes with a dainty piece of cambric, "I shall always love you, and I'll never marry anyone else—but we must part!"

"But why, my love? There's nothing against me. I am not a millionaire, but I am quite rich enough to keep a wife in comfort."

"Ah, Dick, father is so ambitious; he has always wanted me to marry someone with a title. It is all so ridiculous—I didn't mind falling in with his mood—until I met you, dear. No, Dick, you mustn't!—don't, don't! It's wrong, and—and someone might see us—well, just one, then! Now, listen to me. I hate the thought of a brave man like you—oh, yes, you are a brave man, I know, because you've got a D.S.O. and two medals—a brave man being insulted when he can't hit back, for father is—is rather trying, and always says rude things when he's put out of temper. And I know he's furious at the thought of our being in love with each other."

"Darling," said Dick softly, "I *must* ask his consent, you see. He can't eat me, and even if he refuses——"

"*If* he refuses! There is no chance of anything else. He has often said that he would give me a hundred thousand pounds on my wedding day if I married a man of title. You can guess by that what he intends me to do."

Dick was a right good fellow, and as straight as a line. He was desperately in love, and had money enough of his own to have gladly taken Nellie to wife without a penny of the immense wealth Mr. Zachary Conyers had amassed.

Like most self-made men, this gentleman was not inclined to underrate his own importance; and for the humble Captain in a marching regiment to seek his only child and heiress in marriage savoured largely, to him, of impertinence. In fact, his 'hackles' palpably

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rose as Dick Foster entered his private room next morning, and he did not even offer to shake hands.

This treatment made poor Dick rather nervous from the outset; and, after ten minutes of hesitating intreaty on his part, and bumptious self-assertion on the other's, the millionaire jerked out abruptly:

"You've no money, sir, and on that ground alone your proposition is ridiculous."

"Well, sir, I can hardly agree with you there," rejoined the disappointed lover; "I have two thousand a year——"

"Ha, ha! two thousand a year! really, you amuse me. My girl has not been accustomed to living upon any such sum as that!"

"Yet she is perfectly willing to do so now——"

"And I will not permit her to do anything of the kind," interrupted the millionaire brusquely. "I am the person responsible for her happiness, and when poverty falls out of the window—I mean when love comes in at the door, poverty flies out—oh, confound it, that's not right either. Never mind, I daresay you know what I mean. I have lived in poverty, sir. I've known what it is to work from morning to night on two pounds a week, sir. I'm proud of it. I walked into Liverpool forty-five years ago with half-a-crown in my pocket! Now, what, may I ask, have you ever done by way of earning a living?" and the great man stuck his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, and stretched out his feet till only the edges of his heels rested on the floor.

Dick modestly replied that from the age of nineteen he had held H.M. Commission. And he added that he hoped he had done his duty as a soldier.

"Bah! so has that baggy-trousered, blue-coated chap across the way there. That's nothing!"

"I confess, sir, that I do not follow your reasoning. Do I understand you to mean that you wish your daughter to marry a working man?"

"A working man? Certainly not, sir! What on earth do you mean by suggesting a working man for *my* daughter? Do you wish to insult me, sir? *My* daughter should marry an Earl!"

"She *ought* to marry a King," said Dick, the love-light shining out of his frank, blue eyes; "but she wants to marry me."

"Then she won't. That's flat!" replied the fond parent, with brutal candour. "And now, sir, let us end this interview. You or we leave the hotel forthwith. I will have no sighings and oglings between you and my girl. Now, which shall it be?"

"I will leave, sir, to-day. Will you allow me to say a word to your daughter, first?"

"No, I won't!" replied Mr. Zachary bluntly.

"Then, sir, I shall do so, in spite of you!"

The two men looked at each other squarely, but the millionaire's eyes were the first to drop. Dick Foster was a long way from being beaten yet.

And, to make assurance doubly sure, the young man went straight off in quest of his inamorata directly he had left her father's room. He found her outside, and they walked slowly amid the palms and mimosa, whilst he told her the result of his interview with Mr. Conyers.

"Don't despair, darling. I shall get his consent yet," he said, with a cheery smile.

She shook her head sadly.

"Never, dear," she said, the tears swimming in her eyes. "Father prides himself on never changing his mind about anything."

Dick Foster stooped and kissed her, and just at that moment, Papa Conyers turned sharply round the corner of the avenue.

"You scoundrel!" he cried furiously. "How dare you, sir, how dare you? I expressly forbade you to speak to my daughter again."

"And I, sir, expressly informed you that I should."

"You did not say you were going to kiss her."

"No, but I've done it."

And again the two men looked straight into each other's eyes. Then they parted without another word.

True to his undertaking, Captain Foster left the hotel that afternoon; but for some time previous to his departure he was in close confab with four young men, fellow guests at the Beau Séjour, with whom he had been on very friendly terms during his stay there.

And Mr. Zachary Conyers, peeping from behind the curtains of his luxurious sitting-room, heaved a sigh of relief when he witnessed the young officer's departure.

The day following that which witnessed the departure and apparent defeat of Dick Foster, Mr. Zachary Conyers, as usual, started off, an hour after his *déjeuner*, and steadily clambered up the steep slope towards the woods.

Pausing now and then to get his breath,

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"You scoundrel!" he cried furiously.

and admire the glorious views over the limpid waters of the Mediterranean, he gradually worked his way up through the forest to the remoter solitudes. Following a rough, sandy track, where a footfall hardly made any sound, he was rather startled, on turning a sharp corner, to see three swarthy, truculent-looking ruffians, standing in a picturesque group, about twenty yards ahead of him. Their black velvet jackets, broad red sashes, and tightly-fitting breeches gave them somewhat of the appearance of a comic opera chorus, but they were sufficiently alarming to induce Mr. Conyers first to hesitate, and then turn abruptly and begin to retrace his steps.

But a fresh surprise awaited him. Another fellow, similarly attired, was following silently on his heels, in the soft, yielding sand. The millionaire's retreat was effectually cut off.

The men, both "fore and aft," closed in, and, without a word being spoken on either side, Mr. Zachary Conyers found himself a prisoner.

"What do you want?" he asked, steadying his voice and endeavouring, not very successfully, to put a bold front on the situation. "Do any of you understand English?" he added.

They laughed, and one of them—a man with a big nose and fiercely-twisted moustache—said:

"Yessa, I spika Angleesh. We tako you to la cave at la Rocka."

"Not if I know it!" and the millionaire was off like a shot, down the path again, with an agility surprising for sixty years and sixteen stone.

Away he went, his coat tails flying out in a straight line behind him. Away went the brigand band in hot pursuit. The chase did not last long, for "youth will be served," and Mr. Conyers, panting and breathless, was quickly seized by one of the flying coat-tails, and "brought to an anchor."

Then, as a man on each side took him firmly by the arm, he recognised that money must be produced to get him out of the scrape.

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"Now, look here, you fellow there—I mean you with the big nose. How much will you take to let me go?"

The man indicated shook his head and smiled.

"You writa chequa?"

"Write a cheque?" repeated Mr. Zachary, wonderingly. "What does the man mean by write a cheque? Now, look here, I'll give you—er—" and here he produced his purse and counted over its contents. "I'll give you—um—er—I'll give you five louis"—and he held up five fingers to indicate—"to let me go. And—and—I won't give you in charge," he added, magnanimously, as though "he could an' he would" summon a policeman at a moment's notice.

The brigand smiled again.

"Milor' Conyers is ver' rich" (the millionaire started as he heard his own name pronounced). "We keepa him to pay big ransom."

Mr. Zachary flared up at this.

"I'll see you d—destroyed first," he exclaimed angrily. "You seem to forget, sir, that you're dealing with an English subject."

"No. That justa what we remember," grinned his captor, "all English milor's ver' rich."

Mr. Conyers fumed. He'd show them that an Englishman would stand no extortion from Italian thieves; he'd have a question put in the House of Commons; he'd—yes, sir, he'd write to the *Times*; he'd have redress from the Italian consul and the French consul; he'd put the gendarmes on their track the moment he got back, and more, he declared he would.

"Perhaps you no getta back," replied the chief grimly.

And the great personage felt as if a sudden douche of cold water had been turned on to his spine.

With a man at each side holding his arm, he was at once marched off, and soon found himself much deeper in the forest than he had ever been before.

For over an hour they hurried him along, until at length they reached a tumble-down ruin, which looked as though it had once been a woodcutter's hut. Here they halted, and thrust their prisoner inside one of the two rooms of which it consisted.

Until darkness fell, he was left to his own reflections, and, to speak candidly, they were not pleasant ones. He would not be missed until eight o'clock—and even then his daughter would probably imagine that he was staying at the English club to dine and play Bridge. And these vast woods might be searched for days without finding any trace of him or his captors, for he fully expected this hut was merely a halting-place, and that, at dawn, their journey would be resumed towards the Italian border.

He thought it would be wiser to make the best of a bad business, and draw a cheque on

Away Mr. Zachary Conyers went his coat tails out behind him.

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a blank sheet of paper—he would not haggle over the amount — he would — well, he would make it for fifty pounds. And after coming to this resolution, he began to be aware that he was feeling desperately hungry.

An hour later the big-nosed man entered the wretched room in which he sat, bearing a loaf of brown bread and a bunch of grapes. Under his arm was a bottle of—alleged—wine.

Mr. Conyers's face fell visibly. He refused the "solids," gulped down a mouthful of the red wine, which more nearly resembled red ink, and turning to the brigand, began:

"Now listen to me. You've caught me, and I suppose I must pay to get out of your clutches. How much! Fifty?"

The chief smiled politely, and then—unaccountably forgetting his Italian accent for the moment—said:

"Thousands?"

Mr. Conyers almost fell off the inverted box he was seated on.

"Thousands!" he screamed. "Are you mad, you impudent scoundrel? Fifty thousand pounds!!!"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Milor' has so many thousands. Fifty will make no difference to him."

"I refuse utterly and entirely. I—I'd rather be cut to pieces than give it!" Mr. Conyers snorted defiantly.

"Good. Then to-morrow, when we come to la Rocka, we cut off just a little: one ear."

He smiled again, quite pleasantly, but with a meaning glance at the long knife stuck in his red silk girdle.

The chief bowed himself out, and then, with much ostentation, a guard was posted to do sentry duty outside, whilst the others—strangely enough for Italian brigands—settled down in the other apartment to play halfpenny Nap.

The unfortunate millionaire, tired and hungry, dozed off, awakening with a start about midnight to a realisation of his desperate position. A little later, the crazy old door of his room was opened, and a man—apparently another prisoner—entered. The moonlight, shining through a jagged gap in the roof, revealed the face of Dick Foster.

Mr. Zachary Conyers jumped at him like a trout at a fly.

"My dear fellow, I am rejoiced at this meeting—though," he added as an afterthought—"though, of course, I regret your capture. Still, together we might make an attempt to escape. We—we must forgive and forget our little differences, eh? Comrades in misfortune, what? Now, shake hands, my boy, shake hands."

"Certainly, Mr. Conyers. There should be no animosity between two Englishmen standing together on the brink of a common grave, should there?"

Mr. Conyers did not relish this last allusion. He thought it in bad taste. He coughed, and said in rather wavering tones:

"Oh, not so bad as all that, is it? Is there no chance of escape, eh?"

"Now that Nellie is lost to me, life holds so little that I do not even care to make any attempt to escape. Let us die, like men, together!"

"Oh, that be d—deferred—as long as possible," cried Mr. Conyers hastily. "We won't let ourselves be killed if we can help it. We *must* try to escape."

"Think so?" queried Foster, in indifferent tones. "Well, you have something to live for. I have not."

"My dear young friend, you really must not take such a gloomy view. Now, if you will aid me to escape—and in so doing you might escape yourself—I—I would make it well worth———"

"Sorry, dear sir," broke in Foster, "but I have made up my mind not to live without Nellie. I will inform these ruffians that no ransom will be offered for me, and that I elect to be shot to-morrow at daybreak."

"D-d-d-don't talk like that," stammered the millionaire in agonised tones. He had seen hope dawning brightly when Foster first appeared, but now all chance seemed to be dying out again. "You must think of others, you know."

"There are no 'others' for me," rejoined Dick, in sepulchral tones.

"But—well, the fact is I thought the two of us might stand a better chance of escape, and—and I am too young to die!"

"Oh, I don't think that, Mr. Conyers. You see, you've lived sixty years——"

"Fifty-nine," interrupted the millionaire, moistening his dry lips.

"And you've worked at two pounds a week, you know—which, I remember, is a thing you seemed to set considerable store by—and as you've one foot in the grave already——"

"Nothing of the sort, sir, nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Conyers indignantly. "I don't agree with you at all; there is much useful life in front of a man of my age."

"Well, you may be right as regards other men of your age, but—" with a glance around their temporary prison—"but not in your case, I fear."

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He sprang upon the sentry.

Mr. Zachary swallowed a lump in his throat. Then, plucking up courage again, he said hopefully:

"But when they miss me—I'm rather an important man, you see—they'll send out troops in pursuit and——"

"Yes, that's the worst of it. The approach of the troops will be the signal for our execution."

The millionaire emitted a hollow groan, and dropped his head on his hands. That idea had not occurred to him.

Ten minutes passed in silence. Then Mr. Zachary Conyers resolved on a last effort. He shook Foster's arm and whispered hoarsely:

"Rouse yourself, man! We *must* escape! If—if I get safely back and you don't, I—I'll do something for your relatives, now."

"Haven't any," was the discouraging reply.

Mr. Conyers bit his nails with vexation.

"Well, try to escape with me. Together we could do it, I'm sure. You attack the sentry in the front, whilst I—er—I will skirmish round the rear!"

"No use, my dear sir. I will not move hand or foot. Let us die together. I have no object in life now, and ——"

"Foster," interrupted the millionaire, eagerly, "suppose there were an object in life? Suppose I—I gave you my Nellie and five thousand a year——?"

But Dick was already on his feet, and running his hands down the door to feel for the fastenings. Then turning to his companion, he said:

"You mean what you say about Nellie? Please yourself about the five thousand a year—but Nellie?"

"Honour!" and the great man grasped the hand extended to him. "I never go back on my word!"

Two minutes later the door yielded to Dick's persuasion, and as it broke off its crazy hinges he stepped out and sprang upon the sentry.

Mr. Zachary Conyers, forgetting all about the part he was to have played in "skirmishing round the rear," incontinently took to his heels and fled down the forest path. Seeing which, the Italian bravo shook Dick warmly by the hand and wished him luck. Together they then joined the "Nap" party and were greeted with triumphant cock-crowings and hunting shouts of "Gone away!"

"If you fellows make such an infernal row, the old boy will never cease running till he's pulled up by the Mediterranean itself," said Dick grinning. "Farewell, boys, I must hurry after him now. Don't forget you are all dining with me to-morrow night at the Pavillon to celebrate our great and notable victory. I've succeeded! thanks, mainly, to your good-natured help. *A demain!*"

* * * * *

Two hours later Mr. Zachary Conyers and Captain Dick Foster entered the garden of the Beau Séjour.

"We'll have these woods scoured by the police to-morrow," said the former. "We've had a narrow escape, by Gad! It's an experience, sir, that cannot fail to have it's influence on our future lives."

"I'm sure it will on mine," assented Dick drily.

Mr. Zachary Conyers absolutely declines to risk himself in the Sunny South again; but Captain and Mrs. Dick Foster generally revisit the Beau Séjour each winter. They do not appear to entertain the same dread of capture as does the millionaire.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Mr. X is very pleased with himself just now. He has been receiving most touching presents from admiring readers—a basket of strawberries from an Eton boy, a bunch of roses from two Surrey girls, an old puzzle book from a reader in the West of Ireland—and he takes this opportunity of publicly thanking the generous donors. Mr. X is naturally much gratified by such a pleasant form of appreciation of his pages.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems and other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X.," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X." (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TO MAKE A PERSON HEAR WITH HIS TEETH.

Get him to tightly close his ears with his index fingers. Hold a watch to his ear and he will be unable to hear the tick. Then let him catch the watch (the portion between the ring and the body of the watch) between his teeth, and the ticking will be distinctly audible.

A SURPRISE.

To give meaning to this weird set of figures, hold the page in front of a looking-glass.

A CATCHY PROBLEM.

A friend asks you to make one word from the letters which form the words "New Door." After much cogitation you give the problem up, to be told that nothing could be simpler. The two words "one word" are just what you *can* make out of the letters in "new door"!

"Have you heard what's on at the Albert Hall to-night?"

"No, what?"

"The roof."

Mr. X is indebted to numerous readers for a rather more elaborate poem bringing in seven words made up of the letters—E L R S T U.

A *sutler* sat in his *ulste* grey.
Watching the moonbeams' *lustre* play
On a keg that in the bushes lay.
And leaves with their *rustle* took up the song
And unto it did say:
"Thou *rulest* the weak, thou *lurest* the strong;
To thee the *result* of great battles belong,
John Barleycorn, my King."

Here are two other poems of the same kind, the letters in the one case being E I L V, and in the other A D I L O R T Y:

A *vile* old woman on *evil* bent,
Put on her *veil* and out she went.
She was tired and hungry, and unto *Levi* did say:
"What shall we do to *live* to-day?"

Off to the links I go with a cry,
For golf is my *idolatry;*
***Adroitly* hit, the ball will go,**
And be not *dilatory* or slow.

"What's the difference between a fool and a boot?"

"The one you are and the other you were" (wear).

THE ORGAN GRINDER'S EARNINGS.

"How much do you make a week?"

"Vour pounds sure."

"Eh, what? Four pounds for grinding an organ?"

"No sure; not for grinding—for shut up and go away."

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Try This at Your Peril.

Fitz Smart: "What is it that stands on one leg and barks like a dog!"

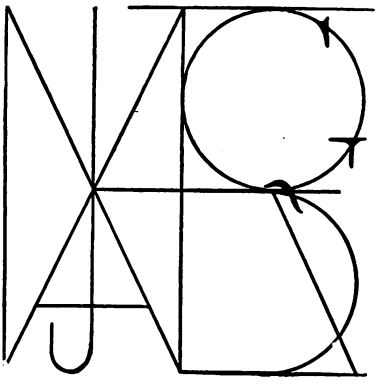
Fitz Noodle, after much cogitation, gives it up.

Fitz Smart: "A stork, of course."

Fitz Noodle: "But a stork doesn't bark like a dog?"

Fitz Smart: "Oh, I only put that in to make the question more difficult!"

Justifiable disgust of Fitz Noodle, who vows he'll never have anything to do with Fitz Smart again.



The simplest monogram yet devised containing *all* the letters of the alphabet.

Here's Another.

Jones: "I say, Smith, here's a puzzle for you. A donkey is in a yard bounded on one side by a river. He is very hungry and there is nothing to eat in the yard. But across the river there stands in a field a beautiful mound of hay. The donkey yearns to get across but he daren't swim—how does he manage to get over?"

Brown: "Easy enough; he jumps."

Jones: "No; river's too wide."

Brown: "Crosses by a bridge, then?"

Jones: "No; there wasn't a bridge."

Brown: "Ferry?"

Jones: "No; no ferry or boat."

Brown: "Well. I don't know."

Jones: "Give it up?"

Brown: "Yes."

Jones: "So did the other donkey. Ta-ta, old chap."

Three Questions.

What goes on two legs? A man.
What goes on four legs? A horse.
What goes on one leg? A stocking!

A Cypher.

The late Dr. Whewell was asked to write something in cypher in a lady's book. This is what he wrote:

You O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me;
Then will your O no O be,
But give back O O I O thee.

Can you decipher this?

The Stranger's Dinner.

Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The eight loaves were all consumed, and each of the three present had an equal part. After dinner, the stranger laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on one-half. The case came before Ali, the magistrate, who gave the following judgment: Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. The verdict of Ali was perfectly just. Readers may be interested to worry out this rather extraordinary result.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?

The letter M.

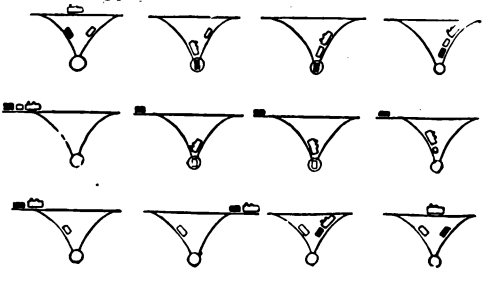
The Dotted "I."

This little catch seldom fails. Hand your victim a pencil and paper, and ask him to write a small "i" with a dot above it. He will be sure to write it with only one dot, thus: "i." But a small "i" with a dot above it ought, of course, to appear with an extra dot like this: "i."

RESULTS.

A Puzzling Sentence (page 420).—An instruction to the printers. Leave a little more space between "King" and "and" and "and" and "Queen."

A Shunting Problem (page 429).—The accompanying illustration shows the solution of one of the prettiest and (apparently) most simple shunting problems Mr. X has ever seen.



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A Complication in Ink

. . . . *Told by a Fountain Pen.* . . . .

By Gertie de S. Webster.

I was the first small present he made her after they became engaged, and I refuse to admit that I was in any way responsible for the ensuing complication. It was far more the fault of Miss Pearl-Handle, the pen in the ink-stand there, though she says she did her duty all right, and that we can't either of us be accountable for the doings of a careless young person like Carice.

I don't know, I'm sure, and I really can't help liking Carice; she's got such dear little soft hands, and, as I lie resting between her pretty pink manicured finger and thumb, I realise how different life would have been for me had I been sold to some grimy-nailed clerk, or fiercely-gripping literary lady instead! *Ugh!* I'm such a refined, gold-nibbed fountain pen!

I had been in my blue-eyed owner's possession quite a couple of days before I had to do any work—in fact, I was beginning to think I was going to have a very restful time of it, when one morning Carice picked me out of the box, took off my black cap—which always makes me feel like a judge—and spreading out some most frivolously scented paper before her, guided my footsteps across the ribbed violet surface.

Carice guided my footsteps across the ribbed violet surface.

I quite wondered whether I should have to say affectionately spiteful things to a girl friend, invent excuses to a boring hostess, or ask for some patterns of foulard from the "Surface Silk Co.," but was much delighted to find that I was to address myself to the person who had paid £1 1s. for me—Carice's sweetheart, James Berry. I decided to do my best and to run very smoothly, even when those beastly ruts in the paper got in my way. I soon found myself emitting the following sentiments:

My Jimmie!—

Yes, dear, two days when we don't meet *do* certainly seem as if they must comprise a lot more than twelve hours each! Never mind, Tuesday will soon be here, when, as you say, we will sit hand in hand all through the play, and talk about how we love each other between the acts. You say that though we have been engaged quite a fortnight I have never voluntarily told you that I love you. Can't you understand that a woman who cares very much, and who has not really cared before, finds it hard

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Carice dropped her pretty head on the blotting-pad, and sobbed as though her false little heart would break.

to turn her heart-throbs into mere words! Perhaps you can't—you are a man—so, as it is your wish that I should lay aside a certain shyness which I don't believe I'll ever quite get over, I'll write now, Jim, that I love you *absolutely*—Oh! I'm blushing horribly! What *must* my new pen think of me!

Now, as we shall meet so soon, and as I have something special I want to write, this sentence shall be the one before the last. Don't forget, dinner at 7 punctually on Tuesday; and I *am* looking forward to the theatre, as I believe one wants to cry all through the piece.

All that you so sweetly said to me, dear,
From, *quite* your own,
CARICE.

Being of rather a romantic turn of mind (as Miss Pearl-Handle has since discovered), I thoroughly enjoyed this task, and was quite sorry when Carice laid our combined efforts aside to dry, put me down, and skimmed through the columns of some silly lady's paper.

However, after a few moments, she picked me up again, and imagine my opinions concerning the feminine sex when I was forced to expend my life-blood on the following infamous effusion to *another* man! Heavens! how I scratched, stuck, and did all in my power to stop the course of events, but to no avail. This was what I had to say:

OH! MY DEAREST COSMO,—

Writing is so terribly inadequate when the heart overflows with love-beats, and the lips overflow with love-words, as do mine for you. But, dearest, I must, *must* tell you how you alone make the world for me. The words, glances, and even thoughts of other men are loathsome to me, when your image alone fills my waking and sleeping hours. Fate is cruel to me, my heart—obstacles cross the pathway of our happiness—but they shall be all cleared away, and our love-lane shall be but a bower of thornless roses!

Think of me eternally as I think of you.

C.

"Good gracious!" I spluttered to myself, as my owner, with actually a smile of satisfaction on her red little mouth, rose from her chair and put me down on the mantelpiece while she walked up and down, reading over this overdone, idiotic, treacherous effusion.

"The little bronze-haired minx! The—the——"

My flow of language was here arrested by seeing Carice select a couple of envelopes which, without thinking, she actually had the bad form to set Miss Pearl-Handle to direct for her, while I, who had done all the heavy work, was left unceremoniously neglected on the shelf, and consumed with curiosity as to the address of "Cosmo."

I then saw her quickly insert the letters in the envelopes, stamp them, and leave the room without even remembering to replace my black cap. I decided to dry up as soon

A highly-glazed twopenny weekly.

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as my internal arrangements would permit, and should have done so had not a considerate parlour-maid completed my toilet a short time later.

The next day again I had quite a restful time of it till about ten minutes after the last post had shaken the house, when Carice entered the room, carrying in her hand an open letter, while on her face there was an agonised, drawn expression, such as I should wear if Miss Pearl-Handle took up with that common, scratchy-voiced old quill lying in the pen-tray.

What could be the matter? Did she want refilling—I mean, was she hungry—or had something gone wrong with "Jim" or "Cosmo"? Whatever it was, the double-dealing little minx deserved it, I thought.

In a moment, however, I found out what it was all about, because Carice mechanically took me up and held me in her hand while she sat at the writing desk to once more scan the outcome of that very disturbing postman's knock, which ran:

This is the end. Discussion and argument are useless, and I decline to enter into either. I suppose it was all a mistake—anyhow, a mistake which I now hasten to remedy by saying a final good-bye. Please do not write to me on the subject, because, discourteous as it may sound I shall not feel capable of reading the letter.

Good-bye,
JAMES BARRY.

Though, of course, it quite served her right, I couldn't help feeling horribly sorry,

She rose for the purpose of getting a pin

"Good-night darling!"

and as Carice dropped her pretty, bright head on the blotting-pad, and sobbed as though her false little heart would break, I must confess I also let loose quite a lot of sympathetic ink-tears, traces of which are visible on my owner's violet *crêpe de chine* dinner gown to this day.

After that, Carice did nothing for a whole week, as far as I could see, beyond sit at her desk re-reading Jim's note, which seemed to me a waste of time, particularly as I stood very much in need of exercise.

However, one evening we got a little change in the shape of a hurried call from a girl friend who just "popped in" on her way to a local ambulance lecture.

"I'm in an awful hurry, dear," she gurgled, kissing Carice, who remained pathetically passive; "but I couldn't help just running in to congratulate you on winning the love-letter competition prize in the *Lady's Whirl*. See, it appears this week; and how funny to think of your addressing it to a 'Jim,' particularly now that it is all over between you and Mr. Barry," she concluded, handing my owner a highly-glazed twopenny weekly, on the last page of which I managed to read:

The first prize for the best love-letter has this week been awarded to Miss Carice Elynne, 14, Manby Mansions, S.W., who has sent us the following clever, fresh, and bright contribution:

MY JIMMIE,—
Yes, dear, two days when we d——

I couldn't see any more, because

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Carice threw down the paper and started to her feet as if a second's further inaction were impossible to her; and, as I glanced towards her, I suddenly realised that she was something very much more than a particularly pretty, blue-eyed English girl.

"I hope it didn't matter," went on the gushing girl friend, "but I couldn't resist posting a copy to Mr. Barry—he will find it to-day when he gets home—you see, it struck me as being a romantic situation, and *so* amusing now that you and he have parted. I also asked him to come and dine next week, as we always got on rather well together, you know, darling. *Hope* you don't mind! Now I *must* be going. I wouldn't be late to-night for *anything*. We are doing the *cervicle vertebræ, so* interesting! *Good*-night, dear. You *clever* girl. You'll be bursting into a *real* spectacled authoress soon. *Good*-night, darling!"

Directly the gusher had gurgled herself away, I found that I was going to be allowed to get rid of some of my superfluous energy and blue-black blood, of which I was glad, because, having been left all night on my head, apoplexy seemed imminent. Carice gripped me as if I were an alpenstock instead of a fountain pen, and rushed me over the violet-scented course as if I had been a race-horse practising for a caligraphical Derby.

Then she turned round, and—ah! it's good to be young, human and beloved.

JIMMIE (I found myself smudgingly remarking),—I must explain—you will read it now, won't you? Isobel Gushere says she's sent you the *Lady's Whirl*, containing my letter which has won the love-letter competition. You see it's addressed to you?—it was meant for you, and not for the paper; and the one to the mythical "Cosmo," which you must have received, was intended for the competition! Surely you will now understand, and, oh! just a mistake of putting wrong letters in wrong envelopes, can't be al——

I hardly noticed what I was holding forth after this, because I had heard a faint click of the turning door-handle, and realised that a very tall, broad someone was looking over Carice's shoulder, and reading my blotty ebulition. He had a copy of the *Lady's Whirl* in his hand, and as he bent his head down very close I saw he was my original purchaser.

Then I made a supreme effort to attract Carice's attention—I managed to hold my breath so that not a drop of ink came out! She gave a pretty, impatient little stamp, put me down, and rosé for the purpose of getting a pin wherewith to remind me pointedly of my duties. Then she turned round and—ah! it's good to be young, human and beloved, with lips that can kiss, and arms that can fondly press towards that best earthly haven accorded to mortals—the haven of another heart which is all your own!

However, writing implements contrive to have a very good time of it, and finding myself reposing next to 'Miss Pearl-Handle,' I wooed her as ardently as any human being.

Our courtship was quite uninterrupted by my purchaser and my owner, who seemed to realise no existence outside a rose-glowing love-world of their own—a world specially fitted up with compartments for two.

Just at present, though, I am as hard-worked as any pen could desire. For a level two hours every day my mistress urges me over the paper in effusive thanks for wedding presents.

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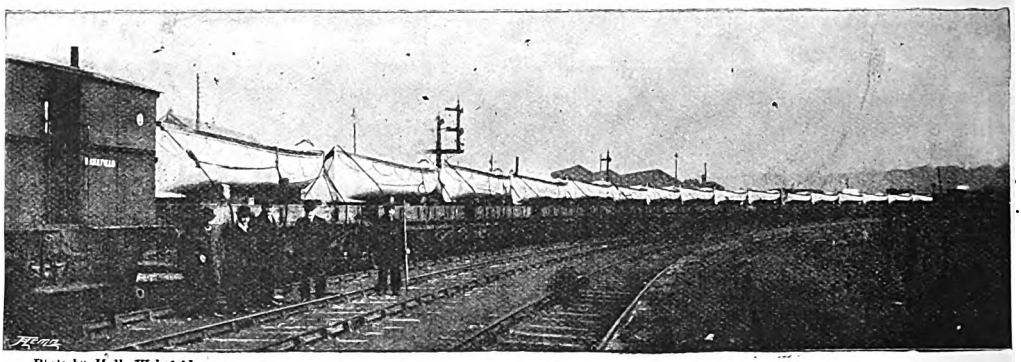

Photo by Hall, Wakefield.

A special train of sixteen trucks each carrying a 24ft lifeboat. They are here seen being conveyed to Liverpool, whence they were shipped to Manila.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

About that Curious Photograph You've got, which Interests all Your Friends so much—there are Lots of Other People who would like to see it, so why don't You post it off to the Editor? He will pay You liberally for it, if suitable.

A TRAIN-LOAD OF LIFEBOATS.

THERE are numbers of people who have never seen a lifeboat at all. Well, here is a whole train-load of these invaluable craft—enough to rescue a fleet. The picture shows them just starting by special train from Kirkgate to Liverpool, whence they were to be shipped off to Manila. Each boat is 24ft. long, and for each one of the railway company's largest six-wheeled waggons had to be supplied.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

The long of it is a native of Cashmere and is 7ft. 9in. high, also he is twenty-two years of age. He asserts that he has "stopped growing," which really is rather fortunate, if he intends to live in an ordinary house. The man standing next to him is an Englishman, Professor Ricalton. He is 5ft. 7in., so feels rather small beside the giant. But still, he can crow over the dwarfs on his left, the smallest of whom would have to stand on tip-toe in order to look over a 29in. wall. Indian princes keep these "freaks" as personal retainers, in much the same way as was done by our own nobility of the Middle Ages. Both giant and dwarfs figured in the procession of native retainers at the Delhi Durbar.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

The giant is 7ft. 9in., the smallest dwarf 28in. only. Both giant and dwarfs were in the Delhi Durbar procession.

THE BEST PAID BOYS IN THE WORLD.

That is what the young gentlemen in the accompanying picture are; unless, of course, there are any other boys between twelve and fourteen who receive more than £15 a month *and* tips. For that is what each member of this group receives. They are the pages of the United States Senate. During a debate they sit in a row on the steps of the President's rostrum and run messages for the senators, such as obtaining from the library any book of reference which a speaker may require. This they do at top speed and without the slightest delay. But, about their tips? Well, these they obtain by showing people over the Senate House, of which they know every nook and

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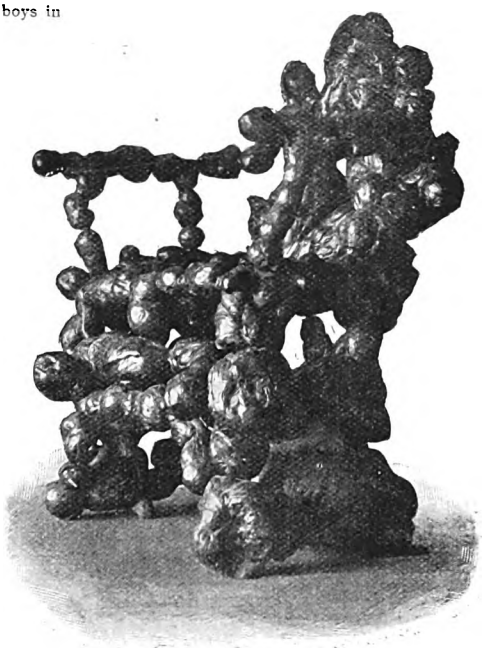
Pages of the United States Senate. They are the smartest boys in America and are well paid for their services.

cranny, and by obtaining and selling the autographs and original drafts of the speeches of the more famous politicians. In fact, they make a very good thing out of their position, one way and another. But you must not suppose that any American boy can become one of these pages. The positions are very much courted, as you can imagine, and it is only the very brightest and smartest boys in the States who have any chance of obtaining one. And even then they couldn't get it without a great deal of influence.

SMALL BEGINNINGS—BIG ENDINGS.

The enormous, knotty, bulging chair shown in the accompanying picture started life as a seed. It's not done badly, that little seed, has it? A native of Korea planted a seed of the gingko tree, and then attended to it for twenty years until it attained this extraordinary shape. It was done by tying the young, pliable branches into the required shape, and by pruning them as occasion arose—which must have been pretty often. The chair weighs 100lb., is 3ft. 4in. in height, and 25in. in width. The bark has been removed, and the wood polished to a beautiful golden-brown colour. Some of the lumps (caused by the constriction of the ropes during the shaping process) are 21in. in circumference—it is comforting to know that these are not in the seat or back, or the chair would not be of much use except to look at. It is said to be extremely comfortable to sit in. And yet it doesn't look very inviting, does it?



This extraordinary chair was grown from a seed, being shaped to its present form by pruning and bending its branches as the seed grew.

Recovered from the North Sea. This immense anchor is supposed to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ANCHOR.

And it must have been something like a ship that was forced to use it! It was recovered from the bottom of the North Sea, where, for many years, it had been an obstacle to the fishing fleet—not that it stuck up so far as to knock holes in the smacks, of course, but it tore the nets and so forth. Eventually, the Hull owners removed it, and it is now in that town's West Park. It weighs three tons, and is supposed to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada.

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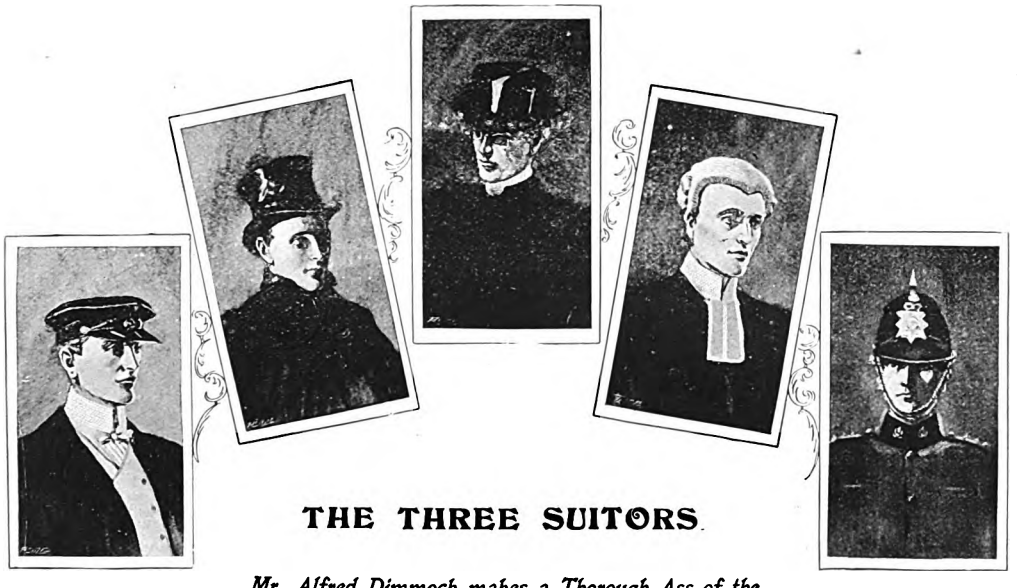

THE THREE SUITORS.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock makes a Thorough Ass of the Hon. Fitzass.

Mr. Dimmock, his body in an easy chair before the fire, his feet resting gracefully upon the mantelpiece, smoked an extra large-sized pipe, and ruminated upon the mutability of human affairs in general, and his own unhappy lot in particular.

He had good cause for feeling unhappiness—at least, from his own peculiar point of view, for several weeks had elapsed since the playing of his last practical joke upon the Honourable Flambert Fitzass, and he was still without material for any fresh amusement.

"I am simply rusting," he murmured ruefully, "for want of some way in which to employ my surplus energy!"

And, just as he had reached this stage of his reflections, the owner of a pleasant, handsome face, and stalwart form, called "May I come in?" accompanying the query with a gentle rapping at the door.

The next moment Dimmock was shaking hands with his old college friend, Frank Boniface, whose pursuits as a conscientious landlord and ideal young country squire prevented him from seeing as much of London and his old comrades as he could wish.

Mr. Dimmock handed him a box of cigars, and, patting him gently on the shoulder, said:

"You dear old thing. How delightful it is to see you again! How are the turnips?" he added suddenly.

Boniface laughed good-humouredly, lit a cigar, and replied:

"Awfully glad to catch you in, old man. You always seem to be in good spirits. You act like a tonic on my nerves."

"Thought you hale countrymen hadn't any!" cried Dimmock laughingly. Then in more serious tones he continued: "You're not down on your luck, old boy, are you?"

Boniface took a long pull at his cigar, watched the smoke curl slowly upwards, and then replied:

"Well, seriously, my dear Alfred, I am. Fact is, I'm secretly engaged to the very sweetest, dearest, pretti——"

"Of course, of course. They all are, old chap. Never met one who wasn't, at *your* stage of the fever. But where's the hitch? Doesn't the lady care for you?"

"Oh, yes. That's all right. But her idiotic old ass of a father, although he has no objection to me personally, is mad upon her marrying an awfully rich fellow called Flambert Fitzass——"

"Fitzass!" almost shouted Dimmock, surprised for once out of his usual coolness. "Why, I know him well—know all about him!"

"Well, his thirty thousand a year makes my four thousand look pretty small, and that's

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probably at the root of the old fellow's preference. But my dear little Annie won't look at the man. Her father thinks that if he chokes me off, she will marry Fitzass. I *know* that if I can choke off Fitzass, old Hawley will consent to my marrying his daughter. Now, can't you help me? I know of old what a clever, unscrupulous——"

"Thanks, dear boy, thanks," interrupted Mr. Dimmock hastily. "You bring the blush of modesty to my damask cheek!"

"Well, I don't know so much about the 'damask' part of it, but your 'cheek' I would always guarantee! Now, do set your wits to work and help me."

Mr. Dimmock filled yet another pipe, lit it and puffed in silence. Then he suddenly lifted his head and answered:

"I think you are the man who has found 'mischief still for idle hands to do.' Yes, old chap, I *think* I see my way."

"No! You're a rare good fellow, and if it's a mere matter of adroitly—economising the truth, let us say—I'm sure you'll succeed! May I ask for your plan?"

"You may. But you won't get it. How can you manage to introduce me to the girl?"

"Miss Hawley will be at Lady Lestermine's dance to-night in Gloucester Square. Come with me and you shall meet her," responded Boniface.

And by midnight Mr. Alfred Dimmock had coolly monopolised pretty Annie Hawley, sitting with her in a dark corner beneath a large palm, whilst her disconsolate lover, Frank Boniface, hovered round the spot, hoping that his friend wouldn't carry realism too far.

As for Mr. Dimmock, he threw himself into the part of lover with such verve and well-simulated passion that the girl was almost swept off her feet in the tumult of his strenuous declarations.

After professing himself an ardent believer in love at first sight, he told her that he had never known what it was really to love before—his usual formula. He was proceeding to say that, up to that moment, his life had been an empty void, when Miss Hawley managed to speak a few words, and thus temporarily cut short the flood of his eloquence.

"Your love for me seems to have been a plant of very rapid growth, Mr. Dimmock!" she exclaimed laughingly.

"Think so?" returned he coolly. "I assure you this is nothing at all unusual."

"For *you*—no, so I have heard from Mr. Boniface!" The two looked at each other and laughed.

"So Frank's given me away, has he? The ungrateful villain, when I'm working entirely in his interests, too! And now I'll tell you just as much about my little scheme to bring about your marriage to Frank as I think will be good for you to know."

He spoke a few words to her in low, earnest tones, and then left her to find the unhappy young lover and send him to his inamorata's side again.

"Did he get jealous, then!" mocked Dimmock. "And did he think his artless little Alfred was trying to cut him out! Run along, Frank, and make the best use of your time. We shall be fired out of this in another half hour."

Sir Snapstone Hawley, as a comparatively poor man, had a very keen appreciation of the loaves and fishes, and was quite prepared to sacrifice his daughter's own wishes on the all-important subject of her marriage, in order to secure the wealthy Fitzass as a son-in-law.

"You find Fitzasses in every Government Department!" said Sir Snapstone pompously, when discussing the subject with his reluctant daughter.

"But I don't care for him, father," she persisted.

"Nonsense!" he retorted; "love will come after marriage. Do you think *I* loved your mother—" (cough) "—er—h'm—ah, I mean, do you think I don't know what is your proper course in life?" he ended feebly.

"And Frank? I love Frank!"

"Oh d—dash Frank!" shouted the baronet, as an extra twinge of gout twisted his mouth till it looked like that of a dog snarling.

Flambert Fitzass—either on account of Miss Hawley's beauty, or because she avoided him on every possible occasion and was obviously in love with another man—was quite determined to marry the girl. So enamoured of her was he that her image sufficed to drive that of every other girl he knew out of his empty head.

He bored everybody by talking incessantly about her beauty—which really was remarkable—and by hinting pretty plainly that, of the crowds of her admirers, he, Fitzass, alone found any favour. He secretly rejoiced in the knowledge that he had her father at his back, and coupling this with his ingrained belief that no girl could really resist such an Adonis as himself for any length of time, he looked upon his ultimate success as virtually assured.

Frank Boniface had gone to the baronet directly after he had been accepted by Annie, and told him of his love.

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And by midnight Mr. Alfred Dimmock had coolly monopolised pretty Annie Hawley. . . . whilst her disconsolate lover, Frank Boniface, hovered round the spot.

But Sir Snapstone had hummed and ha'd, and finally informed him that he had "other views" for his daughter, and—bowed him out of the room.

Things had gone on in this unsatisfactory way for some considerable time—Mr. Fitzass playing a waiting game—when the idea occurred to him to run down to Hurlingham one day "just to see what the fellahs were doin'."

And so, eminently pleased with himself, and dressed up to within an inch of his

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life, he drove down to the famous club, and then strolled languidly towards the polo ground to watch "the other fellahs makin' themselves beastly hot, and so forth, don't you know!"

Mincing along at as great a pace as a very tight-fitting pair of patent leather boots would allow him, and wondering whether any of "the girls" were admiring his Grecian beauty and faultless "get up," Mr. Fitzass was rather startled at finding himself touched sharply on the arm. Turning quickly he confronted Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

"Haugh-augh! how are you, dear boy? Goin' strong?" he queried, leaning lightly, as he spoke, on his stick.

But the "dear boy" did not seem to be in a responsive frame of mind. The solemn eyes looked even more serious than usual, and Mr. Dimmock refrained from accepting Mr. Fitzass's proffered two fingers. Mr. Fitzass noted this, and felt rather uneasy.

"Anythin' gone sideways?" asked Mr. Fitzass somewhat anxiously, and holding out his hand again as he spoke.

Dimmock ignored the hand, and folding his arms across his chest, said:

"You seem quite unaware, Mr. Fitzass, of the position in which you stand; and your levity is extremely ill-timed. I trust—— I still hope, for your own sake, that you will be able to deny the truth of a certain rumour which connects your name with that of a lady who is very dear to me. I mean, of course, Miss Hawley."

Mr. Fitzass fairly gasped with astonishment.

"Annie? Annie Hawley!" he exclaimed.

"I shall trouble you for the future, sir, not to refer to the lady in that familiar fashion. I, sir, allow no man to allude to Miss Hawley, in my presence, by her Christian name."

"You—*you* won't allow it!" said Fitz, in open-mouthed astonishment. "Why, what has it all to do with you?"

"*What* has it to do with me? Do you coolly ask that of *me?* Do you know, sir, that I intend to make Miss Hawley my wife?"

"The—the doose you do! Why, my dear fellah, the gal's enga——"

"The *what*, sir?" asked Mr. Dimmock in hectoring tones. "I must trouble you to speak in a more respectful manner of my future wife!"

"Your future wife! *My* future wife, I s'pose you mean. Her father has given his promise to me— --"

"And Miss Hawley has given *her* promise to me," cut in Dimmock, lying unblushingly.

For a full minute Fitzass stared blankly at Dimmock, then, dropping his eyes, he said lamely:

"This is all doosed annoyin', ain't it? When a fellah meets another fellah, and the other fellah says to the first fellah that he's engaged to marry that fellah's girl, don't you know, why—why, there you are, what?" he concluded feebly, digging the point of his crook-handled stick into the turf.

"It *is* annoying, as you say," replied Dimmock in more friendly tones. "But look here, Fitzass, we might come to some arrangement, I think, which would be for our mutual benefit. Suppose, now, that I marry the girl, whilst you——"

"Oh, dash it all! No!" interrupted the Honourable, with more vigour than usual. "I'm not goin' to give up the girl, whatever happens."

"Ah, that's unfortunate, isn't it?" said Mr. Dimmock, reflectively dry-shaving his chin. "Because I'm just of the same opinion as yourself. *I* don't intend to give up the girl, whatever happens!"

"Well, I shall marry her," repeated Fitzass with the curious obstinacy of weak-minded people.

"You *may*," replied Mr. Dimmock cautiously, "and then, again, you may not. Look here, Fitz, I have a plan which I feel sure you can take no objection to. We will get a chemist to make us up a couple of pills. One of those pills shall contain a fatal dose of prussic acid whilst the other shall be absolutely harmless. You shall take first choice——"

"My dear fellah," interrupted Fitz, pale and frightened, "I—I—I never could take pills—hate 'em. They—they don't agree with me!"

"Well, you could hardly expect the one containing the prussic acid to!" replied Dimmock grimly; "but don't you think it would be a very simple plan?"

"Oh, doosed simple, only——"

"And highly satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes, awf'ly, and so forth. But, as I said just now, my dear fellah, pills never did agree with me."

"Sorry. You see the survivor could then marry Miss Hawley, and everyone would be pleased."

Fitzass gave a sickly grin. "Except the—the fellah that——"

"Yes—exactly," broke in Dimmock, "he would *not* be pleased—unless he had an ultra-fine sense of humour!"

"Couldn't we arrange the thing without

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quarrellin'? Now, suppose *I* marry the girl and——"

But Dimmock was shaking his head in gentle negation, and Fitz "slowed down" until he came to a standstill, his eyes blinking stupidly and his mouth open.

"No," said Dimmock with decision; "but although duelling's rather out of date, there's really nothing to prevent our taking two tickets—one only need be a return"—Fitz palpably "squirmed" at this allusion—"to Calais and there disposing of the obstacle to your—or my—subsequent marriage with Miss Hawley. What do you say?"

The Honourable Flambert Fitzass moistened his dry lips with his tongue before replying to this cheerful invitation.

"My dear fellah, why—er—haugh-augh!"—with a dreary attempt at a laugh—"why should friends start quarrellin' and fightin' over a girl? By gad, I know lots of girls who'd jump at me if I only gave 'em half a chance, what? There's Lady Barbara Bluebottle, she's just dyin' for me; and that little Carlyon girl, don't you know, and there's—oh, there's half-a-dozen more of 'em who all want me, and so forth. So that, really, old chappie, don't you know, it isn't good enough, is it? And I couldn't very well get away from town just now, even to cross the Channel; couldn't spare the time, don't you know, without missin' quite a lot o' things."

"Then I understand you refuse my challenge?"

"Well, I—I don't exactly refuse it—don't want you to go sayin' I refused to fight, to the fellahs at the Senior, don't you know, but if it could be postponed, say for a yeah or two—what?"

"Fitz!" exclaimed Dimmock, as though a bright inspiration had suddenly come to him, "I've an idea. You and I both want to marry the same girl. Obviously, we can't. The girl herself

"You seem quite unaware, Mr. Fitzass, of the position in which you stand."

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might object—so I tell you what I'm prepared to do. If you'll give her up, I'll give her up!"

"It's a bargain, my dear fellah!" cried Fitz, his disappointment at losing the lady greatly mitigated by the idea of escaping from this cold-blooded ruffian's murderous suggestions. Better to lose his love than his life!

The twain shook hands on the arrangement, Mr. Dimmock, who had, of course, worked throughout to achieve this end, smiling pleasantly, with his tongue in his cheek.

Then a sudden chill struck the unfortunate Fitzass, as the thought of the Baronet's probable anger flashed into his mind.

"B—b—but what about old Sir Snapstone?" he asked nervously. "He—he'll be furious at my breaking off the engagement!"

"There never was an engagement," said Dimmock stolidly.

"No. But the old man has set his heart on my marryin' his daughter," responded Fitzass ruefully.

"This is what we'll do, Fitz. You and I will go down to Sir Snapstone's place at Seaford, and tell him of the resolution we've come to together."

"Couldn't you go down alone?" began Fitzass, who had no fancy for facing the irascible old gentleman, even when accompanied by Dimmock.

"Quite impossible. You must come, but if you like, I'll do all the talking."

And so it was agreed, before they parted, that on the morrow they should journey down to Seaford together, to beard the lion in his den.

And the lion in question—*alias* Sir Snapstone Hawley—took a certain amount of bearding; for what with gout, dyspepsia, and other of the ills which flesh is heir to, the Baronet was distinctly afflicted—so were those around him, on the occasions when the waves of his wrath swept over the breakwater of his common sense. The subject of his daughter's marriage to Flambert Fitzass was one which had caused great dissension in the house of Hawley, Sir Snapstone strongly favouring the union, though quite aware that Annie was in love with Frank Boniface, whilst Lady Hawley was equally resolute that her only child should marry the man of her choice and no other.

"Frank Boniface is a man—Fitzass is a monkey!" exclaimed her very outspoken ladyship.

"Bah! All men are alike after a year or two of married life," retorted the Baronet; "and one has thirty thousand a year, and will also have a title—the other has four thousand, without any other recommendation at all!"

"Annie will never look at that insipid oaf!"

"Yes, she will, in time, if you don't poison her mind against him!"

And so matters remained between this excellent couple for some time—armed neutrality eventually taking the place of open warfare. But neither side meant to give in, the Baronet arguing to himself that he surely knew much better what was good for his daughter than she did herself—"a mere chit of a girl!" he said contemptuously.

When Mr. Alfred Dimmock and Mr. Flambert Fitzass had got as far as sending in their cards, and asking for an interview with Sir Snapstone Hawley, the Honourable felt an almost irresistible desire to run away.

Courage was not his strong point, and had it not been for the "stiffening" effect of his companion's presence, he most undoubtedly would have yielded to the weak, but not wholly unnatural, desire.

Mr. Dimmock himself was perfectly happy, and thoroughly in his element—for was he not, after the weary interval of three long weeks, once more revelling in the delights of a practical joke?

The Baronet received them with a puzzled expression on his face, and bade them be seated. Dimmock he had never met before, though he had been told that that mercurial gentleman had paid marked attention to Miss Hawley at Lady Lestermine's ball, the previous week; in fact, that he had tried to take the citadel by storm. So Sir Snapstone pursed up his lips and prepared to act hostilely towards the young man, as soon as he should open fire.

What bothered the Baronet most of all was why these two rivals for Annie's hand should make a joint call upon him.

"My dear sir," began Mr. Dimmock, "I'm sorry to announce to you that we are here to-day on a most unpleasant business. My excellent friend Fitzass and I are thoroughly agreed on the subject. Fitzass and I are as one man, I may mention. Compared to us, David and Jonathan were distinctly overrated people; they were 'pals,' perhaps—nothing more. Now *we* positively have but one mind between us!"

"And I know whose that is," thought the Baronet, as his eyes wandered from the clean-cut, clever face of the speaker to the

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Fitzass murmured a hurried "Good-day," and shot out of the room; whilst Mr. Dimmock bowed in light, airy fashion.

vacuous, open-mouthed countenance of Mr. Fitzass. Sir Snapstone was not without a sense of humour.

"We both love your daughter," continued Dimmock, without the flicker of an eyelash. "Merely another proof of that one-mindedness, you see, which exists between us. To be brief, sir, Mr. Fitzass and I put our heads together, and very soon came to a certain conclusion."

"You did? And what was that?"

"The conclusion at which we arrived was this: That we could not both marry her."

"Bless my soul, how very astonishing!" exclaimed the Baronet sarcastically.

Dimmock assumed an injured air.

"I hope, sir, you are not preparing to treat this subject in any spirit of levity. It is a most serious matter both for my friend and me. To resume: I made several alternative propositions to Mr. Fitzass for a settlement of this all-important matter, such as taking poisoned pills, duelling, and other little ways which would remove the superfluous suitor, but he found there were objections to all, until we hit upon 'the only way,' as Martin Harvey might call it. It is this: In consideration of my withdrawing all pretensions to your daughter's hand, my very dear friend Fitzass agrees to do the same. There you

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have the whole case in an eggshell—I mean a nutshell!"

The Baronet stared in a mystified manner, first at one and then at the other, on the conclusion of Mr. Dimmock's wholly unexpected announcement.

"Do you mean to say that you, Mr. Fitzass, do not intend to marry my daughter?"

Fitzass, who had been industriously sucking the top of his gold-headed malacca cane, nodded in silence.

"And you, sir, after singling her out for such marked attention at a ball, that half the people she knows in town are talking about it, *you* say you mean nothing, and——"

"On the contrary, I mean so much that I make this awful sacrifice. 'Leaving yet loving'—see? Perhaps you haven't heard of that very beautiful song, Sir Snapstone? Ah, I must send you a copy when I get back to town!"

"Confound you and your song, too!" shouted the now thoroughly enraged old gentleman. "You miserable apologies for men! You—you monkeys!" And just then his train of thought carried him back to those quarrels with his wife on the subject of Fitzass when she also had alluded to the latter as a member of the Simian race, and this, in its turn, reminded him of Frank Boniface, of whose cause Lady Hawley had always been such a sturdy champion. An idea flashed across Sir Snapstone.

"You think I shall allow you to leave my daughter like 'the maiden all forlorn' of the old story-book, eh—to make me the laughing stock of the neighbourhood, do you? Then let me tell you both that I have only to raise a finger in order to bring to her feet a most excellent young man—pah! a fellow worth twenty of such men as you—you—you David and Jonathans!"

Dimmock gravely shook his head and sighed:

"I wish, for your sake and the lady's, that that could be, Sir Snapstone. But I'm afraid—I am very much afraid—that any such convenient person would only be an adventurer!"

"How dare you, sir, how *dare* you suggest such a thing!" spluttered the angry old man, thumping the table violently with his fist. "An adventurer, indeed! He is a man of large private means; a most estimable young fellow, who, I'll be sworn, wouldn't be seen in the society of such nincompoops as you!"

Mr. Dimmock still shook his head dubiously.

"I doubt if you'd get him, my dear sir; I doubt it very much indeed."

"Oh, do you, sir, do you; then I shall have much pleasure in undeceiving you, that's all. I shall immediately send for him to call upon both of you in town, and horsewhip you both soundly! And he can then announce his engagement to my daughter as soon as he likes! His name, sir, is Frank Boniface, and if you want to preserve whole skins, I should advise you both to keep out of his way. And now perhaps you will kindly leave this house and never let me see your faces any more!"

The two young men rose to go. Fitzass murmured a hurried "Good day" below his breath, and shot out of the room; whilst Mr. Dimmock, in light, airy fashion, bowed and said:

"Good day, Sir Snapstone—so glad to have made your acquaintance. Hope you'll look me up any time you happen to pass my rooms. To have met one of the old school, to have been received as you have received us to-day, with Grandisonian courtliliness, will always be a pleasant memory for me. I won't forget to send you that song!"

At which last sally the old gentleman nearly had a choking fit, so great was his rage. He shouted out "Impudent puppy!" and fell back in his chair, coughing violently, and almost purple in the face with indignation.

That evening Mr. Boniface entertained Mr. Dimmock at dinner, and the sounds of merriment during the meal certainly did not savour of horsewhipping. But neither the Baronet nor Mr. Fitzass ever suspected the trick which had been played at their expense, and Mr. Dimmock remains to this day the most valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boniface.

Next month

MR. DIMMOCK TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO DIPLOMACY

with the most wildly funny results.

He humbugs two foreign diplomatists and nearly brings about international complications.

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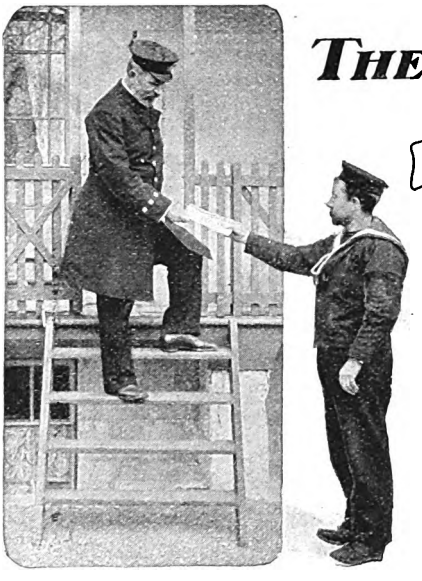

Handing a report to the Chief Station Officer.

THE EYES OF BRITAIN'S COAST

All about our Coastguards – their Life, their Duties, and their Adventures. Showing that Jack is a Handy-man Ashore as well as Afloat.

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Horace Mew.

A foggy July evening eleven years ago. A huge Atlantic liner ploughing her way through a choppy sea. Suddenly a tremendous crash. Then shrieks of women and the frightened crying of children.

The *City of Chicago,* full of passengers, had run upon a shelf of rocks, far out of her course, on the ugliest part of the southern Irish coast, about half a mile west of the Old Head of Kinsale.

Many of the passengers had been hurled to the deck by the shock. As they rose to their feet, they heard the voices of officers shouting "There is no danger."

But what the passengers saw for themselves was hardly reassuring. Through the murky gloom the sea, dark and turbulent, was seen to port and starboard. Right ahead, the bow of the giant vessel seemed driven into a perpendicular cliff which rose abruptly from the sea to a height beyond the reach of eye-sight in the fog that prevailed.

Orders were given to lower the boats. The crew, under splendid discipline, carried out their officers' directions. In a moment or two, rockets soared into the air, proclaiming that a ship was in distress.

Almost simultaneously with the skyward flight of the signals, voices were heard high above, apparently in the air. Then a rocket was seen to dart outwards and downwards, and a rope fell across the deck of the helpless liner.

The coastguards had arrived with the rocket apparatus in good time. The sailors who hauled in the rocket-borne line found a rope ladder attached This had hardly been made fast when a couple of the coastguards stepped from it on to the deck.

The situation was explained. The ladder would have to be climbed by those passengers who wished to get ashore at once. Perhaps it was just as well that the fog hid the top of the cliff from view. Otherwise many would not have risked that long and dangerous climb.

The bow of the *Chicago* was not close enough to the cliff to permit the escape to take place from the deck. A couple of planks were quickly placed in position, and from these, resting on the rocks, close upon two hundred persons climbed upwards to safety. Several fainted when they reached the summit, some had to be carried up bodily. But the stupendous task could never have been accomplished in many cases had it not been for the guidance and assistance of the coastguards, who toiled throughout the night like the true heroes they were.

During the strange rescue of the shipwrecked, there occurred an incident of the most thrilling nature.

An infant was being carried up the rope ladder, when by some mischance it fell from the arm of the man who held it. The child would have been dashed to pieces had it fallen on the rocks. Providentially, a smart young coastguard, Fred Mathers by name, happened to be close at hand when the child slipped from its horror-stricken protector's arm. Mathers darted forward and caught the poor little baby just in the nick of time. Words fail to express the joy of the mother when her child was restored safely to her arms.

All the rescued passengers were made as comfortable as possible at the coastguard station, which was certainly a bit over-crowded on that particular occasion.

The promptitude and intelligence shown by the coastguards on that memorable night

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Practising the Morse code of signalling, in which only one flag is used —

are only characteristic of the 4200 officers and men who form the eyes of Britain's coasts.

"The Coastguard is the first and most highly trained Reserve force for the Navy in case of War."

Thus it is written at the head of the long list of duties which adorns the watch-house of every coastguard station on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland; and the flattering statement is indorsed by the Admiralty.

Most people who, by force or inclination, move seaward on occasion, gain a rather odd opinion of the duties of a coastguard. Based on what they see of him, they form the conclusion that his only occupation is that of lounging in an easy attitude against the heel of a flag-staff, gazing at irregular intervals through a telescope out to sea, scanning the horizon for smugglers who never appear.

That is the coastguard as the seaside pilgrim's fancy sees him. To those, however, who know the watcher of the coast a little more intimately, he "is quite another different kind of person altogether."

Last month's ROYAL contained a very interesting article descriptive of the multitudinous duties of a London policeman. The present writer avers that so far as number and variety are concerned, the coastguards' duties are hard to beat, even by so versatile an individual as a Metropolitan policeman. Jack does not lose his handiness when he leaves ship to take his place as boatman at a coast station. On the contrary, he must start afresh and exercise his handiness at many new things.

Come to think of it, the life of a coastguard is not the bed of roses most people imagine it to be. Still, it enables a man who is married to know more of home life than active service aboard a warship permits. So, when Jack has completed nine years at sea, becoming "spliced" in the meantime, he often takes advantage of the regulations to apply at once for a berth as coastguard ashore.

He doesn't improve his worldly position when he is transferred to a station. He may be a P.O. on board, but he must start as a "boatman" ashore. An A.B.'s screw, one shilling and sevenpence a day, is generously allowed, with a shilling extra in lieu of his "grub"; to this magnificent daily income is added the sum of fourpence, which is considered by the Admiralty sufficient to compensate the A.B. at a station for the warmth and artificial light which were his just due when afloat.

Accordingly, on two and elevenpence per diem, Jack begins his sojourn ashore. Out of this sum he is expected to keep himself in all his needs, and, if he is married, those of his wife and family. And small though the means undoubtedly are, you will always find a coastguard's family well-clothed and neat in personal appearance; if the furnishing of the little quarters be poor, they are invariably models of cleanliness and brightness.

Officially, the coastguard's wife and family do not exist. The Admiralty refuses to acknowledge such beings. Quarters are provided for the man only. If he likes to bring his wife and children there, the Admiralty is kind enough to look the other way. And if, during an official visit of inspection to a station, some representative from Whitehall should be condescending enough to see a man's wife and

— whilst in the Semaphore code two flags are necessary.

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children snugly occupying quarters, he never says a word about them when he gets back.

But woe betide the family that proves troublesome while at the station! Out that family goes, neck and crop. The Admiralty stands no nonsense, even from people whom it officially regards as non-existent.

But besides having to provide ordinary necessities out of his small pay, every man at a station, from the new boatman to the officer in charge, has to purchase his own clothing—not even a bootlace is granted to the men by the powers that be—and he must always turn out smartly dressed.

The captain of a district visits a station. The men are paraded for inspection.

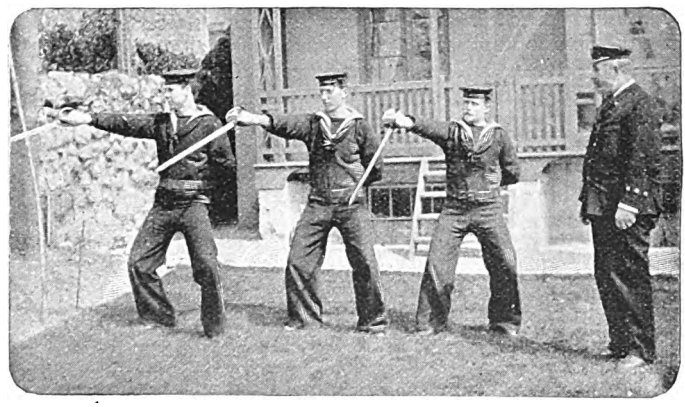
"Are those the best trousers you've got?" the captain demands, pointing to a slightly darkened spot on the knee of one of the men's nether garments.

"Yes, sir!" is the instant reply.

"Get a new pair at once!"

That's all. The trousers are obtained, and, as the Admiralty doesn't give credit, the amount is stopped in full from Jack's next month's pay.

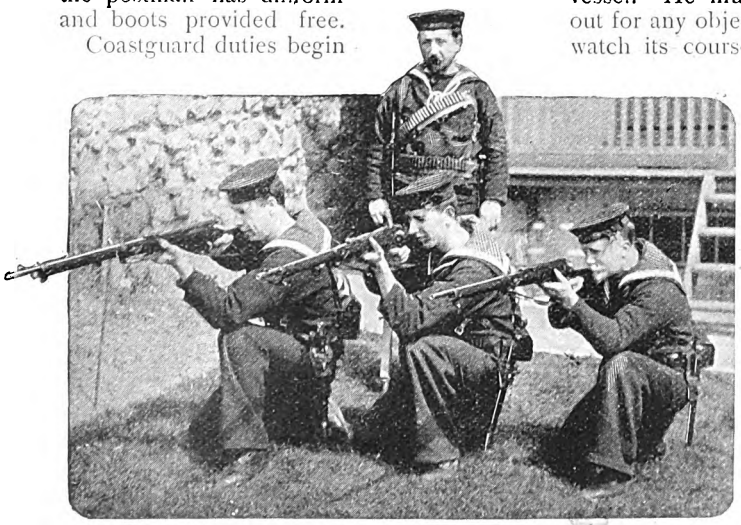
This is a very real grievance, for other Government services are more favoured. Even the postman has uniform and boots provided free. Coastguard duties begin very early in the morning, and finish very late at night. At stations with a full complement of men each goes "on watch" for six hours every day. That is, he takes up his position in the watch-house or upon the sea-wall. His particular duty is to keep a sharp look-out for passing ships, to insure that nobody and nothing is landed on the coast in contravention of the Customs laws.



The cutlass is a terribly effective weapon at close quarters, and the coastguards are regularly drilled in its use.

Even excursion steamers running between an English seaside resort and French or Belgian ports are not permitted to land passengers until a coastguard—where there are no revenue officers—is present at the landing-stage to search suspicious persons and examine luggage.

The man on watch is held responsible for any failure to report the coming of such a vessel. He must always keep a keen look-out for any object floating in the sea, and must watch its course, reporting his discovery if there is any likelihood of the object being thrown up on the foreshore.



Constant instruction in musketry makes the coastguard a first-rate marksman.

It is the duty of the coastguard to take charge of anything thrown up by the sea. In the case of human bodies, information and descriptions must be circulated, and the coroner informed. When carcases of animals are washed up, it is the duty of the coastguard to bury them, or cause them to be buried.

The latter few words were added to the standing regulations owing to some friction with the public of a coast town. Some

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carcases, after a storm, had been washed up, and the coastguard, as usual, disposed of them in the quickest manner by putting them under the nearest sod.

The inhabitants resented this, declaring that it was taking the bread and butter out of local mouths. There were men, they stated, who would have been glad to take on the job for a fair rate of pay.

The Admiralty was approached and solemnly requested to fall in with the view of local agitators. The latter got their way. The coastguards had had to do the disagreeable jobs as part of their duty—without fee or reward. Thereafter, whenever local labour was procurable, it was employed. But the cost is charged to the town or district, and the ratepayers are mulcted. The town that started the agitation is now sorry it spoke.

The man on watch has further responsibilities. For instance, he must be constantly on the look-out, day and night, for signals from lightships and lighthouses as to wrecks or vessels in distress, and it is imperative that the local life-boat captain shall be immediately informed and instructed as to the whereabouts of the ship requiring assistance.

Cross-Channel excursion steamers are not permitted to land passengers until a coastguard—when there are no revenue officers—is present at the landing-stage to search suspicious persons.

The man on watch is bound to see that all buoys, beacons and lights, visible by telescope from the station, remain in position. Should it be otherwise discovered that any of these are disturbed and out of their proper places, unpleasant questions are sure to be put to the officer in charge of the station as to why the fact was not reported by the coastguard on duty at the time. Of course the precautions are vital. Many a vessel has gone to the bottom through a light not being where it ought to have been.

Another duty of the man on watch is to make and record weather observations for the use, if required, of the Meteorological Society.

It will be seen that the six hours on watch are not spent altogether so easily as many seaside visitors suppose when they see a coastguard on a fine summer's day basking in the sunshine. The sky is not always fair. During stormy weather in summer, and at all times throughout the winter, there is much anxiety and worry for the man on watch—especially at night. Should anything go wrong he is in for a bad time.

The man on night-watch sometimes meets with strange experiences. At a station on the south coast, some little time ago, a curious incident occurred. It was winter. The night was intensely dark, and heavy snow was falling.

Clad from head to heels in oilskins, a coastguard, whom we will call Brown, stood under a rough shelter opposite the watch-house. It was past midnight, and he had not long relieved his mate, who had turned in. Gazing seaward, Brown thought he saw something moving close to or amongst the white foam as it advanced and receded on the slanting shingle.

Suddenly a shrill cry came up from the beach a few yards to the eastward of the spot where the coastguard stood. Brown jumped down from his shelter to the shingle, and, as he did so, he saw the figure of a man, stark naked, running towards him out of the darkness, and groaning as he advanced.

"What's up?" shouted Brown, somewhat startled by the apparition.

The figure stopped.

"Is this the coastguard station?" came a sepulchral voice.

"Yes."

"I need shelter and food badly," groaned the naked man.

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"All right. Come this way."

Brown ran for the watch-house, followed by the other.

The stove was alight, and the stranger at once rushed towards it. The coastguard gave him a towel with which to rub himself down, as he was dripping with sea-water, and an old overcoat. The poor wretch was shivering like an aspen leaf.

Whilst the stranger cowered over the stove with the greatcoat wrapped about him, Brown prepared some hot cocoa, which, with some slices of bread, the poor fellow greedily partook of. By this time, he had related, as fast as his chattering teeth would allow him, a most remarkable story.

A regular handy-man, you see. Here he is house-painting like one born to it.

Two hours previously he was snugly tucked up in his berth aboard a coasting steamer in which he was travelling as a passenger between London and Falmouth. After falling asleep in his bunk he remembered nothing more until he found himself struggling in the sea in the dark. He had struck out, and, being a powerful swimmer, kept afloat. Tide and current were in his favour. After what seemed a lifetime in the cold water, he found fresh strength when his feet touched bottom a few yards off from where Brown had been standing.

The extraordinary adventure was explained by the fact that the poor fellow was subject to walking in his sleep. In this state, he said, he had evidently reached the deck and tumbled overboard, probably through a lurch of the vessel. His utter nakedness was owing to the fact that his nightshirt had impeded his swimming powers, and he had torn it off.

A man of powerful physique, he soon revived, and asked permission to lie down for a while. The coastguard made him as comfortable as possible on the bench beside the stove, and saying he would look in again in half-an-hour, left the stranger to fall asleep, and returned to his post in the dreary shelter on the sea wall.

He looked into the watch-house in half-an-hour. The strange guest had departed. Along with him had disappeared the coastguard's change of clothes, the overcoat, a pair of boots, and a cap, from which the ribbon had been torn by the thief.

The mystery was fully explained next day. In the morning a report was circulated from P—— prison, six miles away, that a convict, answering to the visitor's personal appearance, had escaped late on the previous evening. Then came the news that a fisherman had picked up, behind some rocks on the shore, a suit of clothes of yellowish material, with undergarments and boots, all plentifully besprinkled with broad-arrows. Later in the afternoon the capture of the missing convict was chronicled, and he was described as wearing the clothes stolen from the watch-house.

There was no doubt that the man, knowing how impossible it was to escape whilst wearing convict dress, planned out the proceedings of the previous night, discarded the undesirable garments, took a dip in the sea, approached the coastguard station, and invented the somnambulatory yarn as an excuse for his nakedness. Afterwards, taking advantage of the situation, he had got out of the back door with sundry wearing apparel!

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The coastguard takes charge of everything thrown up by the sea.

Brown now gets as mad as a hatter when anyone asks him, after his spell of night-watch, if he has seen any more swimming somnambulists!

Six hours' watch does not, of course, constitute the day's work of a coastguard. There is always plenty to do at a station. Idleness is practically unknown.

The Admiralty dictum quoted at the opening of this article is quite true. The coastguard is undoubtedly the first and most highly-trained reserve force for the Navy in case of war. And this efficiency cannot be maintained without continuous and strenuous practice.

So, many a time and oft, Jack and his mates have to turn out at the bidding of the Chief Station Officer to drill. And, at unexpected intervals, the captain of the district puts in an appearance and summons the men to drill in his presence. If there be any slackness, the C.S.O. is sure to hear of it afterwards, and what he hears in such instances does not improve his temper.

Rifle drill, cutlass drill, pistol drill, signalling drill, Morse and semaphore, boat drill, in fact, all the routine of a warship is maintained at a coastguard station. Inspections are frequent, and visits from the Admiral of the District help to lessen any monotony with which a station may be threatened.

There is a record of a boatman—as the coastguard "private" is classed—who made a slight mistake owing to a testy Admiral's indistinctness of verbal delivery. The culprit excused himself by stating that he hadn't heard the order.

"What are your ears for, sir?" demanded the irate officer.

"To keep my straw hat on, sir!" was the ready response.

The nature of the Admiral's remarks on this view is, unhappily, not recorded.

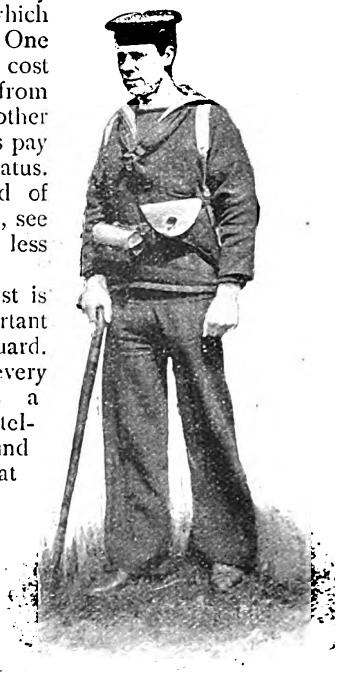
Rifle firing and marksmanship is sustained by regular visits to the nearest range. Some of the best shots in the service are amongst the blue-jackets ashore.

The rocket apparatus and other life-saving paraphernalia are under the care of the coastguard. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that all stations are not supplied. In many instances one rocket apparatus has to be shared by four or five neighbouring stations. Some day, or night, proof will be given that the system is wrong. A rocket apparatus that must be brought a distance of ten miles when needed might often be too late to be of use.

The men at a station not supplied with an apparatus have to journey for practice to that which is so provided. One would think that the cost of transporting men from one station to another would in a few years pay for a new apparatus. No doubt, the Board of Trade will, in time, see the matter in a less penurious light.

Patrolling the coast is one of the most important duties of the coastguard. By this means, every twenty-four hours a chain of useful intelligence is forged around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Arrayed in special night-gear, which includes a heavy revolver with plenty of ammunition, a sword stick, a blue light



Here you see him in his night-duty kit—that stick in his hand contains a sword, and he carries a revolver at his belt.

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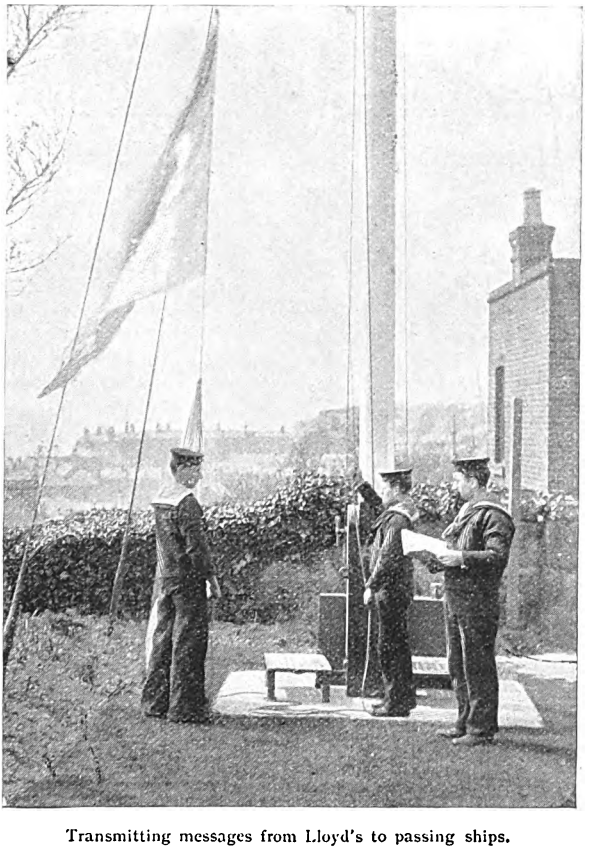
for signalling purposes, and a pouch for official correspondence, two sturdy men start away every evening from every coastguard station in the United Kingdom. They depart in opposite directions. Their objective is a point along the coast half-way between their own and the next station, from which a man is setting out at the same moment. The two meet at a rendezvous. They compare notes, exchange news of the coast, relate any incidents that may have occurred during their respective walks, and hand over and receive official letters for transmission to various stations—for the coastguard has its own postal delivery.

The nightly patrol of the coast is not without its risks even in these modern times. Smugglers and their accomplices are creatures of the past, but the cliff paths are often dangerous, and on dark nights each step has to be carefully picked.

Many an exciting adventure has fallen to the lot of the night patrol. There recently died at Newport, I.W., an ex-coastguardsman who, many years ago, succeeded in arresting, single-handed, a whole gang consisting of eleven smugglers.

He was patrolling the coast when he suddenly came upon the men busy landing a cargo of spirits from the coast of France. Dashing, revolver in hand, into their midst, the brave fellow sang out that he would shoot the first man who tried to get away. He so frightened the lot that he succeeded in marching every one of them to the next town, where he gave them into custody, much to the amazement of the authorities.



Transmitting messages from Lloyd's to passing ships.

Besides the daily routine of station life, there are many duties, which, although of somewhat irregular occurrence, must still be carried out carefully when the occasion arises.

For instance, to the coastguard falls the work of enforcing the quarantine laws in districts where they are not looked after by the local authorities. Boarding any ship flying a fever signal, the coastguard is bound to risk contagion in seeing that the laws are carried out.

When a wreck is thrown up on the beach or on rocks in proximity thereto, the coastguards must take charge of and protect the property, acting on behalf of the Receiver of Wrecks, until freed officially from the responsibility. If human lives have been lost by the wrecking of a vessel, it is the coastguards' duty to prepare casualty returns for the Board of Trade.

Infringements of sea fishery laws must be followed up, and the culprits arrested; every coastguard must be prepared to act as a pilot, when necessary; and the bye-laws as to vessels carrying explosives must be enforced.

Under all these conditions and circumstances it must be admitted that the coastguard is a very hard-working man, executing very important and difficult duties at a small wage. Still, you will always find him a jovial, hearty, fair-spoken fellow, enjoying, no doubt, the knowledge that, by good conduct and willing work, he is sure to advance by stages until he finds himself in the proud position of Chief Station Officer.

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The Man With Wings

The Strange and Thrilling Story of a Great Invention and a Great Inventor.

By W. J. Alexander.

IT WAS only after Eustace Devine had thought out his wonderful invention that his real difficulties began. Unluckily, he was not an artisan; he was at present a clerk in the office of a shipbroker, who happened to be his maternal uncle. Thus he had to put his design into the hands of an ironmaster, who undertook to mould the delicate steel ribs of his wings, but who, unfortunately, had to be intrusted with the secret of the pulleys, the galvanic battery, the pneumatic bladders, and the rest of it. The ironmaster's bill mounted high above the estimate, and all Eustace's available cash only covered about half of it. And the ironmaster declined to part with an article like a pair of wings except for cash down.

Eustace found himself in a dilemma. Friends as poor as himself believed enthusiastically in his idea; the capitalists he had access to, including his uncle, were sceptical. Naturally the inventor foresaw a golden future, but lay awake o' nights with the fear of finding another man before him. Another besetting temptation of youth drove him on, and he fell.

Some highly unskilled juggling with figures in his uncle's ledger placed the amount in his hands—for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time his injured relative was talking loudly of the police.

Being of a nervous temperament, Eustace went promptly into hiding. Only now he had the wings, piled up in sections on the roof of his lodgings in Kentish Town, where the blank wall of a warehouse behind gave cover for his movements.

During that winter a legend, rather like that of the sea-serpent, began to circulate through London. A gigantic winged form, strangely refracted through the fog, would occasionally become visible, flitting above some particularly well-lighted thoroughfare, and filling the most respectable members of the public with horrid doubts.

A natural explanation of the portent was, of course, advanced—to say, "Smith saw the flying man last night," came to be considered the delicate way of describing the condition of a man after he had dined not wisely but too well. Meanwhile, the inventor crouched in his top-floor, prepared for flight to the leads at the first alarm.

In such a case a man could hardly be expected to pay afternoon calls, but with the rashness natural to youth, Eustace did so. In addition to his other troubles he had fallen in love. He had met the lady in question some fifteen months before—after various conversational fumblings he had somehow been led to talk of flying, and Margaret Haxell, who had brains of her own, had been delighted with the inventor's enthusiasm. He was, in fact, the first inventor she had met. "How nice if you could fly down into our garden," she had remarked on that memorable occasion.

One foggy afternoon in his distressful period the thing came about. He had, indeed, flown into several wrong gardens first, in spite of careful reconnoitring of that

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region of the West End. He knew his way better with each successive visit, and happily Mr. Haxell, who was something big in the City, was invariably out.

It is possible that Miss Margaret was flattered at being wooed in a fashion that certainly no other woman had been wooed in before. But Eustace did not feel called on at their charming *tête-à-têtes* to allude to the difficulties in which he found himself. Had he not more or less got into them on account of her?

His courage rose to the point of self-advertisement. One evening a gigantic winged figure was seen whirling round the light on the clock tower of the House of Commons, now descending in strange gyrations to the level of the house fronts, now soaring out of sight. Policemen and loafers alike saw it, the people on the 'busses saw it, even M.P.'s were among the witnesses A universal murmur rose from the space before Palace Yard—"The Flying Man" was the shout, while a sceptic remarked: "Get aht, it's a albatross." A seaman present asserted in language of the deepest dye that it was like no albatross he had met, and the next day's papers found space for a judiciously edited version of his evidence.

From cautious inquiries Eustace learned that his uncle had inserted an advertisement connected with himself in the agony column of the *Daily Advertiser*. He bought a copy and learned that the old man would "feel it his duty to communicate with the police," if he (Eustace) did not report himself at the office within twenty-four hours. The paper was already three days old.

From a Photograph.

One evening a gigantic winged figure was seen whirling round the clock tower of the House of Commons.

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Things were indeed looking black. His extreme desire to remain invisible to the police was now only tempered by occasional outbursts of his ambition to exhibit himself to the public, and by the temptation to call upon Margaret. And from the next of these delightful interviews he returned with yet another burden on his mind — Margaret insisted that he should teach her to fly. What was he to do?

Fortunately, she consented, after he had muttered something about patents, to limit her performances to days of fog. It was stiff work, of course, conveying the reserve pair of wings piece by piece on to the roof of the unconscious Mr. Haxell's dwelling, but the fun of buckling all the apparatus on Margaret's person—dressing his ladybird, as he called it—and then the sight of her undaunted courage in the air, fluttering at the end of the towline he held so tightly, was reward enough.

But the situation was becoming more unbearable every day. He had little money left, and his uncle might any day set the police in real earnest on his track. There was nothing for it but reckless self-advertisement. Accordingly, one evening, near dusk, there was a sensation in Fleet Street, everybody standing still to stare at a winged monster that went heavily buzzing with a metallic clang between the house fronts, skimming over the heads of astounded passengers on 'buses, and taking the telegraph wires in its flight, with a sharp up and down, like a hunter taking fences.

For a minute the noisiest street in the world was silent but for those amazing wing-beats, then came a thickening murmur—for one wing had caught in the wires, and the inventor hung there beating the air with the other, wriggling strangely to get loose, while the police were pushing through the crowd beneath him. Then a tinkle of falling metal, and the apparition soared dizzily aloft over the Law Courts, to vanish shortly in the evening mist.

* * * * *

A few days later Margaret discovered that the ambition of her life was an extensive fly above London. Eustace found denial too hard for him. He only insisted on a foggy day being chosen for the expedition—the delight of flying above a fog was, he assured her, the main point. And in this Margaret, to his great satisfaction, quite acquiesced. Perhaps it was because he also insisted on the towline.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl breathlessly, "it's like being buried and then getting out!"

They had flapped up in a spiral course and emerged through the dank wreaths of the lower mist. Above them the blue sky, beneath them the top of the fog lay like a sparkling floor.

They flew exultantly through the clear air, circling, on the whole, northward. Eustace had a preconceived route, with resting-places for Margaret's benefit, mapped out in his head, and presently he began to drop a little.

"Not yet," she pleaded, as the chilly wreathes of fog began to float round them again.

"Only for five minutes," he said authoritatively, wheeling about like a bird groping its way, till suddenly a huge mass of building loomed up beside them, a dim, formidable shape that presently resolved itself into the Midland Hotel. "Easy right wing," he commanded; "now easy left—cock your tail," and with a very elegant swoop they alighted plumb on the centre of the arched roof of St. Pancras station.

After a short rest they whirred upwards out of the darkness and chill into the keen, blithe air; the sun shone for them again, and the green country beckoned them on.

"I am a seagull," Margaret cried, sparkling with delight. "No, not a seagull, an eagle. Can you hear me? these wings clack so. I'd sooner be an eagle than an angel, wouldn't you?"

Eustace replied that her angelic qualities were beyond question.

"Oh, bother, you don't want poetry when you have flying," she said lightly.

Just then a hawk, that presumably had lost its way, wheeled and fled in terror from their path. They laughed joyously. "Faster, faster," cried Margaret, and their wings whirred on with a great volume of sound.

Their course now was southward over central London. The fog seemed to have risen and thickened; the slopes about Sydenham were covered with it, and only the big towers of the Crystal Palace loomed obscurely through.

"Let's fly there," Margaret suggested.

Her companion surveyed the horizon with an anxiety which she naturally did not share. It was dark everywhere, only far westward a dim patch of light fell on some suburban region marked by the smoke of a great railway, and there stood out a heavy mass of building, in the neighbourhood, perhaps, of Wormwood Scrubs. "Come on," Eustace called recklessly.

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Their speed was now great, and from time to time Eustace felt the towline go taut with a jerk.

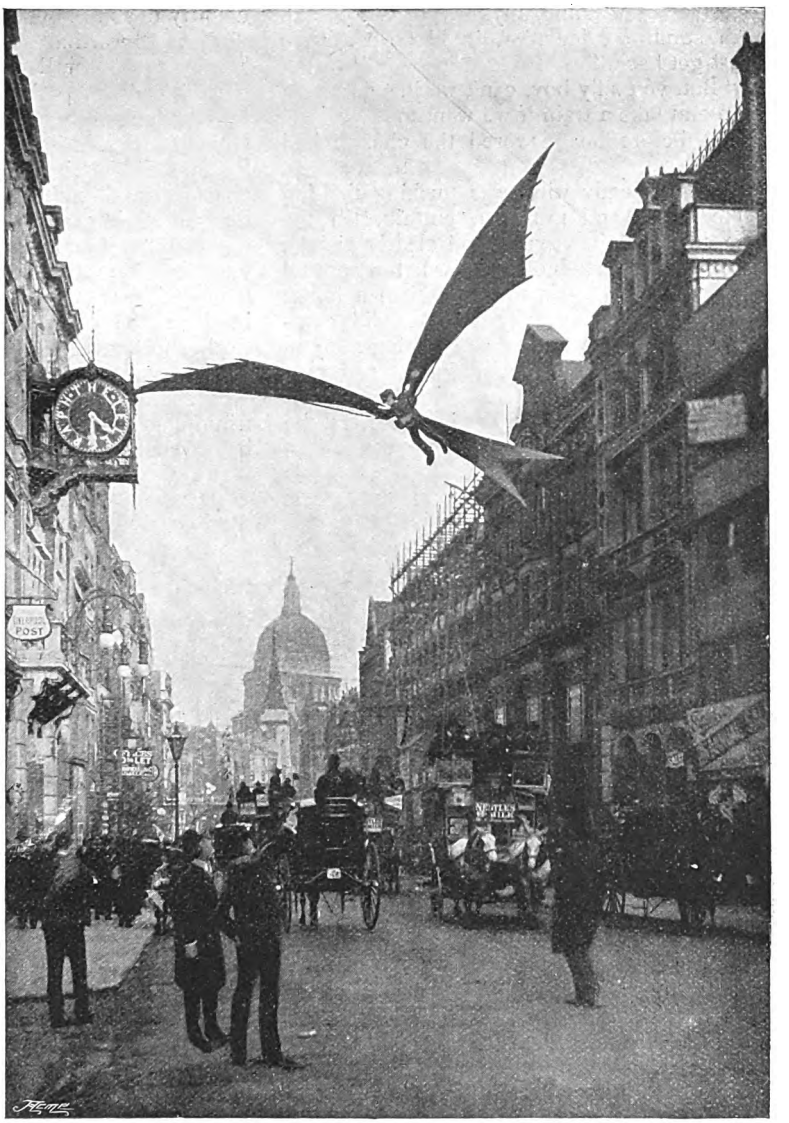
"Are you getting fagged?" he called down to his companion.

"Not a bit—eagles don't, you know," she called back pluckily.

Then came another jerk. "Better go slower," he said.

"No, faster, faster." She was intoxicated with the whirl of it, with the strong air rushing against her clear-cut young face that looked so charming, half turned up to him from below. For the rest of that flight the jerks entirely ceased.

They dropped on the wide-arched roof of the Crystal Palace to find a chilly gleam of sunshine doing its best to draw a sparkle from the glass. But Eustace's eyes noticed that Margaret was sitting with her wings drooping heavily, an appealing picture of fatigue. There was nothing for it but to unbuckle her shoulder straps to give her arms a little rest from the weight—an operation to which she breathlessly submitted.



From a Photograph.

There was a sensation in Fleet Street, everybody standing still to stare at a winged monster that went buzzing between the house fronts.

"It's the pace that kills—I warned you," he said, taking the opportunity of scolding her.

"I didn't feel it, not till just the end—I'll obey the inventor another time," she panted charmingly.

"You'd better."

"And I turned on the power as you told me—I got so excited."

"But you shouldn't have—it's not for that. Let me look at your battery," he said, rather gravely.

He knelt before her and consulted the indicator of the little box hanging at her waist. "Good Heavens, you've nearly used it all."

The alarm in his voice startled her. "I didn't know it mattered," she said penitently, "and I was afraid I couldn't go quick enough and would be a drag on you—and besides it was heavenly."

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"I've got all mine, anyhow," Eustace said, with sombre calculation in his eye. "We must get back."

"But, you silly boy, can't we just get down here and take a train if we want to?"

But before he answered the change had come.

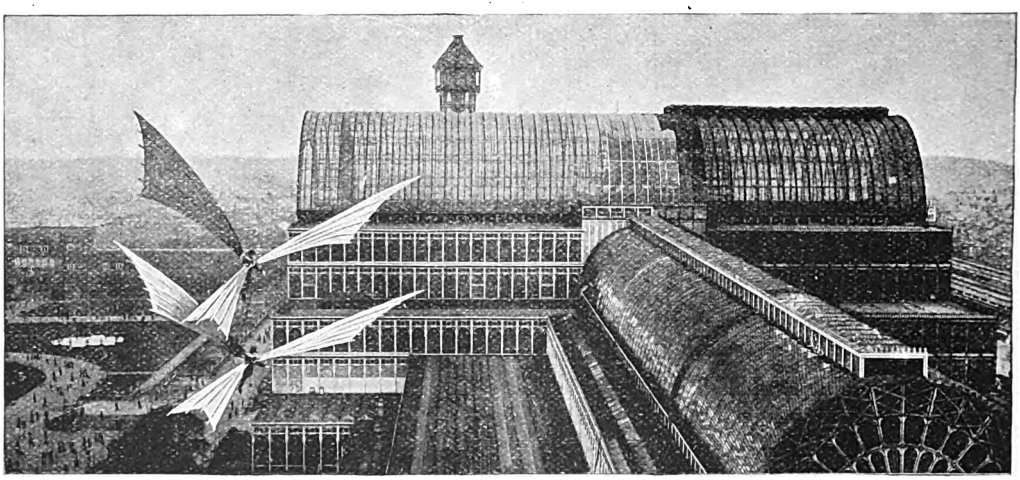
A light steady wind was pushing the fog aside as a hand moves a curtain, till the upper half of one tower stood clearly visible. Then a dusky patch of light far below showed up some trees and a fountain, then a house stood out, and suddenly all the solid, comfortable, protecting fog was seething away in steam, vanishing into nothingness. Eustace jumped to his feet.

"Can you stand your wings now?" he asked, with hurry in his voice.

country beyond lay already in vivid sunshine. Only northward along the river there rose the brown, murky wall that promised security, since it veiled the City from sight, and might, by luck, extend indefinitely over the suburbs beyond. Still Eustace wavered, scanning the horizon all round, attempting to calculate the chances, and with every fatal moment of delay the light grew stronger.

"Country's no good; we aren't fast enough," he explained in broken phrases. "They'd chase us with motors and catch us in time. The power only lasts a comparatively short while. No, there's only the City left."

Suddenly Margaret clapped her hands triumphantly. "Let me get down right below here," she suggested; "help me down



Photo, Russell & Sons.

They dropped on the wide-arched roof of the Crystal Palace.

"Oh, bother, and we're just going to have a jolly view," Margaret said lazily.

"But I must follow the fog," he burst out.

The blank want of comprehension in her eyes staggered him—to her it must have seemed like insanity. Breathlessly, in a miserable flutter of nerves, he blurted out the whole story of his temptations and blunders, and the trouble he was in—then waited with a downcast face for her judgment.

"Poor boy"—she possessed herself of one of his hands and stroked it—"poor boy, and what a silly world it is. Here, put my wings on for me—quick." She started up with every appearance of energy.

"If I only knew where to make for," Eustace muttered as he buckled the straps.

The fog was driving rapidly away from the high ground round Sydenham, and the open

there—you're the master—fly away and laugh at them."

Eustace glanced beneath. "Ugh! only look at them," he said with violent disgust.

On the terrace below, a compact little crowd stood waiting. It was constantly swelled by fresh arrivals; they could see people beckoning to each other, people running up, some dragging children behind them, all agape at the weird figures outlined on the familiar Palace roof, and evidently congratulating themselves on being in time for the performance. Faces appeared on the balconies of the towers.

"You can't possibly light there," he went on, turning to Margaret; "they'd question you—want your address. Heaven knows what those imbecile police think, most likely that I invented flying as a means to commit

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crime "—and in this possibly the inventor was not so wide of the mark—"anyhow they'd bother you no end, and go to your father, of course."

Margaret heaved a tremulous little sigh. "Oh, let's start," she said faintly.

A whisper that had started from below as a cheer reached them as they took the air. Eustace shaped a course due north, straight for the friendly fog bank above the City, that lay at its thickest about the shadowy dome of St. Paul's.

The great elevation they started from would have allowed of an easy dropping flight, but by rising he hoped to escape observation from below. Only the strain on the towline was now not jerky, but continuous, for Margaret's wings were flapping feebly. His anxious inquiries elicited the statement that she was enjoying herself immensely. The strain went on; still, the splendid sweep of his own wings had already left the Palace far behind, and the atmosphere beneath them was growing dimmer.

"Perhaps we can get away north of London and take a train," Eustace shouted down to his companion. Her answer was inaudible. "Worst come to the worst," he went on, "we can lie down on a roof till dusk. Could you invent some tale when you get home?"

"Rather." Margaret's voice, if cheerful, was faint.

They were above London streets again, with a swimming, vaporous world beneath, but the strain on the towline was growing momentarily worse.

"Put on all your power," he called out, heard a little "yes," in answer, and their flight grew easier. But in less than a mile the strain returned, it was fast becoming intolerable, and a sense of giddiness came over him. He remembered with horror a speculation of his as to the possibility, if the arms grew too fatigued for movement, that they might simply act as brakes to the wings, and so tend to check the power.

Things were certainly going hard with him, but what he presently saw below was worse. For the fog was thinning. First one steeple, then another, stuck up through its attenuated folds, then the great arteries made a patchwork in the brown jumble of mean streets—and, turning his head, Eustace saw his enemy close behind him.

The enemy was a broad belt of sunlight driving up from the south-west, and scattering the fog in grotesque chunks and masses of quickly dissolving vapour. Eustace put on his power to escape—once more he gathered speed, and the fog seemed to cling close about the City.

But the flying man was over-handicapped for this race. Line by line the ugly panorama below came out with horrid distinctness, till, passing 700 feet above the Walworth Road, he made out black dots which were vehicles, and tinier dots which were men, and fancied he could see those pigmies standing still and gathering in clumps to stare—no doubt enjoying the exhibition like those idiots at the Palace.

Eustace felt bitter towards them, for he was cruelly tired. For a long time, a time that seemed like hours, he had had no breath for a word to Margaret. And the poor girl, trailing below there, was just as dumb.

But by this the fog had left St. Paul's. Eustace's sight travelled wildly over London to see those once friendly columns of murk retreating far away, the main body hanging dark over the East End and the region of docks, while flying columns skirmished on the horizon somewhere towards Stamford Hill. Below him the streets of the City lay in clear-cut patterns, small, like some elaborate model. And the limits of the great invention had been unexpectedly reached—he could simply fly no more—the nearest solid object in the abyss of space must be reached, if it could be reached, as soon as possible.

That nearest solid thing was the starkly outlined lantern above the dome of St. Paul's. But how to reach it? Crossing dizzily above Cannon Street Eustace felt his muscles springless, he was drifting like a dead weight, tending each instant to sink. To be sure, there was the momentum. But not enough—the course was too low—they were aiming straight for the sheer slope of the dome. With a horrible effort Eustace rose a little, steering for the lantern.

The next moments were like the hundred years of a nightmare. The solid thing in front with its columns and secure ledges seemed to come no nearer as he flapped heavily through empty space, drawing out, it seemed to him, for ever.

Then, suddenly, it was close on him, and he was struggling not to be dashed against it, backing his wings to check that violent momentum. Next he was clinging to something, his feet were on a stone step, the solid at last. But Margaret hung below—he had to rise from his perch, with wings grinding against the stone-work, and haul desperately till she got to the level of safety.

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From a Photograph.

He was conscious only of a desperate battle against gravitation.

He was holding her fast on a stone cornice of scarcely a foot's width, their faces were to the wall of the lantern and they were unable, which was perhaps as well, to glance behind them. Their wings, broken into jagged ends as they were, were disastrously cramping on that delusive perch—and Margaret was in wild hysterics. "Don't let me drop, don't let me drop," she kept saying as she clung to him.

To creep into the interior of the ball was, of course, impossible. And, even if the wings had not been damaged, further flight was equally so. Margaret was all but incapable of motion. "Let me drop and get it over and you fly away," she said over and over again, crying bitterly while she clutched him for support. Eustace had wholly forgotten the world below in the deadly pass they had come to; no possible course presented itself except to stand by her till by some unimaginable means he pulled her through.

"You must do exactly what I tell you," he

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said sternly, and tried to soothe her while he meditated a plan. For the critical moment she must be a child in his hands.

"Now try to fly," he told her suddenly, and fluttered himself away from the lantern, literally jerking her off the edge of the cornice. She sank, his flight breaking her fall, till her body lay face downward on the surface of the dome.

"Crikey, there's acrobats for yer!" exclaimed a voice from the ball above, now crowded with gazing faces. Very slowly, and with infinite trouble, he lowered her along the curve of the dome, hovering above her with a trembling sense of what depended on the soundness of the rope. The descent became precipitous, and he was conscious only of a desperate battle against gravitation and the effort to keep the wings outspread to check the downward rush. They grated along the stonework—then suddenly the two lay in a heap, bruised and shaken, on the lower gallery.

It was then, after setting Margaret, who was dazed, but conscious, on her feet, and assuring her of her safety, that Eustace first glanced down and beheld the spectacle of his life.

The whole churchyard below was paved with faces, turned upward, white and expectant, in absolute silence. Omnibuses, wedged in among the people, were entirely incapable of movement, and the whole congested multitude was intent like one man in watching for the end of this unheard-of adventure above.

Then, as the two stood at the balcony, a great hoarse cheer came rolling up, and was repeated time after time, seemingly in the hope that the performance would be continued.

Eustace gazed gloomily down at them, then took out his handkerchief and waved it, meaning this as a sign of surrender. Instantly the space below was alive with the waving of hats and other signals, no doubt in honour of the inventor. Margaret implored him to fly and leave her. But he mournfully inspected the battered wings, and then silently set about taking them off and laying the pieces by in order.

Soon a queer little procession composed of vergers and policemen found its way aloft. "You'll put the lady in a cab, of course," Eustace said when he found himself in custody, and was answered with more respect than he looked for.

It was the vergers, in fact, who took charge of Margaret, while the police closed round the inventor. "If you damage those wings you'll have to pay thousands," he broke out with sudden passion, and a constable, who had shown symptoms of an inquiring mind, retreated nervously. The little procession solemnly filed downstairs.

Eustace passed his first hours in the cells in a state of apathy due to extraordinary fatigue. He was aroused by the visit of an official civilly anxious as to the disposal of the wings. This seemed remarkable, and he began to meditate on his paradoxical position—at once an inventor and a convict, or next door to it, and wondered which he would sooner not be. He meditated on many things, but most about what might be happening at the Haxell's, and that seemed obscurer than the rest. Presently he was roused by an official voice remarking: "Someone to bail yer out."

It was his uncle, brim full of cordiality.

"My dear boy, all an absurd mistake—bail you out, of course I will—didn't know you had such a good thing. Well, never mind that little matter, I'll float it for you and give you ten per cent."

"Give me what?" Eustace asked dumfounded.

"Well, call it twenty per cent.," his uncle beamed with benignity.

Just then a sensation was caused in that police-station by the arrival of a second person designing to bail out the culprit, and this person was that highly respected member of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Haxell himself.

"Stuff and nonsense," said that bluff and sensible person, "I'm here to do the bailing out. Look here, Mr. Eustace, I'll float the thing and give you fifty per cent., the remainder to be settled on another person."

"You forget I'm in a position to dictate terms. I can prosecute," put in the uncle with acerbity.

"Practically you can't," said the other. "On the whole this gentleman behaved well to my daughter—mind you," with an admonitory finger to Eustace, "I only say on the whole. So I offer you your money down—see. You can't prosecute. Why, man, you'd live in history for it."

"Who is the other person?" Eustace asked, when his uncle had glumly retired.

"Margaret, I suggest," said Mr. Haxell. "But," making play with his finger, "we won't talk of pooling the shares till we see how you behave."

"I think I've learnt some wisdom, sir," Eustace submitted. And as he marched out of the station he felt as though he had really learned a good deal.

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"TICK—TACK"

A New System of Wireless Telegraphy on the Race Course.

By Phil Lander.

Specimen of a signalled "tick-tack" message. Two—the number of the horse in the starting list.

This curious signal means eight.

This is the sign for the figure one.

The word "against" in the "tick-tack" code.

One of the most curious of human signalling systems is that in vogue on the race course. It is used for the purpose of conveying from one "ring," or inclosure, to another valuable information as to the odds in betting.

The smaller, ready money bookie employs an agent to enter the first class rings, to watch the prices, and, by hanging about the paddock and jockeys' inclosures, to pick up any information that may be going, for transmission, in due course, to his employer.

Frequently this pair of sporting individuals are separated by a space of several hundred yards. Each of necessity must remain in his particular sphere of work. As communications of a private nature cannot otherwise take place, a code of signals has been prepared, and, as necessity demands, the searcher after knowledge conveys his messages by what is known among the fraternity as the "tick-tack" system.

It is a rather curious sight to see half-a-dozen of these agents at work conveying their messages by signs to their employers. Perched up on a portable stool, or balanced on the rails of the inclosure, the "tick-tack" men go through a series of vigorous exercises.

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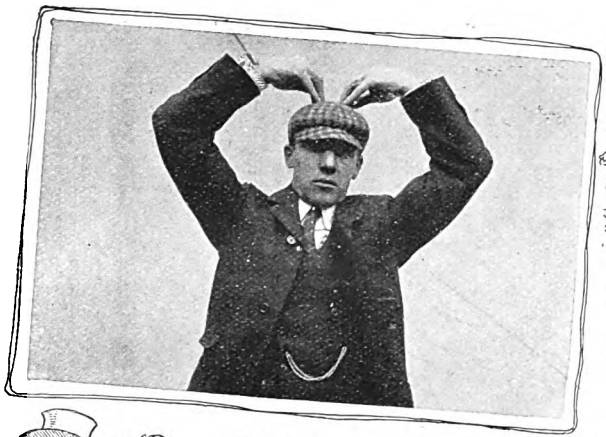

The signal for "on" in "tick-tack" telegraphy.

"Price falling."

"Price going up."

"A stiff 'un," in the tipster's code.

which many observers would imagine were intended as a means towards gaining physical perfection.

Hundreds of yards away their employers have focussed their glasses upon the gesticulating figures, and are eagerly reading and whispering to their "clerks" the information obtained.

First signalling, according to the prepared code, the number of a horse, the "tick-tack" man gives the price "against" or "on," as the case may be, thus going through the whole list of starters. There are various signs as to how betting is going on this horse and that.

Numerals are indicated by various signs from 1 to 9 and 0. These suffice singly, or by combinations, for the number of the horse and the odds. "On" is a special sign, and "against" another. Other signs and combinations of signs indicate such sporting phrases as "straight tip," "dead cert," "stiff 'un," "cert for a place," and many others expressive of useful information to guide the recipient in making up his book and regulating "prices" or odds.

In this way the smaller fry of bookmakers are able to gain quite as good information as their swell brethren in the big inclosures are in possession of.

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THE EVIL EYE

AN ABSORBING STORY OF AN ARTIST, A FLOWER-GIRL, AND HER LOVER.

By Huan Mee.

I.

Lawrence Barton, American, bachelor, artist, and globe trotter stood with a travelling companion he had picked up in Italy, on the deck of the little vessel that plunged erratically across the Bay of Naples towards the enchanting Island of Capri.

The setting sun, too brilliantly audacious and barbaric in its colouring for any man to portray, for sapient critics would sneer if he painted Nature with such fidelity, flung its vivid, ever-changing glow from one spot to another, and the two who watched it closely stood spellbound, gazing first at the flaming glory of the sky and then at the deepening blue of the water, and the island which seemed to rest as a bird upon it.

"It is wonderful," said Edward Denby enthusiastically, "glorious. If only a painter could put this scene upon canvas, the world would be at his feet. Doing any work in Capri, Barton?"

"Yes, I've a large canvas I've been working upon in the island, but unluckily I've come to a dead stop."

"Why, lost your inspiration?"

"Not exactly. I want a model for the central figure, and I don't believe there's a girl in the whole of Capri will fit it, or if there is I've not seen her yet."

"What's the subject?"

"'Declined with thanks,' is what I call the picture. The scene is that lovely bit of coast just below the Continental grounds. One of the picturesque vagabonds of the island has proposed to the girl and she declines."

"But, my dear Barton, surely there must be scores—hundreds of pretty girls there, who would suit the part."

"My dear Denby, I don't believe there's one. I want a girl whose eyes will flash with a dash of merriment and a little scorn, a girl who laughs at the insolence of this peasant in thinking that she would marry him, not a brainless coquette, mind you, but a girl who has thoughts of her own future and looks as if she were clever enough to carry them out."

And thus they chatted until, as the purple shades of evening fell, they landed at the Marina of Capri.

It was betimes next morning that Lawrence Barton started forth towards Ana-Capri in renewed quest of a model for his picture.

Tessa was seated upon a rock, her

Note.—This story has been dramatised by the author.

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flower-basket, filled with semi-tropical, blazing blossoms, was by her side, and around her were half-a-dozen girls, who laughed as she read a letter to them; but none laughed so loudly, none so mockingly as she.

She was a beautiful girl, her black hair tossing in unruly waves around a face that was almost classical in its outlines, her whole body an incarnation of sinuous grace and imperial impudence.

Lawrence Barton gasped as he looked at her, for she seemed to him the creation of his own brain.

Then he walked slowly towards the group. It was a scene that the gods who read the future might have wept in pity for, as this man, with elation in his heart, took his first step upon the grim and ghastly path that Fate had chosen for him.

The girls stopped laughing as the sound of Lawrence Barton's footsteps fell upon their ears, and, with many a sly glance at the approaching stranger, they set to arranging the flowers and fruit in their baskets—all except the central figure, who still sat there reading her letter softly to herself with a contemptuous smile breaking through the sparkle of her teeth.

Lawrence stopped and shook his head good temperedly at the importunate pleading of the girls to buy their fruit.

"I do not want any, really," he said with a laugh. "I want a bunch of flowers—some roses."

There were no roses save those in the basket of the girl who still sat reading.

"Some flowers, Tessa," one of the girls cried, with a glance at her companion. "The signore wants some roses."

"Flowers," she said without raising her eyes from the letter, and speaking, to his surprise, in English. "My roses are not for sale, signore."

"A few, signorina, I want them particularly."

"Many people want many things, signore," she answered with a glance of amusement and a flash of her dazzling eyes, "and many people are disappointed. You are one, for these are not for sale. Why do you stand staring?" she cried with a flash of temper glowing beneath her skin. "Do you not understand? They are not for sale. I never sell my flowers to the dandy Englishmen who think because I'm handsome they've only got to spend a few lire and it buys them the right to pay me insolent compliments. They are not for sale, so don't wait."

"Perhaps if you will not sell to an Englishman you will give to an American, eh?" Lawrence exclaimed, and he raised his hat and looked into her face.

"Bah! What's the difference! An American is only an Englishman with more money. No, I won't sell and I won't give you a bunch. Go away, go on walking and look for someone else."

He turned half aside and she, with a mocking laugh, stopped him.

"I'll give you one," she said, "not a bunch; one, just for your coat."

She caught a glorious rose from her basket, and touched it coquettishly with her lips.

"See," she said, "you shall wear this, the best of all, and more than the best now, for I have kissed it, and the girls sitting around will tell Marco, because they are my friends, and all want what I don't. A fig for Marco! Come, signore, wear this for me. There's no one else in Capri can say I placed a flower in his coat."

He bent towards her, and she deftly fixed the rose in his buttonhole and then turned away.

"Now go," she said—"you hear me, go. I don't want your thanks or your compliments, and I don't want to be bored with your conversation. Talk to these girls here; they boast of it for a week if a good-looking foreigner says 'good-morning' to them."

"But we don't give our kisses away," one of the girls spitefully interjected.

"I know you don't, my dear," Tessa answered as she nonchalantly arranged the roses in her basket. "They cost half a lire each, don't they?"

"Look here," broke in Barton, "I am an artist. I'm painting a picture of Capri. I've searched everywhere for a girl like the one who is to be in my picture must be, and I have not found her until to-day. Will you sit for me? It shall be when you like, and I will pay you for the time I take."

"No," she answered quietly, "I will not."

"Why?"

"Because," she answered, with a deepening intensity in her tones, "because I shall not be always what I am now. I have planned a future for myself, and in the years to come I should not desire the world to know I was a flower-girl of Capri. That is the only reason, signore. I thank you for your offer. In years to come, when you may meet me again in Paris or Berlin, you may think I showed wisdom to-day."

There was a certain dignity in the girl's voice that held Lawrence silent for a few

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seconds, and then he awakened to the fact that, whatever dignity there was in the assembly, he was not a part of it.

Somehow Lawrence Barton felt he'd made a bit of a fool of himself, and he returned to the hotel, hurried over his lunch, and strode savagely upstairs to his own room.

A note lay upon his dressing-table, and he carelessly opened it, and then stood gazing at it in blank amazement.

There were only a few scribbled words, but they held him spellbound with amazement.

"If you value your life," he read, "leave Capri at once."

He read it again and again, and yet found no solution to the mysterious warning and could form no idea as to whom it came from or what its meaning was.

"If you value your life, leave Capri at once."

Lawrence Barton had knocked about the world too much and had held his life too often in his own hands to be troubled by such a threat from one whom he did not know. Maybe, he thought, it was genuine, maybe it was a joke upon the part of some brainless idiot in the hotel, and whichever it was it did not matter.

He dropped the letter carelessly into his pocket, and went downstairs out into the grounds and so on to the Marina where he suddenly found his path obstructed by a picturesque looking ruffian.

"May I have a word with the signore in private?" the man asked somewhat brusquely.

"You may speak here," Lawrence answered. "What is it you wish to say?"

"What I have to say, signore, concerns myself only, and it is in the nature of a warning for you."

"A warning?"

"Yes, a warning, signore," the man answered, with a blaze of passion coming into his eyes. "It is a warning to you not to meddle with other people's affairs, and to cease your efforts to cultivate the company of girls who sell flowers in Capri."

"Is that all you have to say?" Lawrence answered with a slight smile upon his lips.

"No, more than that, signore," the man answered, his eyes growing into a flame of rage. "I would tell you that that girl, Tessa, is mine, and is to be my wife; and if it is you, with your smooth looks and scornful tongue, who comes between us, I will kill you, as surely as I stand here and look upon you now."

He pressed his hand upon something which hung around his neck beneath his shirt.

"I swear it, I swear it here, signore; if you take her from me, I will kill you, if my life has to be given in hunting you down! Wherever you go I will find you and take my vengeance."

"Is that all you have to say?" Lawrence remarked quietly as he lighted his cigarette.

"That is all, signore; do not deceive yourself because you think me a poor peasant ——"

"I think nothing of the kind, my friend. You don't look the character."

With a muttered "Addio," the fellow moved to walk away, but Lawrence stopped him with a gesture.

"See here, my man," he said slowly, "I'm not going to argue with you on your melodramatic threats, but forewarned is forearmed. I thank you for your hint, and I'll give you one in return. That hint is this! an American revolver is just as good as an Italian stiletto, and a mighty sight quicker in its action. Don't play any tricks with me, my friend. I'm used to looking after myself, and if you go too far you might get hurt."

"Threats are cheap, signore."

"Well, it's threats for threats," Lawrence answered with a shadow of rising temper; "and I may as well tell you this: I, too, am a man of my word. I'm anxious for this girl to sit as a model for a picture I am painting, and neither you nor your rubbishy threats will prevent it if she be willing."

"To sit as a model, eh?" Marco Panuletti cried excitedly. "I know what that means; to come to you and you will talk of love and romance; win her from me, the woman who is promised to me; tempt her by cunning lies——"

"That's enough!"

"I swear by Saint——"

"I don't care what you swear by. I'm sick of your oaths. Keep your tongue civil or I'll knock you down."

The man advanced with a look of rage in his face, and for a second that look was returned by Lawrence Barton with one of absolute contempt, then he turned upon his heel and walked away.

He had not climbed a couple of hundred yards of the steep path before he heard a voice calling after him:

"Signore!"

The cry came from behind, and Lawrence Barton turned and saw the girl of whom they had just been talking hastening after him.

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"Do you wish to see me?" he said, as, panting, she reached him.

"Yes, signore, that man, Marco, has been talking to you."

"Yes."

"What did he say?" she asked, her breast heaving as she but badly suppressed her rising passion. "He was talking of me. What did he say?"

"Why trouble about it?"

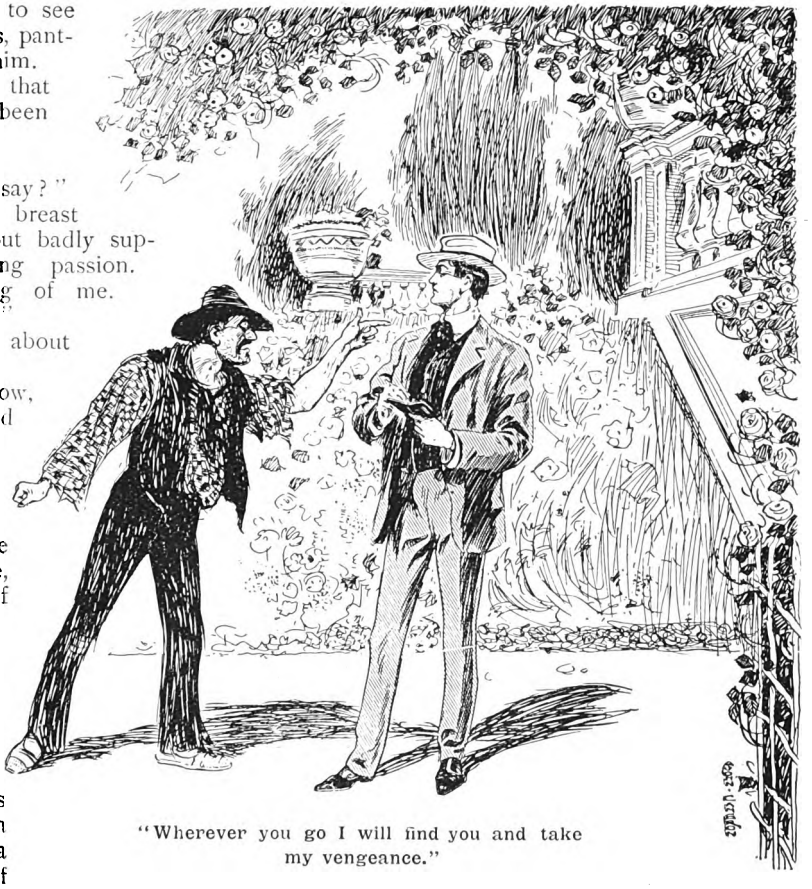
"I wish to know, signore. He told you not to dare to speak to me?"

"Yes, I think that was the drift."

"And what excuse did he give, signore, for speaking of me?"

"He said you were his promised wife."

"I thought as much," she exclaimed with a jeering laugh. "His promised wife, a brigand, a bandit, a low common thief of the highway. He flatters himself greatly, signore, does he not?" and she broke into a peal of mocking laughter which somehow grated unpleasantly on the ears of the man who listened.



"Wherever you go I will find you and take my vengeance."

"I have altered my mind about the picture, signore," she said after a moment. "I will sit as your model."

"You will," he answered with a glow of enthusiasm. "When?"

"At once, to-morrow, it will at least show this fool that my actions are my own now. Where do you paint?"

"At the Albergo di Barbarossa, Ana-Capri. My canvas is too large for the open air."

"Then I will be there to-morrow morning at ten, signore, and you shall have the figure that you wished. Until then, addio!"

II.

Lawrence Barton's work was completed. A month had passed since the morning when his ideal model consented to become the foremost figure in his picture, and now he sat looking at the finished work; and, impartially judging it, he counted it was all that his ambition desired.

"I'm glad it's finished," he said, as he lighted his pipe, and then he walked to the window and looked out into the road, and towards the hills beyond, where the tip of the setting sun was almost resting.

"I'm glad it's over," he said again, "and I can get on to Paris. But should I? What is my duty?"

The month had brought a strange dealing of the cards of fate, and it was of this that Lawrence thought.

He had passed the age when a man feels it almost beyond belief that a woman should love him, and he knew, as truly as though Tessa had spoken the words, that she would lay down her life for him, that she adored him with all the strength of her passionate nature; and he knew, too, that he thought no more of her than he did upon the day when he saw her upon the mountain road. He still thought of her as he thought of her then—

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a handsome girl, an ideal model for his picture.

And she had changed.

Her contempt and pride had been softened by the love that had grown up in her heart for this man, her laugh was less mocking and impudent, her audacity had departed, she blushed at his words of praise and would not meet his eyes. Sometimes, by chance, he caught the deep glow in them as she, thinking he was absorbed in his work, had her whole soul concentrated upon him, and it was in these glances that the truth was made manifest to him.

She no longer laughed at Marco and his threats, for her courage had passed away, and she grew pale at the mention of his name and trembled if she saw him in the streets.

Lawrence did not love her, but she loved him and he had come into her life and altered it all. He could not leave her to the mercy of the man whose hatred of him, and of her too now, was apparent in every scowl. Before she became the model for his picture her life was happy in her own way; she enjoyed it, but he had altered that, and it seemed to his heart that if he had done the wrong he must repair it.

"But is it the deed of a man of honour, after all?" he said softly as he gazed before him. "I do not love her, I think nothing of her; would it not be better to leave her to forget?"

"You, Tessa?" He turned, as a light footfall sounded in the room. "Why, what's the matter, child?"

"It's nothing," she answered with a smile upon her white face, "only Marco is back in Capri, and I fear him: there seems to be death in his eyes. I dream at night that he has killed me. I dreamed it again last night, and it seemed that death was near to me. I have shivered the whole day through, even in the heat of the sun."

Lawrence Barton's mind was made up at last, and he smiled at her frightened face.

"There, there," he said, as one soothing a child, "you must not be silly. Look at the picture, finished at last."

They stood there gazing at it, and from below came the sound of those in the inn singing over their wine. "Are you glad it is finished, Tessa?"

"Not glad, signore; I wish—you are not leaving us yet, signore?"

"Yes, very soon."

"In a month?"

She stretched out her hand and almost caught at his coat sleeve.

"Sooner than that, Tessa, in a week or less, in a day or two, and I have not paid you for all your trouble."

"Don't, signore," she cried, "don't. It has been no trouble to me, only happiness so great that now it has passed all the world is dark and can never be the same again. Don't talk of payment, signore, let me think when you are gone that I was of service to you, it will be so much to me when you are far away."

She spoke in a voice that trembled and one that touched Lawrence's heart to the quick, so that he took her hand in his and looked down into her face with such sympathy in his mind that for the second it became almost love.

"Listen to me, Tessa," he said softly, "you will not need anything to remember me by, you will not need to stay behind unless you wish to, for I want you to come with me, to come home with me and be my wife."

"To be your wife," she whispered, and her passionate blood stung her cheeks for a second and then passed and left her face whiter than before.

"Yes, my wife, Tessa, if you will."

"Your wife?" she said again as though she could not yet believe it, and then suddenly she dropped upon her knees by his feet and pressed her lips upon his hands.

"My beloved," she cried, "my beloved, my life shall be yours, my soul is yours already, I will slave for you, dearest, I will die for you."

"Don't," Lawrence exclaimed with a quiet smile and just a little huskiness in his throat, as he drew her to her feet beside him.

"It is true," she said, clasping his arm, "you do not jest with me?"

"Men do not jest in such things, Tessa."

"Then kiss me, my dearest, kiss me," she answered and flung her arms around him. "My heart would have broken if you had left me," she whispered with her lips almost touching his ear, and then—and then she stopped suddenly and gazed with a terrified look into his face. "There's a sound upon the stairs. It is Marco."

"Well, what of that?"

"He is coming up, he will come in here. He will harm you, my beloved."

"I can look after myself, Tessa, don't be so frightened."

"But I must not look upon him, dearest. My soul is in paradise, and he must not be the first I gaze upon. He has the evil eye, it would throw a blight upon our lives. When

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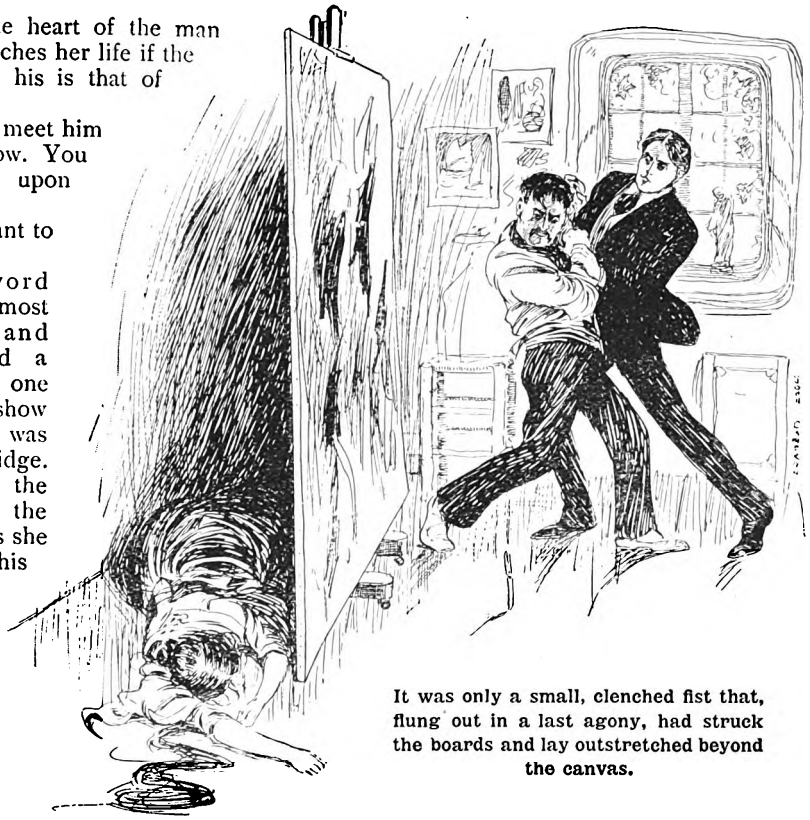
a woman wins the heart of the man she adores, it witches her life if the first glance after his is that of the evil eye."

"But you will meet him if you leave me now. You will pass him upon the staircase."

"I do not want to leave, signore."

The last word dropped out almost unconsciously, and Lawrence winced a little, for that one word seemed to show him the gulf he was attempting to bridge. It was as though the servant spoke to the master, and it was she who was to be his wife.

"I will hide here," she said, "behind thy picture of myself—rid yourself speedily of him, beloved. I want to be with you alone for a few short moments. I want to tell you how you have turned my heart that was dying, to life and youth again."



It was only a small, clenched fist that, flung out in a last agony, had struck the boards and lay outstretched beyond the canvas.

"Hush! he is coming."

"You will guard yourself well, dearest?"

"I shall look after myself well enough, Tessa."

"Oh, Holy Saints, guard you, my life," she said, and would have kissed his hands again; but he drew her to him and touched her cheek with his lips.

The canvas stood at an angle against the wall, and she stepped into the shadows behind it as the sun flung almost his departing rays upon the picture, and a knocking sounded upon the door.

Lawrence Barton returned to the chair that stood beside the window, and lighted his pipe before he replied.

"Come in," he said quietly, and, in the gloom of the gathering night, he saw the door open, as the man whom he awaited entered and closed it behind him.

Marco Panuletti had been drinking, as he had been drinking for weeks past, and he rolled unsteadily across the room towards the man who sat awaiting him.

"So you're there, curse you, are you, eh?"

"Yes, I'm here. What do you want?"

"What do I want? You ask me, what do I want?" he cried, as he flung his arms upwards with a gesture of despair.

"The woman you've robbed me of, Tessa."

"You are drunk. Come to see me to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he answered. "There will be no to-morrow for you. I told you what I would do if you robbed me of the woman who was promised to me. I told you I would kill you, and I will keep my word."

The man's right hand was behind him, and, in the shadows of the eventide, he moved forward, while a girl's white face seemed to shine in the gloom by the side of the picture, and a hand was outstretched, as though she was about to throw herself between them.

"And I told you, too, that I should not be unprepared," a cool voice answered without a tremor. "If you move another step towards me, I'll drop you in your tracks. Put your knife on the mantelpiece. It's no good against a revolver. Light the candles, the matches are there. Don't try to rush at

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me, my finger is too nervous. I've watched quicker game than you."

The Italian walked unsteadily across the room, and like one scarcely knowing what his actions were, did as he was bid, and the flickering candles spluttered as though they resented the kiss of the vile and evil smelling match.

Then the yellow light shimmered upon the canvas, and Marco stepped back as one appalled.

"Sancta Maria!" he whispered, as he gazed upon the picture. "It is she."

For what seemed eternity there was silence, broken only by the deep breathing of him who stood like one entranced.

With a gesture of something akin to awe, Marco placed his hand upon his eyes as he still gazed upon the picture.

Then, like a veil that is rent, the look of adoration passed from his face, leaving it pale and twitching in the pale light of the candles.

"You are a devil, a fiend," he cried, and caught the knife from the shelf where he had placed it.

"Keep back; as sure as Heaven's above I'll shoot you if you move a step."

"You have painted this to mock me," the Italian cried, standing with the knife in his hand. "The one she is laughing at is Marco, the same Marco as the one you have laughed and jeered at as she has sat before you. You have talked of love until you have witched her and torn her soul from mine. You've robbed me of her, and your life shall pay the penalty of my vengeance, for I told you long ago that that should be the price. And here, in your own room, you shall see how you shall die. This is your work, this picture, it is the work of months of your life, as it was the work of months and years, of eternities of hopes and dreads of mine to win the love of the woman you have taken from me. In a few short days, with a few lying words, you won her, and now a curse upon you and your work, for it ends to-night for ever. A curse upon her as she mocks me now from her painted, lying face. To-night is the end of all things, and as I strike now at cunning art, so will I strike in time to come at the heart that beats, and then at you."

Like a flash the man turned towards the picture, the stiletto glinted a second in the light and then pierced the bosom of the painted girl. Again and again he stabbed, with his weight thrown in rage upon the canvas, until the blade was dyed as though the painting truly lived and a moaning came from the darkness behind it, as if the girl who still laughed mockingly upon him had been stricken to death.

"What have you done?"

It was Lawrence Barton who caught his wrist as again he slashed at the canvas, and then, as the two men looked into one another's eyes, the knife dropped from Marco's hand.

The blade entered the floor, and the handle shivered for a second backwards and forwards, and all was still.

Then there was the sound of something behind the picture gradually easing down against the wall, and then a blow upon the floor that sounded, to the two who stood there, like the final call to judgment.

It was only a small, clenched fist that, flung out in a last agony, had struck the boards and lay outstretched beyond the canvas.

While from below came the chorus of those who sang over their wine.

Terrible, Fascinating, Unscrupulous, Proud, Dauntless, Generous, Grasping, and . . . Merciless, ...

SUCH IS DON Q., THE WONDERFUL HERO OF K. & HESKETH PRICHARD'S THRILLING SERIES OF . . STORIES NOW RUNNING IN . .

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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CAP AND BELLS

A HURRY CALL.

A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that filled the beard inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is that Mr. Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below. "Please come to No. 414, High Street, as quickly as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street," and the window came down a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed an' we can't get 'em out."

* * * * *

A woman will spend the whole day getting ready to go to the theatre, and then at the last minute ask her husband what dress she shall wear.

THE ALPHABETICAL TRAMP.

I think a chap must B A J
In K C cannot C,
A life like mine's the best—that is,
Unless U M T B.

I sets an' smokes amongst the A,
Around me 'ums the B,
I sniffs the wind quite R T like,
What's comin' from the C.

In D D is a 'appy man
As takes 'is fun like me—
The air is free to N E man,
Whatever A G B.

I never do S A a job,
I think an E C life
Is what a fellow ought to lead—
Away from toil and strife.

For labour is an awful thing,
It makes me A K lot
I get quite C D, and I shake
With I C fits and hot.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.

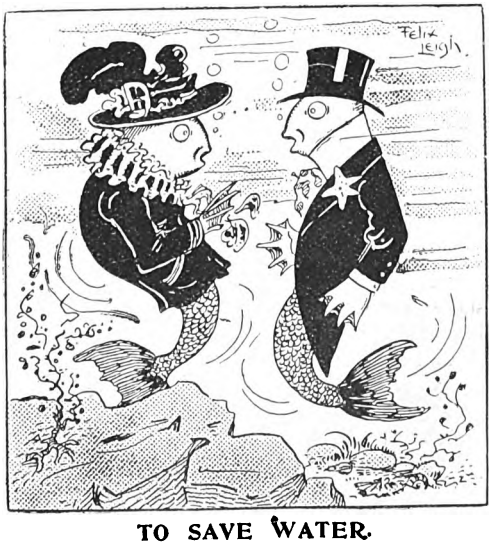
* * * * *

TOO HELPFUL.

Mainchantz: "I started to propose to Miss Goldrox last night, but I lost courage."

Ascum: "Didn't she help you out?"

Mainchantz: "No; but her father did. That's why I lost courage."



TO SAVE WATER.

Mr. Gills: "They say this pond is drying up rapidly."

Mrs. Gills: "Well, dear, couldn't we economise a little, by—er—breathing less?"

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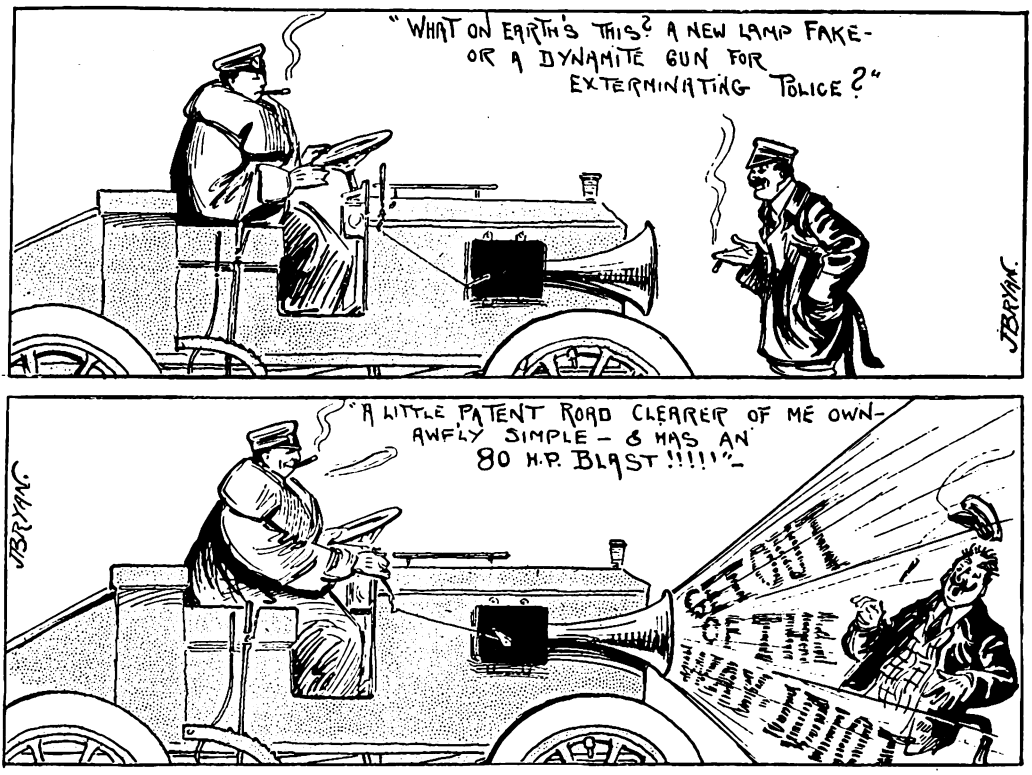
"WHAT ON EARTH'S THIS? A NEW LAMP FAKE- OR A DYNAMITE GUN FOR EXTERMINATING POLICE?"
J.BRYAN.
"A LITTLE PATENT ROAD CLEARER OF ME OWN- AWF'LY SIMPLE - & HAS AN 80 H.P. BLAST !!!!!"-
J.BRYAN.

JENKINS: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He's twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face; and I called him all the names in the dictionary."

SPUDDS: "And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?"

JENKINS: "No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone and walked away."

* * * *

"Well, have you found a stage career all that you hoped? Has Dame Fortune smiled on you?"

"I haven't met the old lady yet. But I know her daughter; we have travelled together for several years."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes—Miss Fortune."

* * * *

It is the ambition of every woman to live up to her photographs.

"You said that you sold genuine milk, and yet I have unmistakable evidence that there is water mixed with it."

"Yes, that may be; but there is genuine milk there all the same. I know it is because I put it there myself."

A GENTLEMAN.

He was such a weak and humble little man that when he came into the grocery shop to make complaint, the assistant was disposed to be haughty and imperious.

"May I inquire," he said in a small voice, "if any gentleman here sold my wife some butter yesterday?"

"I'm the man," responded a big, brawny fellow.

"Oh, excuse me," exclaimed the customer shrinkingly, "I mean no offence. The butter is all right, but I wanted to say three colours of hair in one roll is somewhat incongruous.

"And I just thought I might add also a request that if you could send up a brush and comb with the next lot we should be ever so much obliged. Of course, it was an oversight on your part, and I am not complaining, you understand—not complaining, merely suggesting."

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HOW THE DOG FIDO WAS TEMPTED AND FELL.

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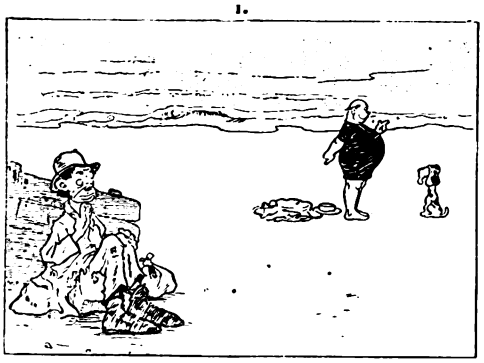

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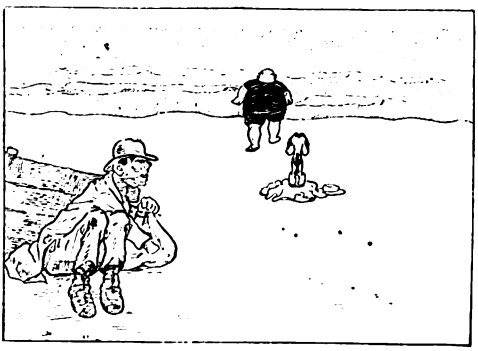

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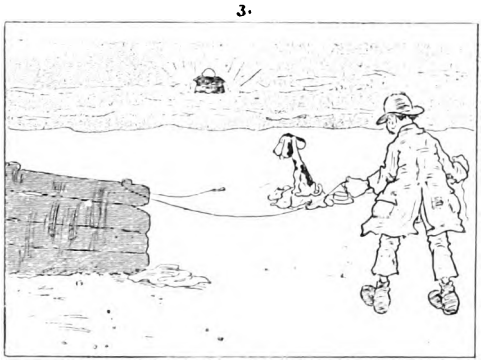

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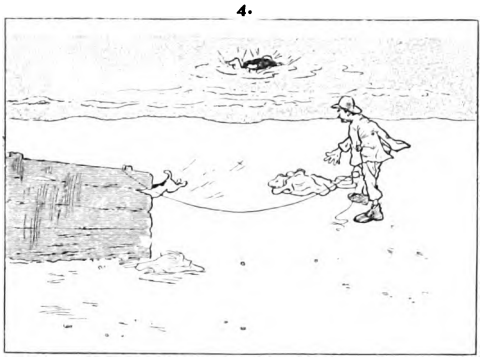

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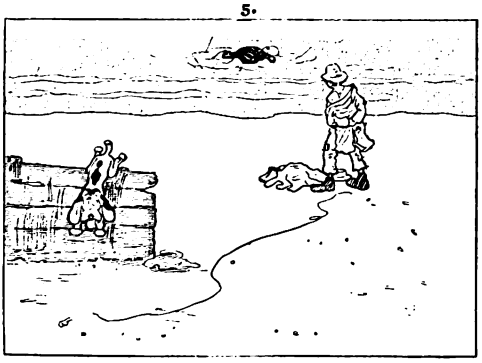

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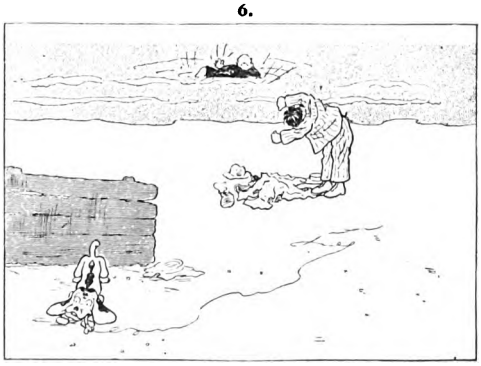

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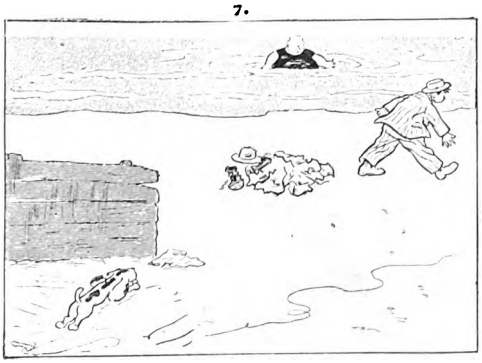

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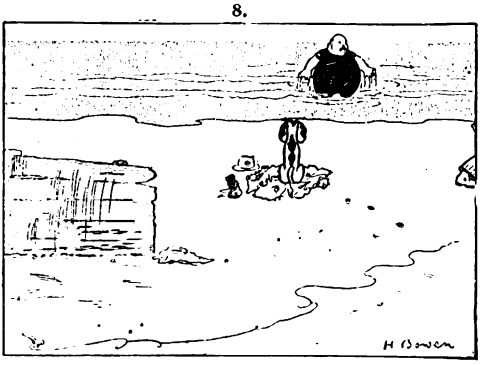

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The assistant's face was a study.

"And," went on the little man, "I don't think it is quite fair to put tacks at sixpence a pound in butter at sixteenpence, unless you make a discount for difference in weight and price, or throw in a hammer, so that we can draw the tacks upon getting the butter on the table."

The assistant was gasping, and the little man was going along.

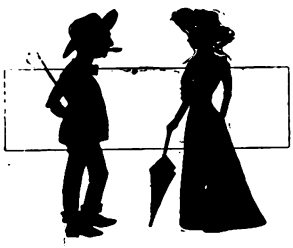
"Referring again to the hair, mentioned previously," he said, "permit me to say that I find no fault because of its quantity or its length. The incongruity of colour was the only objection. In the old times we read that Samson had long hair and a great deal of it, and your butter has rights my entire family is bound to respect. Our only regret is that you did not send it up in a cage."

By this time the assistant had fallen against the counter, but the little man paid no heed.

"I might possibly," he continued mildly and weakly, "touch upon its age, but I have some reason to suspect that this butter is made from milk, and that the milk came from a cow, and that the cow is a female, and have been taught from my youth up to abstain from any and all references to age in relation to female kind, either remotely or contiguously.

"Therefore, I shall not animadvert upon that subject, except to remark incidentally that the phrase 'feeble old age' does not in the very remotest degree apply to this case.

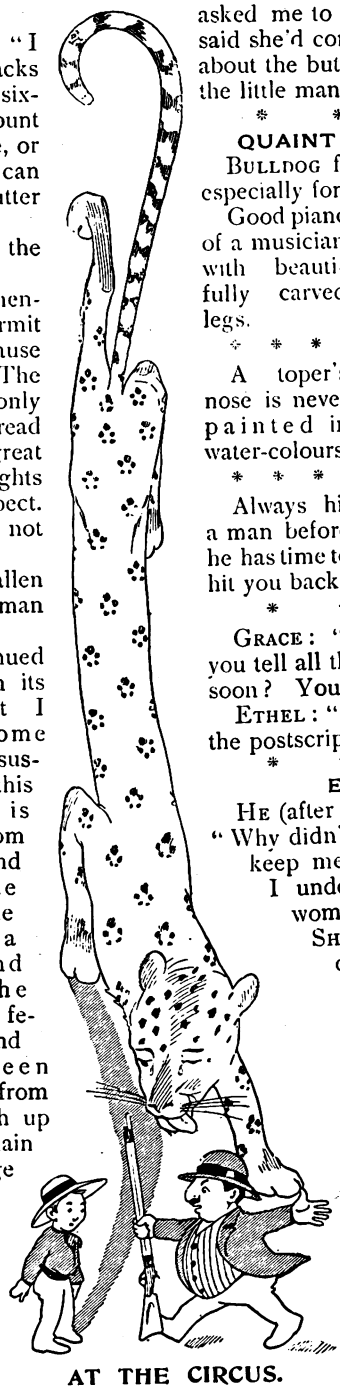
"I wish you'd send up to the house a pound of soda, four bars of soap, a package of starch, a bushel of apples, and twelve pounds of sugar. My wife asked me to leave the order, and she said she'd come round herself and see about the butter. Good morning," and the little man walked meekly out.



SERVANTS AGAIN.

He: "So you and Mrs. Nextdoor are not on speaking terms? I thought you were bosom friends."

She: "So we were until we exchanged servants."



AT THE CIRCUS.

"Here, take this rifle," cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him, shoot him on the spot."

"What s-spot, sir?" gasped the boy.

* * * * *

QUAINT ADVERTISEMENTS.

BULLDOG for sale, will eat anything; especially fond of children.

Good pianofor sale, has the properties of a musician with beautifully carved legs.

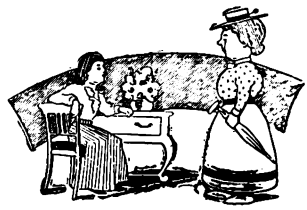
* * *

A toper's nose is never painted in water-colours.

* * *

Always hit a man before he has time to hit you back.

* * * * *



"What experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore of the applicant for the situation.

"Twinty places in three mont's, Mum," replied Bridget, proudly.

GRACE: "Why, Ethel, how could you tell all the news in Mary's letter so soon? You haven't even read it."

ETHEL: "Well, you see, dear, I read the postscript first."

* * * * *

EXPERIENCED.

HE (after being promptly accepted): "Why didn't you say 'no' at first and keep me in suspense for a while? I understand that is the way women generally do."

SHE: "Well, I tried that once—and—and——"

HE: "And what?"

SHE: "He didn't ask me the second time."

* * *

EVENS UP.

"I grow tired of providing for the inner man."

"And I grow tired of providing for the outer woman."

* * *

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

WEARY: "The doctor told me to take champagne for my appetite."

WALKER: "Well, what of it?"

WEARY: "Well, I took it, and the man made me put it back again."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.

I HAD hoped to be able to announce the result of the 5s. a day Competition in this issue, but unfortunately at the time of going to press the final stage of the checking was not quite complete. However, I can definitely promise that

the result will be published in these pages next month,

that is to say, in the November ROYAL, on sale Thursday, October 22nd.

MUSTARD AND CRESS AGAIN

Do you remember some months ago, when announcing the results of the "Mustard and Cress Competition," I deplored the fact that not one of all the children who had entered the lists had thought of sending some of the mustard and cress to the Editor of the ROYAL? Of course, I was merely jesting—though I do like mustard and cress—that's true enough. One of the prize-winners, however, took me in dead earnest, and directly she read my complaint, set about rearing a fresh crop. And in due course this crop arrived at my office in a pretty little box and accompanied by a prettier little letter. Was it not nice of the child?

MISTRESS JOSEPHINE WILLOUGHBY, SIR NICHOLAS VYSE, AND MESSRS. ALFRED DIMMOCK AND DAVID DAVID.

After many adventures and stirring vicissitudes by land and sea, our gallant friend Sir Nick Vyse (known as "Captain Contraband" and "The King of Smugglers") has at last won bride and fortune, and looks like settling down to a righteous and sober life. And yet—I almost regret to say it!—the unlawful delights of smuggling have taken such a hold on him that he and his beloved Josephine tempt long-suffering Providence with yet another escapade—an escapade madder and more perilous than any which have preceded it. They have befooled their worthy friend and enemy, Gauger Ralph, many a time; next month they hatch a plot against him that—but never mind! You'll hear all about it in good season. Poor Gauger Ralph!

And then there's Mr. Alfred Dimmock. Now, I don't mind confessing that I'm a conscientious man ("What! and you an editor?" Yes. And I'll trouble you to keep all such cheap sneers to yourselves), and as such I am often vexed in soul by the thought that I have been gaining the sympathy of thousands in the outrageous doings of this engaging rascal. Nick Vyse and Alfred Dimmock—a pretty pair! And here am I, not only asking you to condone their sins, but to applaud them. And applaud them you do. It's no use denying it—Dimmock's sins especially. Oh, we're a sorry set of humbugs, you and I!

Well, Nick Vyse, as I have said, is soon to retire into respectable oblivion. Not so Alfred Dimmock. He'll be at large for many months yet. It's no fault of mine. I'd have locked him up long ago. The blame is entirely yours, who insist on encouraging him. I float with the stream. I am powerless to resist. Next month Dimmock humbugs and sets by the ears two important foreign diplomatists. If we find ourselves involved in a European war you have only yourselves to thank. I wash my hands of all responsibility.

And now for David David. Let me make the formal introduction:

MASTER DAVID DAVID—THE "ROYAL" READERS.

You'll find his portrait on page 510. An intelligent, nice-looking youth, isn't he? But don't run away with the idea that the portrait is a fictitious one, because it isn't. When Mr.

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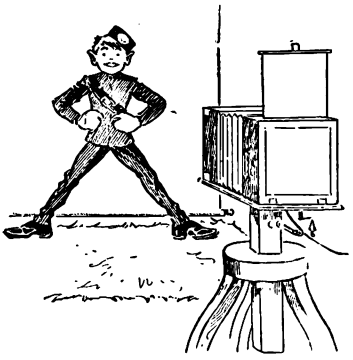
Allen Upward commenced this series of stories he had several interviews with the manager of the District Messenger Bureau in Trafalgar Square, in order to get together as many facts and anecdotes as possible, to be incorporated in his adventures of David David.

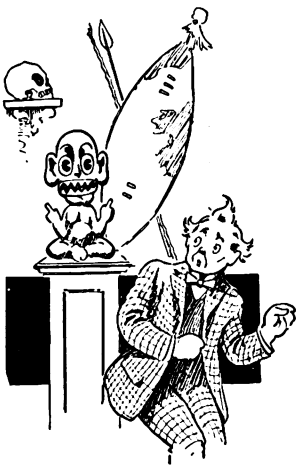
It was after one of these interviews that Mr. Upward caught sight of a particularly smart-looking boy among the many awaiting errands. Hastily Mr. Upward scribbled a note, and dispatched it by the "smart-looking boy." The note was addressed to the Editor of the ROYAL, and before long the boy stood in my presence. The note ran as follows:

"My idea of David David. Don't you think the artist who illustrates the series ought to have a look at him?—Allen Upward."

I had a better idea. I dispatched the boy with another note to my photographer, and there he was photographed in every imaginable position. He must have been considerably mystified, poor chap, though something circular and metallic in his pocket set at rest any serious objections on his part as to the liberties we had been taking with him.



He was photographed in every imagi able position.



Many alarming trophies.

MR. ALLEN UPWARD.

I suppose there are very few people who have not read Mr. Upward's "Historic Mysteries," which caused such a sensation when they appeared a year or two ago in the pages of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. By profession he is a barrister: by inclination a man of action; and personally a most courteous gentleman and clever conversationalist and *raconteur*.

His chambers in the Temple are decorated with many alarming trophies — assegais, poisoned arrows, clubs, etc. — which he brought back with him from Central Africa, where, until quite lately, he held an official position which gave him ample opportunity for indulging his love of adventure. A short while ago I passed a very pleasant afternoon with Mr. Upward, smoking his cigars and listening open-mouthed to his stories. A certain native chief who had a reprehensible weakness for cutting off heads in his spare moments—but I've no space to tell you the story now.

I hope to spend a day or two with Mr. Upward under canvas before the summer ends, and then, no doubt, he will furnish me with enough anecdotes to fill these pages for months to come.

I'M NOT THE ONLY SINNER!

No, indeed! There's the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, who, without any qualms of conscience (I know him well!), enlists your (and my!) sympathy month by month in the unscrupulous doings of a fine pair of rogues—Don Q. and—forgive the ungallantry!—Mistress Kitty Bellairs. I remember well when Captain Kettle was up and kicking—literally so, wooden leg and all—how eagerly we devoured his sayings and doings. He was, no doubt, a rogue (by James! I'm glad he's not looking over my shoulder! Can't you hear him?—"That word comes out, sir, or, by James! sir, you'll lunch on your front teeth!")—but what a respectable rogue—with his chapel, his wife, and his children. Now Don Q.'s a rogue pure and simple, horribly fascinating, perhaps, but a rogue of rogues; and as for Kitty Bellairs, she's the greatest rogue of all—sweet, heartless, heart-breaking, heart-thieving Kitty Bellairs.

"By James! sir, you'll lunch on your front teeth!"

No, my friends, I'm not the only editor who introduces you into the company of rogues—though it appears that I am the only one who has the decency to apologise for it.

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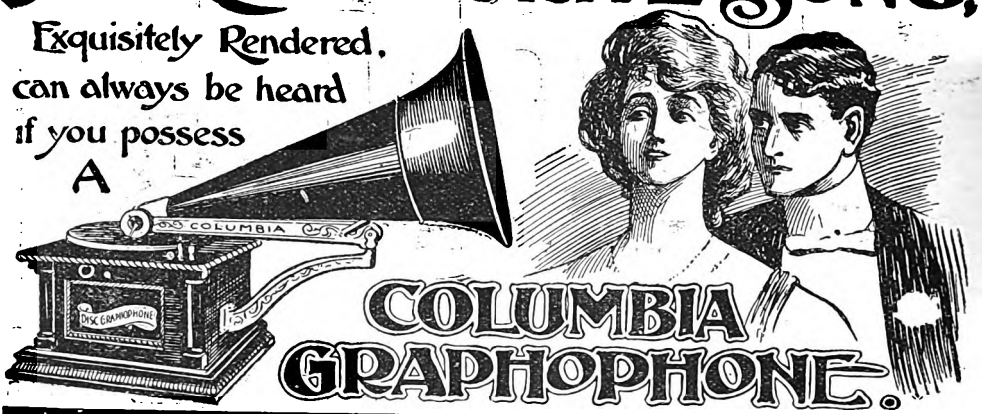

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